





REPORTS

RELATIVE TO THE

NATURE

OF THE

LANGUAGE, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

OF THE

ANCIENT

OF THE

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ON THE
BEAUTIES,
HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
N A T U R E:
WITH
OCCASIONAL REMARKS
ON THE
LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS
OF
VARIOUS NATIONS.

SECOND EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1823.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY WEED AND RIDER, LITTLE BRITAIN.

TO

HIS ROYAL AND SERENE HIGHNESS

LEOPOLD GEORGE FREDERIC,

DUKE OF SAXE,

MARGRAVE OF MISNIA, LANDGRAVE OF THURINGIA,

AND PRINCE COBURG SAALFIELD,

I DEDICATE THIS WORK :

BECAUSE

HE IS A LOVER OF NATURE ; HAS A MANLY MIND ;

AND POSSESSES THE ELEGANT MANNERS,

AND THE NOBLE SENTIMENTS OF AN

ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN.

CHARLES BUCKE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ROYAL AND ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

LEOPOLD GEORGE FREDERIC.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE most beautiful Lake in North Wales is that of Llanberis, in the county of Carnarvon. Mountains rise around it, on every side ; and as the clouds roll round the girdle and summit of Snowdon, they are reflected on the bosom of the lake;—and, purpled with the last tints of the descending sun, enchant the traveller into a state of sensation, “ more partaking of heaven than of earth.”

On this spot the Author of the following pages conceived the plan of his PHILOSOPHY of NATURE;—and retiring into one of the most

beautiful valleys, in South Wales, experienced more real satisfaction in the unmolested tranquillity, with which he was permitted to indulge his love of Natural Philosophy, than it is the lot of many men to enjoy.

Upon returning to the neighbourhood of London, the *Philosophy of Nature* was printed. But none of the necessary arts of publishing having been exercised in its behalf, it would have rested, “as a dead weight,” upon the fame of the author, had not one reader affectionally recommended it to another. In this manner, with all its imperfections, it gradually acquired some share of celebrity.

Two years after this, the author spent some few months at a cottage, not far distant from

the ruins of a castle, which, with the surrounding scenery, often seemed to realize the pictures of Ariosto and Tasso, Spenser, and the “Genius of Udolpho.” With an imagination, enriched by scenes like these, he resumed his pen: and, with a view of noting the enjoyments with which science, literature, and the elegant arts, impregnate the privacy of life, he composed his **AMUSEMENTS IN RETIREMENT.**

The two succeeding winters were passed in the environs of London: where, being occasionally at the theatres, the manner of representing Hamlet, Macbeth, Cymbeline, and Othello, inspired him with a wish, if possible, to write a tragedy.—Hence originated the **ITALIANS.**

For some time previous to this, no small share of attention had been devoted to the preparation of materials, for a series of Essays on the Pleasures and Advantages of a cultivated Imagination:—and to render those meditations and reflections more permanently valuable, the author resolved upon engrafting them on the best portions of the Philosophy of Nature.

Thus resolved, the plan became so extensive, that he found himself under the necessity of adopting that comprehensive brevity of style, which could alone enable him to compress the abundance of his materials into classical limits.

These materials, upon examination, will be found to be results, arising from a frequent observance of some of the finest specimens of

ancient and modern art ; from a constant perusal of those writers, whom time and experience have consecrated ; and from an ardent and unwearied study of that magnificent and stupendous volume, a contemplation of the varied phenomena of which never fails to expand the imagination, ameliorate the heart, and purify the soul.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique sator !—
Disjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica !—tu namque serenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus idem !

BOETHIUS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

I.

THE ITALIANS; or, THE FATAL ACCUSATION.

A Tragedy. Eighth Edition.

This Edition is printed from the Copy, read with distinguished Approbation before a numerous but highly select Audience at FREE-MASON'S HALL.—“There cannot, in my opinion, be a doubt,” says a celebrated Commentator on Shakespeare, in a letter to the Author, “that, had your Tragedy not encountered the most illiberal and envenomed opposition, of which there is any record in the annals of dramatic literature, it must have succeeded to the full extent of your wishes. There is a romantic interest about it, and a novelty in several of its characters, powerfully adapted to arrest and fix attention. The mental aberrations in the character of ALBANIO,—forming a species of hallucination, the result of an excess of sensibility,—appear to me well and correctly drawn; and are finely relieved by the pathetic scenes, which occur between Fontano and his fascinating page. SCIPIO is, in fact, throughout, a creation of uncommon beauty and effect; and, together with the sublime and masterly character of ALBANIO, should have rendered the ‘ITALIANS’ as great a favourite on the stage, as it is likely to prove in the closet.”

II.

AMUSEMENTS IN RETIREMENT.

Second Edition.

III.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF;

AND OTHER POEMS.

New Edition.

THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
NATURE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

TACITUS gives a curious account of a proposition, that was made in the Roman Senate, to divert the course of those rivers and lakes, which emptied themselves into the Tiber; and which, at certain seasons of the year, causing that river to overflow its banks, occasioned great loss to those citizens of Rome, who possessed houses and lands in its immediate neighbourhood. Petitions being presented from the Florentines, the Interamnates, and the Rheatines, against the proposition, it was abandoned. One of the causes of this abandonment arose out of an argument, employed by the Rheatines: "Nature," they observed, "having made the best provision for the conveniences of mankind in directing the course of rivers, it would be highly unbecoming in the Romans to alter their

direction; and the more so, since their allies had long been in the habit of consecrating woods, altars, and priests to the rivers of their country¹.” This curious and effective argument, my Lelius, will naturally call to your recollection a singular anecdote, which was related to us by Signor Hypolito de Vinci; who afterwards honourably distinguished himself in the service of his country; and who fell, covered with wounds and with glory, in the battle of Vimeira, a martyr to his enthusiasm, and an honour to the human race. A celebrated engineer, some years previous to the compulsory resignation of the late King of Spain, proposed to the Spanish government a plan, which had for its object the rendering of the Tagus navigable to Madrid. After mature deliberation, the ingenuity of the engineer, and the advantages derivable from his project, were acknowledged by the ministry; but the execution they thought proper to decline. On the engineer’s inquiring the cause of so extraordinary a refusal, they returned for answer, that if it had been the intention of Nature, that the Tagus should be navigable so high into Spain as Madrid, she would have rendered it so herself; to presume to improve what Nature had left imperfect would be scandalous and impious! The plan was, however, afterwards adopted; as was that of Mons. le Maur for forming a canal from the mountains of Guadarama to the Tagus, and from that river to the Guadina and the Guadalquiver; thus opening a ready communication between Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville.

¹ Tacitus, *Annal.* lib. i. c. 79.

II.

“ *Where a spring rises or a river flows,*” says Seneca, “ *there should we build altars and offer sacrifices!*” In pursuance of this idea, most nations, whether barbarous or refined, mistaking the effects of a deity for the deity itself, have at one time or other of their history personified their rivers, and addressed them as the gods of their idolatry. The Indus¹ and the Nile, the latter watering nations that knew not its origin, and kingdoms which were ignorant whither it flowed, were both worshipped by the respective nations, which they fertilized. The Abyssinians call the Nile by a name signifying “ giant²,” and Vespasian placed in the Temple of Peace a large block of basalt, which represented its figure with sixteen children playing around it. At the annual opening of this river no Jew or Christian is permitted to be present; and when Browne, the African traveller, beheld its majestic waters near their confluence with the sea, reluctantly descending, as it were, to lose their tide in the bosom of the Mediterranean, his mind filled with ideas, “ which, if not great or sublime,” says he³, “ were certainly the most soothing and tranquil that ever affected me.”

Alexander, previous to his sailing down the Hydaspes⁴ and the Sinde, invoked them as deities; and

¹ Philost. in vit. Apol. vi. c. 1.

² Asiatic Researches, i. 387. The ancient Ethiopians esteemed the Nile both earth and water.—Philost. vi. c. 6. In the time of Pomponius Mela, the Nile and the whole of Egypt were included in the map of Asia.—Vid. Pomp. Mel. de Situ Orbis, lib. i. c. 9.

³ Travels in Syria and Africa, p. 32.

⁴ Quint. Curt. ix. c. 4.—Arrian, vi. c. 4.

from the prow of his ship poured libations into their streams from golden goblets. The Jews held in the highest veneration Siloa's brook, that flowed "by the Oracle of God." Varro invokes water as a deity¹. The Adonis was esteemed sacred by a great portion of western Asia; the Peneus, as we are informed by Maximus Tyrius, was adored for its beauty; the Danube for its magnitude; and the Achelous for its solemn traditions. The Phrygians worshipped the Marsyas and Meander; the Trojans the Scamander²; the Druids the Dee³; the Massagetæ paid divine honours to the Palus Mæotis and the Tanais; and water is still worshipped by the natives of Multanistan⁴. The ancients attributed many fictitious properties to rivers. Some were said to make thieves blind; to injure the memory; to cause fruitfulness; and to cure barrenness. Josephus even mentions a river in Palestine, which, in compliment to the sabbath, rested every seventh day! Rivers are held sacred too in China; and we find the Emperor in one of the Peking gazettes⁵ feeling "grateful to the God of the Yellow River," because no accident had occurred in consequence of its having overflowed its banks.

The ancient Persians never polluted water; considering those, who accustomed themselves to such indecorum, guilty of sacrilege⁶; and they enacted a law, that

¹ Etiam precor, Lympha, quoniam sine aqua omnis misera est Agricultura.

² Statius, Theb. iv.—Homer. Il. xxi.

³ Procopius, De Goth. lib. ii.

⁴ Pallas. South. Prov. Russ. 254.

⁵ June 20th, 1817.

⁶ Herod. Clio. cxxxviii.

whoever conveyed the water of a spring to any spot, which had not been watered before, should, beside other immunities, enjoy the benefit of that water even to the end of the fifth generation¹. The custom is still observed; and the day, on which it is first introduced, is a day of rejoicing among the peasantry. A fortunate hour is appointed for its being let loose; shouts of joy are heard, and exclamations of “may prosperity attend it²,” echo on every side. In ancient times their kings were prevented by the laws from drinking any waters but those of the Choaspes, which were carried in vessels of silver wheresoever they went. Elian relates, that Xerxes was once nearly perishing with thirst for the want of it. When the Persians conquered a city, or summoned it to surrender, they required the king or chief magistrate to send earth and water as tokens of submission.

The water of Bala Lake, in Merionethshire, is so pure, that chemists find a difficulty in detecting any earthy matter in it. Its flavour is exceedingly grateful. At the foot of Mount St. Julian, near Pisa, too, is a spring of such excellence, that in the earlier part of the last century it was sold in Florence dearer than common wine³. The Grand Duke drank no other beverage; and upon dropping a little rose-water into a glass of it, it became as white as milk. The water of the Clitumnus, also, was so grateful to the palate, that the poets fabled⁴ it to have

¹ Montesquieu, b. xviii. c. 7. —Polyb. x. c. 25.

² Vid. Morier, 2d Journ. p. 164.

³ Misson, v. ii. p. 297.

⁴ Vossius, de Orig. et Progr. Idolatriæ, lib. ii. c. 79.

6 *The Ganges;—Warren Hastings; the Gentoos.*

the power of causing bulls to be of a white colour. The water of the Straits of Magellan¹ is rendered delicious by touching the roots of the canella winterana; and that of the Gamboa by flowing among the roots of sarsaparilla.

III.

So general is the veneration for rivers, that there is scarcely one in any part of Europe, that is not observed with respect by the natives of the districts, through which it flows. Of the affection and veneration of the Indians for the Ganges², Stavorinus affords several curious instances: an instance, too, has recently occurred. When Nuncomar, first minister to Mier Jaffiere, was executed during the administration of Warren Hastings, the multitude, that witnessed his death, considering it an illegal and barbarous act, ran to the Ganges to wash away the pollution of having witnessed it. The Gentoos believe, that this river will remain to eternity; but that the earth will be destroyed by the Supreme Power; who, in the days of perfect felicity, will recline upon the leaf of a pisang, rapt in ecstatic meditation, with two betel plants, floating on its bosom.

Memnon offered up his hair to the Nile; the ancient Assyrians cut off theirs, and threw it into the lake, near Argyrium, as an offering to Hercules; and Peleus vowed that he would perform the same ceremony, in the event

¹ Humboldt, *Pers. Nar.* vol. iii. 450.

² For the fables of a hero, said to be the son of this river, vid. *Philost. in vit. Apol.* iii. c. 21.

of his son's returning from Troy covered with victory¹. The Cingalese worship the Mahavillaganga; the Bani-ans venerate the Tappi; and such a sacred character is attached to the Tumrabunni, that innumerable devotees annually resort to the grand cataract of Puppenassum, among the mountains of Tinnively; and return to many of the most distant parts of India, laden with the waters of that holy stream. The Hurdwar, too, is esteemed holy over a large portion of India; and more than 15,000 persons are annually employed to carry it in flasks, tied to the end of bamboos, and slung over their shoulders, to princes and families of distinction, who use it at feasts²; but chiefly on religious occasions.

It was Bramah³, who first taught the Indians to worship rivers. Their affection for the Ganges is such, even at the present day, that many hundreds of them have been known to go down, at certain periods of the year, and devote themselves to the shark, the tiger, and the alligator; thinking themselves happy, and their friends fortunate, thus to be permitted to die in sight of that sacred stream. They believe it to issue from the foot of a goddess; and that the deities themselves take delight

¹ Pausanias represents the son of Mnesimachus as having cut off his hair, and sacrificed it to a river god. This custom is still observed at Benares, and other parts of the East. Wordsworth alludes to it:

“Take, running river, take these locks of mine;”

Thus would the votary say; “this severed hair,

My vow fulfilling, do I here present,

Thankful for my beloved child's return.”

Excursion, p. 174, 5.

² Tenant.

³ The Burrampooter signifies “Son of Bramah.”

8. *Pilgrimages ;— Temple of the Hindoos.*

in seeing it flow. When the British Government took off the imposts on those, who were in the habit of making pilgrimages to Juganath, such vast numbers of Hindoos entered that province, that a scarcity of food was the immediate result. The water in the towns and villages, through which they passed, became polluted with their ablutions, and the native inhabitants were, in consequence, obliged to fly to the woods¹. To prevent a recurrence of this, the British Government levied an impost on all those, who performed the pilgrimage, in order to defray the expense necessary to provide for their sustenance.

IV.

Near the source of one of the branches of the Ganges is a temple, dedicated to Ramachandra. This temple, the Bramins, who live near, insist, has been in existence upwards of 10,000 years. One part of the duty of these Bramins is to feed the fish, which are so tame as to suffer themselves to be handled, every day with bread. In the place, where the united streams of the Ganges first enter the plains of Hindostan, is a meeting every twelfth year, for the double purpose of holding a fair and bathing in the stream. The multitudes, associated on these occasions, are incredible. They pour in towards the end of the festival from all parts of India. Captain Raper reckons their number at two millions; Colonel Hardwicke at two millions and a half. They bring their own provisions with them; and the festival is called the "Mela."

¹ Conquest of Cuttack, by an officer. *Asiat. Journ.* v. p. 12.

In the Nepaul valley, we are told, there are as many temples as houses, and as many idols as inhabitants; there not being a hill, a river, or a fountain, that is not consecrated to some one or other of the Hindoo deities¹. The Ganges issues out of a bed of snow; and above its outlet hang large masses of icicles. The width of the stream is twenty-seven feet, its greatest depth eighteen inches, and its shallowest eight inches. At this spot the Ganges first sees the sun²; and its height is 12,914 feet above the level of the sea.

The Celts also peopled their rivers with subordinate deities³; the Sicilians adored the Agragas of Agrigentum; and the Simetus, the Acis, and the lake Beircere were for many ages esteemed sacred. The Siamese once worshipped the Meinam; the ancient Gaurs enacted a law, prohibiting any one from sailing on rivers; and the Shastah directs frequent washings in rivulets, and frequent pilgrimages to distant streams. The Cachmirians universally believe, that they derive all their beauty from the purity and brilliancy of their rivers and springs. The ancient Indian kings were accustomed to throw bulls and black horses into the Indus, at the time of its overflow⁴. Many Tartar tribes, particularly those that trade to Astrakhan, worship water, which is always kept ready in a large marine shell; and the Icelanders never pass a river without taking off their

¹ *Asiat. Journ.* i. p. 552.

² Visited by Captain Hodgson, and discovered May 31, 1817.

³ *Complures genios colunt. Acreos terrestres, et alia minora dæmonia, quæ in aquis fontium et fluminum versari dicuntur.*—Procop. de Goth.

⁴ *Philost. in vit. Apol.* ii. c. 19.

hats before they cross; and, after they have crossed, they never fail to return thanks for their safety.

An almost general homage was paid throughout the east to the Adonis; so named from the beautiful, but unfortunate boy, who despised the love of Venus: the anniversary of whose death was celebrated over a great part of the pagan world; and the feasts, instituted in honour of whom, were observed with the greatest solemnity. They lasted two days. On the first the women wept, beat their breasts, tore their hair, and imitated by their lamentations the distress of Venus for the loss of her beautiful hunter. These solemnities were observed by the Phenicians and Lycians; by the Syrians, Greeks, and Egyptians. They were celebrated at Antioch, in the time of the Emperor Julian; and at Alexandria, in that of St. Cyril. That reverend father relates, that a letter was written by the women of Alexandria to those of the city of Bibulus, where the river Adonis, which rises in Mount Lebanon, empties itself into the sea, to inform them that Adonis still lived. The letter, thrown into the sea, was conveyed to the place of its destination in the course of seven days: and upon receiving it, the women of Bibulus, as if Adonis were actually risen from the dead, gave themselves up to the most extravagant joy. About the time these feasts were held, the river was believed to assume the colour of blood, in sympathy for Adonis's misfortune; because he was supposed to have been slain in the mountains, among which the stream rises. Something of this kind does actually come to pass in the present day; for, at a

certain season of the year, the river is stained with deep crimson, caused by torrents of rain¹ washing a quantity of red earth into it. The Missouri², in the same manner, assumes a crimson colour after the falling of violent rains. The water of the Aspro Potamo, on the contrary, is white; and deposits a calcareous substance at its mouth, which forms a species of alabaster: and from a similar cause the Hoangho³ is black near its source, and yellow near its confluence.

Adonis is feigned to have had a garden so magnificent, that Pliny⁴ mentions it with those of Alcinous and the Hesperides. In reference to this, a custom obtained, among the women of the eastern part of the Roman empire, of filling pots with earth, and sowing them with herbs on the day of his festival. Being kept warm in the dressing-rooms of the ladies, these herbs were soon in flower, soon seeded, and in consequence soon faded. Hence it became a proverb, when any thing was designed to last but a short time, to compare it to “the gardens of Adonis.” The flower, named after this celebrated youth, is thus alluded to by Camöens.

—“ There, bedew’d with love’s celestial tears,
“ The woe-mark’d flower of slain Adonis rears
“ Its purple head; prophetic of the reign,
“ When lost Adonis shall revive again.”

Mickle.

¹ Lucian.—Maundrell.

² Travels to the Source of the Missouri, 4to. p. 208.

³ “ Hoangho ou fleuve jaune,” says Du Halde, “ ainsi nommé à cause de la couleur de ses eaux troubles mêlées d’une terre jaunâtre, qu’il détache sans cesse de son lit par la rapidité de son cours.”—*Tom. i.* 97.

⁴ Plin. xix. 4.

12 *Artaxerxes;—Fall of Cræsus; Project of Cyrus.*

The water spirits of the east are invariably represented as good; those of the north not unfrequently bad. Collins has a pathetic description of a peasant destroyed by a water-fiend. In conclusion,—

His fear-struck limbs soon lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse.

Ode on Popular Superstitions, stanza vii.

V.

Ælian relates a curious anecdote of a Persian's having presented water of the river Cyrus to Artaxerxes Mnemon, who accepted it with great pleasure; principally because he esteemed water the best of all things. Cræsus hesitated to pass the river Halys; but at length did so, against his own sense of religion, and against all military propriety, in consequence of an ambiguous answer of an oracle he had consulted. "If Cræsus pass the Halys, he shall ruin a mighty kingdom." He passed; and a mighty kingdom was ruined; but that kingdom was his own! Herodotus¹ also relates a curious instance of folly in Cyrus. As he was marching with his army against Babylon, arriving at the Gyndes, he lost one of his white consecrated horses, the current having borne it down. Cyrus was so exasperated at this, that he vowed he would make that stream so insignificant, that even women should be able to cross it without wetting their knees. To accomplish this threat, he suspended his design against Babylon; he employed his army in digging trenches; divided the river into three hundred and sixty rivulets on each side; and thus lost the whole of the summer!

¹ Clio, 189, 202.

Rivers have, in all ages, been themes for the poet; and in what esteem they were held, by ancient writers, may be inferred from the number of authors, who wrote of them previous to the time of Plutarch. The Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po, have been celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; Callimachus has immortalized the beautiful waters of the Inachus; and while the Arno, the Mincio, and the Tagus, boast their Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Camöens; the Severn and the Trent, the Avon, Derwent, and the Dee, have been distinguished by the praises of many elegant poets.

On the banks of the Ilyssus¹ Plato taught his system of philosophy; and on the shores of the Cam and the Arno², Milton enjoyed the happiest moments of his life. On the shores of the Rocnabad, a river flowing near the chapel of Mosella, the poets and philosophers of Shiraz composed their most celebrated works; while on the banks of the Ganges, in the environs of Benares, the professors of philosophy instruct their pupils, after the manner of Plato, walking in their gardens³. Ossian

¹ This river is personified in the exquisite reclining sculpture, which some call Neptune, brought from Athens by Lord Elgin. This, with the Theseus, has been esteemed even superior to the Apollo Belvidere*, and the Laocoon†.

² Nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ cum suo pellucido Ilisso, nec illa vetus Roma suâ Tiberis ripâ retinere valuerunt, quin sæpe Arnum vestrum, et Fæ ulanos illos colles invisere amem.—*Milton, Epist. viii.*

³ Anquetil. Vol. v, p. 378.

* Vide Report from the Select Committee on the Earl of Elgin's Marbles, p. 33.

† Ibid, p. 37.

was never weary of comparing rivers to heroes; and so enamoured were Du Bartas and Drayton with river scenery, that the one wrote a poetical catalogue of those which were the most celebrated; and the other composed a voluminous work upon their history, topography, and landscapes. De Lille directs us to rear the monument of a friend on the banks of a river; since, lulled by the music of waters, he will enjoy a more engaging slumber than in the midst of an assemblage of tombs of marble. Camoens fancies the nymphs of the waters frequently to have seen him, wandering by moonlight on the green shores of the Tagus: and Park confesses, that no one can imagine the melancholy delight with which, from a ridge which overlooks a branch of the Senegal, he beheld the Niger rolling its immense stream along the distant plain. On the borders of the Strymon, Orpheus lamented the loss of Eurydice¹; and beautifully pathetic is the passage, in a small ballad of Logan, where, describing the wanderings of a mother and sister, the poet heightens the solemn simplicity of the scene, by alluding to the roar of the stream, that winded through the forest.

His mother from the window look'd
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The green-wood path to meet her brother.
 They sought him east; they sought him west;
 They sought him all the forest thorough;
 They only saw the cloud of night;
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

Many rivers in Britain wind through captivating scenery.
 Who, that has traversed the banks of the majestic Thames,

¹ Georg. iv.

and still more noble Severn ; who, that has observed the fine sweeps of the Dee in the vale of Landisilio, and those of the Derwent near Matlock ; who, that has contemplated the waters of the Towy, the graceful meanderings of the Usk, or the admirable features of the Wye, that does not feel himself justified in challenging any of the far-famed rivers of Europe, to present objects more various, landscapes more rich, or scenes more graceful and magnificent ? In Africa, the most delightful of all beautiful objects is a river ; and the weary and exhausted traveller, over its burning deserts, calls out “ river,” with as much transport as a sailor calls out “ land.” The want of water, experienced by the Israelites in Rephidim, affords one of the most curious passages in Exodus. There was no water, says the text, for the people to drink ; and they murmured. Moses struck the rock in Horeb with his rod ; a fountain gushed forth ; and the people drank till they were satisfied¹.

VI.

Without rocks or mountains no country can be sublime ; without water, no landscape can be perfectly beautiful. Few countries are more mountainous, or exhibit better materials for a landscape painter than Persia ; yet, it loses a considerable portion of interest from its possessing but few springs, few rivulets, and fewer rivers. What can be more gratifying to a proud and inquisitive spirit, than tracing rivers to their sources ; and pursuing them through long tracts of country, where sweep the Don,

¹ Exodus, xvii. Nehemiah, ix. 15.

the Wolga, and the Vistula; the Ebro and the Douro; the Rhine, the Inn, the Rhone, or the Danube? or in travelling the banks of the Allier, described so beautifully by Madame de Sevigné; or of the Loire, sleeping, winding, and rolling, by turns, through several of the finest districts in all France: where peasants reside in the midst of their vineyards in cottages, which, seated upon the sides of the hills, resemble so many birds' nests; and where the peasant girls, with their baskets of grapes, invite the weary traveller to take as many as he desires. "Take them," say they, "and as many as you please; they shall cost you nothing."

What traveller, possessing an elegant taste, but is charmed, almost to rapture, as he wanders along the banks of the Po, the Adige, and the Brenta; or in Greece, amid the fairy scenes of the Eurotas, now shaded by rose-laurels; and once peopled, like the Cayster, with innumerable swans—Swans?—The imagination associates with them the mistress of Cunningham:

The gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves;
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:
 The silver tide, that wandering flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be!
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Julia is to me!

Delightful, too, were it to wander on the banks of the Jordan, where thousands of nightingales warble together; or on those of the Tay, the Clyde, and the Teith, where the culture of bees forms so considerable an article of rural economy. How is our fancy elevated, when we traverse,

even in imagination, those wild solitudes and fruitful deserts, enlivened by the humming-bird, through which the Orionoco, the Mississippi, and the Amazon, (rivers, to which the proudest streams of Europe are but as rivulets), pour their vast floods; and, as they roll along, experience the vicissitudes of every climate! The Mississippi! What grandeur in the very name! At its confluence, flowing into the ocean, it preserves its freshness and its colour, even three leagues from shore. In its course, along the continent, it is fringed with immense trees, frequently adorned with a grey mossy mantle, descending, in festoons, from the summit to the root¹: and, while its waters are animated by swans, its forests resound with the exquisite melody of the cardinal. When leaning, too, on the parapet of an arch, bestriding a wild and rapid river, how often do we relapse into profound melancholy, as, following, with implicit obedience, the progressive march of association, the mirror of time and the emblem of eternity are presented to our imagination; till a retrospect of the past, and a perspective of future ages, mingling with each other, the mind is lost in the mazes of its own wanderings!

VII.

Ovid, Horace, and Rapin², compare the motion of rivers to the flying of time. This thought, so natural in itself, has been adopted by the Persian poets, as well as

¹ De Pages, vol. 1. p. 85. 8vo.

² Ovid. Met. xv. 179.—Horat. iii. Od. 29.—Rapin. Hortor. lib. iii.—*Est Mataphora a fluminibus, pro, annos aliis alios more aquarum fluentium succedentes et accrescentes denumerat.* CHAROTIUS.

by the English¹. “Seat yourself by the margin of a stream,” says Hafiz, “and see how time glides away ! This intimation how time passes is enough for me.”

The Rabbins inform us, that their kings, in ancient times, were anointed by the side of a spring: a running stream being considered an emblem of a perpetual reign. And here it may be not unamusing nor uninstructional, to observe the various analogies, connected with the flowing of rivers. One writer compares it to the vanity of life; which is constantly passing away, and yet as constantly returning: others associate streams with the characters of men; the terms violent, restless, active, gentle, and bounteous, belonging equally to both. Barthelemy describes Anacharsis, when sailing on the Peneus, winding through the vale of Tempe, as contemplating the succession of its waves, and comparing it to the image of a pure and tranquil soul, in which one virtue engenders another; and all act in concert and in peace. Maximus Tyrius esteems a transparent brook, which overflows a plain, in which flowers penetrate the surface, yet remain concealed from the eye, an emblem of an exalted soul, animating a beautiful body. While Winkelman compares the noble simplicity and calmness of a great soul to a sea, the bottom of which always enjoys undisturbed tranquillity, even when storms and tempests agitate its surface².

Coxe compares the House of Hapsburgh to a small

¹ Young, Night V. 401.

² “Deus est materia simplex,” says Theodore Lau; “ego materia modificata · Deus terra; ego gleba: Deus oceanus; ego fluvius.”—*Meditationes Philosophiæ de Deo, Mundo, et Homine.*

river, rising among the Alps. And Parnell adorns the subject of a good man's admitting doubts of the benevolence of Providence, in the following manner :

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow.
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side ;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick succession run.

The following reflection is eminently beautiful :

Yet rolling Avon still maintains its stream,
Swell'd with the glories of the Roman name :
Strange power of Fate ! Unshaken moles must waste ;
While things, that ever move, for ever last !

It is curious to observe analogies in objects and ideas, apparently at wide distances from each other. The sinuosities of the Meander gave Dædalus the first conception of a labyrinth ; and who would suppose, in the first instance, that our familiar word rival, could trace its origin to a river ? Yet this Donatus presumes to do ; because, in ages when beasts were less of private property than now, they always engaged at the brook where they came to drink.

Claudian compares Theodosius to great rivers. "The Nile," says he, "glides along vast countries, never breaking its banks ; yet is it one of the most useful rivers in the world. The Danube, still more rapid, flows without noise ; and the Ganges, more extensive than either, silently mingles its waters with those of the ocean. Such is the majesty of Theodosius. His soul, calm and serene

in the midst of vast projects, rises over the caprices of fortune, as Olympus, rearing itself above the clouds, hears the storms and thunders which echo along its girdle¹.”

A still more instructive illustration is presented by Castera. “Behold what makes great writers. Those, who pretend to give us nothing but the fruit of their own growth, soon fail, like rivulets which dry up in summer. Far different are those which receive, in their course, the tribute of a hundred and a hundred rivers; and which, even in the dog-days, carry mighty waves triumphantly to the ocean².”

Guicciardini says, that by numberless examples it is proved, that human affairs are as subject to fluctuation as the waters of the sea, agitated by the wind³. Montesquieu has several instances. Thus Charles XII. having left Sweden to conquer Russia in Poland, exposed his own kingdom, by enabling his enemy to make settlements along the Baltic; therefore, says Montesquieu⁴, Sweden resembled a river, whose waters are cut off at the fountain head, in order to change its course. Again: a fear of the Persians supported the laws of Greece. Carthage and Rome were alarmed, and strengthened by each other. Strange—that the greater security those states

¹ *Lente fluit Nilus, sed cunctis amnibus extat
Utilior, &c. &c.*

——— *Nec te tot limina rerum,
Aut tantum turbavit onus, sed ut altus Olympi
Vertex, qui spatio ventos, &c. &c.*

² Camoens. Mickle. Castera, in *Notis*. B. ix.

³ *History of Wars in Italy*, vol. 1. p. 2.

⁴ B. xi. c. 13.

enjoyed, the more, like stagnated waters, they were subject to corruption¹.

With these associations continually floating in the imagination, how delightful were it, in the season of autumn, to listen to the melody of innumerable birds, animating the immense forests, which bound the country between the Ba Bing and the Ba Bee; two tributaries of the Senegal²; presenting scenes rugged and grand, beyond all power of description. What interesting reflections, too, are excited by the mere mention of the Congo and the Niger! The former unknown in its source: the latter in its termination. D'Anville³ and Rennel⁴ believed, that the Niger loses itself in the Wangara and Ghana; Hornemann, Jackson, and other writers, esteem it a branch of the Nile⁵. Reichard believes, that it empties itself into the Gulf of Guinea, by the name of Formosa; while Park and Maxwell⁶ seem strongly impressed with the belief, that the Niger and the Congo are the same river. Park was so well convinced

¹ Spirit of Laws, B. viii. c. 5.

² Park's Second Journey.

³ For D'Anville's Memoir on the Rivers of the Interior of Africa, vide Mém. Acad. Inscript. tom. xxvi.

⁴ Appendix to Park's Travels, 4to. p. lxxvii. Also Proceedings of the African Association, vol. 1. p. 533.

⁵ Lucan says, that Nature concealed the origin of this river, in order that it should never be seen as a rivulet.

Arcanum Naturæ caput non protulit ulli,
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.

PHARSAL. X.

Bernini, designing to show the obscurity of its origin, covered the head of its statue, at Rome, with a veil.

⁶ Letter to Sir William Keir, July 20, 1804.

of this, that he undertook a journey into the interior of Africa, in order, if possible, to prove it: and having reached the Niger, which the natives say flows to the rising sun, he proceeded some way beyond the Lake Wangara; where all authentic trace of him is lost. But it has been supposed, that he was seized upon the Niger, and taken to Haoussa, where, being detained two years, he died of a fever. Reichard believes, that the Niger, after passing Wangara, takes a southerly direction, till it approaches the Gulf of Guinea; where, dividing itself after the manner of the Rhine and the Ganges, it discharges itself into the Atlantic by several channels; of which the Formosa is the western branch, and the Rio del Rey the eastern¹. The whole of this supposition rests merely upon conjecture; yet there are many reasons to render it quite as probable as the hypothesis of Maxwell.

Pliny, Strabo, Hornemann, Jackson, Burckhardt, Ritchie, and Mollien, associate the Niger with the western branch of the Nile, called the White River: thus making a communication between Tumbuctoo and Grand Cairo; a voyage which, Jackson says, was absolutely performed by seventeen Negroes, in 1780, in the space of fourteen months. To this two difficulties may be opposed. First, that the inundations of the two rivers rise precisely at the same season of the year, and fall nearly at the same time. If they were the same river, it may

¹ Savary says, that the Ethiopians of his time believed, that the branch of the Nile, known by the name of Aserac, or the Blue River, traversed the African continent from east to west; and, after joining the Niger, flowed into the Atlantic!—*Letters*, vol. 1. 108.

be contended, that the inundations of the Nile would last a considerable time longer than those of the Niger; as the waters have to travel more than a thousand miles. And, secondly, that the Niger, in that instance, would seem to flow up hill; for Bruce¹ states, that Abyssinia is so elevated a country, that, from barometrical observation, he calculated the source of the Nile, in Gojam, to be upwards of two miles above the level of the sea; whereas the Niger is not more than one-third of that height above the level of the Atlantic.

These objections, however, are met by the probability, that Bruce's calculation is erroneous. It certainly wants confirmation, let the result be as it may. In respect to the coincidence of the inundations, some have endeavoured to account for it upon the principle, that the Nile would be soon exhausted, if it were not joined by the waters of the Niger. Bruce says, it would be dry eight months in the year, unless it were joined by the Abiad, which alone enables the Nile to keep a regular stream. Added to this, it is stated, that almost all the Arabs of Africa are of opinion, that the Niger of the Soudanis² the same river as the Nile of Egypt: and when Hutchinson³ said to the Moors, that the Niger was lost in a large lake, the Moors answered, "God made all rivers to run to the sea: you say that small rivers go there: the Quolla⁴ is the largest in the world; and why should it not go there also?" This hypothesis, however, like all the others, requires actual experiment. But should it be, hereafter, proved, the circumstance will constitute one of

¹ Vol. 3. p. 642. 652. 712.

² Eschylus (in *Prometheo*) calls the Upper Nile the "Nigris."

³ Burckhardt, p. 408. 4to.

⁵ Niger.

the most stupendous instances of Sovereign Power, that the whole globe contains.

Upon the loss of Park, another expedition was fitted out, varying in point, under the direction of Captain Tuckey. As Park had begun with the Niger, Tuckey began with the Congo. Up this river the tide runs more than 140 miles; and 280 miles above Cape Padron it wears a most majestic appearance; being four miles wide, and its scenery not inferior to the Thames. Flowing with a gentle current, the natives declared, they knew no impediment to its navigation higher up: but that the river divided into two branches: that to the north-east was only obstructed by a ledge of rocks; which a canoe could pass with safety, though with some difficulty.

It is matter of great regret, that Captain Tuckey was unable to proceed farther: but, from many corresponding circumstances, he was persuaded, that the main body of the river did not proceed from Southern Africa, where every thing was entirely parched; but from the North; more especially as rains had prevailed in that quarter for five or six months; whereas, it had been the dry season southward of the Line. He believed, therefore, from these and other data, that the Congo issues from some large lake, or chain of lakes, considerably to the northward of the Line.

That the Congo and Niger are one derives, also, some confirmation from the similarity of their interior names. For the Niger is called ZADI at Wassanah; and ZAD eastward of Tumbuctoo; the Congo is also called EX-ZADDI at Embomma.

The chief objections to this theory appear to resolve themselves, first, into the difficulty of conceiving that

the Niger can flow between a great chain of mountains like the Kong, anciently called the Mountains of the Moon. And, 2dly, that it seems improbable that Nature should have formed the largest of her rivers in a tropical country : for if the Niger is really the Congo, it is the largest river in the world. It has certainly one unequalled circumstance attending it, viz. that of running in an almost perpetual state of flood ; and of discharging at its mouth more than ten times the quantity of water that the Ganges does ; being 4,000,000 ¹ cubic feet in a second of time. The ebbing of the tide, therefore, makes but little impression upon it ; it runs at a rate of six or seven miles an hour ; and rolls its waters some leagues out to sea.

VIII.

Several rivers have excited interest, in respect to their sources ; as the Euphrates², the Nile, the Ganges, and the rivers of America ; but the Niger is the only one, the termination of which has not been regularly ascertained. Summits of high mountains, and sources of large rivers, have, in all ages, been objects of curiosity and research : and it is curious to remark, that the Gambia, the Senegal, and the Niger, should not only rise in the same line of latitude ; but that the first should flow to the west, the second to the north-west, and the third to the north-east. The Danube, the Rhine, and the Rhone, it is

¹ Quart. Rev. xxv. p. 141.

² The Romans were so ignorant of Asiatic geography, that even Sallust believed the Tigris and the Euphrates to arise from one fountain in Armenia.—Boethius also :—"Tigris et Euphrates uno se fonte resolvunt."

true, rise at no great distance from each other, flow in different directions, and fall into different seas; but they do not, in their progress, encounter so many difficulties, nor involve so many remarkable phenomena, as the African streams: and it is equally worthy of remark, that though the large rivers of Asia flow into the various bays and gulfs, which indent its several seas, those of America, with one exception, flow into the Atlantic. There is only one large river (the Columbia) that empties itself into the Pacific. Vessels ascend to the length of 2,000 miles, by means of the Ohio, Alleghany, and Mississippi, without encountering a single lock. Schooners are fitted out from Pittsburgh, sufficiently large to be able to traverse the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and the Baltic; and so great is the evaporation of the Missouri, that though no less than twenty rivers flow into it, in the space of 1,000 miles, it does not, in all that distance, increase the weight or quantity of its waters. And here we may mark a curious coincidence in the contrast which the African and American rivers present. The large American rivers run east, except the Mississippi, which flows south; the large African rivers, on the contrary, run west, as if to meet their brethren of America; and as the Mississippi runs south, the Nile runs north. In most of these rivers, inundations are rapid; but, it would appear, not so much so as those of the Hawkesbury, in New South Wales. This river sometimes rises to the height of ninety feet¹, and with such little notice, that the inhabitants settled on its banks have little or no time for escape. Then a scene of great distress and con-

¹ Wentworth, p. 24.

fusion presents itself; for an immense expanse of water is every where interspersed with growing timber, stacks, and houses, crowded with horses and other cattle, with men, women, and children, clinging to the boughs of trees and the roofs of houses for security, and shrieking for assistance in all the agony of despair. But of all the rivers of the earth, perhaps the Orange¹ of South Africa is the most dreadful; since it is, in every direction, infested with jackals, hyenas, zebras, tigers, camelopards, koedoes, lions, and all manner of reptiles; and those so numerous, that it is impossible to number them.

IX.

Statius gives a description of Grecian trees²; and this is a passage, which has been more imitated than any other in that poet. Claudian began the imitation; and it has been followed by Tasso³, Chaucer, Spenser⁴, Drayton, and Rapin⁵. Lucan⁶ and Claudian⁷, after the same manner, have enumerated the principal rivers in Italy and Greece; as Milton and Drummond of Hawthornden have those of England. “Is it not noble to behold the Nile?” said Menander to Glycera; “and is not the Euphrates an object of admiration? But were I to visit all the noble rivers I would wish to see, my whole life would be lost, in absence from my Glycera. Oh! then,

¹ Patterson's Travels in South Africa, ii. p. 64. 1790.

² Theb. vi. Perhaps Statius had his eye upon a passage in the 10th Met. l. 90.

³ Jer. Deliv. b. iii. st. 75, 76.

⁴ Fairie Queene, b. i. c. l. st. 8, 9.

⁵ Hortor.

⁶ Phars. lib. vi.

⁷ Sext. Cons. Hon.

let it ever be my lot to be crowned with the ivy of Attica, and to be buried in the land of my fathers!"

Colonna once met a gentleman, as he returned from bathing in the Severn, early one summer's morning, near that part of the river, at Shrewsbury, which is called the Quarry. Entering into conversation with him, Colonna expressed a wonder, that he should bathe on a morning so little favourable. The stranger replied, that in doing so, he was chiefly actuated by a custom, he had adopted, of bathing in every remarkable river he came to. In pursuance of which, he had imbibed the waters of the Seine, the Loire, the Rhone, and the Moselle, in France; the Mersey, the Medway, and the Thames, in England; and he designed, in his progress through North Wales, to perform the same ceremony in the Dee, the Conway, and any other remarkable river he might chance to come to.

Bathing in rivers and seas is a great luxury in warm countries. In ancient times, women assisted men in this exercise. Polycaste bathes Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, and pours upon him fragrant oil; and the Roman women plunged into the same bath with the men, till the custom gradually gave way before improved manners, after it had been prohibited, to no effect, by the edicts of Hadrian, Marcus Antoninus, and Alexander Severus. The Otaheitans bathe frequently; and the negroes of Ardrah¹ wash twice a day, and perfume themselves with aromatic herbs. To the former, the most agreeable of all amusements is bathing; and the higher the surf of the ocean, the greater is the diversion. The

¹ Kaims, i. p. 321.

natives of the Sandwich Islands, also, are such excellent swimmers, that when a canoe with a woman and her children were upset, Captain Cook observed a child of four years old swim about, and appear highly delighted with the catastrophe, till the canoe regained its position.

Athenæus relates, that the Segrobrigian ladies presented water to the young men whom they chose for husbands.

Ablutions¹ were in frequent practice among the Jews, the Sampsœi, the Greeks, and the Romans². The Gentoo women bathe in a stream, before they sacrifice on the funeral piles of their husbands; and the custom of immersing new-born infants in rivers and fountains, which was very prevalent in Syria, during the reign of Antiochus, prevails in the present day, in many parts of India, Turkey, and China. The Mexicans, in the same manner, bathe their children the moment they are born. This ceremony is performed by the midwife: while bathing them, she says, “Receive the water; for the goddess Chalciuhcueje is the mother. May this water cleanse the spots, which thou bearest from the womb of thy mother, purify thy heart, and give thee a good and perfect life!” In another part of the ceremony, she says, “May the invisible God descend upon this water, and cleanse thee of every sin and impurity, and free thee from evil fortune!” Then, “Lovely child! the gods have created thee in the highest place of heaven,

¹ Lomier wrote a curious work on Lustrations, entitled “*Epimenides, sive de Veterum Gentilium Lustrationibus.*” Of Mahometan Ablutions, vid. “*Tableau General de l’Empire Othoman, par M. de M*** d’Ohsson, p. 145. fol.*”

² In the British Museum is a basin of granite, supposed to resemble those which were used in the temples, by those who wished to purify themselves before they were admitted to the sacrifices.

in order to send thee into the world ; but know, that the life on which thou art entering is painful, and full of misery ; nor wilt thou be able to eat thy bread without labour. May God assist thee in the many adversities which await thee !" The whole ceremony is curious and interesting ; for which the inquisitive reader may consult the History of Mexico, written by the Abbé Clavigero.

The Brammans of Hindostan¹ baptize their children also. Having washed the child with water, a relation holds the point of a pen to its forehead, and prays the Deity " to write good things thereon." He then makes a mark with red ointment, saying, " O Lord, we present this child, born of a holy tribe, to thee and thy service. It is cleansed with water, and anointed with oil."

A custom prevailed in the fourteenth century, among the women residing on the banks of the Rhine, of assembling, on a particular day of the year, to wash their hands and arms in that river ; fondly flattering themselves, that such lustrations would preserve them from all dangers and misfortunes during the remainder of the year. This ceremony, witnessed by Petrarch, gave him great satisfaction. " Happy," said he to himself, " are these women, since their river runs away with all their miseries. Ah ! happy should we be in Italy, if the Tiber and the Mincio possessed the same virtue. These fortunate people waft all their misfortunes, on the bosom of their river, to the English : we would willingly present ours in the same manner to the Moors of Africa, if our rivers would only bear the burthen ; but they will not."

For my own part, I should be wanting in that grati-

¹ Lord's Banian Relig. ch. ix.

tude to the Giver of Happiness, if I did not confess that I have derived as much enjoyment from sitting or wandering on the banks of rivers, and there giving rein to my imagination, as from any other objects in life. How often, when reclining on the margin of the Dee, under the hanging rocks of the Conway, the arched recesses of the Wye, beside the Severn, or on that of the romantic Towy, how often have my eyes pursued the gliding waters, in which the clouds, the trees, the rocks, and the sun, or the moon, were depicted; and, reflecting on the chequered scenes of my life, have permitted my imagination to waft itself to those regions of infinite space, where every care would subside; where the world would appear as a globule; and where every object around me would operate as an evidence of the justice and beneficence of the Eternal Power!

X.

It is well known, that the Romans, who claimed the empire of the earth, for many centuries claimed no authority over the sea. The right of fishing, even at the mouth of the Tiber, belonged as freely to the Spaniards or Sicilians as to the Romans themselves. Whoever chose to cast a net there might¹. Thus it continued till the reign

¹ The Carthaginians and the people of Marseilles had several wars on the subject of the right of fishing*; and when Hanno was in treaty with the Romans, he declared they should not only not sail beyond the “beautiful promontory,” but that they should not even wash their hands in the sea of Sicily†.

* Vide a passage in Justin. xliii. c. 5.

† Frensheimius’ Supplement to Livy, 2d dec. lib. vi. Vide Montesquieu’s Remarks, b. xxi. ch. 8.

of Justinian, when the right of fishing in particular places was granted to particular persons. Leo, the 52d Emperor of Rome, enacted a law, that every nation might fish in the sea, adjoining its shore ; and that every private person might fish in the river, that flowed past his lands. A similar regulation was observed among the Visigoths¹. In England, many private persons dispute this right ; generally, however, without either justice or authority.

The Dutch, for a long time, came near our ports, and not only fished upon our shores, but actually sold us the fish they had caught ; as the lord of a manor frequently purchases game from off his own estate.

Few branches of commerce are more productive than fisheries ; and the gold mines of Peru yield less than the collected labour of those, who voyage to the bay of Canada and the coast of Newfoundland for green cod ; of those who fish for dry cod along the coast of Placentia, from Cape Rose to the Bay des Experts ; for herrings, along the Baltic, German, and Irish coasts ; for pilchards, on those of Dalmatia, Bretagne, Devonshire, and Cornwall ; for mackerel, near the shores of France and England ; for salmon, on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland ; for sturgeons, at the mouth of the Wolga ; for whales, in Greenland ; and for pearls, in Ceylon.

An angler may greatly improve his pleasure, if, to his art, he adds the science of Natural History. With Walton, Buffon, and, above all, Lacepede, for his companions, stretched beneath the shade of an alder, the caprice of the watery inhabitants will give no disgust to

¹ Montesq. b. xxi. ch. 14.

his appetite. With those writers, and not unfrequently with Tasso, Spenser, and Sannazario, has Colonna enjoyed the morning and the evening of days, never remembered but with satisfaction! Sometimes on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham and Richmond; the Ouse, in the county of Norfolk; the Lark, in Suffolk; the Cam, in Cambridgeshire; the Welland, near Northampton; the Avon, near Stratford; the Severn, near Gloucester and Shrewsbury; the Dee, near Corwen and Langollen; the Avon, near Southampton; and on the banks of a river of the same name, between the cities of Bath and Bristol; but, above all, upon the borders of the Towy—where

“Fancy wanders wild at will,
Beneath the bowers of Grongar Hill.”

Few days has he to number in the chronology of enjoyment more peaceful, and therefore more agreeable, than those! Enjoyments, occasionally protracted even till midnight; when he has assisted the fishermen of the Usk to make large fires upon its borders. These fires attracting salmon in considerable quantities, a single fisherman has little difficulty in spearing six or seven in the course of an hour. A similar mode of fishing once prevailed in the isle of Samos, and is still practised in Sweden, Norway, Lapland¹, Italy, and Java². There is an animal in South America, called by the Spaniards “the tiger,” which also catches fish in the night. It drops its saliva in the water; and the fish springing at

¹ Von Buch's Trav. 351.

² Raffles's Hist. Jav. i. 187. 4to.

it, the tiger takes them in his paw, and throws them ashore. The Icelanders are said, at one time, to have taught bears to jump into the sea, and catch seals. In China, birds are equally well trained; for, at a signal, they dive into the lakes and bring up large fish, grasped in their bills. In Greece¹, the fishermen use branches of pine, steeped in pitch, and lighted; the inhabitants of Amorgos used cypress-leaved cedar, which serves, when lighted, as a flambeau; and the Chinese fish in the night with white painted boards, placed in a manner to reflect the rays of the moon upon the water doubly. These attract the fish to the boat; when the men cast a large net, and seldom fail to draw out considerable quantities. Anchovies are frequently fished for in a similar manner.

XI.

Many and delightful are the associations, connected with rivers!—With the Nile we associate the rebuke of Apollonius of Tyana to the cruel natives of Egypt. “Reverence the Nile,” said he; “but why do I mention the Nile among men, who prefer measuring the rising of blood to the rising of water²?”—Do our minds repose upon the Senegal? So beautiful are its banks³, that the stranger fancies he sees the primitive simplicity of the first parents of mankind; blooming, as it were, in the morning of nature.—The Cydnus? In a barge, whose

¹ The ancient Greeks and Syrians long abstained from eating the fish of their coasts; and it is remarkable, that Homer nowhere mentions fish as being served up at his numerous banquets.

² Philost. in vit. Apol. v. c. 26.

³ Adanson, *Voy. to Senegal*, i. 345.

poop was of beaten gold; whose oars were of silver, moved to the music of flutes; and whose purple sails were perfumed with various odours, reclines the luxurious Cleopatra, in a pavilion, covered with silk. On each side of her stand boys, like Cupids, fanning her with various coloured fans, while delicious perfumes pervade the vessel. Antony sups with the queen; she wins his heart; and he loses the world!

Does a classical stranger stand upon the banks of the Issus? He remembers that battle in which the Persians lost 10,000 horse, 100,000 foot, and 40,000 prisoners; while Alexander lost but 450! In this battle the conqueror took Sisygambis, the mother of Darius: she, who slew herself on the death of Alexander, after having witnessed the fate of her husband and eighty of her brothers; the destruction of her son, the loss of an empire, and the ruin of her subjects!

The Vistula? It is immortalized by the death of Vanda, duchess of Poland. Vanda was the most beautiful and accomplished princess of the age, in which she lived. Rithogar, a Teutonic prince, hearing of her fame, despatched an ambassador, to demand her in marriage; with orders to declare war, if she refused the invitation. This method of courtship not suiting the taste of the duchess, the prince prepared for war. Vanda marched at the head of her troops, and encountered Rithogar on the banks of the Vistula. The troops of the prince fled at the first onset; and thus losing the battle, Rithogar slew himself in despair. Vanda, in the meantime, mourned the victory she had gained; for, having beheld Rithogar, she had become enamoured of

him: but her nobles prevented their union. Upon learning the fate of her lover, Vanda threw herself into the Vistula; and her name was given to the country since called Vandalia.

Do we think of the Clitumnus? We behold milk-white heifers wandering in its meadows.—The Galesus of Calabria? We see flocks of sheep, with soft and flexible wool.—The Eurotas? Olives, laurels, and myrtles are seen growing on its borders.—Do we float in imagination on the bosom of the Plata? We associate its periodical overflowings with those of the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Senegal.—Why does a small rivulet in Pembrokeshire send the imagination into Spain, into Sweden, ancient Phrygia, and the island of St. Domingo? Because it sinks into a cavern; and, passing under ground, rises again, and falls into the sea. Thus does the Vadiana, in Spain; the Gottenburgh, in Sweden; and the Lycus, in Phrygia: while, in St. Domingo, there is a cave, where several brooks and rivers are precipitated with so great a noise, that its echo may be heard at the distance of several leagues.—Can the Itchin be accidentally associated with the Camilla of Virgil? Bathing once in its stream, I saw a fisherman bind his clothes with some osiers, fasten the whole round a stake, and throw it over the river. The stake stuck in the opposite bank; the fisherman then swam over himself. He seemed the father of Camilla! Metabus, king of Privernum, being dethroned for his tyranny, snatched up his daughter, and fled, his enemies pursuing him as dogs chase a stag. Coming to the banks of a river, and fearing to lose his daughter, if he attempts to swim over it with her in his

arms, he takes his spear, fastens the child with osiers, and covering the middle with cork, hurls the spear with all the force he is master of. The spear sticks in the opposite shore, as he had hoped. He swims over, takes the child again in his arms, and devotes himself to the woods. Near the top of a mountain he forms a cave, and lives remote from all society. Becoming a shepherd, he feeds his daughter with the milk of mares, and savage animals. When the little Amazon can bear its weight, she is taught to hold a javelin in her hand, a bow and a quiver of arrows hang at her back, while the skin of a tiger flows loosely over her shoulders. All the matrons of Tuscany desire this young Diana for their sons. She refuses them all, resolved to retain her state of virginity. In the war between Turnus and Eneas, she sides with the former; and, attended by her amazonian companions, Tulla, Tarpeia, and Lavinia, her actions and her death form the best portion of the 11th Eneid.

CHAPTER II.

Not only rivers, but fountains, have been held sacred by almost every nation: equally are they beloved by the poets. Who has not perused with pleasure Sannazaro's ode to the fountain of Mergillini; that of Fracastorius to the spring near the Lake di Garda; or that of Horace to the fountain of Brundisium? When Petrarch first

beheld that of Vaucluse¹, in company with his father and his uncle, Settimo, he was, though a boy, so enchanted with it, that he exclaimed, “were I master of this fountain, I would prefer this spot to the finest of cities.”

There is something venerable in the very name of fountain. We say, “the fountain of life,” and “the fountain of knowledge;” and the image of Truth (the daughter of Time and the mother of Virtue) is fabled to have been first discovered at the bottom of a fountain, clad in a white robe, of a symmetrical figure, and of a mild, modest, diffident, and attractive countenance. Truth?—“Of all the divinities that nature has discovered to the mind of man,” observes Polybius, “the most beautiful is Truth. Her power is as great as her beauty. For, notwithstanding all conspire to overwhelm her; and notwithstanding every artifice is employed by her adversaries, espousing the cause of Error, to effect a conquest over her, yet, I know not how it is, she never fails, by her own native force, to make her way into the human mind. Sometimes she displays her power immediately; sometimes only after having been a long time enveloped in darkness. She nevertheless surmounts every opposition, and triumphs over every error by her own essential energy.” She is, as an Hebrew writer² has sublimely expressed it, the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages.

¹ Pliny alludes to this fountain: “Est in provincia Narbonnensi nobilis fons, Orgo, nomine. In eo herbe nascuntur in tantum expetitæ bubus, ut mersis capitibus eas quærant.

² Esdras, ch. iv. v. 40.

That a spring was a necessary adjunct to the oracular seats of Apollo¹, is evident from many circumstances connected with the history of those religious establishments. Poets and other writers have generally the most agreeable associations in respect to fountains. Homer compares Agamemnon shedding tears to a fountain trickling from the womb of a rock². Love has been called a spring perennially flowing with delight: a king is styled the “fountain of honour:” Marcus Aurelius desires us to look within, as within is the fountain of good: and Akenside, alluding to the capacities of the mind, exclaims—

“ Mind, mind alone—bear witness earth and heaven!
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.”

Lucretius associates fountains with his splendid exordium³: and Aristotle calls those of the Greek Archipelago “cements of society;” for at those places the young women were accustomed to meet every evening. While one drew water, another sung, a third accompanied, then all the maids of the village followed in chorus; and the evening frequently closed with a dance. De Pagés assures us, that the most beautiful subject for a painter, in the East, is that of a young female, on her way from a fountain: and one of the best pictures of Raphael is that, which personifies the servant of Abraham meeting Rebecca at the well. Berghem has a picture represent-

¹ Ionian Antiq. p. 35.

² Il. ix. l. 19.

³ Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo.

————— juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire, &c. &c.

ing peasants driving their cattle to a fountain at the first glow of evening; and Gaspar de Witt has a beautiful landscape, animated by hunters halting at a well. But the most celebrated painter of fountains was Dubois, of Bois-le-Duc. And here we may observe, that the discovery of Portici is connected with the subject of fountains. A peasant, in the environs of that city, wanting water for his garden, resolved to sink a well. After he had laboured two or three days, he discovered several fragments of marble. This circumstance being related to the Prince D'Elbeuf, he immediately purchased the garden; when, setting several men to excavate, they soon discovered fragments of pillars; and, at length, an entire temple, formed of the best and finest marble; peopled as it were with statues, which had been buried under lava, issuing from Vesuvius in the time of Pliny the naturalist.

II.

One of the most remarkable fountains, in ancient times, was that of which Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus have transmitted an account. It was called "the Fountain of the Sun;" and was situated near the temple of Jupiter Ammon¹. At the dawn of day this fountain was warm; as the day advanced, it became progressively cool; at noon it was at the extremity of cold; at which time the Ammonians made use of it, to water their gardens and shrubberies. At the setting of the sun, it again became warm; and continued to increase, as the evening proceeded, till midnight; when it reached the extremity of heat: as the morning advanced it grew progressively cold. This fountain is described by Quintus Curtius,

¹ Quint. Curtius, lib. iv. c. 7.

Diodorus Siculus, Arrian, and Solinus: Silius Italicus also alludes to it¹.

There was a fountain, equally curious, in the forest of Dodona. It is said to have had the power of lighting a torch:—at noon it was dry; at midnight full; from which time it decreased till the succeeding noon². A similar one is mentioned, as being near Grenoble³.

The celebrated Castalian fountain rushes from two precipitate rocks, and forms several romantic cascades⁴; and Cashmere is said to abound in fountains, which the natives call miraculous⁵. Pliny the younger⁶ describes one, near the Larian Lake, which increased and decreased three times every day. It still exists⁷.

The ancients were never weary of attaching peculiar properties to fountains. That of Arethusa was supposed to have the power of forming youth to beauty⁸; and that of Colophon of enabling the priest of the Clavian Apollo to foretel future events. This oracle was visited by Germanicus, in his progress through Ionia. The priest inquired his name; then descending into a cavern, in which the secret spring was, he drank of it; and, returning to Germanicus, recited two or three verses, which foretold

¹ Stet fano vicina, novum et memorabile lympa,
Quæ nascente die, quæ deficiente tepescit,
Quæque riget medium cum sol ascendit Olympum
Atque eadem rursus nocturnis fervet in umbris.

² Mela. lib. ii. c. 3.

³ Mem. de l'Academ: des Sciences, Annee, 1699. p. 23.

⁴ Vide Wheeler's Journey, B. iv. 314.

⁵ Asiatic Miscell. vol. 2.

⁶ Lib. iv. Ep. 20.

⁷ Eustace, vol. 4. 45.

⁸ Apud Euseb. Præpar. Evang. v. c. 29.

the premature death of that illustrious prince¹. Pliny mentions this spring, and asserts, that whoever drank of it died soon after².

Of medicinal and detrimental fountains we have many instances, vouched for by writers modern as well as ancient. Some were said to produce barrenness; others fruitfulness. These are described by Theophrastus, Aristotle, Plutarch, and Solinus. Philostratus³ mentions one that occasioned the leprosy. Vitruvius⁴ speaks of another near Zama in Numidia, that gave unwonted loudness to the voice; while the Macrobian Ethiopians, living to the age of 120, their longevity was ascribed to their bathing in a fountain, which perfumed them with an oil, like the odour of violets. We read of some, that caused immediate death: some the loss of memory; and others that restored it. Plutarch⁵ relates, that there was one called *Ciffusa*, which being of a bright colour, and of an exceedingly pleasant taste, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood believed, that Bacchus had been washed in it immediately after his birth. It had something of the flavour of wine. Many of these have, doubtless, a fabulous origin; yet it would be too presuming to doubt the absolute possibility of their existence. Marcellinus⁶, however, takes no little latitude, when he describes a fountain, called the water of oaths. Its source, says he, is cold; and yet it bubbles like boiling water, and possesses a faculty of ordeal in respect to truth and falsehood. Philostratus also alludes to it⁷.

¹ Tacitus, Annal. ii. c. 54.

² Plin. Nat. Hist. ii. s. 3.

³ In Vit. Apol. lib. ii.

⁴ Lib. viii. c. 4.

⁵ In Vit. Lysander.

⁶ Lib. xxiii. c. 7.

⁷ In Vit. Apol. i. c. 6.

In Epirus¹ was a fountain, which at the last quarter of the moon was so much impregnated with sulphur, that it kindled any wood that was put into it. And in the palatinate of Cracow there is a spring, which, upon applying a torch, flames like spirits of wine. This flame dances on the water, but it does not heat it. Pliny² also speaks of two fountains, one in Judea, the other in Ethiopia, which being impregnated with sulphur, had the property of oil in respect to burning. The same quality is given to a river in Cilicia, and to a fountain near Carthage, by Vitruvius. Herodotus³ relates, that in the country of the Atarantes, in Africa, was a hill of salt, on the summit of which bubbled a spring of fresh water. At Guildford, in Connecticut⁴, is a fountain, the water of which will evaporate, if corked in a bottle ever so strictly. Some writers mention one rising in Mount Soractes, the waters of which boiled at the rising of the sun. In Greenland, most of the springs and fountains rise and fall with the tide. Many in Spain, in England, and in Wales, have similar periodical returns; and under the rocks of Giggleswick, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, there is a well, that ebbs and flows several times in the course of an hour. When the weather is very wet or very dry, it ceases to flow.

Among the Romans, no person was allowed to swim near the head of a stream; as the body was supposed to pollute consecrated waters.

In the early ages of popery, the common people, where fountains and wells were situated in retired places, were

¹ Pomp. Mela. ii. c. 3.

² Lib. iv. c. 124.

³ Nat. Hist. v. c. 7.

⁴ Americ. Acad. Arts, vol. I.

accustomed to honour them with the titles of saints and martyrs¹. Some were called Jacob's well; St. John's; St. Mary's; St. Winifred's, and St. Agnes': some were named after Mary Magdalen; and others derived their appellations from beautiful and pious virgins. Though this custom was forbidden by the canons of St. Anselm, many pilgrimages continued to be made to them; and the Romans long retained a custom of throwing nosegays into fountains, and chaplets into wells². From this practice originated the ceremony of sprinkling the Severn with flowers; so elegantly described by Dyer³; and so beautifully alluded to by Milton.

————¹ The shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays;
 And throw sweet garland-wreaths into her stream,
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Comus.

The Hindoos frequently sprinkle blossoms of flowers on the surface of those streams in which they perform their ablutions⁵. Ancient heroes frequently washed their

¹ The inhabitants of the Loo-choo Island also have guardian deities to wells. Vide Capt. Hall's *Voy.* 4to. p. 113.

² They also instituted a feast in honour of them; called *Fontinalia*: it was held Oct. 13, on which day they visited all the wells, and threw crowns of flowers into them.

³ Fleece, B. i. l. 693.

⁴ Sabrina's.—When the Indians pass the promontory of Mussedum, they throw fruits and flowers into the sea, in order to secure a propitious voyage. At Argentoratum, now Strasburgh, a custom once prevailed of throwing human victims into wells.—Vide *Schæd. Descript. Templ. Argent.* p. 35. Ed. 1617.

⁵ Vide Notes to the Episode of Dashwanta and Sakuntalâ, *Asiat. Jour.* vol. 4. 528.

hair in them. Horace¹ alludes to this custom : while on the Lake Masanawara, north of the Himalah Mountains, the Tartar shepherds scatter the ashes of their relatives upon its surface.

III.

In the province of———, near the small town of———, there is a spring, which wells from the side of a hill, below a cottage, in which Colonna has passed many a satisfied hour. This spring is as clear as crystal ; it never rises higher than a certain height ; nor ever sinks below it. In summer it is cool ; in winter warm. White stones and sand filter the bottom ; and ivy and lichens creep up the sides of the wall, that surrounds it.

Diana might have lov'd in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest ; and when she stopt
Hot from the chase to drink, well pleas'd had seen
Her own bright crescent soft reflected there.

Southey.

This spring is endeared to Helvidius from the following conversation having taken place in its neighbourhood. “ While you lived in your cottage, at the mouth of the Towy,” said Helvidius to Colonna, “ watering your plants, wandering by the sea-shore, cultivating your garden, and contrasting the general peace of Nature, with the tumults and the petty whirlwinds of human passions, you appeared to be happy ! Now ——” “ Fortune was envious of me ; she saw, that I despised those gifts, which men value so highly ; and she revenged herself upon my indifference, by plunging me

¹ Lib. iii. od. iv. l. 61.— iv. od. v. l. 26.

into the gulf of misfortune ; leaving me only the consolation of having deserved a better return.” “ Misfortune ? Did you lose your wife, or your children ? Did a friend relapse into an enemy ? You are above poverty ; you are insensible to ingratitude—you are superior to calumny !” “ Neither of all these. I lost neither my wife, nor my children ; no friend relapsed into enmity ; poverty I can bear ; ingratitude I am accustomed to ; as to calumny—it is an inheritance for all men—even of the tyrant.” “ What, then, could so mightily disturb you ?” “ Ah ! my friend, to you I may confess the weakness of my heart. I was unable to fulfil my engagements ! Since that time my heart has been a prey to secret anguish. I have not yet been enabled to redeem my pledges ; and though I have many inducements for life, I shall never enjoy it, till I can sing, as it were, to these mountains, ‘ I have fulfilled my engagements, and therefore am I free !’” During this conversation, Colonna sat with his friend at the door of his cottage ; a mountain rose immediately behind them ; a woody valley, enriched with the tints of autumn, stretched below ; with a river brawling through it. On one side sat Helvidius ; on the other Marcella, with her two children ; one in her lap, the other on a stool at her feet. The sea rolled at a distance ; the hills of Somerset rose in the perspective ; and the sun, mellowing the sky with its tint of *Isabella*, it were almost impossible to wish themselves in Italy or in Greece. “ Let us dismiss all sombre reflections,” exclaimed Helvidius ; “ and let nothing disturb the delight, which the scenes before us are so capable of producing. In the bosom of a virtuous and affectionate family, we

enjoy the best society in the midst of solitude. Instead of brooding over past difficulties, or calculating future ones, much more wise is it to permit the soul to rest in those delightful impressions, which arise from the investigation of honourable motives. Investigate, therefore, the anatomy of your own soul: trace the causes of your misfortunes, in order to overcome them by industry of the body, or by exertion of the mind. At all events, let this evening be passed in tranquillity. Let us amuse ourselves in drawing pictures of savages, softened; the ignorant, enlightened; the luxurious, hardened into temperance; and the atheist converted to a belief, and a wise acknowledgment of a God. For here, and at this season, the mind, following an agreeable direction, would derive a sensible gratification from any endeavour to simplify laws, and to investigate the plans and the operations of Nature.” “With all my heart,” returned Colonna. “Let us walk leisurely up this mountain, and discourse on subjects so congenial to my heart. For the hours I devote to the study of Nature, and to the society of my family and friends, are those only, which I consider as pertaining to life.” “Ah! my friend,” returned Helvidius, “with all your difficulties, Nature has formed your mind and heart, for some of her best enjoyments. As to the misfortune you allude to, fortune will, one day, enable you to recover the ground you may have lost. For the present, let this spring whisper consolation to you, in the language of a poet, whose fables have so often delighted you in your boyhood: for the moral of his distich will teach you, that though the mild voice of patience attacks melancholy only by degrees, it never fails to overcome at last.

“ Quid magis est durum saxo? Quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ!”

“ If I were in Greece,” replied Colonna, “ I should almost fancy, that I heard the voice and the language of Plato. Let us climb this mountain; let us sit ourselves down upon yon old grey stone, half covered with moss; and, watching the last tints of the descending sun, anticipate the glories of immortal life.”

CHAPTER III.

THE names of deities were given to grottos, as well as to fountains. The serenity of an Italian sky served to render those occasional retreats peculiarly agreeable to the Roman nobility; hence were they frequently to be found in the shrubberies and gardens of that accomplished people. The poets, at all times willing to celebrate whatever adds to their enjoyments, have left us some elegant descriptions of those recesses, formed in the sides of rocks, at the feet of mountains, or on the banks of rivulets. Many of these still remain in Italy¹; containing multitudes of small paintings, representing vases, festoons, leaves, butterflies, shells, and fruits.

Pausanias gives a remarkable account of a grotto at Corycium; and Statius describes an elegant one in his third *Sylva*; but that, which was the most celebrated

¹ *Diverse Maniere d'adornare i Cammini Roma*, p. 23, fol. 1769.

in ancient times, was the grotto of Egeria ; still existing, though in a state of ruin¹. When this grotto was first made by Numa, it was formed with such skill, as to appear totally untouched by art : in the reign of one of the emperors, however, it entirely lost its simplicity ; and, being adorned with marble and other splendid ornaments, it acquired a magnificence totally foreign to its original character. This provoked the satire of the indignant Juvenal. It is now said to have returned to its primitive simplicity ; being adorned with moss, violets, sweet-briars, honeysuckles, and hawthorns.

The grotto, which Pope formed at Twickenham, was one of the most celebrated ever erected in this kingdom. In the first instance, it was remarkable for its elegant simplicity : as the owner, however, advanced in years, it became more and more indebted to the refinements of art : but the recollection of its having amused the last years of that illustrious poet atones to the heart of the philanthropist, for what it loses to the eye of imagination and taste. The inscription, he wrote for this fountain, seems to have been conceived from the following laconic fragment :—

Nymphae . loci . bibe . lava . tace.

Gaffarel, librarian to Cardinal Richlieu, wrote a history

¹ In Villa Justiniana, extat ingens lapis quadratus solidus in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt :—

Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas dea grata Camænis

Illa Numæ conjunx conciliumque fuit.

Qui lapis videtur ex eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia isthuc comportatus.—MONTFAUCON. The Latian peasantry believed that Egeria was so afflicted at Numa's death, that she melted into a fountain of tears.

of all the vaults, mines, caves, catacombs, and grottos, which he had visited during his travels of thirty years: the principal grottos of which were that of Pausilippo; that of the serpents near Civita Vecchia; the Witches Grotto near the Ganges; those in the Highlands of Scotland; on the banks of the Onon and Yenisei in Siberia; the bone caves in Egypt; the yellow cave in the valley of Alcantara; that of Pilate among the Alps; as well as those of Bruder Bahn, and of Glaris: those of the Carpathian mountains, and the dragon's cave in the Landgravate of Hesse Darmstadt; and the immense caverns at Alcantara, near the city of Lisbon.

In natural grottos it is, that we may occasionally find the most beautiful specimens of spars; while artificial ones are not unfrequently decorated with shells, worthy the residence of Doris and the Nereids. In that of ——— may be seen the feather, white with brilliant stains of carnation; the hebraica, white, with spots as black as jet; the cloth of silver, and the cloth of gold.

The first race of men are said to have been born, and to have resided in caves¹ and grottos. These were the dwellings of the Cimmerians²; to whom Homer³ and Herodotus⁴ so frequently allude.

Mary, the Virgin, too, is traditionally said to have suckled the Christian Messiah in a grotto; and leaving

¹ For a description of the cave of the Nemean Lion; of Pan in the Acropolis of Athens; on the plain of Marathon, and on mount Rapsana; vide Dodwell's Travels in Greece, vol. i. 304, 5, 550; vol. ii. 213. For those of the Western Highlands of Scotland; vid. Maccullough's Descript. vol. i. 517; vol. ii. 225, 494, 321.

² Strabo, v. p. 374.

³ Odyss. ix. v. 86.

⁴ Lib. vii. c. 5; ii. c. 10.

some drops of milk upon the ground, the grotto has ever since been supposed to have the valuable faculty of restoring milk to mothers. And here we may observe *en passant*, that in Russia¹ there is a cave so large as to contain several subterranean lakes and meadows; and that the Mammoth cave of Indiana is from six to nine miles in length, and abounds in sulphate of magnesia, of a very superior kind. The grotto of Antiparos, one of the Cyclades, however, is the most celebrated, on account of its remarkable petrifications: the island, in which it is situate, being a rock of marble, sixteen miles in circumference.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM rivers, fountains, and grottos, let us turn to lakes. Those of England and Switzerland present so many features of beauty and grandeur, that an idea of something, peculiarly worthy of admiration, presents itself, when we hear them mentioned, even in the most casual manner. What enthusiastic emotions did the lakes of Switzerland generate in Rousseau! And while some of the most agreeable hours of united labour and pleasure were indulged by Gibbon on the banks of the Lemman, the lake of Zurich charmed many an hour of sorrow from the bosoms of Haller, Zimmermann, and Lavater.

For my own part, I am ready to confess, that some of the happiest moments of my life have been those, which

¹ Gmelin.

I have, at intervals, passed upon the banks of rivers, and on the bosom of lakes;—when their waters

———— Have glowed beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

And never will Colonna wish to forget those hours of rapture, when, reclining in a boat, he has permitted it to glide, at the will of the current, on the picturesque expanse of Bala Lake, in the county of Merioneth: or when wandering along the banks of those waters, that glide at the feet or stud the sides of the mountains, which rear themselves around the magnificent peaks of Snowdon: lakes more than equal in sublimity to those of Larus, Lucerne, and Pergusa.

II.

How often have I heard you, my Lelius, descant with rapture on the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; on those of Loch-Lomond, Loch-Leven, and Killarney; and the still more noble and magnificent ones of Switzerland. With what delighted attention have I listened to your descriptions of the lakes of Thun, Zurich, and Neufchatel, Brienz, Bienne and Constance: and how has my imagination kept pace with you, in your journey, as you have wandered in memory among those enchanting regions:—regions abounding in scenes, which Warton might have pictured, as the native residence of poetic fancy.

Sulzer, born at Winterthun, in the canton of Zurich, animated by the example of Gessner, the naturalist, lived to produce two works, of which his country is

justly proud: “An History of the Fine Arts; and Moral Contemplations on the Works of Nature.” Charmed with the splendour of the material world, he lived innocently and contentedly; and at length died in so placid a manner, that his friends, for some time, doubted whether death or sleep had suspended his conversation.

Gessner, whose countenance bespoke a paradise within, had his genius first called into action by reading the works of the now almost forgotten Brookes, who had selected for himself a species of poetry, which exhibited the various beauties of nature in the minutest details. Warm from the works of that poet, the scenery of Berg acquired new charms, and animated Gessner with new impulses; that town being situated in the most beautiful part of the canton of Zurich. To the memory of this poet, his fellow-citizens have erected a monument, in which Nature and Poesy are represented weeping over his urn, in a romantic valley, watered by the Limmat and the Sihl. This monument is the work of Trippel of Schaffhausen; and the artist dying when still young, the monument may be said to constitute “a monument of himself as well as of Gessner.” Gessner’s works, however, will perpetuate his memory longer than a monument of Parian marble! And here it may be permitted to pay a willing testimony to the beauty of those lakes, immortalized by the pens of Gessner, Haller, Zimmermann, and Rousseau: and I will not hesitate to call that man senseless, who could behold with indifference the solitary, yet beautiful waters of Greiffen; those of Como, bordered by vineyards, and backed by hills, clothed like a stately amphitheatre, with lime, chestnut,

and almond trees: the craggy precipices rising over the Lake of Chiavenna—magnificent in the midst of sterility: and the waters of Joux, embedded in a valley, with a rocky shore, mantled with wood, and having on their opposite sides a richly cultivated ascent, studded with pines and sycamores. Still more beautiful is the Lake of Wallenstadt, surrounded on three sides by mountains, with wild and picturesque, craggy and inaccessible rocks, abounding in waterfalls: then we may dwell upon the small Lake of Zug, hanging, as if it were a nest, within the bosom of a fine country; and upon Thun, situated at right angles with the Lake of Brienz—both bordered by steep mountains, richly variegated. The Lake of Bienne, so exquisitely diversified; while that of Neufchatel is profusely rich in wood, in fields, in meadows, and in vineyards. The Lake of Uri,—beautiful to a proverb,—has wild and romantic rocks embellished with forests of pine and beech. That of the four Cantons is the finest in all Switzerland, for the greatness and variety of its parts; and for its beauty and decision of contrasts. That of Constance, of an oval form, and green in the colour of its water, is surrounded by hills, rising in gradation, covered with farm-houses, villages, towns, and monasteries. Still more delightful is the Lake of Zurich, with banks, behind which rears, in stately majesty, a long and awful chain of stupendous mountains: while the waters of Geneva, blue and transparent, reflect every variety and excellence of landscape; from the mild and the beautiful to the picturesque, the magnificent, and the sublime.

On the banks of this lake resided the learned and accomplished Gibbon:—learned and accomplished; but too

regardless of his country, and too explicit in his doubts for the welfare of mankind ! In a foreign country, which habit and affection had made his own, this celebrated writer enjoyed the most agreeable society, by which he was highly esteemed, beloved, and honoured. In possession of scenes, of which a parallel can scarcely be found in any quarter of the globe, Gibbon not only possessed them, but had the felicity to be gifted with a mind, capable of enjoying them. There,—at Lausanne,—proudly situated on the Lake of Geneva, he began and completed that great monument of his fame, his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. There is a mixture of sublimity and pathos in the passage, where he describes the close of his vast undertaking, peculiarly impressive. “ I have presumed to mark,” says he, “ the moment of conception, (amid the ruins of Rome ;) I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected upon the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea, that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion ; and that, whatsoever might be the future

fate of my history, the life of the historian might be short and precarious !”

How much do Haller and Hotze, so celebrated by Zimmermann and Lavater, acquire of fame over Hunter and Boerhaave, merely from their imagination being alive to the beauties of their country ! While the two last are known chiefly to surgeons and physicians, the two first are known to almost all the world. Klopstock beheld the forests of pine, intermingled with Elysian valleys, near Erfurt ; the Falls of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen ; the Lake of Zurich ; and the vineyards near Winterthur, with inexpressible pleasure. Those scenes alternately wafted him to his friends, and towered his thoughts to Heaven ! Bonnet,—the pride of Geneva,—devoted all his hours to the study of Nature. As a philosopher, he is placed between Wolff and Leibnitz ; as a naturalist, between Haller and Buffon ; as a writer, between Rousseau and Montesquieu ; while his physiognomy, says a German physiognomist, indicated justness, clearness, fertility, order,—combination of ideas, perhaps unequalled. Occupied in the study of natural history, as he was, and in the enjoyment of some of the finest scenes upon the globe, how mean, how insignificant, appeared the intrigues and passions of the citizens of Geneva !

CHAPTER V.

FROM Lakes, the transition is natural, that would lead to Waterfalls and Cataracts. With what rapture does every cultivated mind behold that beautiful waterfall, gliding over a slate rock in two graceful falls, at the extremity of a long, winding, and romantic glen, near Aber, in the county of Caernarvon! But if you would see cataracts, on a grander scale, visit the falls of the Hepsey; those of the Conway; the Cynfael; and the Black Cataract, near the vale of Ffestiniog. Of the two last, few scenes can surpass the beauty of the one, or the bold, the cragged, and gigantic character of the other. By the former of these have we devoted many a captivating hour. Seated on a rock, adjoining an ivy-arched bridge, stretched over a tremendous chasm, we have listened with rapture, not unmingled with a grateful degree of terror, to the roaring of the waters: and, shaded by a fantastic oak, which overshadows the depth, we have derived the highest satisfaction, in comparing the tranquil and innocent delight, in which we were indulging, with the boisterous humours of the table, the cankered anxiety of the statesman, or the dreadful raptures of that man, who has so long insulted all Europe, and disgraced her glens, her mountains, and her valleys, with blood, with rapine, and with sacrilege!

But if you would behold one of those waterfalls, which combine sublimity with beauty, visit the admirable instance at Nant Mill, on the borders of the lake Cwellin. Exercise that fascinating art, of which Nature and prac-

tice have made you such a master;—make a faithful representation of it; clothe it in all its sublimity, in all its grace of beauty, and let the finest imagination in the world of painting or of poetry tell me, if, in all the fairy visions, that the finest fancy has created, a scene more perfect can be formed, than that? The far-famed cataract in the vale of Tempé has nothing to compare with it. In surveying this scene, our feelings resemble those of the missionaries, when viewing the waterfalls of Japan; or those of the celebrated Bruce, when he beheld the third cataract of the Nile¹; “a sight,” says he, “so magnificent, that ages, added to the greatest length of life, could never eradicate from my memory².”

The Romans were exceedingly partial to waterfalls, as we learn from many of their writers. The seat of Cicero's father had a remarkable one, falling into the Liris; and, sending forth a most agreeable harmony, thither would his son, the accomplished Tully³, frequently retire, in order to meditate on subjects of literature and taste.

CHAPTER VI.

IF objects of this nature exalt the understanding and the fancy of those, who possess the powers and habits of

¹ Vid. also Philostr. in Vit. Apollon. vi. c. 26.

² In King's Table Land, New South Wales, is a cataract falling over a precipice of more than 1,000 feet, into Prince Regent's Glen. It is named “the Campbell Cataract;” and is said to be one of the grandest sights the world affords.

³ Cic. de Legibus, ii.

reflection, Woods, those indispensable appendages to landscape, diffuse an equal delight by their coolness, their solemnity, and the charm which they spread around us, as we wander beneath their arched and sacred shades.

The Romans frequently erected temples and statues to the genius of the place;—*GENIO LOCI*. Pliny¹ assures us, that Minerva, as well as Diana, inhabits the forests: and Akenside finely alludes to the religious awe, with which woods, boldly stretching up the summit of an high mountain, are beheld by persons of polite imaginations:

Mark the sable woods,
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow.
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos, or of Numa, should forsake
Th' Elysian seats; and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye.

If to rivers and mountains all nations, at early periods of their history, have conspired to attach the idea of veneration; how much more so have the eminent, in all ages, delighted in paying honours to groves and forests. Pilgrimages were made to the oaks of Mamre, near Hebron, from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine²: and the nations surrounding the Jews were accustomed to dedicate trees and groves to their deities; and to sacrifice upon high mountains: customs, which were even practised by the Jews themselves, previous to the building of Solomon's Temple³. Among the woods of Etruria, Numa, to whom Rome was under greater obligations than to Romulus⁴, sought refuge from the

¹ Lib. i. Ep. 6.

² Calmet, b. i. c. 7.

³ 1 Kings, c. iii. v. 2, 3, 4.

⁴ Il Princip. l. i. c. 11.

cares that attended the government of an infant, and, till his reign, a turbulent people. I know not whether those objects tended to inspire Numa with a resolution of serving mankind; but certain it is, that he infused into the discipline of his adopted country such an ardent love of virtue, that, during his reign, (as Livy informs us,) the neighbouring states, which had hitherto regarded Rome, not in the light of a city, but of a camp, situated amongst them, for the purpose of depopulating every other city, entertained so perfect a respect for its inhabitants, that they deemed it impious to disturb a people, who were so constantly occupied in the practice of virtue and the worship of the gods. It was Numa who first erected a temple to Peace and Faith¹.

The consecration of groves prevailed much with the Jews. Abraham himself planted a grove in Beer-sheba; and worshipped there². The custom was, however, forbidden by Moses³. In Kings⁴, it is said, they set up "images on every hill, and under every green tree." Ezekiel reproves it⁵; also Hosea⁶; but the valley of Hinnon was esteemed so venerable for its shade, that it was even personified as a god; and in such esteem did they hold the cedars of Lebanon, that one of the most effective threats of Sennacherib was, that he would level them with the ground⁷.

¹ Merito ergo rex quidem Romanorum, Numa erat ei nomen, cum esset Pythagoreus, primus ex omnibus hominibus posuit templum Fidei et Pacis.—Clemens Alexand. Stromatum, lib. v. p. 648.

² Gen. ch. xxi. v. 33.

³ Deut. ch. xvi. v. 21.

⁴ 2 Kings, ch. xvii. v. 9.

⁵ Ezekiel, ch. xx. v. 28. and ch. vi. v. 13.

⁶ Hos. ch. iv. v. 13.

⁷ 2 Kings, xix. v. 33. At Sardis an opinion was prevalent, that trees were older than the earth.—Vid. Philost. in Vit Apol. vi. c. 37.

II.

The oratories of the Jews were surrounded by olives¹; and the Greeks, who first inhabited Tuscany, consecrated the forests, which rose on the banks of the Cærites, to their god Sylvanus. Under those shades they assembled every year to celebrate his anniversary².

A custom, analogous to this, prevails at the present day in some parts of Italy: particularly among the herdsmen and shepherds of Rhegio; who entertain the highest veneration for the wood, called *Silva Piana*, about three leagues from Parma.

The Christians decorate their houses and churches with holly and bay leaves; and the modern Jews, at the time of the Pentecost, deck their synagogues with garlands of flowers. Tacitus³, in describing the ceremony of consecrating the Capitol, when repaired by Vespasian, informs us, that the first part of the ceremony consisted in the soldiers entering with boughs of those trees, which the gods were supposed to take the greatest delight in. In the second, the Vestal virgins, attended by boys and girls, sprinkled the floor with spring water, brook water, and river water.

¹ Juvenal, Sat. vi. He calls a Jewish priestess "*Magna sacerdos arboris.*"

² Et ingens gelidum lucus prope Coeritis amnem,
Religione patrum latè sacer; undique colles
Inclusère cavi, et nigrâ nemus abjecte cingunt.
Sylvano fama est veteres sacrâsse pelasgos,
Arvorum pecorisque Deo, lucûmque diemque,
Qui primi fines aliquando habuère Latinos.

Æneid, lib. viii. l. 597.

³ *Hist.* lib. iv.

Many of the Japanese temples are situated among woods. This people delight in avenues; and in the islands of Satzuma and Meac-Sima, the Russians observed alleys of high trees stretching from hill to hill, with arbours, formed at certain distances, for the service of weary travellers¹. That the Anglo-Saxons worshipped trees, we may infer from Canute's having forbidden that species of idolatry. The Raphaans of India selected spots, shaded by the banana and the tamarind, for their kioums; while, in the recesses of intricate forests, the Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany, were accustomed to sacrifice. Virgil, who describes Elysium as abounding in the most luxuriant gifts of nature, represents it as one of the highest enjoyments of the happy spirits, to repose on flowery banks, and to wander among shady groves²: while the Icelanders believe, that on the summit of the Boula, a mountain which no one has hitherto ascended, there is a cavern, which opens to a paradise in perpetual verdure, delightfully shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep³.

The Syrians personified their god Rimmon, under the figure of a pomegranate⁴: and the Babylonians wore one carved on the head of their walking-sticks; because they esteemed it a sacred emblem. The Sicilians had, at one time, a great veneration for the chesnut-tree, which grew in La Regione Sylvana: the Mordivines of Russia still venerate the oaks of their ancestors⁵: in Otaheite, the

¹ Vid. Krusentern's Voy. vol. i. 243.

² Eneid, vi. 673.

³ Voy. in Iceland, 168.

⁴ 2 Kings, ch. v. v. 12.

⁵ Pallas' Trav. South Rus.ia, vol. i. p. 34.

weeping willow is allowed to be planted only before the houses of the higher classes of the community : in Pennsylvania, churches are isolated in woods ; and pulpits erected beneath the branches of oaks¹ : while among the Dugores there are groves, in which every family has its appropriate place for offering sacrifices². In the Romish Church, palms are still esteemed sacred ; while in some parts of Calabria, they regard the cutting off a single branch from an olive-tree a deed, worthy the punishment of excommunication.

The Babylonians fabled, that Leucothoe, daughter of one of their kings, having sacrificed herself to a god, her father condemned her to be buried alive. The lover, pitying her melancholy fate, shed ambrosia, and poured nectar over her grave ; on which a tree sprung up, and quickened into frankincense. Thus Leucothoe became a Hamadryad, under the care of her lover : but he forsaking her, she pined into the flower, which turns its head constantly to the sun ; and hence derives the name of heliotrope.

Dryads were attached to woods : Hamadryads to single trees, with which they lived and died³. Nymphs of the mountains were called Oreades ; those of springs and

¹ Michaux's Travels, v. ii. p. 231.

² Pallas's Travels in Russia, vol. ii. p. 231.

³ Oblations of oil, honey, and milk were offered to them.—Vid. Georg. i. v. 11. Ecl. x. Ovid. Met. i. v. 647. Shakespeare fables, that Ariel having refused to execute the commission of Sycorax, the witch confined her in the body of a tree, where she continued imprisoned twelve years, until released by Prospero.—Vid. Tempest, i. sc. ii.

rivers, Naiades; those of the air, Auræ; and those of the sea, Nereids. Procopius says¹, that the people of Thule worshipped beings, that dwelt in springs and rivers; and that the Saxons originally venerated spirits of the downs and fields is sufficiently proved by Junius, who enters largely into that subject. The Abbé Barthélemy supposes², and with a probability confirmed by Dr. Blair³, that the ancient poets, enchanted with nature, and yielding to that prevailing taste for allegory, which distinguished their age and country, gave names to the several rural and marine nymphs, significative of the influence, they were supposed to possess over the productions of the mind.

III.

The temples of the Greeks and Japanese⁴ were mostly situated in groves; and the Persians, who esteemed woods and forests the most proper for religious sacrifices, ridiculed their more accomplished neighbours, for building temples to their gods, who had the whole universe for their residence⁵. The Athenians, much after the same manner of reasoning, would never build a temple to Clemency, because they thought her best temples were the hearts of men.

Many circumstances recorded in Scripture occurred under the shade of trees. Thus the angel appeared to Gideon under an oak, in Ophrah; when he selected him,

¹ Gothic. lib. ii.

² Vol. iii. 261.

³ Lect. xvi.

⁴ Raynal, i. 134.

⁵ Cicero de Leg. ii. 26.

to deliver the House of Israel from the army of the Midianites¹: and Saul lived for some time under a pomegranate, in Migron². The early Christians being reproached for having erected no temples, Arnobius³ inquired, whether it was not an insult to the Deity, to suppose that he could not be worshipped without confining him to an habitation?—

———— “Thou, O Spirit, who dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure!”

Genghis khan⁴ could not conceive the propriety of erecting temples; nor could he imagine why God might not be every where adored. The same may be said of the ancient Spaniards, Scythians, and Numidians.—“*Si templum Dei factus est,*” says Cyprian, “*quæro cujus Dei? Si Creatoris, non potuit, qui in eum non credidit; si Christi, nec hujus fieri potest templum, qui negat Deum Christum; si Spiritus Sancti, cum tres unum sint, quomodo Spiritus Sanctus placatus esse ei potest, qui aut Patris, aut Filii, inimicus est*⁵?”

The Germans are said to have esteemed sacred even the leaves of the Hyrcinian forest. The natives of New Spain⁶ were accustomed to assemble under a tree, sixteen fathoms in circumference, to perform religious sacrifices: and Smith assures us⁷, that the Whidah Negroes, inhabiting a country⁸, beautiful even to poetry, have a grove in almost every village; to which they retire, on

¹ Judges, vi. v. 11.

³ *Contra Gentes*, lib v.

⁵ Cyprian, *Epist.* lxxiii.

⁷ *Voy. to Guinea*, p. 196.

² 1 Sam. xiv. v. 2.

⁴ *Hist. of the Tartars*, p. 343.

⁶ D'Acosta, b. iv. c. 3.

⁸ Bosman, p. 116.

certain days, to make offerings. In the Philippine Islands, also, there are trees, which the natives regard with equal veneration. Most families have one or more growing near their habitations; these they never cut down; since they are not certain but that the souls of their departed friends may reside in them.

As Antigua is without rivers, so is Morocco almost destitute of woods: hence it arises, that in that empire, as in other hot climates, shade has the most powerful charm in every landscape. The inconveniences, arising from the want of it, gave occasion to Girolamo Fracastoro to write his curious poem of Syphilus. The shepherd Syphilus was employed in watching the herds, belonging to Alcithous, king of Atlantis. One season, the rays of summer were so intense, that the angry shepherd, impatient under their influence, with many impieties refused to offer up sacrifices to the Sun; and, in revenge, erected an altar to his master, Alcithous. Stung with the indignity, Apollo infected the air with such noxious vapours, that the shepherd contracted a dangerous and nauseous disease, which affected his whole body. His various attempts to conquer his malady constitute the principal argument of the poem.

The custom of adoring trees seems to have pervaded almost every nation, civilized as well as savage¹. For the manner in which trees were respected in Persia and the East, the reader may consult Della Valle, Chardin, Maurice's Antiquities, Colonel Little's Narrative, and Lord Valentia's Travels. It was equally prevalent in

¹ The Ashantees and Laplanders, however, people the woods with evil spirits. Vide Bowdich, p. 22. 4to. and Clarke's Scandinavia, p. 418. 4to.

Surat¹, Nepaul², Java³, Siam, Ceylon⁴, Celebes⁵, and Congo⁶. The Galla shepherds of Abyssinia adore, in common with the sun, moon, and stars, the tree called wansey. When they choose a king, they put a staff, made of its arms, into his hand; and a chaplet of flowers upon his head. These shepherds, when engaged in war, fight not in regiments, but in families.

The Negroes of the Guinea⁷ coast have groves in almost all their villages; and a universal malediction⁸ from every tribe would visit any one, who should be guilty of plucking, cutting, or breaking any of their branches. Greece⁹, and Eastern Asia¹⁰, and most provinces of Italy¹¹, were equally distinguished by this habit of veneration. Nor are we to wonder at the esteem with which trees have been regarded. The vegetable world is of far more use to man than the animal: and, if we except the natives of the Arctic regions, who never saw a tree, and who never tasted vegetable food of any kind, not even bread, nor any thing allied to it, but the flesh of seals and sea unicorns, there is not a people upon the globe to whom the vegetable world is not of the most essential benefit. The Caffrees¹² make bread of the palm-

¹ Ovington, p. 321.

² Kirkpatrick.

³ Plucking a leaf from the kastuba-tree, and paying adoration to it, the leaf assumed the form of a beautiful woman; by whom Sàng-Yàng-Túnggal had four sons, &c. Raffles' Java, i. 373.

⁴ Knox, Hist. Relat. of Ceylon, Part i. c. 4.

⁵ Asiat. Journ. v. p. 248.

⁶ Tuckey's Narrative, p. 181. 4to.

⁷ Bosman, p. 277. Ed. 1721.

⁸ Ibid. p. 128.

⁹ Archæologia Græca, i. B. 2. c. 2.

¹⁰ De Idolatria. c. i. sect. 3.

¹¹ Plin. Nat. Hist. xii. c. 1.

¹² Patterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 92. 1791.

tree, from which they extract the pith, which they keep till it is sour, and then bake it in an oven. In respect to the use of the banana, a striking fact is recorded by Humboldt¹, in the assertion, that one acre of them yield more than twenty times the aliment, which the same space would afford, if planted with maize, rice, or wheat. On the Congo, the mangrove burns better in a green state than in a dry one; and there is a plant, which burns like oil, furnishing, as it were, in itself, both the oil and the wick: while the Bay of San Barnabe², in the Gulf of California, abounds in plums, which yield, instead of gum or resin, a fragrant incense.

IV.

The cocoa is so productively useful, that an elegant writer³, in recommending a mild and equitable government to be pursued in India, not only for the sake of humanity, but of policy, insists that the cocoa should be the emblem of our empire in the East. When old, that tree yields a species of oil, that is used for light; of its juices is made toddy; the cabbage answers many culinary, and the leaf many mechanical purposes. Its trunk is used for building; its fibres for cordage; and its shell for domestic utensils. And so valuable is it in a national sense, that one of the kings of the Maldivé Islands sent an ambassador to Ceylon, when in possession of the Dutch, in a ship not only built, but entirely rigged out of cocoa-

¹ Personal Narrative.

² Vide Miguel Venegas, Nat. and Civ. Hist. of California, i. p. 43. Ed. 1758.

³ Quart. Rev. No. III. p. 99.

trees. They are also so conspicuous as land-marks, and so little affected by the sea air, or the sea spray, that Captain Flinders was accustomed to say, that any navigator, who should distribute ten thousand cocoa-nuts upon the numerous sand-banks of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, would be amply entitled to the gratitude of all maritime nations.

In the Indian Islands, the areca is held in high estimation. The branches of this tree are small; and its leaves beautiful; forming a round tuft at the top of the branch, which grows to the height of thirty feet. The nut, mixed with the leaves of the chunam¹ and the betel, is chewed by all classes with much more eagerness, than the natives of the West chew tobacco; or those in the neighbourhood of the African cape chew hemp or mezembryanthemum.

The uses and virtues of the plantain², and oil-palm, too, are well known: those of the bread-fruit-tree are still more important: and yet it grows in Ceylon, and is little respected. In Guam it grows larger than our apple-trees: when ripe, it is soft and yellow; and its taste is sweet; when full grown the Guamans bake it; it having neither seed nor stone; but is a pure substance, like bread; and lasts in season eight months of the year. Thus the plantain, the cocoa, the oil-palm, and the bread-fruit-tree, furnish, in the countries where they grow, the staff, as it is called, of existence. In some parts of Norway, where vegetation is confined principally to moss and lichens, it has been discovered³, that even those vegeta-

¹ A species of pepper.

² Dampier, Voy. i. p. 311. 319.

³ By Dr. Christian Smith.

bles may, with little trouble, be converted into bread, more palatable and nourishing than the bread of bark, to which the Norwegians have so long been accustomed. But the greatest of all vegetable phenomena, though not so useful to mankind as the bread-fruit, appears to be the Palo de Vaca. This plant produces a glutinous liquid, like an animal. It frequently grows upon the barren sides of a rock ; and has dry coriaceous leaves. For several months in the year its foliage is not moistened by a single shower of rain ; and its branches appear entirely dried up : but upon piercing the trunk, particularly at the rising of the sun, there flows a sweet and nourishing yellow juice, having a balsamic perfume, with many of the qualities of milk. In the morning, the natives of the country, in which this vegetable fountain grows, visit it with bowls, in which they carry home its milk for their children. So that this tree, says the Baron de Humboldt¹, seems to present the picture of a shepherd, distributing the milk of his flock. The Araguans call it the cow: the Caucaguans the milk-tree. It grows, too, in the country from Barbuta to the Lake Maracabo.

In the interior of Africa is a tree (*shea*), which furnishes excellent butter. It resembles an American oak ; and its fruit is not unlike the Spanish olive. It grows abundantly in Ashantee, and in the woods near Kabba. The vegetable butter, which its kernel affords, is whiter, more firm, and, in Park's opinion, far better than that produced from cows. It has, also, the advantage of keeping all the year without salt, even in that intensely hot country. The cream-fruit of Sierra

¹ Personal Travels, vol. 4.

Leone¹ affords a similar saccharine fluid. Its flower resembles that of the vahea ; its fruit that of the voacanga, of which the Madagascarenes make bird's-lime²; and that of the urceola, which produces the caoutchou³ of Sumatra.

These trees lessen the consequence of the cow very materially in those longitudes : but in some countries, far more civilized, the natives seem to disdain to avail themselves even of that animal itself. For, though so long back as the time of the ancient Arcadians⁴, milk was esteemed a sovereign panacea for almost every species of disorder, in some parts of Greece, and in China⁵, milk, cheese, and butter, are but little known even to this day. In some regions of America, Africa, and Asia, a liquid is exuded from the palm, which, by an easy process, is converted into wine. This species of palm is regularly tapped. In Congo⁶ it yields plentifully at night ; but not much in the day. Between Table Bay, and Bay False⁷, near the Cape of Good Hope, there grows, also, amid white sand, a shrub, the berries of which make excellent candles. This plant is well known in the Azores and America ; where it is called the candle-berry-myrtle. Vegetable tallow grows, also, at Siac and Sumatra : while the bark of the quillai-tree of Chili has many of the properties of soap. In Chili there is a shrub, called thurania⁸, which affords incense equal to that of

¹ Afzelius, Gen. Plant. Guinea, i. 23.

² Sierra Leone Reporter, 1794, p. 173.

³ India rubber.

⁴ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxv. c. 8.

⁵ Lord Macartney's Embassy.

⁶ Tucker's Narrative, p. 356. 4to.

⁷ Paterson's Travels in Africa, p. 6. 4to.

⁸ Molina. i p. 130.

Arabia. It exudes in the form of globules of tears, through pores of the bark. These globules are white and transparent; having a bitter taste, but an aromatic perfume. In that fine country, too, grows a species of wild basil¹, sixty miles from the sea, which in a soil having no appearance of salt, is covered in the morning, from spring to winter, with saline globules; which the Chilians use as salt.

V.

It was on account of its shade, that Arden, the paradise of the Arabian poets, was so enthusiastically celebrated; and Amytis, daughter of Astyages, and wife of Nebuchodonosor, accustomed to the glens and woods of Media, sighed for their shades in the sandy soil of Babylon. Hence were constructed those hanging gardens, which were the boast of Babylonian kings, and the wonder of historians. The manners and pursuits of the pastoral Arabs present something peculiarly gratifying to the imagination. The toils and privations which they undergo, in wandering from one province to another, in quest of water, are amply repaid by the festivity that ensues, upon the discovery of a well or fountain in a shady grove. The manners of the modern Arabians assimilate, in a striking degree, with those of the ancient Scythians; the purity of whose morals has been so much celebrated by Horace and by Justin². But though the manners and morals of these wandering nations were so strikingly il-

¹ Ocimum salinum.

² Vide Horace, lib. iii. od. xxiv.—Upon this passage Justin furnishes a faithful commentary. “Inter se nulli fines, nec enim agrum exercent, nec

lustrative of each other, the similarity did not arise from any coincidence in regard to climate or scenery: for, while the one roved from fountain to fountain, over pathless and scorching deserts, the others were, at all times, in the reach of shade; and, at intervals, pitched their tents in scenery, the like of which is scarcely to be paralleled in all the globe. While the Arab seeks shade, as one of the most agreeable luxuries of life, the Scythian and the Celt imagined the oak to be the tomb of Jupiter¹; and the philosophers of Siam, who numbered five elements², added wood to the fourth.

The Romans consecrated not only groves to their deities, but to the furies. In one of these Caius Gracchus took refuge, when pursued by his enemies. There he was slain by his slave, who immediately after despatched himself. In relating this circumstance, Plutarch gives a curious instance of the baseness of mankind. During the time Caius was pursued, his friends encouraged him by all the gestures and exhortations they could make: but not a man would assist him; nor would they even so

domus illis ullæ, aut tectum aut sedes est, armenta aut pecora semper pascuntibus, et per incultas solitudines errare solitis; uxores liberosque secum in plaustis vehunt, quibus coriis imbrium hyemisque causa tectis, pro domibus utuntur. Justitia gentis ingeniis, non legibus. Aurum et Argentum non appetunt."

For an account of the more modern Scythians, vide Marco Polo, B.i. c. xlvi.—Purchas, vol. 3.—Bell's Travels, vol. 1.

¹ Maximus Tyrius, Dissertat. xxxviii.

² The Gymnosophists considered ether a fifth element. Philost. in Vit. Apol. iii. c. 34.—Athenæus, the Cilician physician, also, numbered five elements: cold, heat, wet, dry, and air.—Modern science has not been able to discover even one element.

much as lend him a horse, though he earnestly begged one at their hands. His enemies were gaining ground upon him, and that was sufficient for them: thus strikingly and affectingly exemplifying the history of the hare and many friends.

VI.

To a native of Jamaica, no luxury is superior to that of walking among the odoriferous groves of pimentos, that adorn the eminences, which form a barrier to the encroachments of the ocean: and the Circassians, long and loudly celebrated for the beauty and cheerful disposition of their women, quit their towns and cities in the summer, and erect tents among their woods and valleys, after the manner of the neighbouring Tartars. Ossian describes his bards, as sitting in a delightful manner. "Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each bard sat down with his harp. They raised the song, and touched the string, each to the chief he loved." To an Hindoo, nothing is more grateful, than to walk among the cool recesses, formed by the arms of the banian-tree; which he esteem an emblem of the Deity himself. The Hindoo Bramins, whose placidity of disposition is, in some measure, the natural result of a total abstinence from animal food, reside, for the most part, in their gardens, which they cultivate with their own hands; occupying the remainder of their time in reading, in walking, and in reclining beneath the spreading boughs of trees; which, Du Tertre¹ insists, Adam lived upon during his residence in Paradise.

¹ *Histoire Antilles*, tom. 2. 140.

I could never wonder, though I have heard others do so, that the poets should have feigned the oak to have been originally a sage and a patriarch. Nor could I ever feel surprise at the idea, which a man, who died at Haywood, near Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, entertained, that if he cut down one of his trees, the others would mourn for the loss of their companion. In consequence of which belief, he never permitted any of them to be cut down. Ovid¹ and Lucan² give fine descriptions of the oak; and the honours which were paid to it. There is, indeed, scarcely a descriptive or an epic poet, that does not find some occasion to do it honour: and Loton, the landscape painter, so much delighted in it, that he contrived to introduce one into all his pictures.

VII.

The use, which the poets have made of trees, by way of illustration, is moral and important. Homer frequently embellishes his subjects with references to them; and no passage in the *Iliad* is more beautiful than the one, where, in imitation of Musæus, he compares the falling of leaves and shrubs to the fall and renovation of ancient families. Illustrations of this sort are frequent in the sacred writings. “I am exalted like a cedar in Libanus,” says the author of *Ecclesiastes*, “and as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm tree in Engeddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho; as a turpentine tree I stretched out my branches; and my branches are the branches of honour

¹ Lib. xiii. 743.

² Phars. i. l. 137.

and grace. As a vine brought I forth pleàrant savour, and my flowers are the fruits of honour and victory." In the Psalms, in a fine vein of allegory, the vine tree is made to represent the people of Israel: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cut out the heathen, and planted it. Thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with its shadow, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars."

In Ossian, how beautiful is the following passage of Malvina's lamentation for Oscar:—"I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came, like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low: the spring returned with its showers, but no green leaf of mine arose¹." Again, where old and weary, blind, and almost destitute of friends, he compares himself to a tree that is withered and decayed. "But Ossian is a tree, that is withered; its branches are blasted and bare; no green leaf covers its boughs; from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring; the breeze whistles in its grey moss; the blast shakes its head of age; the storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its dry branches with thee, oh Dermid! and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding vale of Cona."

Petrarch could never behold an olive tree but his imagination pictured that simile in Homer, where he compares the beautiful Euphorbus, struck by the lance of Patroclus, to an olive, uprooted by a whirlwind;—

¹ Foehn of Croma.

a simile so harmonious, in all its parts, that even Pythagoras set it to music, played it upon his harp, and adopted it for his epicedion.

The Missouri Indians have a tradition¹, that their aboriginal ancestors lived in a large village under ground, near a lake; that a grape vine, shooting its root down to them, first let in the light; that some climbed up the vine, and beholding a new land, abounding with buffaloes and every kind of fruit, they invited their wives and children to climb up the vine-root as they had done. Thus they suppose that portion of the earth became peopled². There are, in the history of human error, few traditions more ridiculous than this. It was probably a dream in its origin; and afterwards adopted for belief, because it was the dream of a powerful chieftain. Herodotus³ relates, that Astyages, king of the Medes, having married his daughter to Cambyses, the Persian, dreamed, one night, that a vine, springing from the womb of his daughter, became so exceedingly umbrageous, that it covered all Asia with its shade. This vine being interpreted to mean a grandson, who should supplant him on the throne, Astyages sent for his daughter; and, at the time of her delivery, gave her child into the care of Harpagus, with strict orders to have it destroyed. The manner of its preservation, and the romantic history of Cyrus, who fulfilled the prophecy, is in the animated recollection of every classical reader.

¹ Travels to the Sources of Missouri River. 4to. p. 102.

² Some of the Guinea coast Negroes believe, that their ancestors came out of the earth, and caverns of marine rocks.—Vid. Bosman, p. 123. ed. 1721.

³ Herod. Clio. cvii. &c.

Analogies are continually presented to us, between trees and sentiments. Phocion, hearing an orator one day promising a number of fine things to the Athenians, exclaimed, "I think I now see a cypress tree! In its leaves, its branches, and in its height, it is beautiful; but, alas! it bears no fruit." Eve declares to Adam¹, that his conversation was more sweet to her ear, than were the fruits of palm trees to her palate: and Quintilian compares Ennius to a grove, which, sacred from its antiquity, fills the mind with religious awe. Plotinus, says Gassendi, compared the souls of men, emanating from and partaking of the Divine mind, to the leaves, flowers, and fruits, belonging to the body of a tree. Beautiful, too, is the metaphor, and delicate is the flattery, where Horace likens the glory of Cæsar's house to a tree rising slowly from its seed; and after several ages, spreading its branches to the heavens; and then rising with as much dignity in the forest, as Marcellus towered above all other youths. Blair compares a good man to an oak, whose branches the tempest may, indeed, bend, but whose root it can never touch: a tree, which may occasionally be stripped of its leaves and blossoms, but which still maintains its place, and in due season flourishes anew.

These analogies and similitudes are not entirely unobserved by savage nations: of this the speech of the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander is strikingly illustrative. "If your person were as gigantic as your desires," said they, "the world would not contain you.

¹ Milton.

Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you laid hold on Europe; and, if you conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts; and to attempt to subdue Nature. But have you considered the natural course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in arriving at their height, and yet are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches, you have laid hold of¹." The whole of this speech, though spoken by a *barbarian*, is superior to any other preserved in Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, or Livy; Sallust, Tacitus, Davila, or Guicciardini.

VIII.

The argument, relative to the superior excellence of ancient and modern genius, acquires new light from the ingenuity of Fontenelle and the rejoinder of Du Bos². "The question," said Fontenelle, "is reducible to this point, viz. : whether trees do, or do not, grow in our times as luxuriantly as in the time of the Greeks and Romans. The surest way to determine this point is to consult na-

¹ Montesquieu has an admirable illustration:—"Quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au pied et cueillent le fruit. Voilà le gouvernement despotique." V. 13.

Shakespeare has an affecting instance in *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.; another in *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.; again in the *Comedy of Errors*, act ii. sc. 2.

² Reflect. on Poetry, Painting, and Music, vol. ii. ch. 19.

tural philosophy. She has the secret of abridging many disputes, that rhetoric would protract to eternity.”—
 “With all my heart,” rejoined Du Bos; “I freely give my consent. What answer does she give us? She tells us two things essential to our argument. The first is, that some plants have, in all times, attained greater perfection in one country than another: the second, that even in the same country trees and plants do not produce every year fruits of equal goodness.”

Some writer has resembled the human heart to certain medicinal trees, which yield not their healing balm, until they have themselves been wounded: a simile and a sentiment forcibly reminding us of the “*Non ignara mali*” of the gentle, but unfortunate, Dido. Montesquieu¹, anticipating the difficulty of searching into the origin of the feudal laws of the Franks, has an illustration also finely suited to our subject. “The feudal laws,” says he, “present a very beautiful prospect. A venerable oak raises its head to the skies; the eye sees from afar its spreading branches; upon drawing nearer it perceives the trunk, but does not discover the root; the ground must be dug to discover it.”

Similar illustrations are to be met with among Asiatic writers. Ferdousee thus concludes his satire upon Sultan Mahmoud²: “That tree, the nature of which is bitter, were you to plant it in the Garden of Eden, and water it with the ambrosial stream of Paradise, and were you to manure its roots with virgin honey, would, after all, discover its innate disposition, and only yield the acrid fruit that it had ever yielded.” The Javans have a

¹ Spirit of Laws, xxx. ch. 1.

² Asiat. Journ. v. p. 333.

fable¹, which they use to prove the relative connexion that one person has with another. “The forest and the tiger lived together in close friendship; so that no one would approach the forest, for the tiger was always in the way; nor the tiger, for the forest always afforded him shelter. Thus they remained both undisturbed, on account of the mutual security they afforded to each other: but when the tiger abandoned the forest, and roamed abroad, the people seeing that the tiger had quitted it, immediately cut down the forest, and converted it into plantations. The tiger, in the mean time, taking shelter in a village, was seen by the people, who soon found means to kill him. In this manner both parties, by abandoning their mutual duties to each other, were lost.”

IX.

So natural is the love for particular trees, that a traveller seldom fails to celebrate those by which his native province is distinguished. Thus the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks; the Burgundian boasts of his vines; and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples. Normandy is proud of her pears, which she fancies equal to those that grew in Camoens's Island of Venus:—

Ah! if ambitious, thou wilt own the care,
To grace the feasts of heroes and the fair;
Soft let the leaves, with grateful umbrage, hide
The green-tinged orange of thy mellow side.

Book ix.

¹ Raffles's Hist. Jav. i. 258. 4to.

Provence celebrates her olives, and Dauphiné her mulberries; while the Maltese are in love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines; and Syria her palms, producing a fruit, of which the Syrians make bread, wine, honey, and vinegar; and from its body a species of flax, which they convert into cloth. The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines; Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rose trees; Media of her citrons; India of her ebony, and Idumea of her balsams. This tree furnished the Judeans with an odoriferous perfume for their banquets of milk and honey; a remedy for many of their disorders; and a preservative wherewith to embalm their dead. Its medicinal qualities are beautifully alluded to by Jeremiah, when bewailing the sins and misfortunes of the Jews. "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughters of my people restored¹?" And again, where, prophesying the overthrow of Pharaoh's army at the river Euphrates, he says, "Go up into Gilead and take balm, oh virgin, the daughter of Egypt: in vain shalt thou use many medicines; thou shalt not be cured²." The Druses boast of their mulberries, and Gaza of her pomegranates;

————— whose soft rubies laugh,
Bursting with juice, that Gods might quaff.

Enchanted Fruit, l. 240.

Switzerland speaks of her lime trees, Bairout of her figs and bananas, and Damascus of her plums.

¹ Jerem. viii. 22.

² Jerem. xlv. 11.

Equally vain are the Chinese of their celebrated tea tree; the leaves of which were totally unknown to the ancients, and for many years the martyr of prejudice in Europe: yet imported with so much benefit, expense, and profit, as at once to confound the physician and the merchant. But a few years since, and the name of this plant was so unknown in our hemisphere, that a voyage to China would have been esteemed as unproductive as a voyage to the Straits of Magellan: now its virtues engage more of our capital than all other articles of foreign commerce.

X.

The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their manchenillas; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas. The natives of Madeira, whose Spring and Autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons; those of Antigua in their tamarinds; while they esteem their mammee sappota equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangos superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the plains of Tahta to their peculiar species of fan palm; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees; towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet! Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their log-wood to be superior to any trees in the world; while the Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees.

The natives of India have the greatest respect for the aloe ; the heart of which they esteem more valuable than gold itself: the Chinese, the Cochin Chinese, the Japanese, and the Siamese, have an equal value for it. Some of them insist, that the spots where it grows are guarded by inaccessible rocks and wild beasts ; while the Mangolians believe, that it was a native of Paradise ; and that it was swept over the boundaries of Eden by a flood. Xerxes is said, by some writers, to have made war upon Greece, in order to possess himself of her fig-trees ; as one of the Greek emperors invaded Cyprus, that he might be master of a country, producing such excellent vines. The Dutch, on the other hand, are held in the utmost detestation, by the islanders of Molucca, for having rooted up all their clove trees, for the purpose of confining the trade to the island of Ternate.

So natural is this love of mankind, that the ancients conceived even their gods to be partial to one tree more than another. For this reason, the statues of Diana, at Ephesus, were made of cedar and ebony ; that of Apollo, at Sicyone, of box ; while in the temple on Mount Cyllene, the image of Mercury was formed of citron ; a tree which that deity was supposed to hold in high estimation.

England may well take pride in her oaks ! To them is she indebted for her existence as a nation ; and were we an idolatrous people, I should be almost tempted to recommend (in imitation of our druidical ancestors), that the oak should be received in the number of our gods. It is a curious circumstance, my Lelius, and not generally known, that most of those oaks, which are called *spontaneous*, are planted by the squirrel. This little animal

has performed the most essential service to the English navy. Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy-house, in the county of Monmouth, Colonna's attention was diverted by a squirrel, sitting very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions. In a few minutes the squirrel darted like lightning to the top of a tree, beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and began to burrow the earth with its hands. After digging a small hole, it stooped down, and deposited the acorn: then covering it, darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down with another, which it buried in the same manner. This the squirrel continued to do, as long as Colonna thought proper to watch it. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of security against want in the winter; and as it is probable, that its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spots, in which it deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree! Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel,

—That leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty,

for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.

XI.

England prides herself upon her oaks, and France upon her vines. Near Bourdeaux, upon the Garonne,

grow the grapes of which they make claret; in the southern departments are made the best muscat, frontigniac, and hermitage. But of all countries in Europe, those departments along each side of the Loire are most abounding in variety and abundance of fruit. In summer, cherries, apricots, currants, and other early fruits; in autumn, grapes, pears, peaches, almonds, apples, filberts, or walnuts, enrich almost every field. The owners of these vineyards and orchards are the inhabitants; and their landed property occupies every intermediate gradation, from two hundred acres to the rood. The smallest estates comprising within the space of a rood, a garden, a corn-field, a vineyard, and an orchard. The inhabitants of these regions call the Loire “the river of love;” and many poetical sentences are inscribed in rude characters on the trees that grow upon its banks, and not unfrequently on the cottages themselves.

Nothing in the new continent is more striking than the exuberance of its vegetable productions. “When a traveller newly arrived from Europe,” says M. Humboldt, “penetrates, for the first time, into the forests of South America, nature presents herself to him under an unexpected aspect. He feels at every step that he is not on the confines, but in the centre of the torrid zone; not in one of the West India Islands, but on a vast continent; where every thing is gigantic; the mountains, the rivers, and the mass of vegetation. If he feel strongly the beauty of picturesque scenery, he can scarcely define the various emotions, which crowd upon his mind; for he can scarcely distinguish what most excites his admiration; the deep silence of those solitudes; the beauty and contrast of

forms; or that freshness and vigour of vegetable life, which characterise the climate of the tropics¹.”

XII.

The only resemblance that Europe ever presented to these primeval forests, was that of Hercynia, so often alluded to by Cesar, Livy, and Marcellinus. But even this could never have borne comparison with those mighty solitudes, where the sun in the day, and the moon and stars at night, bound the vision; and impress upon the mind of the traveller a gloom and a melancholy not to be described.

The European settlers² on the Copper Berg River, in Southern Africa, were accustomed to pass the whole summer, without house or hut, under the branches of quiver trees. The Bedas of Ceylon live in woods³; and their habitations are so concealed with foliage, that it is difficult to discover them. In Turkey, and in modern Greece⁴, vines wind in trellises round the wells; and there whole families collect themselves, and sit under the shade. The ancient Nasamones, in Cyrenaica, were accustomed to quit the sea-coast in summer, leaving their cattle to wander about at large, and to betake themselves to the interior plains, to sit under the palm-trees and gather their fruits. When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree; which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the tree, and therefore the

¹ Nar. Pers. Trav. Equin. Reg. III. 36.

² Paterson's Travels in Africa. 4to, p. 58; 1790.

³ Knox.

⁴ Morier, 2d Jour. p. 232.

age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.

The oak of the north, and the teak of the south, are both one hundred years in coming to perfection. The talipot of Ceylon grows to the height of one hundred feet, and its leaf is so large, that it will cover from sixteen to twenty men like an umbrella. But the largest leaved plant in the world is the troolie of Surinam. It extends on the ground, and has frequently been known to attain a width of three feet, and a length of thirty. The natives cover their houses with it; and it is very durable.

It is curious to observe, that while the Hytopagi of Ethiopia are said to have had the power of jumping from tree to tree, much after the manner of squirrels, there exists a people, who never even saw a tree, a shrub, or a leaf! These people were discovered by Sir John Ross, in latitudes between 76 and 77. When they first beheld Captain Ross's ships and their crews, they could scarcely be persuaded, that they did not come from the sun or the moon. When they went on board, nothing could equal their surprise at every thing they saw. They believed the ships to be animals. Trees they had never seen; and were, therefore, so entirely ignorant of their properties, that, seeing a mast lie across the deck, they attempted to lift it; and were much surprised that they were unable to do so: having no conception of its having the property of weight. There are but few trees even in Persia. A Persian one day boasting in India of his country, a Hindoo replied, "You, Persians, are continually boasting of your climate; but, after all, you have neither shade to protect you from

the sun in summer, nor fuel to save you from the cold in winter." In Switzerland, groves were once possessed by peculiar tenures; and on the promontory of Kieman, situated on the western part of the lake of Zug, an highly curious tenure still remains: for though the land belongs to Lucerne, the wood belongs to the canton of Zug¹, and the leaves to that of Sweitz.

Euripides was meditating in a wood, when he was assaulted by hounds, belonging to Archelaus, king of Macedon, which tore him in pieces. The Greek poetess, Eriphanis², composed most of her poems among forests, where she delighted to accompany Melampus, the most celebrated hunter of his age. Indeed, the admiration of mankind for woods is of so exalted a nature, that the Abbe Ladovat imagines, that the numerous hamadryads of antiquity were the souls of those, who had been remarkable for their attachment to them.

To the fall of the apple we are indebted for a knowledge of the laws of attraction; as the vibration of a lamp, suspended in the dome of the cathedral, at Pisa, had before suggested the method of measuring time: to the circumstance of Laurentius of Harlem meditating in a wood, we are, also, indebted for the earliest specimens of the art of printing.

The great khan of Tartary had a mount, near Kam-balu, called the Green Mount; and Marco Polo³ relates, that whenever he heard of a fine tree growing any where, he caused it to be transplanted, however large it might be, to this large mount: and one of the succeeding khans,

¹ Cox, i. 259.

² Athenæus, lib. xiv.

³ Trav. b. ii. ch. 21.

(Kublai), directed a vast number of trees to be planted on each side the great roads; the Tartar diviners¹ having assured him, that whoever planted trees should enjoy life to a considerable age.

XIII.

Helvidius knew a gentleman, (now dead), whose admiration of trees was such, that he would frequently stop his horse, when upon the full travelling pace, in order to look at a tree which had attracted his eye. He took as much pleasure in tracing the symmetry of an oak, a beech, or a sycamore, as other men derive from the fine shapes of animals. He would be hours wandering in a wood, when his neighbours thought that he had better have been watching his men ploughing in his fields, or digging in his coal-mine. He never, however, injured his property by this admiration; for his knowledge of trees extended to their internal qualities, as well as to their external shapes and sizes; and from long observation he knew the age of a tree, and the quality of its wood, before it was felled; and gained large sums of money by purchasing timber-trees as they stood. It was his practice never to buy a single tree that showed any symptoms of decay; and he once took a voyage to Finland, in order to exercise his skill upon pines; and returning at a time when a single deal sold for sixteen shillings, he realised by his voyage upwards of ten thousand pounds. This was more than sufficient for his wants. He sold his coal-mine, and quitted business. His greatest desire was to visit the

¹ Marco Polo, b. ii. ch. 21.

Hyrceanian forest, so celebrated in ancient and modern times; to traverse the woods of Russia; and above all, the impenetrable solitudes of America during the autumn. Often has Helvidius accompanied him through Snavenake forest, in the county of Wilts; the forest of Dean; the New forest; and among the shrubby oaks of Hainault. Evelyn was to him what Homer is to poets; Davy to chemists; and Kepler to astronomers. "What would Evelyn say to this?" he would frequently exclaim, when he saw a hedge of hollies; and not unfrequently would he repeat Southey's address to the holly bush, which, though no lover of poetry, he had not only condescended to read, but to commit to memory.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they;
That, in my age, as cheerful I might be,
As the green winter of the holly tree.

"If Evelyn could but rise from his grave and see yon glorious beech-tree!"—"No woman in the world has half the grace which that birch-tree has!"—"These oaks have more grandeur, and inspire greater solemnity of feeling, than even Westminster Abbey."—"I know nothing so agreeable to my imagination, except Tintern arches."—"Whatever some superficial writers may say, architects assuredly borrowed the gothic aisle from a close vista of trees. I am certain of it. Man could never have thought of a style half so solemn and so venerable." In this manner would he indulge his admiration: and often has he expressed an ardent desire to have an opportunity of

wandering among the nutmegs in the islands of Nero and Losgain; among the tamarinds of Madagascar; the cocoas of Jamaica; the cloves of the Moluccas; and the cinnamons of Ceylon.

The example of Democritus affords a beautiful instance of the advantages arising from a study of nature. When the natives of Abdera wrote to Hippocrates to come in order to cure Democritus of insanity, that illustrious physician, conceiving the disorder of their patient to be of a very different nature from that, which the worthy citizens supposed, wrote them a letter, promising his assistance; but, at the same time, observing, that as Democritus was a philosopher, and free from all incumbrances of wife, children, and servants, it was natural to suppose, that he would, without the least symptom of derangement, lie on the grass, on the borders of rivers, in caves, and other solitary places, to indulge a contemplative disposition; see the heavens gemmed with stars, moving in their various orbits, and derive from them tranquillity of mind. Upon arriving at Abdera, he was immediately led to the habitation of Democritus. He found the supposed derangé reclining under the shade of a plane-tree, habited in a gown, hanging loosely over his shoulders, with a book on his knee, and several others lying on the grass. The spot was rural; and a temple stood near, covered with grape-vines: several carcasses of animals lay at a short distance. These he had been dissecting. "See," said the Abderans, "see how deranged he is. He has no knowledge of what he is about." Upon Hippocrates going up to him, Democritus, after the first salutations were over, desired the physician to sit

down. “ This verdant turf,” said he, “ is soft and pleasant ; and to me far more agreeable than the pompous dwellings of the great, so full, as they are, of care and envy. What is your business in this city ? If I can assist you, you may rely upon my wish to serve you.”— Upon this, they entered into conversation ; when Hippocrates, so far from finding Democritus mad, as the Abderans had supposed, found him so pregnant with judgment in subjects of men and nature, that as he rose to depart, he could not refrain from exclaiming¹—“ Oh, most excellent Democritus ; I shall return to Cos, bearing the noblest testimony of your bounty, when you shall have filled me with wisdom ; for you are, indeed, a correct investigator of truth, and deeply skilled in the knowledge of nature.”

XIV.

All plants produce soda or potash. Potash exists in vegetable substances, growing at a distance from the sea, under the form of a salt. Soda is obtained from the ashes of the *salsola* soda ; the long-leaved salt-wort of the South of Europe ; and from other plants growing near the sea shore. Both, when combined with nitric acid, assist in forming salt-petre ; and when melted with flint, they assist in forming glass.

The uses of the bark of trees, too, are various and important. Those of the oak and pine are well known ; as well as those of the cinnamon and cinchona. The Japanese make paper of the mulberry bark ; and the Otaheiteans

¹ Vide Select Greek Epistles, Franklin, p. 209.

convert it into cloth ; as well as those of the cocoa and the bread fruit ; while that of the hibiscus liliaceus they form into ropes and lines. The Dalecarlian Swedes convert the bark of pine and birch trees even into bread. This bread has lately yielded to that made of the mosses and lichens, which cover their mountains ; and of which Professor Smith, who so much extended the Norwegian Flora, first taught them the use.

From the seeds of plants is procured fixed oil ; and from the flowers, leaves, stems, and rinds of ripe fruits, essential oil. Mucilage is secreted from the sap, and saccharine from the roots and fruits. Gums, too, are obtained from trees : gluten ; camphor ; resins ; gum resins ; balsams ; colouring, and other matter. In tropical climates, the palm yields wine ; another tree exudes milk ; and another butter.

But of all plants, perhaps the potatoe is the most extraordinary, in point of variety in production. A chemist of Copenhagen produced a lively yellow for dying wool, silk, or cotton, from buds ready to blow. This yellow cloth, plunged in a vessel of blue, assumes a brilliant permanent green. Its stalk furnishes cotton-flax ; its tops, when burnt, yield potash ; and its tubercles crushed to a pulp are used as a substitute for soap in bleachery. Mons. Peschier, of Geneva, has detected sugar in the potatoe ; accompanied by a portion of gum ; and the juice of its fruit may be converted into beer and vinegar : while the Countess de N***, who exchanged her chateau on the Soane for a cottage near Vienna, has invented a method of distilling from it a species of brandy. In Pennsylvania, it has been proved, that the water, in which this

root has been boiled, will, if sprinkled over grain, destroy all manner of insects, from the egg to the fly.

To return to trees. The leaves serve by their pores both for respiration and absorption of air and moisture. Cold, however, frequently prevents transpiration by the leaves, by causing a stagnation in the sap; the principle of vegetation lying concealed in the root. Vegetables have vital air spread round them in the day, and azotic air in the night. By the former the atmosphere is ameliorated; by the latter injured.

Wood yields more carbon than any other organized body; and, when violently rubbed, elicits not only heat but fire. The Arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay produce fire by the friction of two fish bones; but the Hot-tentots by that of two boughs of a plant, belonging to the class and order of tetrandria monogynia. Some savages elicit fire by striking two stones against each other, previously rubbed with sulphur. Some of the American tribes not only extract fire from two dry sticks; but they have a machine for the same purpose, exactly resembling one made use of in Kamtschatka.

Wood, notwithstanding its solidity, consists, as Dr. Grew has proved, in his *Anatomy of Plants*, of an assemblage of hollow fibres, or tubes, rising from the root upwards: and disposed in the form of a circle; or tending, horizontally, from the surface to the centre; crossing and intersecting each other, like "the threads of a weaver's web." That trees have something analogous to sensation, it were indicative of ignorance in Nature's economy to doubt. Hence the poets and mythologists have supposed them to be the residence of inferior deities;

and beautiful are the fictions which have arisen out of the belief. Not to mention those of ancient writers, Ariosto describes those, who listened to the fascinations of Alcina as being changed into beeches, palms, olives, and cedars: and far superior to the fictions of Ovid is that of Tasso, where he describes Rinaldo arriving at an enchanted wood, where he sees a large myrtle, surrounded by a hundred smaller ones. As he approaches, the air resounds with bewitching music; every tree opens, and discloses nymphs of celestial beauty; who, forming into a circle, welcome him to the enchanted grove, with songs and poems of pleasure and delight.

XV.

Denon¹ gives a curious account of the horror of the Musselmen at Chendaueh, in Egypt, when they saw the French soldiers cut down the branches of a withered tree, to make a fire with. These Musselmen believed, that a good genius resided in that tree. To injure it, or remove it, therefore, they regarded a species of sacrilege; and to its branches their zeal had appended locks of hair, and other objects of endearment.

Trunks of trees were used in the earlier ages of erecting trophies. These the heroes transplanted to an eminence; and hung them with the spoils of conquered enemies. This custom never prevailed among the Britons. In the time of Cæsar and Strabo, the forest of Ardenne stretched over a great portion of Eastern Gaul²: and at the same period Britain was, speaking by a figure, an entire wood

¹ Denon's Trav. vol. i. p. 325. 8vo.

² Cæsar de Bell. Gall. vi. c. 28 — Strabo, iv.

from north to south¹. The forest of Anderida was not less than a hundred and twenty miles long, and thirty broad. Sweden is still so covered with pines, birch, and juniper-trees, that a squirrel might almost travel from one end of the country to the other, without touching the ground. It is, indeed, a land of wood, of water, and of iron.

The ancient Britons had no knowledge whatever of the art of fishing²; but lived chiefly by hunting and pasturage. Except those residing immediately upon the coast, they never sowed their lands till after Cæsar's arrival; but lived chiefly on venison, flesh, and milk³: but of the art of making cheese⁴ they were entirely ignorant. Their villages were generally situated in the middle of a wood, in which they believed the deities to walk at noon and midnight;⁵ and their huts were covered with the boughs of trees, held on by pieces of turf: but their character for honesty⁶ was of much greater purity than that of the Romans; while many of the speculations of their Druids were of a nature sufficiently sublime to command the admiration even of Pythagoras⁷.

Impossible is it to visit the island of Anglesea, once the most sacred part of Britain, and behold its Vaens, Cromlechs, and other monuments, without comparing its present naked appearance with the time when it was an entire forest, from one end to the other; and esteemed so

¹ Cæsar de Bell. Gall. v. c. 15. 19.

² Dio. Diceus.

³ Cæsar de Bell. Gall. v. c. 10.

⁴ Strabo, 4. p. 200.

⁵ Lucan, Pharsal. iii. v. 423.

⁶ Diod. Siculus.

⁷ Contrary to the opinion of Selden. Vide "*Seldeni Metamorphosis Anglorum*," c. iv.

holy, that few persons were permitted to land upon it. It was first conquered by Suetonius Paulinus¹. When his army landed, he was received by the islanders with frantic bravery : women with hair dishevelled, and dressed in the manner of furies, flew from rank to rank, accompanied by the Druids, who lifted up their hands to Heaven, and called down dreadful imprecations on their enemies : in whose faces they wielded innumerable fire-brands. The Romans at first beheld all this with horror. But recovering from their alarm, they charged the enemy so fiercely, that they not only routed them, but made themselves entire masters of the island : and the first effect of their victorious policy was observed with dismay and indignation by the Britons, who saw with tears, sighs, and frantic exclamations, all the consecrated groves of the island levelled with the soil.

Now let us contrast the present state of this island ; the constitution of its society ; its peace, and its fertility ; with that period, when the Picts and the Scots, upon the retreat of the Roman army, so ruined the remaining inhabitants, that they, who had regarded the Romans as their bitterest enemies, were constrained to solicit their return. “ We know not which way to turn us,” said they to Ætius, the Roman governor of Gaul ; “ the barbarians drive us into the sea, and the sea forces us back upon the barbarians. Thus we have the choice only of two deaths ; either of being swallowed by the waves, or butchered by the sword.” The answer of Ætius drove them to despair. He could no longer assist them !

Then let us revert to the time, when the Saxons

¹ Tacitus Annal. xiv. c. 30. In Vit. Agric. c. xiv.

drove their posterity into Cambria. From the east to the west, says Gildas¹ and venerable Bede², a fire was lighted up in Britain, equal to that with which the Chaldeans burnt Jerusalem. There was a continued flame from sea to sea. Churches were destroyed; public and private buildings fell in one common ruin; the altars were profaned with blood; priests, bishops, and flocks, were massacred without distinction. Their bodies were scattered; and no one dared to honour them with burial. From this era, tracing the history of the laws and empire to the time of Alfred, the pride, the glory, and the paragon of Nature; and thence to Henry Beauclerk, the Edwards, and the Henries, the memory takes an eager and a rapid survey of the reigns of James and Charles, and William and Anne; till, finishing its excursion, it rests in the contemplation of modern science, art, morals, and manners.

When the mind begins to travel, impossible is it to know in what corner of the world it will finish its excursion.

When we observe stags, wandering at will in a forest, the imagination not unfrequently wafts itself to regions, where the elk ruminates near the Polar circle; or where the rein-deer imparts every comfort of life to the natives of Lapland. Then, by a natural transition, it rests for a while on the ode of the Lapland poet, addressed to the deer, that was wafting him over the snows to the object of his love. Then it reverts to the chamois antelope, feeding before the sun rises, and after it has set, on roots and herbs, covered with snow. Then associating with its diffusive genius, whether in Africa or

¹ Ss. 24.

² Bede, lib i. c. 15.

in Asia, a beautiful construction, great speed, and timidity of disposition, we recal with delight the great variety of allusions to them in the Hebrew writings, and the various allegories, formed by the poets of Persia, India, and Arabia. Returning to the forest, whence we had wandered, we observe a multitude of spiders' webs, hanging from bough to bough. A spider, with its instinct, forms a texture, which it defies all other animals to equal, and even the skill of man to surpass. This web is capable of being made into silk : but though every female spider lays six eggs to a silk-worm's one, the work of twelve spiders equalling only that of one silk worm, it requires 27,648 spiders to weave a pound of silk ; when it requires only 2,304 silk-worms to produce the same quantity. And as forest spiders produce less than house spiders, by a twelfth part, it requires twelve times so many for a similar produce, viz. 331,776. To the cultivation of spiders are objected, that five of their threads only equal in strength one of the worm ; that the lustre of its silk is less brilliant ; that its natural ferocity is so great, and the love of its fellow for food so ravenous, that out of four or five thousand, distributed into cells, fifty in some and a hundred in others, it was found, in a short time, that the large ones had eaten up all the small ones ; insomuch that only one or two were left in each cell.

From the spider to the silk-worm is a natural transition : but it is now time to return, since sufficient data have been presented to prove, that not only the history of a country, but of mankind, and even of the whole universe, material and immaterial, may, by virtue of association, be connected with the smallest leaf of the smallest tree.

XVI.

Ives says, in his *Voyage to India*¹, that he saw a banyan near Trevandeparum able to shelter ten thousand men; and Dr. Fryer alludes to some so large, as to shade thirty thousand horse and men singly². On an island in the Nerbudda, a few miles from Baroach, grows one more remarkable than any other in India. Travelers³ call it “the wonder of the vegetable world,” being two thousand feet in circumference. Armies may encamp under its branches, and those of its “daughters,” which emanate from its roots; forming

shade,

High overarched, with echoing walks between.

In its branches are innumerable pigeons, peacocks, and birds of song. The Hindoos esteem it the symbol of a prolific Deity; and British officers frequently, in their excursions, live many weeks together under its canopy. The capot is the only tree that can be compared with the banyan: and Bosman⁴ relates, that he saw one on the Gold Coast of Guinea, which was so large, that it would shade twenty thousand men at least.

We may here say a few words relative to the ages of trees. Franklin⁵ mentions two cypresses, which the Persians believed to be six hundred years old⁶. Chardin

¹ P. 199. 4to.

² *Account of Persia and East India in 1673, &c.* p. 105.

³ Major Thorn's *Memoir of the War in India*, conducted by Lord Lake and Sir A. Wellesley.

⁴ *Guinea Coast*, p. 276. Ed. 1721.

⁵ *Journey from Bengal to Persia*, p. 26.

⁶ Pliny mentions several remarkably aged trees. *Nat. Hist.* xvi.

mentions a plane-tree of a thousand years ; Forbes¹ says, that he smoked his hookha under the very banyan, beneath which part of Alexander's cavalry took shelter ; and the age of the oaks of Libanus is said to be at least two thousand years.

In Java are large forests, one of which is fifty miles in extent : it consists entirely of bamboos ; forming so thick a canopy, like Gothic arches, that the light of the sun is almost entirely excluded at noon. It is infested by leopards and tigers. The prodigious forests between Vladimir and Arymas, and Petersburg and Moscow, and those in which the Duna, the Dniپر, and the Wolga rise, exhibit some fine scenes of beauty and vegetable grandeur ; but the ant-hills in the forests of Sweden are still more wonderful. They are of such a size, that Dr. Clarke could scarcely credit what he saw. They consist of cones, formed by the leaves and fibres of pine, and some of them built even to the height of five feet. On examination of them he could not refrain from observing, that the mansions of the ants, considering the architects, were even more wonderful than the pyramids of Egypt. The forests, in which these ant-hills appear, are very extensive : but the great forest of South America occupies an extent of near 120,000 square leagues² ; being ten times larger than the whole of France.

Does an architect see a long vista of ancient trees, rising, as it were, in columns and meeting at their tops ? He meditates on the various epochs of architecture ; and on those relics, which still remain in many parts of the

¹ Oriental Memoirs.

² Humboldt's Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 307.

world. The time of Pericles he witnesses in the ruins of Pæstum ; Agrigentum ; Syracuse ; the temple at Corinth, and that of Theseus at Athens. For specimens, from the time of Pericles to that of Alexander, he reverts to the Acropolis ; the Temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus ; and that of Minerva at Tegea. For those, denoting the era between Alexander and Adrian, he visits, in imagination, the Pantheon and the baths of Titus ; with the temple and palaces of Palmyra : while in the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian he recognizes the interval from Adrian to Theodoric. Thence, through the long progress of many ages, he traces the outline of the Gothic aisle, bearing such a striking similarity to a close vista of trees.

From observing a tree, Hipparchus discovered the parallax of the planets : for noting that a tree on a plain, from several situations and distances, changed its apparent position, he determined the real and apparent distances of the planets, when observed from the surface of the earth, and at its centre. And a savage of America was induced to entertain a wider notion of the powers of a Deity, and to believe in his omnipotence, from reflecting that no one could imagine, from its external structure, that an oak sprung from an acorn. To the circumstance of a shrub being torn up by its roots were the Spaniards indebted for the discovery of the mines of Potosi. An Indian, whose name was Hualpa, chancing one day to pursue some deer, climbed over several rocks, down which he was, at last, in great danger of falling. In the struggle to save himself, he caught hold of a bush. His weight loosened the roots, and he was still in danger of falling.

This, however, he prevented; and casting his eye upon the root of the shrub, beheld to his utmost astonishment a massy piece of silver. This treasure he took to his hut. Knowing the value of his discovery, he lived some time upon what he had found; and when he wanted again, he repaired to the spot, where he had obtained it. One of his neighbours perceiving his condition improved, and that, too, without any visible means even of obtaining subsistence, questioned him so closely, one day, that Hualpa discovered his secret. From that time the two Indians agreed to take an equal share in the discovery. After this confidence they lived, for some time, in perfect harmony; but one day chancing to quarrel, the confidant discovered the secret to his master, a Spaniard residing in the neighbourhood. The mine then became known, and proved to be one of the richest in the world. Iron, nearly three thousand years before, had been discovered in Greece by the accidental burning of a forest.

XVII.

Treasures, too, of the mind may frequently be found to emanate amid the gloom and the silence of forests. How often amid such scenes have I reflected on the reason, which many have to know, that some men practise virtue without loving it; as earnestly as others practise vice at the time they despise it. The former being hypocrites in their virtues; the latter in their vices. Indeed some persons are virtuous even in the midst of evil; while others, in the severity of their pretensions, are more barbarous than the savages of the desert. In these scenes, too, I have remembered, that one of the worst evils, with

which life can be embittered, is the obligation of living with persons, whose minds are ever creeping in the dust, or groveling in the mire. For my own part—

————— “ I’d rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapours of a dungeon.”

Othello, iii. sc. 3.

Most men’s opinions are of little value, except in matters, connected with their own immediate occupations in life. Their applauses and their censures, assuredly, have effects upon our power and our prosperity; but little influence ought they to have on our energies or tranquillity. For if the history of pride is the history of folly, that of opinion is little better than a history of ignorance; grounded, at one time, in favouritism; at another, in malevolence. Wealth, however, is the general criterion; though meanness is occasionally acknowledged to exist in ermine, and native sublimity in comparative rags. In the midst of all this, what is more profitable than to know, that as men are not only infants in their passions, but in their opinions, one of the best species of ambition is,

“ Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
To keep the noiseless tenour of our way.”

For to look for tranquillity in scenes of the world, is like wandering among the sands of the deserts, and expecting to see the palaces of Nineveh, or the seven-fold walls of Ecbatana, rising in the perspective.

To pause over the pleasures of a contemplative life; to renew the more affecting incidents of our lives; to meditate on just and noble sentiments; and to recal the first days of attachment and love, sanctioned by the dic-

tates of a clear and unincumbered mind; to muse on days passed among the friends of our youth; or on those hours in which we have led a mild, unassuming, innocent, and unobtrusive life: these—these are moments, which derive additional charm from simplicity of manner, and warmth of affection; give additional grace to the “mild majesty of private life;” and marrying, as it were, the mind to the heart, promise a golden age to the soul. For the mind becomes captive, and the heart tributary; a divine and pathetic expression is coloured to the future; and life seems a banquet of love and intelligence. While glowing and kindling, every object, delighting the eye, and captivating the imagination, wakes that silent power,

————— “ Whose balmy sway
Charms each anxious thought away.”

To repose in the midst of an affectionate family!—The very perspective engenders the most perfect images; the most engaging associations; the most spotless wishes. The very sensation is a hymn of gratitude; breathed, as it were, in perfumes from the soul; and life, for the time, seems constituted for Elysium, or Paradise.

CHAPTER VII.

If we except mountains and the ocean, nothing has so imposing an effect upon the imagination as high, im-

pending, and precipitate rocks: those objects which, in so peculiar a manner, appear to have been formed by some vast convulsion of the earth: and I remember few scenes, which have given me greater delight, than those crags, which rear themselves in a multitude of shapes, near Ogwen's Lake; at the falls of the Conway; at St. Gowan's Chapel; and the masses at Worm's Head, in the district of Gower.

When rocks are scattered among woods; covered with ivy; and peopled with animals;—as in the pass at Undercliff;—nothing can be more embellishing to scenery; and nothing fascinates the imagination in a manner more vivid and impressive. In some districts, rocks assume curious delineations—they appear like ruins. Many of those in Macedonia exhibit exact appearances of domes, castles, and towers. On the coast between the Zand and the Orange River, north of the Cape, they are variegated, and veined with red, and some as white as snow¹. On the banks of the Missouri², the water having worn the sand-stone into a multitude of figures, with no great assistance from the imagination, the rocks appear like elegant ranges of free-stone buildings; with columns, galleries, and pedestals; some mutilated, and others prostrate. Proceeding farther, they appear varied by niches, alcoves, and other forms of desolated magnificence.

Near the White Else River, in the South of Africa, large and stately trees³ grow out of the naked strata. But one of

¹ Vide Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 107, Ed. 1790.

² Vide Lewis and Clark's Travels to the Source of the Missouri, p. 175, 4to.

³ Paterson, p. 35, 4to.

the most remarkable of all rocks is that called Lot's Wife. It is not peculiar for its shape, its accompaniments, or its height. It is only 140 feet high ; but it rises above the Ladrone Seas ; and in its eastern bosom it has a large cavern, in which the waves rush with unexampled fury. It rises solitary as a giant, and stands the force of many thousand miles of sea.

II.

Rocks, as well as mountains, are supposed by some nations to be peopled with aerial beings : hence the Icelanders¹ imagine several of theirs to be the residence of spirits, in the shape of men and women, of an extremely small size, but of an exquisitely delicate figure. As for you, my Lelius, never shall I forget your enthusiasm, when we visited the Chapel of St. Gowen, situated among those stupendous rocks, which, forming a semicircular area towards the sea, commands a noble prospect of the coast of Devon. The language, you employed on that interesting occasion, never can I be so base as to forget ! “ If our prayers are at one time more acceptable than at another, it must assuredly be in those moments, when our souls are elevated by such scenery as this ! Often have I been awed to devotion at Rome and at Loretto, in the presence of canons, bishops, and cardinals ; but here, in the rude simplicity of nature, I feel my spirit separate, as it were, from the tenement, which has so long chained it to the earth, and wing its course directly up to heaven !— The magnificent area, in which this small chapel is situated, is a temple more sublimely grand and affecting

¹ Mallet, *North. Antiq.* vol. iii. 46, 47.

than all the mosques of Turkey, and all the cathedrals of France, Italy, or Spain!"

Shall Nature, my Lelius, present beautiful objects, on which are stamped, in characters indelible, the awful attributes of the Eternal, and we refuse to look upon them? Shall the solitary wanderer of Switzerland, his soul fraught with stupendous ideas, called forth into their farthest latitude by the objects around him—shall he, I inquire, refuse to partake of those sublime emotions, because the scene before him reminds, in strong and energetic language, of his own comparative insignificance?—No! Small as he appears in the general scale of nature, he wanders along the sides of the mountains, fissured into abrupt precipices, with astonished rapture: and as from a cragged rock, the most beautiful and enchanting scenes burst full and unexpected on his sight, his soul, raised before to the utmost limits of awful wonder, bursts into an ecstasy of wild and uncontrollable delight.

Often,—

“ When the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,”

the wanderer of the Alps, in pursuit of a chamois, or a bouquetin, ceases from the pursuit, attracted by the symmetry of an oak or a sycamore; a trunk covered with moss; a cascade or a cataract; a ruined edifice; a cottage covered with ivy; violets blushing under hawthorns; hyacinths perfuming pendulant rocks; and the enchanter's night-shade, or the Alpina veronica, adorning the most unfrequented solitudes. Then, continuing his course, he beholds on one side every object wearing a sullen uniformity, naked, barren, and of a grey tint; the haunts

of the bird, which alone is able to gaze, undazzled, on the sun. Then, by a magic winding of the valley, scenes present themselves, which appear like monuments of an antediluvian world. Every object gives a new sensation; eternity seems engraven in every character; though an atheist would feel as if the universe were falling into ruin. Seen once, they live for ever in remembrance; and even derive additional interest from the distance of time and place. Imperial grandeur is annihilated! The Colossus, the Jupiter, the Pharos, the Gardens of Babylon, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, the Temple of Ephesus, the Pyramids, and all the labours of men, shrink into the scale of bees and beavers! And what are all the islands, and kingdoms, and empires of the world? The bosom of the Atheist no longer gnaws with vacuity; he feels contempt for all that he has seen before: the severe majesty of this temple strikes him to the dust.

III.

From Gibraltar, the traveller sees the two Continents of Europe and Asia; from Suez, those of Asia and Africa; from Constantinople, those of Asia and Europe; and from Paulowa, those of Asia and America. All these spots give rise to overwhelming reflections. But we have no necessity to travel beyond the limits of our own country. Nature speaks every where; only in some places more eloquently than in others.

As Helvidius was making an excursion among the mountains, stretching to the east of Moelshiabod, he arrived at the bridge, crossing a small rivulet; and sitting down upon the grass, fell asleep under the shade of

a large holly tree. He awoke just as the sun was sinking in the horizon ; a slight shower succeeded ; all nature became renovated ; and the perfumes, which embalmed the air, seemed even capable of wafting him to the Elysian Fields. The tree beneath which he reposed stood in a valley, matchless even in the island of Madagascar ; and the cones of several mountains gave an air of grandeur to the perspective, which Nature has forbidden in other regions. He was lost, as it were, in the enthusiasm of his admiration ! At that moment, he had the mortification of seeing Lord —— pass in his coach, apparently insensible to the scenes, through which he was conveyed. Oh ! how an indiscriminate mingling with men blunts the best feelings of the human heart ! “ Had his lordship,” thought Helvidius, “ seen these lovely pictures, even a thousand and a thousand times before, he might have derived enjoyment from witnessing them again : since it is the autumnal season of the year ; and the woods and shrubs, growing out of the rocks, are variegated in a manner, that even Salvator Rosa would have loved to look upon them !”

Though Helvidius was mortified at this insensibility on the part of the statesman, and felt so ready to condemn his taste and want of sensibility, he was weak enough to feel more at war with himself than with him : and began seriously to question, which were the wiser of the two ;—the man who loves, or he who neglects, the varied objects of the material world. “ Here is a Peer,” said he to himself,—“ a man of education,—a statesman,—one who is looked up to in the world, as a being, in a manner, pre-eminent over his species ;—he seems to have

little relish for all these objects, which I have been looking upon with such enthusiasm. It must be folly and weakness in me, therefore, to indulge this humour; a humour which, from what I have seen of mankind, I am sensible, most men, who look not up through every object that he sees, to the architect that makes it, would esteem frivolous and idle, if not criminal. There are no silver mines here; nor does this rivulet leave any gold dust on its shores!" He sat down mortified. To dissipate his chagrin, he took a volume of Epictetus out of his pocket, and opening the book, his eye alighted upon the following passage.—"As when you see an asp in a golden casket, you do not esteem that asp happy, because it is inclosed in materials so costly and so magnificent, but despise and would shun it, on account of its venom: so, when you see vice, lodged in the midst of wealth and the swelling pride of fortune, be not struck with the splendour of the materials, with which it is surrounded, but despise the gross alloy of its manners and sentiments."—Upon reading this passage, Helvidius became instantly ashamed of his folly, and reconciled to his enthusiasm. "Though this is a man," said he to himself, "who, like the King of Sweden's enchanted cup, can almost make the wind turn to any point of the compass, which pleases his humour most; though he is perpetually surrounded by persons who, if he were to take his shoe from off his foot, hurl it in the air, and proclaim it a god, would worship it as it fell; and though he is 'a rising sun,' whom half the world would worship; yet would I rather be able to trace the power, which formed this holly tree, up to as far as my imagination is capable of soaring, than

be the man for him to shake by the hand ; to admit to his banquets ; to revel with his minions ; to hang, as it were, upon his lips ; and to be raised to ecstasy by his smiles ! Oh ! gracious God !” thought he, “ lead me into thy paths, and make me even a Lazaroni, as a penalty for my prayer !

“ Climb at Court for me, that will,
Tottering Favour’s pinnacle ;
All I wish is to be still.

Settled in some secret nest,
In calm quiet let me rest ;
And, far from off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age¹.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Not only woods, fountains, rivers, and rocks ; insects, reptiles, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds, but mountains, have had a sacred character attached to them. Upon their summits the Jews², the Persians³, the Bithynians, the infidel nations round Palestine⁴, and the Druids of Gaul⁵, Britain and Germany⁶, were accustomed to sacrifice. And while the Celts conceived that the spirits of their heroes resided among the clefts of the rocks⁷, and

¹ Stet quicunque volet potens

Aulæ culmine,” &c. &c. *Seneca.*

² St. John, ch. iv. v. 20.

³ Herodotus, Clio. c. 131.

⁴ Deut. ch. xii. v. 2, 3, 4.

⁵ Cæsar de Bell. Gall. lib. 4.

⁶ Tacitus de Germ. Mor.

⁷ Ossian, Songs of Selma.

on the tops and sides of the mountains, the natives of Greenland believed them to be the immediate residence of their deities. The Laplanders also imagine, that spirits inhabit the mountains, who are endowed with power to influence human actions.

The Greeks coincided in a great degree with the idea: and it was an opinion, sanctioned by many of their poets and philosophers, among whom we may instance Homer, Plato, and Strabo, that, after the Deluge, the inhabitants of the earth resided, for a long time, on the tops of the mountains; whence they gradually descended into the vales and valleys below: grounding their preference, not more upon their comparative security from future inundations, than upon the sacred character of those lofty eminences. Of those mountains, three had the honour of giving general names to the Muses; and Mount Athos still retains such an imposing aspect, that the Greeks of modern ages have erected upon it a vast number of churches, monasteries, and hermitages, which are frequented by devotees of both sexes without number. This mountain is 5,000 feet high. The monks amuse themselves in planting, gardening, tilling, and pruning their vineyards: no woman, however, is permitted either to enter the monasteries, or to live on the mountain. No child is born there; neither is any female quadruped admitted into its fields or pastures. Female birds, however, take leave to build among the trees and bushes; and there are, in consequence, nightingales and other choristers in abundance. This mountain is called the Holy Mountain; an appellation, which has been also given to the Skirrid, in the county of Monmouth, by

religious Catholics in the west of England: many of whom entertain a desire of having a few moulds from that craggy eminence sprinkled over their coffins: while great numbers of pilgrims resort to the promontory near Gaeta; a small piece of which Italian seamen wear constantly in their pockets, to preserve them from drowning.

II.

There was a temple erected by the mountaineers, on the top of Great St. Bernard, previous to the time of Hannibal, which was dedicated to the God of Mountains, under the name of Peninus¹. In this temple Hannibal made an oblation: its ruins still remain². The Mounzing of the Burmah district, in Ava, resides on the Gnowa³. The Acolhuas represented their mountain god in the shape of a white man, sitting on a stone, with a vessel of seeds and elastic gum standing before him. When Christianity was introduced, however, the image was thrown down by order of the first bishop of Mexico⁴.

The Pico-Adam is held in great veneration by the Cingalese⁵. Buddha is supposed to have been buried there; and frequent pilgrimages are made to it. The Savalan is held sacred by the modern Persians. It is so high, that snow is always upon its summit; and they believe it to be the tomb of a prophet⁶, whose body is

¹ Livy, xxi. 38.

² Saussure, iv. 226-7.

³ Symes's Embassy to Java, p. 447.

⁴ Clavigero, b. vi. sect. v.

⁵ Asiatic Researches, vol. v. p. 9.

⁶ Morier, Second Journ. through Persia, p. 236. 4to.

preserved entire in one of its chasms. What has been observed of Mount Athos is equally applicable to Mount Olympus, in Cyprus; and to Mount Tabor, near the city of Tiberias: a great number of churches and monasteries having been built upon it. This is the mountain, on which St. Peter said to Christ, "It is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." This is also the mountain, on which the Vizier Fitzkili loved to repose his memory. Rising from the humble station of a shepherd on Mount Tabor, he kept, in a retired room of his palace, a scrip, a shepherd's coat, and the skin of a chamois, in order to remind him of his former pastoral life. The view from this fine summit is represented to be so exceedingly various and magnificent, that the spectator experiences all those sensations, which are produced by a mixture and rapid succession of varied and gay, gloomy and majestic objects¹. It rises in the form of a sugar-loaf², and small trees clothe its sides from the top to the bottom. What a contrast does this fine eminence exhibit to that of the Norwegian mountain of Filefield, covered with eternal snow; where neither a house, a cottage, a hut, a tree, a shrub, nor even a flower, are ever to be seen!

The ancient American Indians, and the natives of the Gold Coast of Guinea³, as well as those of Biledulgerd⁴,

¹ Mariti's Travels, vol. ii. p. 181. Shaw's Travels in Syria and the Holy Land, p. 234.

² Mariti, ii. 183.

³ Bosman, p. 26, ed. 1721.

⁴ Damberger, p. 335.

interred their friends on high grounds; and their posterity retain the same custom¹. The Jews buried their dead on the sides of mountains². Moses received the law on the top of Mount Sinai; and so holy was that mountain esteemed, that no one but himself was permitted to touch it³. Josephus relates, that the Hebrew shepherds never fed their flocks upon Sinai, because they believed Jehovah dwelt upon it. Moses fed his flock on Mount Horeb, and there is said to have received his inspiration⁴. On that mountain the Deity appeared to him in a burning bush⁵; out of that hill issued water, when he smote the rock⁶; and there Elijah heard the still, small voice of the Eternal⁷.

————— Its trembling cliffs, of yore,
In fire and darkness, deep pavilioned, bore
The Hebrew's God; while day, with awful brow,
Gleam'd pale on Israel's wandering tents below.

Camöens—Mickle, b. X.

¹ Travels to the Source of the Missouri Rivers, by Clarke and Lewis, 4to. p. 18. Chingis, first khan of the Tartars, was buried in the Mount of Altai, hence called Kin-chan.—Description de la Grande Tartarie, p. 45. All succeeding chiefs of his race were buried there also.—Trav. Marco Polo. b. i. ch. xlv.

² Judges, ch. ii. v. 9. Joshua, ch. xxiv. v. 32 and 33.—“Ad Montis Carmel,” says Benjamin, “radices Israelitarum quam plurimorum sepulchra sunt.” Such is the practice, I believe, in the present day, where there are mountains. The Jewish burying-ground at Montjuich (supposed to be a corruption of Mons Judaicus), near Barcelona, is thus situated. Moses died in Mount Nebo (Deut. ch. xxxii. 4.), and Aaron in Mount Hor. (Numbers, xx. 23, 27.)

³ Exodus, ch. xix. v. 12. Hebrews, ch. xii. v. 20.

⁴ Par. Lost, b. i. l. 6.

⁵ Exod. iii. v. 1, 2.

⁶ Exod. ch. xiv. v. 6.

⁷ 1st Kings, ch. xix. v. 12.

Jephthah's daughter is represented¹, as going up to bewail her virginity among the mountains. On Carmel dwelt a great number of ascetics, who being discovered during the Crusades by a military pilgrim, their order was introduced by St. Lewis² into France and Europe, under the appellation of Carmelite. This mount was the abode of Elijah and Elisha; Pythagoras³ is also said to have meditated there; and thither Vespasian travelled to consult an oracle. It is now covered with forests; lilies, hyacinths, ranunculi, tulips, and anemones grow upon it; and some of its animals graze upon sage, parsley, and lavender.

On Mount Libanus it is said to have rained honey; and Galen reports⁴, that the Jews sung a canticle, in which they asserted, that God rained honey upon it every year. This honey was honey-dew: the mountain produced excellent wine; its brooks murmured a most agreeable music; and on its ample sides grew flowers, gums, and spices. On Mount Gerizim the Samaritans erected a temple, similar to that at Jerusalem; insisting that Gerizim was the spot, which God had originally consecrated. This act the Jews never forgave, in precept or in practice. Their malice pursued the unfortunate Samaritans every where; they called them rebels and apostates; and held them in such utter detestation, that to say "there goes a Samaritan," was a phrase equivalent to that of "there goes a serpent." On this mountain the Samaritans adored the image of a dove: and, in the days of Scaliger, who wrote

¹ Judges, ch. xi. v. 37.

² A. D. 1254.

³ Mariti, ii. 140.

⁴ Galen de Alimentis Facult. lib. iii. c. 38.

to their high priest for information relative to their faith, they celebrated the Passover every year.

The Messiah frequently took his disciples up to the top of a high mountain to pray. There it was he transfigured before them¹; and many of the incidents, recorded in Scripture, took place in the garden and upon the mountain of Olives².

When the Tunguses of Siberia are necessitated to take a solemn oath, they go to the top of a hill, and exclaim, "If I have spoken an untruth, may I die, or lose my cattle, and children, and never succeed in hunting again!" They then bless the mountain, and return to their homes. Bacchus erected a temple and a statue to himself, on Mount Nysa. This temple was visited by Apollonius³. Bacchus had planted it round with laurels, vines, and ivy. When Apollonius visited it, therefore, the ivy and the vines had grown so entirely over the temple, and were so interwoven with each other, that it could never be injured by wind or rain. In the sanctuary was a statue of the hero standing, in the character of an Indian boy, formed of white marble.

III.

The poet gives consequence to the smallest rivulet, as well as to the noblest river. The Amoo of the East is

¹ Matth. xvii. v. 1, 2. Luke, ix. v. 28.

² Matth. xxiv. v. 3. Mark, xiii. v. 3. Luke, xxii. v. 39. Mark, xiv. v. 26. Matth. xxvi. v. 30. The Scripture writers frequently call high mountains "The Mountains of God," vid. Joel, ch. iii. v. 17. Obadiah, v. 17. Micah, ch. iv. v. 2. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered on the hill, now called the "Mount of Beatitudes."

³ Philost. in vit. Apol. ii. c. 8.

swift, and its waters are transparent ; but it was of little comparative importance, till Azim breathed his last sigh upon its banks, and died upon the grave of Zelica.

His soul had seen a vision while he slept :
She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest !
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died.
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

MOORE.

The poet and the sacred historians have the same influence in respect to mountains. The Himalaya range are the highest on the globe ; and yet, though known to ancient writers, their fame is so modern, that till within these thirty years they were almost entirely unknown even by name. Horeb and Sinai are less elevated than either Hecla, Teneriffe, or Mont Blanc ; and yet those dual tops inspire a sacredness of delight, denied to every other mountain in the world. On Horeb Moses fasted forty days and forty nights ; upon this mountain the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a burning bush ; and desired him to hasten into Egypt, to rescue his brethren from the hands of their task-masters, and the tyranny of Pharaoh. On Sinai he gave the law to the people he had rescued ; and on Horeb, Elijah, weary of the world, betook himself to a cave, and was visited by a vision, directing him to return to his own country by way of Damascus, in order to anoint Hazael, king of Syria, and Jehu, king of Israel. Similar associations pursue the traveller in his way to Jordan, to Jerusalem, to the Mount of Olives, and the

sea of Tiberias¹; impregnating the mind with an interest, which no other river, city, mountain, or sea, have the power to boast.

A feeling of this kind first dictated those pilgrimages to Jerusalem, Loretto, and other spots, which in so peculiar a manner characterised the middle ages. Even the dust of Jerusalem was esteemed so sacred, that it was carried into all parts of Christian Europe and Asia; and was supposed to have an effect so magical, that it was not unfrequently suspended over the beds of invalids.

Mahometans made pilgrimages to Jerusalem, as well as to Mecca; and they esteemed it holy to die in that city: since Jerusalem was believed to be the spot in which, at the general resurrection, the whole of the faithful would assemble, preparatory to their translation to heaven.

With the Christians the feeling amounted to a disorder: and history presents no parallel to the frenzy, which animated the west of Europe to rescue Jerusalem from the hands of the Saracens. “All nations,” says the historian of the Crusades², “being enveloped in the whirlwind of superstition, thousands of armed saints and sinners,” left their countries and their families, in order to fight the battle of Heaven upon the plains of Palestine. Some even took their wives and children with them to share the honours, the dangers, and the triumphs of this sacred mania; and placing them in carts, drawn by oxen

¹ Reland, *Palestina ex Monumentis veteribus illustrata*, lib. i. c. 4.

² Mill. i. ch. ii. p. 61.

shod like horses, it was amusing, says Guibert¹, when they arrived in sight of a city, or a castle, to hear the little children² inquire, if the towers they saw in the distance were those of Jerusalem. These pilgrimages were productive of nothing but false glory and ruin: while those, subsequently made to Rome³, were attended with practices, which, at length, shed a scandal over the whole church.

IV.

The Caucasus excites reflections in decided contrast to these. Delicacy and calm reflection are, as it were, aliens to its soil and atmosphere: but honour, that is the pursuit and the recompense of noble minds, not equally so. The ancient inhabitants⁴ of this mountain esteemed it the residence of the gods; the Circassians call it “the happy mount;” and the Beshtau, one of its neighbours, is regarded with almost equal veneration; both being supposed to be the occasional seat of the greatest of all the spirits. The latter, says Pallas⁵, operates as a barometer: for, like all calcareous mountains, no sooner does the weather threaten rain, than it attracts the vapour of the atmosphere, which covers it like a mantle, from the top to the bottom. The associations on the Caucasus have little connection with that state of society, in which wealth glitters triumphant; and in which the minions of false glory hold dishonourable jubilee. Strange

¹ In Bongarsius, 482.

² Infantulos.

³ Muratori, *Antiquitates Italix*, vol. v. dissert. lviii.

⁴ Arrian. v. c. 3, 5. Plin. Nat. Hist. v. c. 27.

⁵ Trav. South Prov. Russ. i. 335, 370. 4to.

as it may appear, the soul of a poet connects these towering rocks even with Plato, with Alfred, with Newton, with Fenelon, and with all those illustrious personages, who wear to the imagination a character ever brilliant, and ever beautiful. Not only with these, but with all those noble and lofty minds, who, conscious of desert, and relying on past services, exhibit, in their disdain of tyranny and injustice, a sublime reliance on the strength of their own virtues. You, my Lelius, have read the tragedies of Æschylus; and you feel, that I allude to the character of Prometheus. This illustrious personage first reclaimed men from the woods. He formed their minds to knowledge: he taught them architecture, agriculture, astronomy, letters, and numbers: he invented the art of memory; built ships, and taught men to navigate them: he improved the art of physic; and drawing secret treasures from the earth, taught them the use of metals, and instructed them in the use and properties of fire. For these services he was fabled to have stolen divine secrets; and thence to have subjected himself to the vengeance of Heaven. Chained to one of the rocks of the Caucasus by Strength and Force, this sublime character is represented, during the horrible operation, as observing a rigid and a sullen silence. On the departing of those spirits, however, he calls upon the elements to bear witness against him, if his punishment were not cruel and unjust. A model of determined resolution, Prometheus bursts into open defiance of his persecutor; nor can the threats of his enemy, nor the persuasions of his friends, temper his resentment and disdain: and, as an instance of the unbending essence of his nature, he describes the storm,

which, in the conclusion, rages around him, with all the power and energy of an exalted mind.

—————¹ I feel in very deed
 The firm earth rock: the thunder's deepening roar
 Rolls with redoubled rage: the bickering flames
 Flash thick; the eddying sands are whirl'd on high:
 In dreadful opposition the wild winds
 Rend the vex'd air: the boisterous billows rise
 Confounding sea and sky: th' imperious storm
 Rolls all its terrible fury on my head!

V.

A country, destitute of mountains, may be rich, well cultivated, and even beautiful, but it can in no instance be sublime or transporting: and to what a degree, boldness of scenery has the power of elevating the fancy, may be, in some measure, conceived from an anecdote, recorded of an epic and descriptive poet. When Thomson heard of Glover's intention of writing an epic poem, the subject of which should be Leonidas of Sparta, "Impossible," said he; "Glover can never be idle enough to attempt an epic! He never saw a mountain in his life!" Burnet, (*Theory of the Earth*), says, that mountains inspire the mind with thoughts and passions, that naturally recal the greatness of God. It is a passage not unworthy the most celebrated of our descriptive poets².

St. Francis used to retire to Mount Avernus to

¹ Potter.

² "Hæc autem dicta vellem de genuinis et majoribus terræ montibus: non gratos Bacchi colles hîc intelligimus, aut amœnos illos monticulos, qui viridi herba et vicino fonte et arboribus, vim æstivi solis repellunt: hisce non deest sua qualiscunque elegantia, et jucunditas. Sed longe aliud," &c. &c.

pray; and there, and in that manner, he was engaged, when he saw, as in a vision, a seraph with six wings; with hands and feet nailed to a cross. Two of his wings covered his body; two were raised over his head; and with the other two he flew down from Heaven.

Petrarch had long wished to climb the summit of Mount Venoux; a mountain presenting a wider range of prospect, than any among the Alps or Pyrenees. With much difficulty he ascended. Arrived at its summit, the scene presented to his sight was unequalled! After taking a long view of the various objects, which lay stretched below, he took from his pocket a volume of St. Augustine's Confessions; and opening the leaves at random, the first period, that caught his eye, was the following passage:—"Men travel far to climb high mountains; to observe the majesty of the ocean; to trace the sources of rivers; but they neglect themselves." Admirable reasoning! conveying as admirable a lesson! Instantly applying the passage to himself, Petrarch closed the book; and falling into profound meditation, "If," thought he, "I have undergone so much labour, in climbing this mountain, that my body might be the nearer to Heaven, what ought I not to do, in order that my soul may be received in its immortal regions¹." Let us, my Lelius, while climbing any of our British Alps, be visited by similar reflections, and be actuated by similar resolutions!

¹ "Mirantur aliqui altitudines montium, ingentes fluctus maris, altissimos lapsus fluminum, et oceani ambitum, et gyros syderum, et relinquunt seipsos, nec mirantur, &c." ST. AUGUSTINE. Marcus Antoninus has a sentiment, embracing the same result. Lib. ii. s. 13. There is a similar one in Philostratus, in Vit. Apollon. lib. ii. c. 5.

VI.

Though the view of mountains serve to elevate the mind, the inhabitants of those regions are, undoubtedly, more prone to rapine and to warlike enterprise, than the inhabitants of vales. This has been supposed to arise from the austerity of their climate¹, and the comparative poverty of their soil. But this remark, though perhaps true, when generally applied, is not so in particular. For though in the time of Cesar, the Helvetii, inhabiting that part of Switzerland lying round the lake of Geneva, were the most warlike people of Gaul; yet they were not more so than the Parthians, who were natives of unexplored deserts. The Assyrians and the Chaldees, both originally descended from the mountains of Atouria, with the Persians, inhabiting a country abounding in hills, were those people the most remarkable for having established extensive empires: yet we must not thence infer, that their conquests arose from that severe energy, which is imbibed from the keen air of mountainous regions: since we find people, residing in plains, acquiring empires equally extensive. The Arabians, for instance; so remarkable for their conquests during the middle ages: the Egyptians, in more remote times: the Tartars, who, for many centuries, were a successful race of warriors: and the Romans, who conquered not so much by the sword, as by the arts. For it was the severity of their discipline, and not the severity of the Apennines, which subdued the world: for of all their numerous legions, not one-tenth,

¹ "In Liguribus omnia erant," says Livy, "quæ militem excitarent: loca montana et aspera," &c. &c. Lib. 39.

in the time of Augustus or of Trajan, had ever breathed the air of Italy.

VII.

Mount St. Catherine overlooks Mount Sinai. Its soil is a speckled marble, in which are configurations of trees and other vegetable substances. On this mount are many convents and chapels, particularly the convent of St. Catharine. The monks, belonging to this convent, live with great abstemiousness; though to strangers they are hospitable, and frequently profuse. When a pilgrim arrives, his feet are washed, and his head sprinkled with rose-water, in the presence of all the society; who sit in the great hall listening to sacred music.

Mount Olympus was called the “Seat of the Gods,” because its top, being above the clouds, was always serene¹. The most picturesque parts of Asian Tartary are those, in the neighbourhood of the Armenian and Ararat mountains², on which the ark is said to have rested. This celebrated eminence, on the top of which stand several ruins, rises in the form of a pyramid, in the midst of a long extended plain. It is always covered with snow from its girdle to the summit; and for several months of the year is totally enveloped by clouds. The modern

¹ “Celsior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes

“Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitura calcat.”

Claudian. de Consulatu Man. Theod.

² “In Armenia,” says Haiton, “est altior mons, quàm sit in toto orbe terrarum, qui Arath vulgariter nuncupatur. **. Nemo valeat ascendere illum, semper tamen apparet, in ejus cacumine quoddam nigrum, quod ad hominibus dicitur esse arca.” Cap. ix. vid. Marco Polo, b. i, ch. 4.

Armenians esteem this mountain holy¹; and constantly observe its appearances in different years, in respect to ice and snow. They regulate their sowing, planting, and reaping by the melting. It is a mountain of bears, lynxes, tigers, lions, snakes, hawks, and eagles; and it serves as a city of refuge for every species of outlaw. We are told that a hermit once lived upon its top five-and-twenty years: during all which time he never felt a breeze of wind or a drop of rain.

What scenes in Russia are comparable to those in the neighbourhood of the Oural and Riphean mountains? which the inhabitants, in all the simplicity of ignorance, believe to encompass the earth; in the same manner as the Malabars imagine the sun to revolve round the largest of theirs. Where does the Spaniard behold nobler landscapes, than at the feet and between the sides of the blue ridge, that back the Escorial; among the wilds of the Asturias; or among the vast solitudes of the Sierra Morena? With what feelings of awe does the Hungarian approach the Carpathian mountains, that separate him from Galicia, studded with vineyards, and gemmed with beautiful glens! With what rapture does the traveller see from the walls of Pekin the stupendous blue range, separating China from Tartary: and with what joy and admiration does an African traveller, long lost among deserts and continents of sand, hail the first peak, that greets his sight, among the Mountains of the Moon! Can the American painter rest on finer scenes, than those which are exhibited among the glens of the Laurel, the

¹ Morier, 2d Journ. Persia, p. 345, 6.

Blue Ridge, the Cumberland and Allegamy mountains? And where, in all the vast continent of the western world, shall the mind acquire a wider range of idea, or more comprehensive notions of vastness and infinity, than on the tops of the Andes; or on those uninhabitable ranges of mountains, which stretch from the river of the west to within a few degrees of the northern circle?

VII.

What a sensible gratification, and what interesting reflections, were awakened in the mind of the celebrated Cook, when standing upon one of the hills, that commanded almost the whole of the beautiful island of Eooa, in the southern ocean! This view is one of the most delightful, that can possibly be imagined. "While I was surveying this prospect," (says the navigator), "I could not help flattering myself with the idea, that some future voyager may, from the same station, behold the meadows stocked with cattle, brought to these islands by the ships of England; and that the completion of this single purpose would sufficiently mark to posterity, that our voyages had not been useless to the general interests of humanity."

Few persons mount a towering eminence, but feel their souls elevated¹: the whole frame acquires unwonted

¹ " Dans ces profondes vallées on voit croître l'herbe fraîche pour nourrir les troupeaux. Auprès d'elles s'ouvrent de vastes campagnes revêtues de riches moissons. Ici des côteaux s'élèvent comme un amphitheatre, et sont couronnés de vignobles, et d'arbres fruitiers. Là les hautes montagnes vont porter leur front glacé dans les nues, et les torrens qui en tombent sont les sources des rivières." Exist. de Dieu.

elasticity; and the spirits flow, as it were, in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight. For what can be more animating than, from one spot, to behold the pomp of man, and the pride of nature lying at our feet? Who can refrain from being charmed, when, observing those innumerable sections, which divide a long extent of country into mountains and vales; and which, in their turn, subdivide into fields, glens, and dingles; containing trees of every height; cottages of the humble; and mansions of the rich: here groups of cattle; there shepherds tending their flocks: and, at intervals, viewing, with admiration, a broad expansive river sweeping its course along an extended vale: now encircling a mountain, and now overflowing a valley; here gliding beneath large boughs of trees; there rolling over rough ledges of rocks: in one place concealing itself in the heart of a forest under huge massy cliffs, which impend over it; and in another washing the walls of some ivied ruin, bosomed in wood! “Behold the Eternal,” is written on every object; and in every view we are ready to exclaim with the poet of the East, “If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.”

It was on one of the mountains, separating North and South America, that the Scots, forming the colony at the Isthmus of Darien, were accustomed to sit, enjoying the coolness of the air, and amusing the hours of their misfortunes by singing the glories of their country, and conversing of the friends and relatives, they had left behind. The history of this colony, with the struggles, dangers, and privations it endured, in endeavouring to form a settlement and a company, which, if it had been ade-

quately supported, would have presented a picture of commercial greatness not to be paralleled in the history either of the ancient or the modern world, is amply related in the *National Memoirs of Sir John Dalrymple*¹.

IX.

Never can I cease to be grateful for the satisfaction I experienced, on the summit of immortal Snowdon! After paying a visit to the waterfall of Nant-Mill, we set out from a small cottage, situated on the side of the lake Cwellin. It was a morning of August; not a breath of air relieved the heat of the atmosphere; and not a tree offered a momentary shelter. In all the times the guide had travelled up this great mountain, he confessed that he had never been so oppressed with the intensity of the heat. Climbing for the space of an hour, sometimes over bogs, and sometimes over heaths, we arrived at what we had earnestly hoped was the apex of the mountain:—it was, however, merely the first station. Who could fail to remember the fine passage in Pope, imitated from Drummond of Hawthornden, where he compares the progress of man, in the attainment of science, to the enlarged views, that are spread progressively before the eye, in climbing lofty mountains? The whole passage is eminently beautiful.

As we ascended, those mountains, which from below bore the character of sublimity, shrunk into mere eminences: others, more noble, rose in the perspective, and proceeding higher, they appeared, as it were, to approach us, and to be no longer at a distance. The road now

lay over a smooth, mossy heath, where we sat down, entirely overcome with heat and fatigue. After resting for some time, the guide led us to the edge of a precipice, nearly fifteen hundred feet in depth; at the bottom of which appeared the dark green lake of Llyn-y-Glas, and Llyn-Llydaw. We approached to the edge of it: it appeared the fit abode of an echo!

The sombre lake of Llyn-y-Glas associates itself, in some degree, with that of a lake in the neighbourhood of Bergen, the capital of Norway. That lake is, however, much darker than this: it is surrounded by high rocks; its water is motionless; and the stars being discerned on its bosom at noon-day, those who have surmounted the difficulty of climbing the rocks, become, on a sudden, so transported with the view of this "heaven reversed," that they feel an indescribable, and almost uncontrollable, desire to throw themselves into it.

We had not much time to contemplate the scene before us; as a cloud suddenly appeared to rise out of the rocks beneath; and, rolling into a globular form, seemed like an immense balloon, balanced in the air: which, rising gradually up to the place where we stood, shut out the whole of this tremendous scene. Viewed from below, this precipice excites emotions of sublimity, unmixed with apprehension; from its edge terror is predominant. In the latter instance, our thoughts are, for a time, concentrated in our fears; in the former the mind, upon the instant, wings its course to heaven¹!

Height and depth create a much more awful sensation, than length or width. The difference between

¹ Presentiorem et conspicimus Deum. *Gray.*

looking up and looking down a precipice is well marked by Mr. Jefferson, in the account, he furnished the Marquis de Chastellux, of the Virginian bridge of rocks. "Though the sides of the bridge," says he, "are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You voluntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and look over it. Looking from the height about a minute, gave me a violent headache. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in the extreme. It is impossible for the emotions, arising from the sublime, to be felt beyond what they are on the sight of so beautiful an arch; so elevated and so light, springing up, as it were to heaven. The rapture of the spectator is indescribable." These emotions are felt nearly with equal force, at the celebrated bridge of Pont-y-Monach, near Havod; that paradise, blooming in the midst of a wilderness, once belonging to the accomplished Mr. Johnes.

The feelings, with which we view objects of the above description, sufficiently oppose the theory of Mr. Burke, who confines sublimity to objects of terror. Those of Lord Kaimes¹ and Dr. Gerard², who make it to consist in magnitude, and Dr. Blair³, who places it in "force," are equally erroneous. The idea of Longinus, were we to associate sublimity in poetry with that of the material world, (which we are, however, not authorised to do), is far from being correct. He defines it "a proud elevation of mind." When applied to material objects, this is

¹ Elements of Criticism, ch. iv.

² Sect. ii.

³ Lectures, lect. iii. vol. i. p. 64.

neither cause nor consequence; for the experience of every man, from the proudest of princes to the humblest of peasants, proclaims, that the effect of all sublimity is astonishment, blended with awe: and when, at one moment, did pride and awe unite in the same bosom? The difference between sublimity in writing, and sublimity in objects, has not been sufficiently distinguished by several writers on the subject of taste. No objects are beautiful or sublime, but by virtue of association. If they were, the vale of Aylesbury would be beautiful to him, who had long resided in the vale of Clwyd: and the cliffs of Dover and the peaks of Scotland would be equally sublime to the native of Crim Tartary and the peasant of the Tyrol. The opinions of many philosophers, in respect to the pleasure, we derive from objects, which excite our pity, are equally false. The Abbé du Bos, Fontenelle, Hume, Akenside, and Burke, are all in error. We must refer to principles; and the principle in this argument resolves itself into the conclusion, that misfortune elicits sympathy, after the same manner that magnets affine and planets gravitate. But actual final causes¹ we have no power to define; though we frequently presume to do so. Man, indeed, has the faculty of judging, limitedly, of effects; but vain, proud, and arrogant as he is, he can only reason hypothetically, when he would treat of final causes and of final consequences.

After ascending above half a mile, we again paused to take a look around us. Below, appeared those innumerable mountains, by which Snowdon is, on all sides, sur

² Lord Bacon remarks, “*Investigatio causarum finalium sterilis est, et veluti virgo Deo dicata nil parit.*”——“*Phenomena,*” says Newton, “*sunt sapientissimæ et optimæ rerum structuræ atque finales causæ.*”

rounded. These are sometimes studded with lakes, which appear like large mirrors, placed for the purpose of reflecting the clouds, which are seen in three different directions. They glide over our heads; their shadows are depicted on the mountains: they are reflected in the lakes below. Some of the mountains round upon their summits; others wear a triangular appearance; while some rise like pyramids. Now they seem like backs of immense whales, or couchant lions; and, while the apices of some resemble the craters of volcanos, the more elevated lift their points above those clouds, which roll, in columns, along their gigantic sides.

Near the place, where we paused to observe this fine prospect, we stopped to quench our almost ungovernable thirst at a spring, which wells out of the side of the mountain. No traveller over the deserts of Ethiopia was ever more rejoiced at coming to an unexpected fountain, than we were at this delightful spring.—“O Fons,” we were ready to exclaim,

“O Fons Snowdoniæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulcidique mero, non sine floribus,
Crâs donaberis hædo.

Well may the nations of the East consecrate their wells and fountains!—Ere we departed, we took large libations; consecrated it with our praises and our blessings; and called it Hygeia’s fountain.

After climbing over masses of crags and rocks, we ascended the peak of Snowdon, the height of which is 3571 feet above the level of the Irish sea.—Arrived at its summit, a scene presented itself magnificent beyond the powers of language!—Indeed language is indigent

and impotent, when it would presume to sketch scenes, on which the great Eternal has placed his matchless finger with delight.—Faint are thy broad and deep delineations, immortal Salvator Rosa!—Powerless and feeble are your inspirations, genius of Thomson, Virgil, and Lucretius!

From this point are seen more than five and twenty lakes.—Seated on one of the crags, it was long before the eye, unaccustomed to measure such elevations, could accommodate itself to scenes so admirable:—the whole appearing, as if there had been a war of the elements; and as if we were the only inhabitants of the globe, permitted to contemplate the ruins of the world.—Rocks and mountains, which, when observed from below, bear all the evidences of sublimity, when viewed from the summit of Snowdon, are blended with others as dark, as rugged, and as elevated as themselves; the whole resembling the swellings of an agitated ocean.

The extent of this prospect appears almost unlimited. The four kingdoms are seen at once; Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland! forming the finest panorama the empire can boast. The circle begins with the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; those of Ingleborough¹ and Penygent, in the county of York, and the hills of Lancashire follow; then are observed the counties of Chester, Flint, and Denbigh, and a portion of Montgomeryshire.—Nearly the whole of Merioneth succeeds;

¹ The base of this hill is said to be between twenty and thirty miles in circumference.—Height 3987 feet.—Vid. *Tour to the Caves*, p: 25, 1780.

and, drawing a line with the eye along the diameter of the circle, we take in those regions, stretching from the triple-crown of Cader Idris to the sterile crags of Carnedd David and Llewellyn.—Snowdon, rising in the centre, appears, as if he could touch the south with his right hand, and the north with his left.—“ Surely,” thought Colonna, “ Cesar sat upon these crags, when he formed the daring conception of governing the world!” At this moment, how contemptible, beyond the powers of language to express, appeared the vanity and folly of Xerxes, when he formed the resolution of cutting through a mountain, which casts its shadow more than eighty miles:—“Athos,” said the monarch, “ Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, that liftest thy head unto the heavens, I advise thee not to be so audacious, as to put rocks and stones, which cannot be cut, in the way of my workmen. If thou givest them that opposition, I will cut thee entirely down, and throw thee headlong into the sea.”

From Cader Idris, the eye, pursuing the orbit of the bold geographical outline, glances over the bay of Cardigan, and reposes for a while on the summit of the Rivel. After observing the indented shores of Carnarvonshire, it travels over a long line of ocean, till, in the extremity of the horizon, the blue mountains of Wicklow terminate the perspective. Those mountains gradually sink along the coast, till they are lost to the eye ; which, ranging along the expanse, at length, as weary of the journey, repose on the Island of Man and the distant mountains of Scotland. The intermediate space is occu-

pied by the sides and summits of mountains, hollow crags, masses of rocks, the towers of Carnarvon, the fields of Anglesea, with woods, lakes, and glens, scattered in magnificent confusion.—A scene like this commands our feelings to echo, as it were, in unison to its grandeur and sublimity:—the thrill of astonishment and the transport of admiration seem to contend for the mastery; and nerves are touched that never thrilled before! We seem as if our former existence were annihilated; and as if a new epoch were commenced.—Another world opens upon us; and an unlimited orbit appears to display itself, as a theatre for our ambition.

In viewing scenes so decidedly magnificent, to which neither the pen of the poet, nor the pencil of the painter, can ever promise justice; and the contemplation of which has the power of making ampleatonement for having studied mankind, the soul expanding and sublimed, quickens with a spirit of divinity, and appears, as it were, associated with the Deity himself. For, in the same manner as a shepherd feels himself ennobled, while sitting with his prince; so, and in a far more unlimited degree, the beholder feels himself advanced to a higher scale in the creation, in being permitted to see and to admire the grandest of the works of nature.—Few ever mounted this towering eminence, but, for a time, they became wiser and better.—Here the proud may learn humility; the unfortunate acquire confidence; and the man, who climbs Snowdon as an atheist, feels, as it were, ere he descends, an ardent desire to fall down and worship its Creator!

Before our guide could induce us to leave this spot, the

clouds formed round us ; and at the moment, in which we passed the Red Ridge, a peal of thunder murmured among the mountains. He, who has passed this tremendous rampire, will conceive the effect of the explosion, and the danger of our situation. The Red Ridge is a long, narrow pass, elevated above two thousand feet above the vale: the top of it, in some places, is not more than twelve feet across ; and, by a slight inclination of the eye, a rocky valley is seen on one side, as deep, and nearly as perpendicular, as the one on the other. The lightning now flashed over our heads ; and the thunder, as we might have expected from the intensity of the day, rolled in sonorous volumes around us. If the prospect from the summit of Snowdon had been the finest, we had ever seen ; so were these the most tremendous sounds that we had ever heard.

Upon returning to Bethgelart, a sequestered village, rendered famous for the retirement of Vortigern, who insulated himself upon a lofty rock, since called the fort of Ambrosius, the moon, rising from behind the crags, threw a matchless glory over all the heavens. A transition more delightful to the imagination, it were scarcely possible to conceive. It was like turning from the masterpiece of Salvator Rosa to that of Claude ; from the Inferno of Dante to the Aminta of Tasso.

X.

If towering eminences have the power to charm and elevate men, who are pursuing the milder occupations of life, with what rapture do they inspire the hearts of those, long encompassed with danger, who, from the top of

high mountains, behold the goal,* to which their wishes and exertions have long been anxiously directed! Xenophon affords a fine instance of the power of this union of association and admiration over the mind and heart. The ten thousand Greeks, after encountering innumerable difficulties and dangers, in the heart of an enemy's country, at length halted at the foot of a high mountain. Arrived at its summit, the sea unexpectedly burst, in all its grandeur, on their astonished sight! The joy was universal; the soldiers could not refrain from tears; they embraced their generals and captains with the most extravagant delight; they appeared already to have reached the places of their nativity; and in imagination again sat beneath the vines, that shaded their paternal dwellings.

On the other hand, the soldiers of Hannibal shrunk back with awe and affright, when they arrived at the feet of the mountains, that backed the town of Martigny:—those vast store-houses of Nature, once believed to connect Italy with the pole. The sight of those enormous rampires, whose heads, capd with eternal snow, seemed to touch the heavens, struck a sensible dejection on the hearts of the soldiers. Hannibal's force, at this period, consisted of 38,000 infantry; 8,000 horse; seven and thirty elephants¹; and a long train of horses, for carriages and burthens. It was in the middle of autumn; the trees were yellow with the fading leaf; and a vast quantity of snow having blocked up many of the passes, the only objects, which reminded them of humanity, were a few miserable cottages, perched upon the points of in-

¹ Polyb. iii. 47, 60.—51, &c.

accessible cliffs; flocks almost perished with cold, and men of hairy bodies and of savage visages! On the ninth day, after conquering difficulties without number, the army reached the summit of the Alps. The alarm, which had been circulating among the troops all the way, now became so evident, that Hannibal thought proper to take notice of it: and halting on the top of one of the mountains, from which there was a fine view of Italy, he pointed out to them the luxuriant plains of Piedmont, which appeared like a large map before them. He magnified the beauty of those regions; and represented to them, how near they were of putting a final period to their difficulties; since one or two battles would inevitably give them possession of the Roman capital. This speech, filled with such promising hopes, and the effect of which was so much enforced by the sight of Italian landscapes, inspired the dejected soldiers with vigour and alacrity; they set forward, and soon after arrived in the plains, near the city of Turin¹:

“ When o’er the weeping vales destruction hurl’d,
And shook the rising empire of the world.”

Darwin. Econ. Veget. ii. l. 540.

This celebrated march, performed at such an unfavourable season of the year, in a country rendered by Nature almost inaccessible, has been the admiration of every succeeding age; and many a fruitless attempt has been made to ascertain its actual route. General Melville has at

¹ Polybius, l. iii. 203.—Livy, l. xxi. 36.—Plin. Proem. lib. xxxvi.—Silius Italicus, lib. iii. For the march of Francis the First over the Alps, see the curious account of Paul Jovius, i. 298, &c.

length settled the question. With Polybius in his hand, he traced it “ from the point, where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone, up the left bank of that river, across Dauphiné to the entrance of the mountains, at Les Echelles; along the vale to Chamberry, up the banks of the Isere, by Conflans and Mouster, over the gorge of the Alps, called the Little St. Bernard, and down their eastern slopes by Aosti and Ivrea, to the plains of Piedmont, in the neighbourhood of Turin¹.”

XI.

On the sixth of May, in the year eighteen hundred, Napoleon, then First Consul of France, (“ gaudens viam fecisse ruina”) ², set off from Paris to assume the command of the French army of Italy. On the thirteenth, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. Having reviewed his troops, he pursued his journey along the north banks of the Lake of Geneva; and passing through Vevey, Villeneuve, and Aigle, arrived at Martinach, situated near a fine sweep of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Durance. From this place the modern Hannibal passed through Burg, and St. Brenchier;—and after great toil, difficulty, and danger, arrived, with his whole army, at the top of the Great St. Bernard.

¹ Life of General Melville, p. 11. This opinion has been adopted by Mons. De Luc, after several journeys. Vid. *Histoire du Passage du Alpes par Annibal*, &c. par J. A. De Luc, fils. Guicciardini says, that Hannibal marched into Italy by the pass of Monseni; a way not passable for wheel carriages, till it was made so by one of the Dukes of Savoy, in the fourteenth century. Vide *Hist. Wars of Italy*, i. p. 131.

² Lucan, lib. i. 146.

The road up this mountain is one of the most difficult, and the scenes, which it presents, are as magnificent as any in Switzerland. Rocks, gulfs, avalanches, or precipices, presented themselves at every step. Not a soldier but was petrified with horror, or captivated with delight. At one time feeling himself a coward; at another animated with the inspirations of a hero. Arrived at the summit of that tremendous mountain, and anticipating nothing but a multitude of dangers and accidents in descending those regions of perpetual snow, on a sudden turning of the road, they beheld tables covered, as if by magic, with every kind of necessary refreshment! The Monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet. Bending with humility and grace, those holy fathers besought the army to partake the comforts of their humble fare. The army feasted; returned tumultuous thanks to the monks; and passed on. A short time after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy. Upon gaining this battle, Buonaparte declared the Alps annihilated.

When Gama, after a long, perilous, and adventurous voyage over an unknown ocean, first beheld the mountains of India, rising over the waters, in distant perspective;—and when Parke, weary, faint, sick, and on the eve of despondence, beheld the blue summits, beneath which rolled the Niger, it is impossible to describe their pleasure and admiration. With what delight, too, did the Moguls hail the valley, which lies at the feet of one of the Indian mountains! A war having ensued between the Tartars and themselves, almost the entire Mogul population was destroyed. Those, who remained, left their native country

in a body; and, taking a route, leading they knew not whither, came at last to the foot of a mountain, over which there was only one track; and that made by animals, called in the Tartar language, Archara. As only one person could pass along this track at a time, they hesitated, whether they should attempt to follow so dubious and so difficult a route; particularly as one false step would plunge them down a deep precipice. Pressed, however, with a recollection of their recent misfortunes, and resolved to screen themselves, if possible, from pursuit, they followed the track thus feebly marked out; and following each other, one by one, winded round the brow of the mountain; and came unexpectedly in sight of a valley, which, screened on all sides by inaccessible cliffs, presented so ravishing a prospect to their sight, that they resolved to descend into its bosom: and finding in it a soil, fruitful in all necessary productions, they resolved to travel no farther. Securing the heights, therefore, whence they had descended, from any incursions of their adversaries, they took up their abode in that valley, where they multiplied, and left it to their children, whose descendants occupied it for the space of several centuries.

XII.

When Roentgen, whose ambition centered in making discoveries in Africa, first beheld the range of Mount Atlas, he burst into such extravagant expressions of joy, that the Moors, who accompanied him, thought he had lost his senses. To the eye and heart of the ambitious, how many subjects of inducement and delight do moun-

tains present! Who would not be proud to climb the Alps¹, and the Pyrenees, the colour of which sometimes partake of that golden tint, which proclaims their summits to be in a region of serenity²? Is there a Sicilian, who does not boast of Etna? Is there a Scot, who does not take pride in celebrating Ben Lomond? And is there an Italian, that is not vain of the Apennines³? Who, that is alive to Nature and the muse, would not be delighted to wander up the sides of the Caucasus, the cone of Teneriffe⁴, or those beautiful mountains, situated on the confines of three nations, so often and so justly celebrated by the poets of ancient Greece? And shall our friend, Colonna, be censured for confessing, that the proudest moments of his existence have been those, in which he has reached the summits of the Wrekin, the Ferwyn, and the cone of Langollen? Or when he has

¹ The description of the general character of Alpine scenery, by Silius Italicus, is a masterpiece; and one of the finest passages in that unjustly neglected poet.

Cuncta gelu canaque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohærent; &c. &c.—Lib. iii.

² For a general account of the principal summits, passes, and valleys of the Pyrenees, see Raymond's Travels—Gold's Trans. p. 90. And for attraction of mountains, vide Baron de Zack's work, printed at Avignon.

³ Claudian, Lucan, and indeed almost all the Latin poets, take pleasure in marking the characters of these eminences, the abodes of perpetual snow, and the fruitful parents of a vast number of rivers.

⁴ Teneriffe is not covered with perpetual snow, as many voyagers have reported*. Its volcano can be seen in a circuit of more than two hundred and sixty leagues; and from its peak appears an area, equal to one fourth of France.

* Humboldt, Voy. Equin. Reg. i p. 101.

beheld, from the tops of Carnedds David and Llewellyn, a long chain of mountains, stretching from the north to the south, from Penmaenmawr to Cader Idris? Snowdon rising in the centre, his head capd with snow, while his immense sides, black with rugged and impending rocks, stretched in long length below!

During his continuance on Pen-y-Voel, Coxe, the Swiss traveller, felt that extreme satisfaction, which is always experienced, when we are elevated on the highest point of the adjacent country. "The air," as that gentleman justly observes from Rousseau, "is more pure, the body more active, and the mind more serene. Lifted up above the dwellings of man, we discard all groveling and earthly passions; the thoughts assume a character of sublimity, proportionate to the grandeur of the surrounding objects; and, as the body approaches nearer the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes a portion of their unalterable purity." In a note to this passage, Rousseau expresses his surprise, that a bath of the reviving air of the mountains is not more frequently prescribed by the physician, as well as by the moralist.

How often from the top of Pen-y-voel, the Holy Mountain, Pentlocpeplê, and the Disquilver, have I witnessed the last rays of the sun shooting along the vale, through which the Usk winds its fascinating course! When we meditate in plains, the globe appears to be at peace and in its infancy; among rocks and mountains it exhibits an air of warfare, or assumes the gravity of age. All indicate a deep solemnity, and an impressive power. We feel, as Lord Verulam would say, the Spirit of the Universe upon us! How often has my heart acknowledged the

benignity of the Eternal, when I have witnessed the waves, rolling their furious course along the rocks of St. Ismael's ! And what a sacred awe has been impressed on my imagination, when, winding among the glens of Merioneth, I have seen the sun rising in its meridian over Cader Idris, or setting, in purple grandeur, in the bosom of the Irish sea. And, when among the precipices of Nant Frangon, I have seen the same glorious luminary rise, as it were, from its bed of coral ; and beheld it sink behind the mountains, as I have stood on the margin of the Lake Lanberis, exhibiting the rich glow of Claude Lorraine ; I would have scarcely bartered my admiration for the honours of an imperial court.

We judge of every object by comparison. Boerhaave desired his pupils to observe the majesty of the ridge of hills, which skirt the coast of Holland, and he called them mountains ! In that country, however, " a mountain zephyr never blew !" The inhabitants of the vale of Usk regard Ven-y-Voel a mountain ! Others esteem Snowdon a mountain ! While the traveller, who has climbed the Chimborazo, regards Snowdon, Ben Nevis, Mount Blanc, and Teneriffe, merely as eminences ! I have conversed with those, who have ascended St. Barthelemi and Canigou in France ; with others, who have visited the Olmajolas and Syltoppen in Sweden ; Mount Vesuvius ; Mount Etna ; and Mounts St. Bernard, Montanvert, Velan, and other eminences, in the neighbourhood of Mount Blanc. With others I have conversed, who have imbibed the air of Olympus and the Caucasus ; Mount Atlas, and Mount Teneriffe ; and with those, who told me, they had climbed Mount Sinai in the empire of

Japan. All these gentlemen have alluded to the transforming energy, which has governed them, while standing on those exalted eminences. But what are Olympus, Taurus, or the Caucasus, or any of the other celebrated mountains, when placed in competition with the Cordilleras¹? One of which towers to an altitude of 21,280 feet above the level of the sea! That is, as high as if Cader Idris were placed upon the top of Snowdon, those two on the top of Vesuvius, and all of them on the summit of Mount Etna! And yet,—such is the grandeur and immensity of Nature,—what is Chimborazo itself to some of the mountains in the Moon? And still less to those upon the planet Venus; one of which is calculated, by Schroetor, to be 22,000 toises higher than Chimborazo!

No man ought to presume to question the existence of a Deity! But if his mind has taken that feeble turn, let him mount the summit of a high mountain; let him read Locke and Newton; let him study the heavens through a telescope, and a grain of sand through a microscope. Till he has done all these, he has not qualified himself. He may as well presume to read Hebrew, without knowing the Hebrew alphabet. The ignorance of faith may be excused; but the ignorance of presumption is not to be endured. Emotions of religion are always predominant in elevated regions. Mr. Adams, when employed as minister plenipotentiary from the States of America to the court of Berlin, visited the mountains, that separate Silesia from Bohemia. Upon the Schneegniten he beheld

¹ When Humboldt and Bonpland stood upon the slope of Chimborazo, the highest spot, at that time, ever trod by man, the air was so little dense, and the cold so excessive, that blood oozed from their gums, lips, and eyes.

the pits, where snow remains, unmelted, for the greater part of the year. Upon the Risenkoppe, the highest pinnacle in Germany, he beheld all Silesia, all Saxony and Bohemia, stretched like a map before him. "Here," says he, "my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to the immensity of objects, expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the Author of Nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my country, my parents, and my friends."

XIII.

Primitive mountains¹ are composed of granite, jasper, serpentine, porphyry, sand-stone, trap, strata or large blocks of limestone, fluoro and gypsum, &c. No organic remains are found in them. Secondary mountains rest upon primitive ones; and sometimes even cover them. They are composed of limestone, swine-stone, marlite, chalk, and gypsum; also of substances composing primitive mountains, as indurated clay and lithomarza, jasper, porphyry, trap, silicious limestone², &c. The most beau-

¹ Parkinson's Organic Remains of a former World.

² Primitive rocks, in general, form the highest and most rugged portions of the earth's surface, and extend in the form of chains of mountain groups throughout the whole earth. These mountain tops are generally highest in the middle, and lowest towards the sides and extremities; and the mountain rocks, of which they are composed, are so arranged, that in general the middle and highest portions of the group are composed of older rocks than the lateral and lower portions. As far as we know at present, granite is the oldest and first formed of all the primitive rocks. * * *

The next rock in point of antiquity, or that which rests immediately upon

tiful of British primitive mountains is Snowdon; and its mineral wealth are as low as argile, and as high as calcareous substances: but its chief strata are composed of petro silex, granite, slate, schistus, intermixed with quartz, spar, and metallic substances. Many mountains in its neighbourhood, as well as in the mineral districts of South Wales and Switzerland, have parallel strata of rock, answering to each other in heights and directions, as if they had been separated by some great internal convulsion.

It is highly interesting to observe what pride a mountaineer takes in his country! Mr. Coxe, travelling near Munster, was requested by a peasant to inform him, what he thought of his country; and pointing to the moun-

the granite, is gneiss, which has a distinct slaty structure; is stratified; and like granite is composed of felspar, quartz, and mica. It alternates with the newer portions of the granite; and sometimes cotemporaneous veins of the one rock shoot into masses of the other. It contains subordinate formations of granite, porphyry, syenite, trap, quartz, limestone, and conglomerated gneiss.

The next rock in the series is mica-slate, which rests upon the gneiss. It is composed of quartz and mica, and has a distinct slaty structure, and is stratified. It alternates with gneiss; and contains various subordinate formations; as granite, porphyry, syenite, trap, quartz, serpentine, limestone, and conglomerated mica-slate. It is often traversed by cotemporaneous veins, from the smallest discernible magnitude to many yards in width. The mica-slate is succeeded by clay-slate, which rests upon it, and sometimes alternates with it. It differs from mica-slate, gneiss, and granite, in its composition; being in general a simple rock; and in some instances principally composed of mica, in others to all appearance of felspar. Besides granite, porphyry, trap, syenite, limestone, serpentine, conglomerated clay-slate, quartz, it also contains the following formations: flinty-slate, whet-slate, talk-slate, alum-slate, and drawing-slate. The calcareous rocks, mentioned by Cuvier, as resting upon the slate, do not belong to this class; they are transition limestone, and contain, although rarely, testaceous petrifications.—Jameson's Mineralogical Notes. Cuvier, 199.

tains, exclaimed, " behold our walls and bulwarks ; even Constantinople is not so strongly fortified !" And I never reflect, but with pleasure, on the satisfaction with which a farmer, residing in one of the cliffs, near Ffestiniog, replied to my assertion, that England was the finest and best country in the world ; " Ah ! but you have no mountains, sir ; you've got no mountains !" On the summit of the Pichincha, Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa pitched themselves, for the purpose of making astronomical observations. The Pichincha is not so elevated as the Cotopaxi ; but the view from it is, perhaps, more magnificent. After enjoying the prospect, for some time, they saw lightning issue from the clouds beneath ; and heard the thunder rolling, in wild volumes, at their feet. The sky above was of a clear azure. The spot, where they stood, was a vast accumulation of ice and snow. The cold was intense ; and the mountain itself seemed to stand, as it were, insulated in the midst of a vast ocean. This scene, sublime as it was, derived accumulation of sublimity from the sound of enormous fragments of rocks, which, at intervals, fell into the gulfs beneath. The natives of these regions believe them to surpass every country under heaven. The Sicilian peasants, in the same manner, have such an affection for Etna, that they believe Sicily would not be habitable without it. " It keeps us warm in winter," say they, " and furnishes us with ice in summer."

Can the mind, susceptible of impressions, called up and embodied by such scenes as these, sink into nothing ?

" Shall we be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive ?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
 No!—Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive ;
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

XIV.

The Apennines have a rounded form at their tops ;—they have many gulleys in their sides ;—but not one large valley separates the chain. One of the finest prospects from this range is seen from the Il Cimone di Figano. It embraces part of the plain of Lombardy ; the neighbourhoods of Reggio, Parma, and Modena ; with a prospective view of the golden Adriatic. Towards the west, is beheld an extensive view of Tuscany, with the Arno rolling its waters from its source, down to its confluence with the Mediterranean Sea.

In Java, a range of mountains extends from one end of the island to the other ; varying in height from 5,000 to 12,000 feet. Among these (towards the south) are innumerable valleys, uniting all the rich and magnificent scenery¹, which forests, innumerable rivers, and rivulets, with a constant verdure, can exhibit ; heightened by a pure atmosphere, and the glowing tints of a tropical sun. To the summit of one of these mountains the Javanese made a broad road, with great labour and difficulty. This road leading to nothing, they were required to give reasons for such an useless expense of labour ; upon which

¹ Hist. of Java, vol. i. p. 21.

they replied, that a holy man lived upon the top of the mountain, and would never come down, till a good road was made for him!¹ Such is the superstition of a people combining many characteristics, truly amiable and estimable.

Of all the Asiatic islanders, those, living among the Teng'-ger mountains of Java, appear to be the most attractive to the imagination. These people still adhere to the Hindu faith and worship. They occupy forty villages; the houses of which differ materially in structure and materials, from those of other Javanese: and, instead of being shaded by trees, they are built on open and spacious terraces. Each village has its Chief, who is selected by the inhabitants, and four Priests. The duty of the latter consists in preserving the records of the village; and a history of the origin of the world;—in disclosing the attributes of the Deity, and in performing the duties of worship. The number of this tribe consists of about 1,200; they reside in the most romantic part of the island; they marry among themselves; and solicitously guard the purity of their blood. When Governor Raffles inquired what punishments they attached to the crimes of theft and adultery, they replied, they had no punishments for those crimes in their mountains; since they were entirely unknown: and that if any one acted in an improper manner, he was reproved for it by the Chief of the village; and that was punishment enough.

Among the Tunga mountains raspberries grow in profusion; the hedges bloom with roses; violets grow in every thicket; and every copse is scented with aromatic shrubs. Here reside the most ancient of the Javan race.

¹ Vide Raffle's Java, i. p. 246, 4to.

XV.

The highest mountain in Ceylon is Adam's Peak. It is 6,343 feet¹ above the Indian Ocean; and its top is ascended by iron chains. Along its sides grows a wood exceedingly curious: since its colour is a dark chocolate; clouded like marble, and streaked with veins of black and yellow². This mountain is held so sacred, that a multitude of men, women, and children go up its peak every year to worship³. Lieutenant Malcolm, who ascended it in May, 1815, saw 200 pilgrims on their way thither. Adam is supposed to have resided upon it, after his expulsion from Paradise. The Cingalese believe, that he left the mark of his foot upon it; they also assert, that the interval between Ceylon and the coast of Asia was then dry land; or that he waded through, or walked upon the sea⁴. The Wehabis, however, believe that Adam resided in Armenia; and that on Mount Ararat he met Eve, after a long separation. Hence the name of Ararat, which signifies "gratitude." A Persian poet⁵ fables, that Alexander landed on Ceylon, which he found a Paradise; and that after performing several acts of devotion, he spent many days in feasting and revelling with his courtiers, in listening to musical instruments, and in dancing with women.

¹ Dr. Davy, *Asiatic Journal*, vi. p. 476.

² Cordiner, vol. i. p. 381.

³ Knox's *Hist. Relation of Ceylon*, ch. i.

⁴ Knox and Hamdallan Cazvini. Ouseley's *Travels*, i. p. 37.

⁵ Ashref. Vide Ouseley's *Travels in various Countries of the East*. 4to.

In North America, there are two chains of mountains; one the Alleghany, about 200 miles from the Atlantic, and running parallel with it; the other (the western) running in a line with the Pacific, at a distance of 600 miles. The former is about 3,000 feet in height; the other 9,000. In South America, however, the mountains are of much superior height. At sea they appear blue, towering as it were into the very skies: the Chotopaxi being 18,875, and Chimborazo 21,470 above the level of the Pacific. Most other mountains are parents to great rivers; but the Andes of Chili and Peru give birth only to streams; and these always shallow, and frequently dry at certain seasons of the year. But the valleys, formed in their bosoms, present pictures, almost worthy of Paradise¹. For while some scenes present themselves, where Nature seems to sink into the mysterious rudeness of original chaos, others there are to be paralleled only in Asia. These are fertile in useful trees, in medicinal gums and herbs, and in birds, insects, and fishes².

In Lapland the level of perpetual snow is 400 feet; in Savoy and Switzerland, it is 8,000; on the Pyrenees, 8,100: Teneriffe is not covered with snow all the year; on the Cordilleras it is 15,747 feet³; and on the north side of the Himalaya Range 17,000 feet. At the height of 15,000 feet⁴ there are fertile pastures, in which graze myriads of animals throughout the year.

¹ Vide Bouguer, *Figure de la Terre*, p. 31. *Present State of Peru*, 1805, p. 25, 4to.

² Vide Tena. *Mision*. lib. i. p. 100, &c.

³ Humboldt.

⁴ Captain Webb.

XVI.

In the provinces of Venezuela, Humboldt recognized three distinct zones; and with those zones he associated the three different states of society. Among the forests of the Orionoco he saw the hunting state; in the Savannahs he traced the pastoral; and in the valleys, bordering on the coast, he beheld agriculture yielding abundance, and with that abundance denoting the condition of human nature, methodized into civilization and comfort. The climate may be accurately imagined from the circumstance of the pit of the theatre, at Caraccas, being entirely exposed;—so that a spectator may sympathize with the poet's passions at one moment, and gaze upon the stars at another.

The Himalaya mountains have been known in all ages. They formed part of the Caucasian chain; and shared the general name of Imaüs¹. By this appellation they were known to the Greeks. But it is only within a few years, that their relative heights have been accurately ascertained: and even now the learned feel embarrassed in believing that they equal, if not exceed, the boasted summits of the Andes. They are covered with eternal snows. Separating the southern and the northern nations of Asia, they are seen at a vast distance. To climb these summits, Browne, after opening to the knowledge of Europe the African country of Darfûr, was impelled to

¹ Burnet (Theory of the Earth, i. p. 194, ed. 1726) calls these mountains "cruciform." Himmalaya, in Sanscrit, means "the abode of snow." In Nepaul they are called Nagrakût; Mûs-Tâg; and various other names.

leave his peaceful retreat: but, as he travelled through Persia, he was robbed of all his property and assassinated. Sir William Jones saw this range at Bangalore, a distance of 244 miles! The first European, that ever ascended them, was Captain Webb, of the Bengal establishment. They were seen by an Assistant-Surveyor in the vicinity of Col-gong, on the banks of the Ganges, in 1788; and in the same year at Mongheir and Patria. In 1794 the same observer saw them, in the vicinity of Anusphir, in the province of Oude. He expressed an opinion, too, that they can be seen from some of the buildings in Delhi. Several of these mountains are stated to be above 23,000 feet¹. Colebroke² even allows some of them the astonishing height of 24,740;—25,500;—and 26,862! above the level of Calcutta.

In this awful range, fields of barley are seen at the height of 11,500 feet; and at 11,630 feet Captain Webb entered a forest, rich in pines, oak, and rhododendra. It afforded a luxuriant vegetation; and strawberries³ were in full flower. At the height of 12,642 feet there was still no snow; but dandelions, buttercups, and a great profusion of other flowers. Plants of spikenard were observed at 12,900 feet; and at 13,500 there was a limit of vegetation.

Separating Tartary from India, and constituting the boundary of the Nepaul Empire, these mountains seem, as if they were destined, as a balance in the East for the

¹ Moorcroft's Journey to Lake Manasanawara.

² Asiatic Researches, vols. xi. xii.

³ June 21, 1817.

Andes in the West. They form two buttresses, as it were, for the Table Land of Thibetian Tartary. Rising abruptly from the south, towards the north they gradually decline. A country more delightful for a botanist, or a geologist, it were impossible to select, than the southern terraces; for every valley is unknown to science; and they are said to exhibit whatever has been seen of beauty, or grandeur, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Masses of native gold, too, are said to be found amongst them.

On the northern plains, vegetation is confined to low bushes of furze, tufts of silky grass, a woolly plant, and a peculiar species of moss, growing among patches of snow and pools of snow water. In a certain season of the year, however, large flocks of sheep are seen, wild horses, and goats: all of which have warm clothing to secure them from the piercing cold. There, also, are seen yaks, hares, marmots, and wild asses. The sheep have horns, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds; and the goats are clothed with wool, of which Cashmerian shawls are made. No insects or reptiles, however, are seen, except a few butterflies, and a few small lizards. Birds, too, are unfrequent: though linnets, larks, partridges, ravens, and eagles, are beheld occasionally: and a few goldfinches were seen sitting upon the only two poplars, that shaded the vast range of prospect, seen by Mr. Moorcroft.

Some of the granite hills contain veins of quartz, from which gold is washed. They abound in minerals; and the rocks contain frequent springs of hot water, impregnated with saline and mineral particles. In one ca-

vern, it is thought, if fuel were in abundance, that many hundred tons of sulphur might be obtained. The inhabitants have little occupation, besides that of tending their flocks¹.

It is curious to observe the effect of the air in respect to sounds. On the top of Etna, the report of a gun appears less than that of a pistol; Humboldt², when descending the savannah of the Silla, heard distinctly, at a considerable distance, the shrill tones of guitars, sounded in the city of Caraccas; and on the top of the Sugar-loaf may be clearly distinguished the voices of the inhabitants at the Cape of Good Hope. In mountainous regions, too, distance seems to be comparatively annihilated. And here we may take occasion to remark, that ice multiplies sound in a very curious manner. In Greenland the voice of a boatman is reverberated from the floating masses, that appear on all sides; and if the ice chance to be porous, it snaps into masses, which have occasionally been known to sink the boat of him, whose voice had caused the vibration.

Mountains have another singular property; that of attraction. By a series of observations, made upon the Schehalieu, in Scotland, Dr. Masqueline, acting upon a hint thrown out by Newton, (that a hemispherical mountain, three miles high, and six broad at the base, would cause a plummet to deviate two minutes out of the perpendicular,) found that mountains, 3000 feet in height, (that

¹ Vid. *Asiat. Researches*, vol. XII.—Moorcroft's Journey to Lake Manasanawara; *Asiatic Journal and Madras Gazette*.

² *Travels*, part II. p. 616.

of the Schehalieu) are capable of drawing the line 5'' or 6'' out of the perpendicular.

XVII.

In the retired parish of Aberystwith are three valleys and six dingles. Strawberries are in the woods, bilberries on the sides, and grouse upon the summits of the mountains. In the rivulets are, occasionally, found specimens of pyrites; and in the church-yard are several antique yew-trees, out of one of which grows a mountain ash. The church was built in the reign of Henry V. These valleys are so remote, and the access to them so difficult, that there never was a castle, a monastery, nor even a manor-house, built in either of them. The serpentine direction prevails here; as it does in the veins of plants; in the veins of minerals and animals; in the flowing of rivers; in the motion of clouds; in the disposition of countries; and in the ever-varying progress of the moon.

O, that this lovely vale were mine!
 That, from glad youth to calm decline,
 My years might gently glide;
 Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
 And memory's oft returning gleams
 By peace be sanctified.
 There would unto my soul be given,
 From presence of all gracious Heaven,
 A piety sublime:
 And thoughts would come, of mystic mood,
 To make, in this deep solitude,
 Eternity of Time!

N.

Colonna once passed a day in these valleys: sometimes ascending the summits, sometimes sitting on the margin

of the rivulets, and at others reclining under the shade of the coppices. It was the middle of September, and the very scene of repose, which Homer has described in one of the compartments of his hero's shield, was present. Flocks feeding over a valley, whose peace required no dogs to guard them: every soul of the village engaged in the harvest: some cutting the corn with sickles, others with scythes; some binding the sheaves; others picking up the shocks, which had fallen; boys taking the corn in their arms and carrying it to the binders; and others were driving wicker sledges to the spot, where men and women were forming stacks. Groups of gleaners¹ finished the picture. As he gazed, Colonna could not avoid contrasting this scene with those, in the counties of Worcester and Kent, where the men were, probably, at that very moment, drawing the hop-poles out of the earth; the women taking their loaded stems; and, with their children, picking the clusters off the plants, and throwing them into baskets: the whole enlivened by the occasional song of hope and merriment.

Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band;
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.

SCOTT.

Arrived at a small bridge, Colonna leaned over the parapet, and mused, for some time, above the water,

¹ In ancient times persons were allowed to glean in orchards and vineyards, as well as in the corn-fields. Esdras seems to allude to this custom, II. ch. xvi. v. 29, 30, 31.

which bubbled over the stones. The banks were narrow, and the water shallow. "Neither the Nile, nor the Tigris, nor the Plate, nor the Ohio," thought he, "derive the magnitude of their waters from their own fountains only. All receive auxiliaries as they flow: and shall man presume to gather fame, equal to that of Plato, of Milton, of Tasso, or of Bacon, with materials, springing solely from his own quarry? He may be an Anacreon, a Martial, or a Moore; but no one ever yet acquired a lasting distinction in letters, or philosophy, who did not gather honey from every flower, that bloomed within his reach. The associating faculty seems to have been given to him on purpose."

We are told, that Minerva, having desired the Sciences to give a true definition of man, Astronomy defined him a satellite, which never continues in the same position. Logic defined him a short erythmeme; his birth denoting his antecedent, and his death the consequent. Geometry, on the other hand, defined him a spherical figure, which ends at the point, in which it begins. Rhetoric compared him to an orator; his birth being the exordium; his trouble the narration; his sighs, his tears, his joy, the figures; and death his peroration. Man, however, is one of those mysteries, impossible for himself to solve. You remember that stupendous scene, my Lelius, which we have so often contemplated in a picture of Salvator Rosa? A torrent is seen rushing down a precipice, dashing from crag to crag, in wild magnificence; and, losing itself in the crevices, rushes from behind dark foliage, in one sweeping cataract, into the ocean, which appears agitated below. It is a picture of

the world ! To some men a wasp's nest ; to others a *noli me tangere*, darting out its pods upon the hand, which approaches to touch it ; to others it seems a mosaic pavement, inlaid with lapis lazuli, agates, cornelians, turquoises, and emeralds ; to others a gutta serena, clear without but dark within ; to the major part of mankind, a chequered scene of joy and sorrow, of trouble and of ease.

XXVIII.

Such were the reflections of our friend, as he walked leisurely from the bridge to the summit of that mountain, which commands a view of a multitude of cottages : frequently calling to his mind the wish, expressed in Beaumont and Fletcher's Tragedy of Philaster :—

Oh ! that I had but digged myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed.

When he had gained the summit, he sat himself upon the grass, made bare by the sheep. It was a spot, resembling those, in the earlier ages of mankind, when men offered, instead of bullocks, handfuls of grass, fruits, honeycomb, bunches of corn, and festoons of grapes. It was a spot, seemingly, not unworthy of Seth, the first teacher of science and philosophy, to dwell in. That patriarch, becoming weary of mankind, took Enos, Cainan, and Mahaleel, with their wives and families, up to that mountain to live, where Adam had been buried. Josephus relates, that his descendants were men abounding in every virtue ; perpetually occupied in

forming hymns, and cultivating their minds; entering into the sublimest speculations in respect to the secrets of the material world, and the attributes of the Deity. Situated so high above the rest of the earth, continues the Jewish historian, they frequently heard the angels of heaven celebrate the power and the glory of their common Father. This description, probably, gave birth to the following passage:—

———— How often from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each other's note,
Hymning their great Creator!

Par. Lost, b. 4.

Among the excavations of grotto-work, on the Bogdo¹, near Astrachan, are frequently heard, during the prevalence of easterly winds, distant murmurings; as if emanating from many hundred voices, joined in prayer. These the Kalmuc priests attribute to saints, singing hymns, in honour of the tutelary spirit of the mountain.

XIX.

As alabaster, when finely pulverized, and set over a fire, rolls like a wave in miniature, emits vapour, and assumes the appearance of a liquid, and yet, when cool, loses all resemblance of a fluid; so men, moved by the eloquent exhortations of a divine, become lovers of virtue; yet frequently lose all their ardour, when the preacher

¹ Pallas, Trav. South Russia, vol. i. 182. 4to.

ceases to speak. To the man, however, who walks with Nature, and who sees a power in every bud, that expands, it is seldom thus. The injuries, he has received from the world, affect him with more melancholy than anger, with more regret than desire of revenge. The meanness and the insolence of the oligarch ensure his contempt: and when men roll themselves up, like serpents in their dens, and collect all their venom to discharge at every one that passes by; his conscious integrity of intention renders him superior to all the mental poison in the world. When, on the other hand, he sees misfortune attacking those, whose motives are pure, and bending them to the earth, he views them with as much pity, as he would an honest pilgrim of Ethiopia, fainting with hunger and thirst, with heat and suffocation, on his way to Mecca, or Jerusalem.

The sea stretched at a distance! Often had Colonna wished to be transported to the vast solitudes of the Cordilleras; to the cataract of Tenguendama; and to the colossal summit of Cotopaxi, rising amid the deep azure of a tropical sky, where every object strikes the imagination with a powerful sentiment; and where the soul becomes rapt into that species of enthusiasm, which is the twin sister of poetry. Here, the objects were of a less transforming character; but not of a less enchanting influence on a soul, at peace with the world, and in harmony with itself. Seeing the sea rolling at a distance, Colonna pictured to himself those evenings in Greece, when her sages, her poets, her philosophers, and her statesmen, reclining beneath olives, or mounted upon promontories, enjoyed those moments of silence, which the

gentle modulation of the waves enrich into a music of the soul, so exquisite, that even modern statesmen would feel themselves susceptible of it, in the same manner as iron becomes obsequious before the power of magnets.

In this sequestered valley Colonna witnessed a beautiful instance of hospitality.

Nothing is more engaging in human manners than this virtue. Its offices, says the *Hitopadesa*¹, ought to be exercised even to an enemy. This virtue, so little practised in our days, peculiarly marked the character of ancient times. There is not a passage in Virgil more attractive than that, where Ilioneus, having described the distress of himself and his men, wrecked upon the coast of Africa, throws himself upon the favour of the Queen of Carthage. What is her reply? Does she, after the manner of modern times,—civilized almost beyond the limits of humanity,—receive them with distrust; and atone for their misfortunes, by making them slaves, casting them into prisons, or leaving them to shift for themselves? Or does she address them after the following manner?—"Your misfortunes are of your own seeking; wise men always live in the country, in which they are born. I have no power to help you; my resources are little more than sufficient for myself; depart quickly; your liberty remains to you; go, seek an asylum in some other country; or rather return to the one, you have left. Your country is destroyed, it is true; but the enemy has quitted it; and therefore you are at liberty to return." Is such the language, she uses?—"Not ignorant of misfortune my-

¹ Jones, vi, 19. 4to.

self, I have learned to pity the miserable. Whether you are bound for Italy, or Sicily, or any other country, dismiss your fears. I will support you with my wealth, and render you all possible assistance in your melancholy condition. Or, will you stay in this country with me? The city, I am now building, shall be yours, as well as mine. Draw your ships upon the shore: Tyrian and Trojan shall be esteemed by me, as if they were one." Surely nothing can be more beautiful, than this genuine picture of simplicity.

XX.

In no instance is hospitality,—which is but another word for sympathy and respect,—inculcated with greater beauty than by the Christian Messiah. "I was hungry, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me."—"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?"—"Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Come, then, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom, prepared for you, from the foundation of the world!"

Wealth and rank are mere tinsel without this virtue, or the principles, whence it originates. As in Guido, Titian, and other celebrated masters, there is, in the midst of grace and beauty, a want of mental expression; so is there, in this instance, a want of one of the finest qualifications of the heart. Among the Romans there were

fixed laws in respect to hospitality¹, more consonant with its genuine character, than among the Carthaginians². In Greece it was regularly inculcated from the stage. Euripides has an example in his beautiful tragedy of *Alcestis*.

Admetus, having been seized with a violent fever, employs the Fates to spare his life. The Furies consent to his prayer, provided he can procure any friend to die for him. His father, his mother, and all his friends refuse the sacrifice: but *Alcestis*, his wife, offers herself.—

——— When she knew
The destin'd day was come, in fountain water
She bath'd her lily-tinctur'd limbs. Then took
From her rich chests, of odorous cedar form'd,
A splendid robe.

Approaching the flame, she breathes a solemn prayer.

O Queen, I go to the infernal shades:
Yet, ere I go, with reverence let me breathe
My last request.—Protect my orphan children;
Make my son happy with the wife he loves;
And wed my daughter to a noble husband.
Nor let them, like their mother, to the tomb
Untimely sink; but in their native land
Be blest, through lengthened life, to honoured age.

Alcestis then goes to the altar, crowns it with laurels, and takes a farewell of her marriage bed; bathing it with a flood of tears.—

——— That pass'd,
She left her chamber; then return'd; and oft

¹ Ausus es hospitii temeratis advena sacris
Legitimam nuptæ sollicitare fidem.

• Plautus, act. v. sc. 2.

She left it; oft return'd; and on the couch
Fondly, each time she enter'd, cast herself.
Her children, as they hung upon her robes,
Weeping, she rais'd; and clasped them to her breast,
Each after each, as now about to die.
Each servant through the house burst into tears,
In pity of their mistress. She to each
Stretch'd her right hand. Nor was there one so mean,
To whom she spoke not, and admitted him
To speak to her again.

Alcestis then devotes herself to death.

Some time previous to this, Admetus, her husband, having entertained Hercules with much hospitality, Hercules, grateful for his attentions, hurries to the infernal regions, fights with Pluto, regains Alcestis, and brings her to the palace of her husband, who receives her with inexpressible joy. This tragedy, which has many beautiful passages, appears to have been written, for the express purpose of recommending the duties of hospitality to the inhabitants of Greece.

XXI.

In El Bedja, beginning near the Emerald mines in the desert of Kous, the hospitality of the natives forms a distinguishing contrast to the manners of those tribes, by which they are surrounded. Macrizi¹ has given several very interesting particulars of this people. Each clan has a chief; but no sovereign. The son by the daughter, or the sister, succeeds to the property, in preference to the true son; upon the principle, that let the father be who it will, the child must, of necessity, be the son of the mother. They

¹ Burckhardt, p. 499. 4to.

have such a reverence for beauty, that when a handsome man, a Moslem merchant, passed through their country, they said to each other, "Surely this is the Deity himself! He has descended from Heaven to visit us." When a guest arrives among them, they kill a sheep for his entertainment: if there are more than three strangers, a camel: and this they take out of the nearest herd, whether it belongs to them or not. This custom prevails, also, among the Arabs of Kerek. If there are none in the neighbourhood, they kill the camel on which the travellers have arrived, and replace it, afterwards, with a better.

Park, too, gives an affecting instance, where he describes himself, as desired by a female in Africa, to follow her into her hut. Then she lighted a lamp; gave him some food; a mat to repose upon; and with her companions sung extempore songs, as she spun her cotton. In one of these Park recognised his own condition¹. "The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn. CHORUS. No mother has he to bring him milk, nor wife to grind his corn."

The Congoese² are said to be always ready to share their food with any stranger that passes; and the natives of Caffraria are equally distinguished by generous sentiments. When the *Hercules*³ was wrecked on their coasts, though they bear a national antipathy to all whites, they respected the misfortunes of the crew, and rendered them every

¹ First Journey into Africa, p. 216.

² Tuckey's Voyage to the Congo, p. 374. 4to.

³ Narrative of the Loss of the *Hercules*.

service, their limited means afforded. They made fires to dry and refresh them; conducted them to a spring of water; slaughtered a bullock; and furnished them with guides. These unfortunate sailors had not saved from the ship even a single article of food or cloth. And when a crew was wrecked off the Maldivé islands, the sailors were so hospitably treated by the natives, that when Sartorius, upon quitting the islands, offered to give a draft upon his agents, at Calcutta, for the expenses incurred, he was informed, that the sultan of the Maldives never permitted shipwrecked persons to be at any expense, during their stay in his dominions.

XXII.

The arrival of guests in Greece and its colonies never failed to put the whole establishment, as it were, into gala. Gellius of Agrigentum even kept servants, whose office it was to invite strangers to come, and partake of his hospitality. And what a sacred character was attached to a guest is clearly indicated by the conduct of one of the Argive kings. Bellerophon, having fled to his court for protection from the consequences of having accidentally killed his brother, Stenobæa, the queen, fell in love with him; and the beautiful stranger not answering her passion, she accused him, in the same manner, as Potiphar's wife accused Joseph. The king, believing the tale of his queen, sent Bellerophon to be sacrificed by Tobates, king of Lysia; not being willing to subject himself to the accusation of violating the laws of hospitality.

With the fable, attached to this personage, we have nothing to do.

Homer makes Nausicaa utter the beautiful sentiment, that all the poor, and every stranger, come from Jupiter : and in his *Iliad*¹, he gives a melancholy picture of Oxylus, who fell by the sword of Diomed, without a friend to defend him in his distress, except one servant, who fell fighting by his side. He, who, but a short time before, had been rich ; a friend to the human race ; with a house standing on the side of a frequented road ; and his door always open. The rich with him found convenience, and the poor relief.

In the first book of the *Odyssey*, Homer represents Telemachus, as seeing a stranger at the gate ; upon which he runs to him ; takes him by the hand ; and leads him into his house : apologizing, at the same time, that he should have remained at the gate so long. In the eighth book of the same poem, there is a beautiful sentiment : it is this,—that every well-disposed man should look upon a guest and a suppliant as a brother.

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas !

The temple at Memphis, dedicated to Venus the stranger, was, there is little doubt, a temple dedicated to the genius of Hospitality ; though Herodotus² gives a different explanation. This idea is confirmed by what the same historian relates of the conduct of Proteus³, shortly after.

XXIII.

Surely there is nothing, even in Genesis, more engaging, than the precepts, exemplified in the passages, where

¹ *Iliad*, vi.

² *Euterpe*, c. xii.

³ *C.* xiv. v.

Moses describes Abraham and the Angels. As Abraham¹ sate at the door of his tent, in the heat of the day, three men appeared, unexpectedly, in the distance. Upon seeing them Abraham ran to them, bowed himself to the ground; and desiring them to repose in the shade, he returned to his tent for water to wash their feet, and bread to comfort them after their journey. Lot, in the same manner, seeing two of the same persons, whom he afterwards knew to be angels, as he sate at the gate of the city, rose up, went forth to meet them, and, bowing himself, invited them into his house; where he washed their feet, and made a feast to their welcome. Abraham was blessed with a son; and Lot was saved from the destruction of the city, in which he lived².

In the *Odyssey*³ there is a remarkable coincidence with the moral of the above passage; where Eumæus, having introduced Ulysses into his own house, is reproved by Antinous: upon which one of the other suitors exclaimed, “You are in error to reprove this poor man thus. Who knows, but that this guest may be some God in disguise? For the Gods not unfrequently visit cities in the shape of travellers; in order to observe the morals of the inhabitants.”

Sadi relates, that no stranger having approached the dwelling of Abraham, for several days, that patriarch,

¹ Gen.—also Paul’s *Epist. Hebrews*, xiii. 2.

² Savary relates, that the Arab sheiks of Egypt, in his time, were accustomed to take their repasts at the doors of their tents; and invite all that chose to partake with them in a loud voice, crying, “In the name of the Lord, let all those, that are hungered, come hither and eat.” *Letters on Egypt*, vol. i. p. 268, 9.

³ *Book xvii.*

out of the natural goodness of his heart, could not take his morning repast in comfort. Thus affected, he went out to explore the neighbourhood; and beholding a man, sitting in a pensive attitude, with a head and beard whitened with snow, he invited him to his tent: and the old man accepting the invitation, the servants of Abraham set before him food; and regarded him with reverence. The family, in the mean time, took their respective stations; and while they invoked a blessing on the food, of which they were about to partake, Abraham observed, that his guest did not utter a word. “Sage of ancient times,” said he, “thou seemest not to be so holy as aged men generally are. It is our duty to call upon providence, when we take our food; since it is providence, that bestows it.” To this the old man replied, “I follow no rite, that is not sanctioned by the Priest of Fire; I am a fire-worshipper.” Upon hearing this, Abraham thrust him from his tent with scorn! A deed, for which an angel is said to have immediately descended from heaven to reprove.

By this apologue we are given to understand, that we are not only to practise hospitality; but to exercise charity towards every man’s opinion.

XXIV.

The ancient Celtiberians, though exceedingly cruel to their prisoners of war and their enemies in general, esteemed it highly disgraceful not to show every degree of respect towards strangers; whom they were in the constant habit of inviting to their houses. Diodorus Siculus says, they appropriated land, every year, to be cultivated for the

necessitous. The Germans, Gauls, and Britons¹ were still more celebrated for this virtue. When the two first saw a traveller enter their villages, they surrounded him by multitudes; invited him to their houses with the greatest earnestness; gave him a feast; and afterwards inquired with respectful solicitude, in what manner they could serve him. They esteemed strangers sacred; the laws regarded those who ill treated them as offenders²; and we are told, that, among the Sclavonians, it was even lawful to set fire to the house of any one, who had refused the offices of hospitality to travellers³ even of the meanest appearance. Saxo Grammaticus assures us, that the same virtue attached to the Scandinavians; the Celts even made it capital to kill a stranger; while, to murder one of their own country was only punishable with banishment. The Goths and Vandals had, also, an analogous law, when they invaded Italy: at which time their women were much more beautiful⁴ than any, that had ever before been seen in that country.

The Black Sea was anciently called the “inhospitable” (Axinus⁵); from the savage manners of the people, that resided on its northern borders. In subsequent times, however, their wildness wore off; and, being visited by persons of more polished nations, they so entirely improved their habits, that the sea acquired the name of “hospitable” (Euxinus), instead of the one, by which it had so long been ignominiously distinguished.

¹ Diod. v. 28. Descript. Camb. c. x.

² Diod. Sic. lib. v. Cesar, lib. vi. Tacitus, Germ. c. 21.

³ Helmold. Chron. Slavon. cap. lxxxv.

⁴ Procopius. Historia Gothica, iii.

⁵ Pomp. Mela.

In Asia Minor there was a God of Hospitality; and it is related in Maccabees¹, that when Antiochus polluted the temple of Jerusalem, he dedicated that of mount Gerizim to Jupiter, the defender of strangers. The Jewish lawgiver² enacted, that a traveller should be held, as one of the family; and that gleanings and part of their grapes on the vines should be left expressly for their use³. These laws were the more necessary, since the Jews were naturally averse to strangers.

In the Eneid we find Pallas, adjuring Hercules to assist him against Turnus, by the hospitality, shown him by his father, Evander: and Shakespeare affords a delightful example in the invitation of Belarius to the lost Fidele⁴. In Sweden⁵ and Lapland it is practised, even at this day, in a manner scarcely to be credited by the natives of large towns and cities. The Arabians are celebrated for the “gift of speech⁶, and the exercise of hospitality;” but they are equally renowned for “the use of the sword.” The Laplanders, on the other hand, scarcely know what a sword means. So insensible are they of avarice, and so little disposed to take advantage of strangers, that Dr. Clarke⁷ says, it was with difficulty he could prevail upon the poorest among them to accept any payment for the hospitality, they afforded. The Swedes have greater means,

¹ Chap. vi. v. 2.

² Exod xxii. v. 21. Levitic. xxx.-10, 34, ch. xxiii. 22.

³ Vid. note, p. 161.

⁴ Cymbeline, iii. sc. 6.

⁵ Pellontier Hist. Celt. tom. i. l. 2. c. 11.

⁶ Mariti, vol. ii. 271.

⁷ Clarke, Scandinavia, p. 428.

and equal dispositions. “ If you will consent to pass one night beneath my roof,” said a Swede to Dr. Clarke, “ you shall be well treated ; and it shall not cost you a farthing : and I will transport you and your baggage the whole of the way to Kierni for nothing.” Kosciusko was so charmed with their manners in this respect, that in the *Alma* at Trolhatta, he wrote “ God bless this good and courageous nation.” Another traveller inscribed in a book, kept at Enonketis¹, a passage from Ariosto. “ Stranger, whoever thou art, that visitest these remote regions of the north, return to thy native country, and acknowledge that philosophy is taught among civilized nations ; but practised where moral theories never come.”

The Mohawks, as well as the other four nations of Canadian Indians, are never more happy, than when administering to the wants, comforts, and conveniences, of strangers. The natives of Cabulistan, a province of Asia, extend their ideas of charity and hospitality so far as to dig wells, and erect houses, for any travellers, that may chance to come into their country. The Siamese erect accommodations for them close to their own houses : and the Pholegs of Africa are so hospitable themselves, that the natives of the countries, through which they travel with their wives, children, and caravans, esteem themselves fortunate, whenever they go into their neighbourhoods. The inhabitants of the Pelew islands, too, afford such engaging instances of this quality, that Captain M’Clue, who commanded the ships, sent from Bombay,

¹ Clarke, Trav. in Scandinavia, p 422, 4to

(1790) to survey, and furnish the islands with domestic animals and useful articles, was so fascinated with their ease and urbanity, that he resolved, though only thirty-four years of age, to pass the rest of his life amongst them.

The natives of Bucharia, in independent Tartary, too, exhibit traits, peculiarly fascinating to the imagination. There is not a peasant, we are told, who does not allot a part of his cottage to the accommodation of strangers; and on the arrival of any one amongst them, such is their zeal to accommodate, that they vie with each other, who shall have the honour of his company, during his stay; all which time they supply food for himself and fodder for his cattle. Every hovel in this country seems to be a temple dedicated, as it were, to the Genius of Hospitality;—a virtue which, with beneficence, as St. Chrysostom was accustomed to say, with great beauty and truth, allies man closely to the Deity.

Even the wandering Arabs have the merit of exercising hospitality; particularly to those, who place themselves under their protection. Roving from one part of their country to another, and pitching their tents, wherever they can find water and pasturage, they delight in listening to the histories of the strangers, they entertain. Their food consists chiefly of the milk and flesh of camels. Among the ancient Burgundians¹, there existed a law, that strangers should be entertained at the public expense; each inhabitant paying his quota. In Arabia there is a truce among all the tribes, for four months every year. To commit an act of hostility, during that

¹ Burgundian Code. Tit. xxxviii. quoted by Montesquieu, b. xx. c. 2.

interval, were to commit impiety¹: and every species of hospitality is exercised even to enemies.

XXV.

Though this virtue is strictly enjoined, as one of the great duties of life, by the Bramin faith, the Hindostanees are, like the old Phæacians², remarkable for a want of it. A circumstance attributed³, in a great measure, to the habitual contempt they entertain for women; whom they stigmatise, as wretches of the basest and most vicious inclinations.

In some parts of the East, however, Mr. Forbes⁴ frequently travelled, where he witnessed manners and customs, in the very style of Rebecca and the young women of Mesopotamia: and where the Hindoo villagers regaled him with a welcome, as artless and as delightful, as any of the instances, described in the records of Greece and Asia. In Pegu⁵ all men, cast on shore by shipwreck, were once considered as being sent by Providence to be maintained: they were, therefore, supplied with food and raiment by the general custom of the country. These people are poor and proud; but moral and humane: and their creed⁶ and their practice exhort them to fulfil the laws of the Decalogue, though those laws were the result of reason, and not of religion. To the miserable they are the most attentive people upon earth! How different is such conduct from that, witnessed on the coasts of Cornwall, Pembroke, Glamorgan, and Carnarvon! In those coun-

¹ Prideaux's *Life of Mahomet*, p. 64.

² *Odyss.* vii.

³ *Mills' Hist. British India*, vol. 1.

⁴ *Oriental Memoirs*.

⁵ *Dampier*, vol. 2. p. 8. 1688.

⁶ *Voyages relative to the East India Company*, vol. 3. p. 63.

tries the natives exercise all their ingenuity in pillaging a ship that is wrecked ; and in robbing the survivors of all they possess. These practices were, also, once common in the maritime parts of Spain, Gaul, and Batavia. Cruelties so barbarous, that Theodosius corrected them by several wise and liberally restrictive laws¹.

The Caufirs², upon hearing that a traveller is approaching, run out to meet him ; and the stranger cannot take leave with credit, unless he eats and drinks with every respectable person in the village. The Afghaun country is peopled, in its wilds and solitudes, with men, wearing loose garments and shaggy mantles of skins, long beards, and countenances, bronzed by the sun in following their flocks. These men have a lofty air, a martial spirit, simple manners, and great energy of mind and action. They are, however, addicted to rapine, fraud, violence, and revenge : yet are they hospitable to the last degree. In 1709, they had so high a sense of the obligations of hospitality, that when the Shah of Persia sent a negotiator to Mir Meis, with whom he had previously performed a pilgrimage to Mecca ; and who having made proposals, which Mir Meis esteemed dishonourable, the Afghaun chief answered him, loud enough to be heard by all his officers, “ If thou hadst not been my fellow traveller, and if thou wert not a stranger in Afghaun, I would have punished thee very severely, for having made base proposals to free men.”

XXVI.

One of the most beautiful of all specimens of national hospitality, is exhibited in Hall’s account of the Loochoo Islands ; the natives of which, except in the vir-

¹ Vide Leg. Cod. de Naufragiis.

² Elphinstone’s Caubul.

tues, we have alluded to, form as great a contrast to the Caufirs, as it is possible to conceive. They present one of the most beautiful pictures, the imagination can paint. Their eyes are, for the most part, black ; their teeth regular and white ; and their countenances have a peculiar cast of sweetness, blended with intelligence ; while their language is exceedingly musical. Their dress is flowing, and richly ornamented with flowers in embossed silk, and sometimes varied with gold and silver threads. Even the dresses of the boatmen are so graceful, as to have a picturesque effect. The island is populous ; and the villages are frequent. They have goats, poultry, hogs, horses, and bullocks ; but no asses or sheep. Milk, however, they never use ; nor do they make cheese. They have herbs, onions, radishes, celery, pumpkins, and sweet potatoes ; and they cultivate wheat, millet, rice, tobacco, and the sugar-cane ; and possess the art of making salt. They appear to be exceedingly honest : nothing was lost while our ships anchored there ; nor was any thing attempted to be carried away. One thing only appeared to militate against their usual humanity ; they permitted women to do the work of the field. During Captain Hall's stay, however, the women kept retired ; and the natives informed him, that they were never suffered to appear to strangers.

In this island there seem to be no poverty, or distress of any kind. They have few wants ; content is imprinted on their countenances ; and great kindness and consideration appeared between the relative orders. Active, cheerful, lively, and even playful, they indicated, in every instance, a strict sense of propriety. Their man-

ners, indeed, were uniformly timid, gentle, respectful, and unassuming. They uncovered their heads, when in our officers' society, and bowed, whenever they spoke to them: when they drank, they bowed to every person around them: and on subjects of curiosity, they were uniformly restrained by a genteel self-denial, lest their desire to be informed might be construed into intrusion.

They frequently carried their dinners in light boxes, and sat down with any person they met, and took their refreshments in the open air, or under the shade of a pine, or a plantain. The boys were exceedingly arch and amusing; and when they observed the ship's crew pulling any plants and flowers, they immediately began doing the same; and gave the produce of their activity to the first sailor they met, and then ran to their play-fellows with an arch expression of ridicule. When the crew had landed their stores and invalids, highly gratifying was it to see the attention, they paid to the sick. They assisted them all the way from the beach to their temple; and brought them eggs, fowls, milk, and vegetables. When the invalid sailors felt disposed to walk, they led them to grassy plots, and lighted their pipes for them; and when one of them died, they requested leave to bury him. They attended the funeral in white robes; raised a tomb over him; performed their own funeral service, when that of the crew was done; offered sacrifices; and poured spirits over the tomb.

This island is supremely happy in producing nothing, that can tempt the avarice of strangers. It has neither gold, nor silver; nor tea, nor spices: nor did the inhabitants indicate any wish for foreign commodities.

Added to all which, they enjoy a superlative advantage in possessing no military instruments of any sort. They beheld those of the crew with surprise; having no knowledge of war, even by tradition. Nor could they be made to understand the value of money.

Hospitality is, also, practised in many islands of the South Seas. The natives of the Sandwich Islands, when any ships arrive, strive who shall be foremost in presenting the crews with presents and refreshments. The aged receive them with tears, and seem gratified in being permitted to touch them. And when Vancouver was at Otaheite, the inhabitants, endeavouring to anticipate all his wishes, displayed, says he, all that suavity and kindness, that could only be expected among polished nations.

Hospitality is enjoined in Java, not only by a great variety of precepts, but by constant practice. "It is not sufficient," says their book of institutions¹, "that a man should place good food before his guest: he is bound to do more. He should render the meat palatable by kind words and manners; he should soothe him after his journey; and make his heart glad, while he partakes of refreshment." In the Banjermass district, the Javanese frequently place fruits and other refreshments by the side of the roads, for the use of travellers. To the Dutch they are morose, and full of revenge; but to the English they are benevolent to the last degree²:—the name of Raffles is almost idolized amongst them.

All writers, from Knox, who knew them best, to Percival and Cordiner, represent the Cingalese as hospitable, and studious to oblige. The Caffres, though they ab-

¹ Vide Raffles' Hist. Java, 4to. vol. 2. p. 99.

² Abel's Narrative of a Journey in the Interior of China, p. 35.

horred the Dutch, were still hospitable to them, whenever they travelled amongst them ; offering to their acceptance milk and fat bullocks. Paterson¹ observed the same marks of benevolence among the Hottentots. The Africans, on the banks of the Congo, are ready at all times to share their pittance with the friendly stranger : so also are the African Dutch² on the Roodtland, and the Twenty-four rivers. Dampier³ found the inhabitants equally well disposed on the river Sherboro in Guinea : in the Bashee and Philippine Islands ; and in his journey over the Isthmus of Darien. Thus we find that men, in primitive societies, are more hospitable, than in refined ones : feeling, as it were, their own wants, they delight in administering to the wants of others. How delightful are such pictures to the soul ! Contemplating man, as exhibiting an image of divine benignity, the world appears a dwelling of security and tranquillity : and we meditate, with enthusiasm, on those happy times, when men seemed, as if they felt that they belonged to one and the same family. Now,—in civilized districts, all real hospitality seems, as it were, confined to the husbandman residing in mountainous countries ; where the natives appear, as if they had read the celebrated saying of Curius—“ Heaven forbid, that any man should esteem that portion of land small, which is sufficient for his maintenance !”

But the Romans in general hated strangers : so much so, that the word *HOSTIS* meant both a stranger and an enemy. In the year 638, strangers were expelled Rome by the Papian law ; and a subsequent act decreed, that none should be enrolled as citizens. These laws were,

¹ Third Journey, 4to. p. 27. p. 90. 1790.

² Grant's Voyage of Discovery, 4to. p. 50.

³ A. D. 1688.

however, afterwards repealed. Lord Kaims¹ justly remarks, that hospitality is one pregnant symptom of improving manners. It has been found so in most states and countries. But hospitality is sometimes characteristic of people, scarcely distinguished for any other quality. The Walachians² and Moldavians, for instance, are both hospitable: but the former are idle and covetous; and the latter haughty in prosperity, and effeminate and cowardly in adversity.—“Take away the orthodoxy and hospitality of a Moldavian,” said Prince Kantemir, “and what remains to him?” But, in general, hospitality is a virtue practised in all the East. The Hindoo governments extended it even to planting trees for shade, and to the digging of wells in the most frequented roads. Their attention even embraced animals; for they built hospitals not only for sick quadrupeds³, but sick birds. The Moguls of India were accustomed to salute each other with “I wish you the prayers of the poor and the stranger:” and the Kaliph Omar used to exclaim, “prayers and ablutions carry us half way to God; abstinence takes us to the gates of paradise; but charity and hospitality open the door, and give us admittance⁴.”

XXVII.

There was a time in England, when most noblemen and gentlemen of large fortunes had public days, on

¹ Sketches, b. ii. sk. i. p. 192.

² Travels in the Crimea, by the Secretary of the Russian Embassy, from Petersburg to Constantinople.

³ At Ahmed Abad.—Thevenot, part iii. p. 31.

⁴ St. Ambrose observes, more truly than prudently,—“*Natura omnia omnibus in commune profudit; sic enim Deus generari jussit omnia, ut pastus*

which all might partake of their bounty: and in the Highlands of Scotland, not sixty years since¹, a gentleman took it as an affront, if a stranger passed his door without calling. Men of overgrown estates, as Montesquieu² justly said of large landholders in France, seem now, on the other hand, to consider every thing an injury, which does not contribute to their honour and power. They have little or no sympathy for distress; and genuine hospitality is a virtue totally unknown. A German writer has said, that were all ideas of a God obliterated from the mind of man, they would first return to the inhabitants of a mountainous region. With equal propriety we may exclaim, "were all habits of hospitality exiled from the practice of man, they would fly from a citizen first, and from a mountaineer last."

In the present day, this luxury of tranquil life has faded before the increase of population, and the advancement of commercial relations: and such are the distresses of the times, that almost the only species of hospitality, an Englishman can afford, is a tear for want, and sympathy for misfortune.

" No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising suns, that gild the rising morn;
Shines with such lustre as the tear, that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes."

Darwin, canto iii. 459.

omnibus communis esset, et terra foret omnium quædam communis possessio. Natura igitur jus commune generavit; usurpatio jus fecit privatum."—Amb. Offic. 28.

¹ Sketches, vol. i. p. 323.

² Spirit of Laws, b. v. c. 5.

CHAPTER IX.

HERODOTUS visited Egypt and Babylon, not only to obtain materials for his history, but to observe the face of the country, as well as the manners of the people. His mind was well stored before he set out. “A traveller,” says Sadi, “without previous knowledge, is like a bird without wings.” But in every country man is more studied than Nature. Plato and Strabo travelled with enlarged views: and hence the latter derived advantages for a geographical work, not to be paralleled for faithfulness of description, universality, and copious brevity. Terence passed over into Greece, at thirty-five, in order to make his Comedies represent Greek manners to the very life: while many of the more accomplished Greeks thought it a duty, almost imperative, to climb Mounts Athos, Olympus, and Parnassus, where the temple of Apollo was situated; and where the sublime Pindar fixed his residence, for many of the best years of his life.

The Emperor Adrian traversed the whole of his empire. When he climbed Mount Etna, he confessed, with all the humility of philosophy, that Etna,—the Pillar of Heaven,—presented, at the rising of the sun, glories, which gave him but a mean and contemptible opinion of his own imperial condition. And one of the best naturalists of the present day has often confessed to my delighted ear, that he has travelled over so many countries, and has taken such pleasure in investigating the several branches of natural philosophy; that there have been moments, when

he has felt, that if the greatest gifts of fortune were presented to him, he should, with all the stoicism of ingratitude, have accepted them with indifference.

You remember, my Lelius, the effect which the district of Rhinegau had upon our friend, La Fontaine! This district is situated in the electorate of Mentz; and its beauties are represented as exceeding all description. Baron Reisbach has given a most enchanting description of it. During one of those intervals of application, which the profession of a barrister renders so necessary and agreeable, Monsieur La Fontaine, accompanied by his wife and daughter, left Paris with an intention of taking a tour along the banks of the Rhine. After some weeks travelling, in which time they visited Dusseldorf, Coblentz, and Welnich, they arrived, at the close of a beautiful evening, at a small village in the district of Rhinegau. The village was so lovely and sequestered, that they determined to take up their abode in a small cottage for some weeks. Weeks lengthened into months, and months into years. Quitting his profession, our friend erected a mansion on the banks of the Rhine; and there resided, till the fury of political opinion obliged him to quit it for a foreign land! Upon the settlement of a regular government in France, he returned to Paris; and may the blessings of his family and his friends have awaited him there!

Galen travelled into Egypt, Cilicia, Palestine, Crete, Cyprus, Lemnos, and Syria, to examine the plants and drugs, those countries and islands produced. Ariosto, on the other hand, was so attached to Italy, that he would never go out of it; a circumstance, which lost him the

favour of Cardinal Hyppolyto, of Este, who earnestly desired to be accompanied into Hungary, by all the literary characters under his patronage.

II.

One of the kings of Persia having received an account of the manners and topography, climate, and temples of Greece, from one of his ambassadors, expressed his satisfaction at the new scenes, presented to his imagination: and congratulated himself upon journeying in fancy, like a quiet and inoffensive traveller, over a considerable portion of those territories, where his ancestor had formerly carried nothing but ruin and desolation.

A desire to travel for information, or pleasure, frequently indicates a considerable portion of knowledge¹. Ignorance has, on the contrary, no passion of the kind to gratify. In all the South Sea islands, and indeed in almost all half-civilized countries, the natives entertain much the same idea, in respect to travelling, that the king of Boudon expressed to Mr. Park. "I cannot conceive," said he, "and therefore cannot believe, that any man in his senses would undertake so long and so dangerous a

¹ The following sketch of a journey embraces most of the objects, incumbent on a gentleman to be familiar with:—From London to Paris and Nantes; thence by the Loire to Nevers; Lyons, Bourdeaux, Thoulouse, Montpellier, Nismes, Aix, Marseilles, and Nice. Thence to Leghorn, by sea. Florence, Rome, Naples, and Palermo. Climb Mount Etna, visit Messina, and pass over into Calabria. Then traverse the shores of the Adriatic to Ancona, Rimini, Ravenna, Ferrara, Padua, and Venice. From Venice proceed to Verona, Mantua, Parma, Placenza, and Milan. From Milan to Turin; and, passing over the Alps, enter Geneva. After visiting the various lakes of Switzerland, cross the Rhine at Basle; and passing through Strassburgh, Manheim, Frankfort, Cologne, Liege, Namur, and Brussels, embark at Antwerp for the coast of Britain.

journey as you have done, merely for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity."

Some travel as painters; some as architects; some as agriculturists; and others as political economists;—few as naturalists. Most people, however, travel for curiosity. "Whence does it arise," said Colonna, on the day, previous to the Marquis of ——'s tour into Italy, "whence does it arise, my lord, that you, in common with other British noblemen, should travel into foreign countries, when you have all that wealth, rank, and consideration, can procure in your own country?"—"It is very true," returned his Lordship; "we do enjoy every blessing under Heaven; but we want variety; and it is for variety, that most of us consent to travel."

When I was young, and yet green in the knowledge of objects and of mankind, I formed, and still retain, the wish to travel, in order to witness the manners and customs of nations; to behold Nature in her wildest, as well as in her most beautiful, forms; to mark the springs of human actions; to unwind the labyrinths of human motives; and to trace the various sources of happiness and misery, offered to the imagination, on the vast theatre of the globe. The names of a multitude of provinces melt in oblivion; but the name of a small valley, sung by Horace, or by Tasso, can never perish! To traverse the plains of Ilium with Homer, the fields of Latium with Virgil, the garden of Sicily with Claudian, or the shores of India with Camoens:—these were as delightful to my imagination, as the murmur of the waves beneath the columns of a temple, erected on the rocks of Zante!

As I was, one day, expatiating on all these wishes, and lamenting, that the rich only were enabled to realize

them, you, my Lelius, checked my enthusiasm. "I have travelled, and this is the result of my experience," said you. "In the midst of deserts, we think of woods and valleys; in glens, we sigh for plains; in plains, the eye wanders for mountains; in storms, we sigh for the charms of repose; and in peace, we sing the glories of war. In solitude, we meditate on the society of men; and in cities, we celebrate the comforts and the charms of hamlets and villages. Every where is man, for the most part, listless, restless, and dissatisfied."

This argument moderated my wishes; but fortune only prevented me from following the natural bias of my inclination. Senhor da Rosa was far more fortunate, than I have been. With what delight did he visit the city of Jerusalem! With what unmixed satisfaction did he land in the port of Aleppo; visit the tomb of the Prophet Zechariah; and, from the domes of the city, behold the snowy summits of the Bailan, and the mountains, abounding in olives and mulberries, rising over the river Orontes. Then, with what sacred awe, did he pause in the grotto of Jeremiah and the holy sepulchre! Then he saw the block of grey marble, which denotes the spot, where the Christian Messiah appeared to Mary Magdalene; then he climbed Mount Calvary; the Mount of Olives; and saw every other object in their vicinity, which could excite veneration in those, initiated into the mysteries of the gospel. Every spot told the history of some great exploit, or excellent deed. Tasso, too, was his companion. The gates of Ephraim and of Damascus; the valley of Jehoshaphat; the scene of Erminia's flight; the Brook of Cedron, where the Christian camp stood; and the point, where Erminia

met the shepherd on the banks of the Jordan, he visited with an emotion, nearly allied to rapture. Then he roved to the valley of Turpentine; whence the Arabs sallied to the deliverance of Jerusalem; the valley of Siloe, where the combat took place between Tancred and Clorinda; and where the latter solicited baptism, as she lay expiring, and whither Tancred brought water from the fountain, springing from the hallowed foot of Mount Sion.

Then he wandered to Ascalon, where the magician revealed the fortunes of Rinaldo; to the towers of Gaza; and to the vale, in which the generous Tancred slew Argantes, the ferocious champion of Circassia: and visited the ancient Tirzah, so celebrated by David; and Ramah, so pathetically mentioned by Jeremiah.—“There was a voice heard in Rama, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.”

In the valley of Jezreel, he contrasted its present uncultivated state, resorted to only by Arabian shepherds, with the era, in which it was the favourite retreat of the kings of Israel. Among the ruins of Arka, near Mount Libanus, standing under rich Thebaic columns, he beheld the sun rising, in matchless splendour, over the tops of distant mountains; while, in the evening, he saw it setting in all the magnificence of a cloudless sky, in the bosom of the Levant.

From Palestine he proceeded to Palmyra. When he arrived among the ruins of that once celebrated city, he seemed to acquire a new method of computing time. He was awe-struck! There he beheld the fragments

of temples and palaces, the like of which are not to be witnessed in all the world. Some denoting an age of rude and savage grandeur; others displaying architecture in the noblest style of magnificence: an idea of the vastness of which may, in some measure, be conceived, from the circumstance, that one colonnade extends to the length of 2,500 yards: while the bases of the Corinthian columns exceed the height of a man!

From Palmyra he travelled into Greece; drank the wine of Attica, rendered more palatable by olives; ate the honey of Hymettus; and traced the history of every fragment at Athens, from the rock of the ancient Areopagus to the small relics of marble, which he gathered from the temple of Theseus, and the ruins of the Parthenon. The whole city of Solon, of Socrates, and Demosthenes, of Phocion, Plato, and Euripides, was, in fact, beheld with an interest, pre-eminently powerful, arising from the associations, connected with its former glory. At Corinth he beheld the summits of Parnassus and Helicon, rising in the distance over the Gulf of Lepanto. At Argos, reduced to a village, and situated at the extremity of the Gulf of Naupli, and at the feet of Epidaurus and the mountains of Arcadia, he beheld the site of the palace of Agamemnon. From the ashes of the city of Lycurgus he picked the dust of liberty, on one of the windings of the Eurotas. He visited the sources of the Alpheus, which recalled to his recollection those of the Jordan: he climbed Mount Taygetus, and bathed in the stream that waters its valley, covered with mulberry and sycamore trees. Then he sat upon the ancient

Leuctra, near the birth-place of Philopœmen and Polybius; a spot immortalizing the name of Epaminondas.

Da Rosa had left the beautiful Constance in a cottage in Val d'Arno. During his absence, Constance, residing under the woods of Fesole, journeyed with him into Palestine, into Syria, and into Greece: and all those countries were rendered more sacred, by being associated with her: while Constance herself became more interesting to his heart, from being associated with such brilliant skies, so many admirable landscapes, and so many magnificent ruins.

Upon arriving, after a tempestuous voyage, at Venice, our elegant traveller hastened from that city; and, after winding for some distance along the delicious shores of the Brenta, he mounted his horse, crossed the mountains, which separated him from Constance; and, after an absence of eleven months, stood upon one of the mountains of evergreens, which overlooked the paradise of Valdarno.

The winds were still; evening was stealing into obscurity; the birds were hushed; and all nature wore an air of repose. When he arrived at the summit of the mountain, which commands an entire view of the vale, gemmed, as it were, with the palaces of Florence; and beheld the sequestered convent of St. Michael, and the tranquil cottage beneath it, he dismounted; sat upon the side of the road; and, breathless with rapture, gazed upon the sacred scene, with a wild and almost frantic delight. Every wood, nay every object he saw, seemed to speak to him in language, that welcomed him to Val-

darno. The cottage,—the aviary,—the old horse he was accustomed to ride feeding in the fields,—an old gentleman habited in black, emerging from the bower,—a lady, dressed in white, advancing to meet him,—two children running upon the lawn !—Da Rosa springs forward ; he gains the little wicket-gate ; he calls ; Constance turns ; they behold each other ; they rush into each other's arms !

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

IF towering and impending rocks, abrupt and gigantic mountains, and, above all, the ocean, elevate the mind, and exalt it above mortality, the woody dingle, the deep and romantic glen, the rocky valley, and the wide, the rich, the fascinating vale, associating ideas of rural comfort and of peaceful enjoyment, cheerful industry, robust health, and tranquil happiness, draw us from subjects, too high for human thought, chain us to the earth, and enchant us with such magic spells,

That earth seems heaven; and all around displays
Such pleasing evidence of all that's good,
That we would rather fascinate our eyes
With such sweet beauty, than exalt our souls,
E'en to the mansions of eternity.

No country abounds more in those characters, in which Nature delights to speak to the imagination, than Greece. Her mountains were not more the theme of her poets, than her vales and her valleys. In that fine country, no vale was more celebrated than that of Tempe: a vale, in which the peasants frequently assembled, in order to give entertainments to each other, and to offer sacrifices. A

Greek writer calls it “a festival for the eyes:” and the gods were believed frequently to wander in it. Of this enchanting spot, Pliny has given a description in the fourth book of his *Natural History*; but *Ælian* has left the most copious and accurate account of it. “*Tempe*,” says he, “is situated between the mountains of *Ossa* and *Pelion*, which are the highest mountains in *Thessaly*; and are divided in this place with a singular kind of attention. They enclose a valley five miles in length, but which, in breadth, often does not exceed a hundred feet. In the middle flows the river *Peneus*, which, at first, is little more than a cataract; but, by the addition of many smaller streams, it at length assumes considerable magnitude. Among the rich shrubs upon its banks, are various beautiful windings and recesses; not the works of human hands, but of spontaneous nature, which seems to have formed every thing in this spot with the solicitude of a mother. A profusion of ivy is seen in all parts of the woods, which, with the vine, ascend the tops of the highest trees, cling round their branches, and fall luxuriantly between them. The different species of *convolvulus*, which grow upon the sides of the hills, throw their white flowers and creeping foliage over the rocks; while, in the vale, or wherever they can find a level surface, groves of all kinds, in venerable arches, or capricious forms, afford a cool and refreshing retreat. Nor are there wanting frequent falls of water, with the most pure and crystal springs, sweet to drink, and wholesome to the bather. The thrush, the woodlark, and the nightingale, breed in the thickets, and with their songs shorten the way, and soothe the ears of the traveller; who finds, in every path,

arbours and grottos, and seats of repose. The Peneus¹ still continues through the vale, idly as it were, and with a glassy smoothness; while the depending boughs, which crowd over its surface, yield an almost constant shade to those who navigate the river."

II.

In this valley were united the extremes of the beautiful and sublime: how beautiful, Ælian has informed us; how sublime we may imagine, from what is related by Livy; who assures us, that when the Roman army was marching over one of the passes, the soldiers were thrilled with horror at the awful appearance of the rocks, and the thundering noise of the cataracts². Euripides gives an agreeable description of this valley; and there is scarcely an ancient poet, that does not allude to it, in one way or another. Not the least agreeable of its associations is that, arising from its having been the spot, in which was discovered the art of curdling milk. Hence the fame of Aristæus and Cyrene.

¹ A modern traveller thus describes it:—"Vidi Penei ripas, quas amœnas efficiunt illa nobilia Tempe Thessalica, in nemorosa convalle inter Ossam et Olympum sita, per quæ media Peneus viridis labitur, amœna, ut dicuntur; sed angusta et brevia, undique montibus in altitudinem immensam elatis coarctata, ut terror adsit prætereuntibus." *Gyllius*. This valley was supposed to have been formed by the parting of Ossa and Olympus by an earthquake. On the banks of the Peneus were born the Myrmidons of Achilles; and there, also, Daphne was fabled to have been turned into a laurel.

² Liv. xliv. c. 6. For a dissertation on the etymology of the word *Tempè*, vid. Vossius *Observ. ad Pompon. Melam. lib. ii. c. iii. l. 28*. Spartian relates, that Hadrian caused this valley to be represented in miniature, in his gardens at Tiburtina, now Pantanello. In the middle ages *Tempe* was called the pass of *Lycostomo*; at present "the Bogaz,"—the Pass.

Statius mentions a Tempe, situated in Bœotia¹; and Ovid another in Sicily². The Tempe of Switzerland is a valley, lying in the bosom of the canton of Glarus³, near the mountains of Freyburgh, watered by the Linth. That of Italy, says Cicero⁴, is the district of the Reatines. The most beautiful spot in Africa is said to be about a day's journey from the mouth of the Reiskamma; the most sublime is that seen from the mountain of Kaka. Vaillant, however, calls the canton of the twenty-four rivers the Tempe of Africa⁵.

Humboldt⁶ is disposed to think, that the valley of Tacoronte, among the solitudes of Mount Teneriffe, is the most beautiful the world affords. But the vale of Cashmere would seem, by its associations, to have been even more beautiful than that. It was once the Tempe, the Elysium, the Paradise, of the East⁷: since it was not only celebrated for its romantic scenery, but for the learning of its bramins; its plane trees and roses; and, above all, its beautiful women. In 1754 it fell under the authority of the Afghauns; and in 1782 the governor oppressed it with every species of atrocity.

In the vale of Tempe, Ford has laid the scene of a

¹ Theb. i. 486.

² Fasti, iv. 477.

³ Coxe, vol. i. 49.

⁴ Epist. ad Attic. lib. iv. 15. "Reatini me ad sua Tempe duxerunt."

⁵ Some prefer Elephantia Island; vid. among others, Captain Light's Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Mount Libanus, &c. in 1814, p. 52.

⁶ Voy. Equinoct. Reg. vol. i. p. 132.

⁷ Its pictorial beauties are admirably described in a poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East, by C. Grant, Esq. M. P.

contest, between a nightingale and a lutanist; finely imitated from a passage in Strada's Prolusions.

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales,
Which poets of an elder time have feigned,
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me. I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art and nature ever were at strife at.

This contest was begun by a nightingale, who, chancing to hear a lutanist play several airs upon his lute, endeavoured to surpass them. In this attempt, however, the unfortunate bird failed: on which;

————— Down dropt she on the lute,
And broke her heart!

Ford.—Lover's Melancholy.

III.

In the vale of Tempe, Philip, king of Macedon, was cited to appear before the Romans, to answer for his conduct; and thither the Delphians sent a deputation every ninth year. This deputation consisted of the finest youths in their city. When they arrived in the valley, they erected an altar; offered sacrifices; cut some branches from the laurels which grew there; and carried them home, with a view of offering them in the Temple of Apollo, at Delphos. Julian, in a letter to Libanius, says, the beauties of this vale were second only to the groves of Daphne, near Antioch; and through its winding and

solitary defiles, Pompey proceeded after the battle of Pharsalia. Parched with thirst, he threw himself upon his face, and drank out of the stream. It is now a haunt for banditti!—and what a haunt!—a valley, lying in the bosom of mountains, shaded by the bay, the pomegranate, and the wild olive; the arbutus and the yellow jessamine; the wild vine; the evergreen oak; the oriental plane; and the turpentine tree; frequently festooned with various species of clematis.

The scene in England, which most resembles this celebrated vale, is the valley of Dovedale, in the county of Derby. This delightful spot wears an air of enchantment, which its transitions, caverns, rocks, and recesses, continually keep alive to the eye: while the imagination roves from scene to scene, and from transition to transition, with all the wild ardour of unsated curiosity.

In this dale are frequently seen virgin's threads, flying in the air, like small untwisted silk; and which, falling upon plants, open and discover a spider's web. This web is a delicate plexus, formed in the body of the spider, and which it is able to spin out of its bowels, at its own discretion. When the weather permits, the garden spider frequently darts out a thread, which flies before the wind to a considerable distance, still issuing from the bowels of the spider; which soon after leaps into the air, suspended by its own threads, and mounts with those threads flying before: thus forming what are usually styled "Virgin's threads."

Who teaches the swallow, the woodcock, and the nightingale, to traverse the air from one climate to another, at different seasons of the year? Who directs the bee to return to its hive, from the distance of many miles,

when its eye can scarcely discern two inches before it? Who invites the salmon from the depths of the sea to climb rivers; and the herring and the pilchard to traverse vast regions, in order to deposit their spawn, in climates congenial to their natures? Who maps the winds? And who has pointed the magnet?—The same power, and the same intelligence, which has taught the worm to weave its silken net, and the spider to waft through the lower regions of air!

In England, few are the vales, remarkable for picturesque effect. They are rich in wood, in meadow, in animals, and in buildings; but they are destitute, for the most part, of rocks, ruins, and mountains. None of them, therefore, can compare with the vales of Clwyd, Llangollen, or Ffestiniog: and they possess little, which will enable them to stand in competition with those of the Usk, the Towy, or the Glamorgan. Of these, the Clwyd is the most rich; Llangollen the most picturesque; Ffestiniog the most abounding in beautiful and sublime combination; the Glamorgan the most rural; the Usk the most graceful; but the Towy, by far, the most adapted for a tranquil and elegant retirement.

IV.

In contemplating these vales, so beautiful and so peaceful, with what delight does the imagination rest upon the virtues of those monarchs, who esteem the arts of peace the most glorious of human occupations! Such were those, which adorned the last years of Augustus. Impossible is it to meditate on that era, without a satisfaction of the purest kind. Men, says Paterculus, could not ask of the gods, nor the imagination paint, a more perfect

felicity, than that, which reigned at that time ; not only in Italy, but throughout the whole empire. Horace, like a medal, pictures both sides at once. “ The ox wanders safe in the pastures ; corn is allowed to ripen in the field ; ships navigate the sea without danger of pirates ; the laws are strictly observed ; no seductions, no adulteries stain our families ; good manners have succeeded to vice, rudeness, and impiety ; and our matrons are even worthy the matrons of antiquity¹.” A description, strikingly picturesque to the Romans themselves : for but a few years before, not a sheep, nor an ox, could graze in safety in their master’s grounds ; the man, who sowed, had little hopes of reaping ; and the soldiery carried infamy or the sword into the bosom of almost every family.

Oh ! ye rulers of the earth ! will ye never discard those vulgar enjoyments, which the merest peasant enjoys with greater appetite than you ? Will ye always waste, in the degraded rapture of a camp, those powers, which nature directs should be cultivated in the bosom of peace ? Why will ye never emulate the virtues of those legislators, to whom every bosom erected a cenotaph ?—Bocchyris and Trismegistus², among the Egyptians ; Zoroaster among the Bactrians ; Saturn among the Latins ; Minos among the Cretans ; Philolaus among the Thebans ; and Solon among the Athenians : Eudoxus among the Cnidians ; Archytas among the Tarentines ; Charondas among the Carthaginians ; Phido among the Corinthians ; Lycurgus among the Spartans ; Numa among the Romans ; and though last, “ not least,” Alfred among the Saxons.

Not only legislators have been venerated by mankind, but royal inventors of useful arts. Pamphila, daughter

¹ B. iv. Od. 5.

² Montaigne.

of Platis, was held in the highest veneration, because she taught her father's subjects the art of manufacturing silk. Triptolemus, king of Eleusis, invented the plough ; Vertumnus, an ancient king of Tuscany, taught the art of planting, pruning, and ingrafting ; while Osiris traversed Ethiopia, Arabia, Judea, and no inconsiderable part of Europe ; not to subdue nations, but to encourage the adoption of civilized life, by an authority, more commanding than that of persuasion alone. He was, for a long series of ages, worshipped under the shape of a bull ; because he taught the use of oxen in husbandry. Bacchus ! This hero has been so long associated with inebriety, that his merits, as a legislator, have sunk into forgetfulness. It was Bacchus, the Rama of the Hindoos, who taught the culture of the vine. He invented the art of dyeing purple ; he discovered the use, and is said to have employed the loadstone, in the service of navigation ; while Hebe, his wife, taught her subjects the art of transplanting trees and shrubs, and forming flower-beds. As a reward for these services, they called her the goddess of perpetual youth.

V.

Many princes have aimed at deification. They have been, for the most part, the most worthless of mankind. They would be gods of power and dominion ; but not of Providence. They would be Jupiter Tonans ; not Jupiter Magnificus. This is the vulgar passion, which rules :—whether under the name of Archon, Prytanis, Tetrarch, Doge, or Negus : from the king of Bantum, up to the Emperor of France, or the Emperor of the Moguls ; and thence down to the waywode, mayor, and

bailiff. Nay, even in the country 'squire and parish overseer, this disgusting passion is almost universally observed : and little men worship these little personages, as if they were great demigods, in the same manner as the Sabians adored Satan ; and as the Seleusians worshipped the thunder-bolt. But oh ! Jehovah ! darkness is not more opposite to light, tempests to calms, pain to pleasure, or death to life, than tyranny is to Thee !

Those kings, for the most part, were best, of whom little is written. Hence Nabonassar, whose name is important only in settling a point of chronology, was, doubtless, a much more valuable prince, than the king, who conquered Jerusalem, and led its inhabitants into captivity ; or than Tamerlane, who erected structures of human heads, by way of monuments. Men, formed of such materials, that we might even suspect that the matrixes, in which they were quickened, were of themselves putrefactions. In life, they were, doubtless, called “ the best of princes ;” in after life, they will share the fates of Alexander of Pheræ, Tarquin, Ezzelino¹, and Attila.

——— Immersed in boiling blood,

Where, seeth'd by ceaseless fires, the men of blood

Stand in long files.

But of all mortifications to heroes, there is one, which, if they would reflect, would palsy their resolutions, before they begin :—the greatest of fools are their greatest admirers ! This, if they would read, they might see inscribed, as plainly on the human countenance, as the writing on the wall of his palace was evident to the eyes of Belshazzar. An exquisite species of reward, doubtless, for causing so many tears ; so much blood ; so much

¹ Dante ; Inferno.

desolation: for having set kingdom against kingdom; city against city; neighbour against neighbour; and brother against brother¹. Then they would proclaim a peace;—and expect, that men will come under the canopy of their power, and worship the providence of their reign. As well may the vultures sit upon a sycamore, and invite the nightingale to sit and to sing beneath the shadow of its wings.

How much has been written of Cæsar and Tiberius! And yet, for want of a Tacitus, or an Arrian, Claudius, the successor of Gallienus, is suffered to sink into comparative obscurity. He, too, who, in the short reign of one year, ten months, and fifteen days, gained for the good of his country, victories superior to any, recorded in the history of the world. Miltiades, Scipio, Cæsar, Augustus,—all sink before him! And yet, though he was equal to Trajan and Antoninus united in one, for two persons, who have heard of Claudius the Second, two hundred millions have listened to the history of the vices of Claudius the First. So much for the virtue and discretion of historians! The one the scorn of his own courtiers; the other the charm and the ornament of mankind. A man, and a king, whose memory breathes a perfume, equal to the dews of Hermon: the delight of our imagination, and the pride of our judgment. “Tell me, oh thou, whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest; where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon².”

VI.

A good prince is like the radix of a plant; which, imbibing the juices of the earth, prepares them; digests

¹ Vide Isaiah, xix. 2,

² Canticles.

them; changes them into sap; and then transmits them to the extremity of every leaf. He stands opposed to others, exercising a similar authority, as rareness in physics stands opposed to density; green to crimson; and the bread-fruit to the deadly nightshade. In addition to the ancient regalia of monarchs, he employs, as emblems of his power and virtues, a plough, a crook, a sickle, and a balance; with a sword, suspended over a sycophant. While, in honour of his conquests, not one medal is struck; whether in brass, in gold, in silver, or in copper.

On what did Sylla found his title of Felix? The blood and oppression of his countrymen. On what foundation did Pompey aspire to the admiration of Rome? His inscription on the Temple of Minerva answers the question. "He sunk or took 846 ships; reduced 1538 towns and fortresses; and vanquished, slew, or led into captivity 2,183,000 men!" When he sat in his tent, after the battle of Pharsalia,—a silent monument of ruin,—the blood of so many nations must have cast a syncope over all his greatness!

How much less do those men win upon our imagination, than Janus, Numa, Trajan, the Antonines, Theodosius, Leo, or Mauritius! And yet both Sylla and Pompey enjoyed the flattery of being equal to any of the most celebrated men, by minions, who turned terrors into songs of praise, and murders into victories. Nuncupatives! Perching themselves on pedestals, they were as useless as the stamina of plants, deprived of anthers; and the notes, they echoed to the world, were as melancholy, in effect, as those, which the ancient *Nænia* sung to the music of flutes, at the obsequies of the dead! There are many

such, still deforming the fair face of Nature.—Ye minions ! and ye sons of minions ! Ruin will, one day, overtake ye, proud, and vain, and arrogant as ye are !—a ruin even equal to that, which Ezekiel prophesied against the cities of Mount Seir ; in which he declared, that every one, who passed in, and every one, that passed out, should inevitably perish ¹.

Human happiness, like the human mind, proceeds in a spiral line : and little was done towards the moral improvement of nations, even to the virtual days of George the Third. Governors having been more occupied in enlarging their dominions, or in preserving the integrity of existing institutions, than in devising means of correcting the past, or of improving the future. For, beautiful as are the tenets of the gospel of the Christian apostles, and qualified, as they are, to render every intermediate state of society not only happy, but pre-eminently so, impossible is it to read the history of ecclesiastical wars, without feelings of contempt and disgust. Indeed history, in reference to time, presents a multitude of pictures, resembling the overflowings of the Amazon or Mississippi ; on which ride oxen, sheep, buffaloes, wild horses, crocodiles, trunks of trees, huts, and large islands of congregated matter, floating in detached groups to the sea. Thus cities and empires are seen rushing to decay ; while their inhabitants become martyrs to the ambition of men, who, like idiots,

————— Gazing on the brook,
Leap at the stars within. —————

¹ Written during the reign of Napoleon.

VII.

Who can behold, without surprise and pleasure, the romantic pass of Cwm Dyr, so finely contrasted, as it is, with the wild and uncultivated aspect of the mountains, which back its foreground, studded with cottages: here embrowned with wood, and there embellished with masses of rock; affording one of the best specimens of placid mountain scenery, it is possible to behold! Travel, also, my Lelius, to the vales of the Dee, the Ebwy, and the Rhydol; but if you would select some sweet, some tranquil, spot, in which, forsaking all the world, you would devote the remainder of your days to contemplation and delight, let that spot be the vale of Crucis, in the county of Denbigh. Surrounded, on all sides, by towering mountains, the vale of Crucis, secured from the northern blast by high and overarching rocks, appears, as Rousseau would have said, like an asylum, which Nature had spared for two faithful lovers, escaped from the ruin and desolation of the world. There, my Lelius, will I promise you security and rest; profound tranquillity, and dignified repose. There, forgetting all, that would remind you of this little scene, you would learn to estimate, at their true value, the pomp of folly, the ignorance of pride, and the littleness of grandeur.

Visit, also, Nant Gwynant, at the foot of Snowdon, or the tremendous glen of the Beaver's Hollow¹. Range along those crags and precipices, where rocks rear them-

¹ Nant Frangon.

selves, in fantastic piles, even to the clouds; and where Nature, bold and rough, in silent terror,

————— Sits alone
Majestic on her craggy throne!

There rove transported, among scenes so awful and sublime, that the breath is suspended, while gazing on their wonders: there, where the race of man appears to be extinct; where not a tree nor a shrub, nor a cottage, will remind you of humanity; and where no sound is heard, but the rushing of waters, the solemn roar of the winds, the screams of the kite, or the cries of the eagle.

Indulging in the contemplation of this scene, till the faculties of the mind are suspended, pursue the windings of the defile: and after guarding yourself from the possibility of falling from the margin of a precipice, stand upon its edge, and cast your eyes below.—A beautiful and romantic glen stretches at the bottom! No! scarcely in all Nature can a scene, more truly grand, be seen than this imprisoned paradise! May he, who sees Nant Frangon, (“Beauty sleeping in the lap of Horror!”) and sees it with indifference, stand, to eternal ages, at the bottom of the glen, a monument of his baseness! For my own part, I should have considered it a moral misfortune, as well as a moral disgrace, had I been capable of witnessing such a scene, with any other feelings, than those of wonder and awe, astonishment, and devotion.

These are scenes, totally abandoned to the rude and matchless finger of Nature; and which man, excelling in the liberal arts, has never yet presumed to touch. Scenes, which admit of no conversation; and yet appear to have

a soul, residing in them, which, animated by their charms, furnish recompenses, more than sufficient for their silence and solitude. Speaking a language, clear and distinct in cause, various and powerful in operation, it is permitted the enraptured spectator to admire and to meditate, but not to speak.

Hence arises a soft and holy rapture, which, to a mind long accustomed to contemplate the imbecility of man, or to feel the benumbing influence of all human causes of action, is as delightful as water, distilling from the leaves of the fountain-tree, is to the palate of a traveller, whose lips have long been parched with ungovernable thirst.

CHAPTER II.

SUCH effects have scenes, like those of Nant-Frangon, upon the mind and heart, that the poets and sacred writers, not unfrequently, imagine hills and woods to become vocal; to have sensation; and, participating in the delight they impart, to lift up their voices in praise and gratitude. Thus vales are said to smile, water to blush¹, woods to whisper², trees to have ears, mountains

¹ Vid. Crashaw's Sacred Epigrams. *Aquæ in vinum versæ*.

² Woods to admire (*En.* viii. l. 91.): ether to laugh (*Cassimir ad Testud.*): the ocean to smile (*Lucret.* i. 8.): rivers to have ambition (*Solin. Polyhist.* c 35.): the air to listen (*En.* vii. 33.): and winds to be sensible of the powers of music (*Comus*, 87.) Josephus, in relating the parable of Jotham, introduces it by saying, that there was a time, when the trees had meetings, in order to regulate the government of the vegetable part of the creation, and

to listen¹ and to speak², waterfalls to feel the effects of love³; while the sea, in a calm, lulling evening, as the waves recoil from the beach, is said to listen to its own roar.

These metaphors are perpetual in poetry, and not unfrequent in common conversation. In reference to the imaginary qualities, with which we endow the various objects of landscape, the poets occasionally address themselves to those objects, as if they were capable of hearing and obeying the call. Thus Moschus, in his highly finished elegy on the death of Bion, calls upon the woods and fountains to mingle their sorrow with his⁴; and Milton, whose subject and whose genius sublimed him beyond the limits of the world, and after whom, as

to appoint one to rule the whole. In respect to personifications in general, the ancient poets were far inferior to the moderns. The "Atra Cura" of Horace; the "Durus Labor" of Seneca, the tragedian; the "Spes" and the "Somnus" of Tibullus; and even the "Medicina" of Lucretius, all sink beneath the personifications of Collins, as a Satyr crouches before the blushes of Hyperion. There are not finer personifications in Homer, than those of the Ganges and the Tigris, in the fourth book of Camoens; where those rivers are represented, as appearing in a vision to Emanuel; and predicting, that in his reign the Indian Ocean shall be united, by commerce, to that of the Atlantic.

¹ Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, cant. i. l. 347.

² Hor. lib. ii. od. 7.

³ Econ. Veget. iii. 271.

⁴ In a Javanese inscription, found at Surabaya, the flowers and plants are said to turn pale with grief, and perish in sympathy for the loss of the king, their owner*: and in a Javanese epic, thunder is described as weeping in tears of rain†.

* Asiatic Journ. vol. iii. p. 442.

† Vid. Analysis of the Bráta Yudha. Raffles's Hist. Java, vol. i. p. 460. 4to.

Johnson finely observed of Shakespeare, "Time toiled and panted in vain," has a transcendant passage in the morning hymn, sung by our first parents, where they call upon the visible creation to join with them in celebrating their great Father. After invoking the angels of light, the sun, the moon¹, the stars, the air, and the elements², Adam invites the mists and exhalations, the pines and plants, the winds and fountains, to accompany him in his devotions, and to be witness against him, if, at any time, he should neglect his morning or his evening orisons. In the Song of the Three Children, the Hebrew poet addresses the nights and days; the sun and moon; the winds, dews, and storms; the ice, hail, and snow; the fountains, rivers, and seas; the fowls of the air, and every object in Nature, to praise and glorify the hand that made them. Camoens makes the various objects of Nature mourn for the death of Alonzo³. What can be more elegant than Young's address to the lilies⁴? In Ossian, how beautiful—"Retire, O sun! the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty: she will not move in the steps of her loveliness⁵." In Isaiah, how sublime!—"Hear, O Heaven, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have nourished and brought up children, but they have rebelled against me⁶." The following passage is scarcely unworthy Isaiah himself:—"The spirit of Loda shrieked; as it rolled into himself, he rose on the wind.

¹ Virgil has a beautiful instance in *Episod. Nys. et Euryal. En. ix.*

² Aufidius swears by them; *vid. Coriolanus, act i. sc. 10.*

³ *Lusiad, b. iii.*

⁴ *B. iii. l. 124.*

⁵ *Darthula.*

⁶ *Ch. i. v. 2.*

Inisterre shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep. They stopped in their course with fear."

II.

The Welsh poets frequently address Snowdon, as if it were capable of hearing and answering the call. This species of personification¹ is not unfrequent in the sacred writers. Jeremiah has a bold example of this kind²; and an instance occurs in the second book of Samuel, where David, hearing of the death of Saul and Jonathan, in all the nature, and with all the strength of passion, bursts into imprecations against the mountains of Gilboa³. The practice is extended to every object in landscape. Many instances occur in Euripides; and in Sophocles, there is a fine passage in one of his tragedies, where he makes Ajax address himself to the sun; and prays it to stop in its progress over his native country, in order to relate his misfortunes to his father and mother. Virgil has several beautiful examples; and Cicero a remarkable one in his treatise⁴, on the Nature of the Gods. In the midst of his oration for Milo, he invokes the groves and tumuli of Alba, in a manner, which it were impossible not to admire. Dante has an admirable apostrophe to the waterfalls of Casentino⁵; and Southern, a still finer one to the sun, in his tragedy of Oroonoko. Virgil makes the sun mourn for the death of Cæsar⁶; and Ovid makes the seventh star of the Pleiades hide

¹ Zachariah, ch. xv. v. 1, 2. Habakuk, ch. iii. v. 10.

² Ch. 47.

³ 2 Sam. ch. i. v. 4.

⁴ Ch. xx.

⁵ Inferno, canto xxx st. 11.

⁶ Georg. i. v. 460.

itself for shame¹; while in the legend, which records the transportation of the chapel of the Virgin to Loretto, Nature herself is said to have leaped in transport; and the oaks to bow themselves². In another example³, the polar star is made to hide itself in anger. Tasso⁴ describes Erminia as addressing the trees, as if they were capable of recording her sorrow. Petrarch has an instance in a sonnet⁵, addressed to the scenes of Vaucuse; nor is it possible to observe a more beautiful example, than that in Thomson's concluding hymn; or in that where Adam, after the first discovery of his consciousness, addresses the various objects around him, and desires them to inform him, whence he deriyed his existence⁶. What an affecting instance, too, is that, exhibited in a passage of Sophocles, where Philoctetes, bending with anguish, bursts out—

“ O mountains, rocks, and savage herds,
To you, I speak!—To you, alone, I now
Must breathe my sorrows!—You are wont to hear
My sad complaints; and I will tell you all,
That I have suffer'd from Achilles' son.”

Sophocles.—Franklin.

Æschylus, also, in his tragedy of *Prometheus*:—

Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,
Ye rivers, springing from fresh founts, ye waves,
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles; thou all-producing earth,

¹ Fasti. lib. iv. v. 167.

² Misson. vol. i. 332.

³ Vossius de Idol. lib. ii. c. 30.

⁴ Jer. Del. c. vii.

⁵ Son. xxxii.

⁶ Par. Lost. b. vi.

And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
Views the wide world beneath, see what,—a god,—
I suffer from the Gods¹.

A still more affecting instance occurs in *Lear*, where the unfortunate monarch, in the midst of a violent storm, exclaims—

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:—
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness:—
I never gave you kingdoms; call'd you children;—
You owe me no subscription:—why, then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure²!

Lear, act iii. sc. 2.

A curious instance of giving to natural objects the feelings of humanity occurs in Plutarch; where he relates, that when Parmenio objected to Alexander's passing over the Granicus, at a late hour of the day, Alexander replied—"The Hellespont would blush, if, after having passed it, I should be afraid of the Granicus!" It is not improbable, that the speech of Alexander might have suggested the idea of those elegant Latin lines of Crashaw, whence Dryden borrowed that celebrated line—

The conscious water saw its God and blush'd!

And here permit me to answer the question, one of your late letters proposed to me, viz. Whether I have ever seen a perfect landscape? No! For never have these eyes beheld a country, rising into mountains like Savoy;

¹ Potter.

² This is, however, sometimes pursued, to the utter perversion of sense and taste. Balzac has an instance, vid. *Belles Lettres*, Rollin, p. 137, 8, and ii. p. 124: a still more puerile one in Erasmus Warren's *Exceptions to Burnet's Theory of the Earth*, p. 234.

diversified with valleys like Italy; abounding in vines like Madeira; perfumed with flowers like Congo; studded with lakes equal to those of Switzerland; or, scented with spices and plantains like Ceylon and the Moluccas: embrowned with forests like Madagascar; whitened with rocks of alabaster, like those beyond the coast of Archangel; abounding in retired recesses, like Juan Fernandez; in open groves and herds of cattle, like the island of Tinian; in castles like those, which adorn the banks of the Loire; in palaces, like the palaces of Florence; among all which stand cottages, bespeaking cleanliness, comfort, and innocence.

These are a combination of pictures the fancy presents, when it meditates on the superlative beauty of the planet Venus; upon whose scenes of splendour the imagination seems, as if it could repose, for ages, with a rapture, which poets and philosophers can alone picture in the bosom of love; when peace reigns in the recesses of the soul; and the music of Paradise heightens every benefit they reap, and every blessing they enjoy.

CHAPTER III.

THE ancient mythologists indicated their love of Nature by their transformations. Hyacinthus was fabled to have been turned into a violet; Phaeton's sisters into poplars; Daphne into a laurel; and Phillis, the daughter of Sithon, into an almond. The history of this transformation is one of the most beautiful in all the ancient

mythology. Countries, too, not unfrequently derived their names from the peculiarity of their scenery: and there is not a single department in all France, that does not acquire its appellation from rivers and mountains, or from some distinguishing feature of the soil and country.

The ancient Britons appear to have excelled all other nations in the appropriation of spots, on which to build their towns and villages: and the names were adapted to their relative situations. This circumstance, in some degree, serves to corroborate an old tradition among them, that they were originally a colony from Phenicia; for it undoubtedly affords a curious indication of the similarity, that once subsisted between the old British customs, and those of the ancient Hebrews. We learn from Aulus Gellius¹, that it was a frequent question among ancient writers, whether words were imposed arbitrarily, or whether they were the result of an association with objects in Nature. It is not to be questioned, but that all names were originally significant; both general and appellative: and that the natives of Chili named their children after hills and rivers is confirmed by Molina².

The British frequently derived their names from colours; the Romans named their children from virtues and qualities; and the natives of Congo from flowers, precious stones, and other natural objects.

Men originally used a language so plain, and so sensible to the ear and the comprehension, that there was not even one compound: every thing being expressed by a word, the very sound of which marked the meaning

¹ Noct. Att. v. c. 4.

² Vol. ii. 113.

with a precision, that left no room for misunderstanding. Plato says, that this language was that, in which the gods were accustomed to speak. In respect to names, I cannot but think, that a good name is a good omen. The Romans well knew the value of association: their generals, therefore, seldom failed to give, as a watch-word to their armies, some word, significative of success; as Liberty, Felicity, Venus, Fortune, Wisdom, Courage, and Victory. It were well, if parents were to permit their children to select their own names; and that they might be led to choose after men, who had been eminent in the sphere, in which themselves are destined to move. Thus he, who has a military or a naval inclination, might adopt the names of Marlborough or Raleigh, Wellington or Nelson. Those, selecting the church, Fenelon, Huet, Sherlock, or Tillotson; while medical inclinations would point to Galen, Boerhaave, Hunter, Sydenham, or Harvey. The very adoption of these names might lead to an excellence, even superior to that, which adorned those illustrious characters themselves.

After a similar manner, the names of good men and women, might be given to trees, as well as stars; to flowers, to rivers, and rivulets; to springs and fountains; and indeed every object, which is common to all, should be dignified with the names of those, who have been benefactors to their neighbourhoods.

II.

But if men have derived many of their names from the smaller creations of nature, they have returned the obligation, and given to plants, rivers, mountains, and

forests, the names of the greatest and wisest of their kings and statesmen. At the same time it is proper to remark, that the first symbols of writing were adopted from trees, plants, fishes, and shells; as the Egyptian, Ethiopian, and Mexican hieroglyphics, and Chinese manuscripts amply testify.

Rill, valley, ocean, lake, and harbour, are from the Latin: river, cascade, vale, rock, forest, and fountain, are from the French: lawn from the Danish: dale from the Gothic: garden from the Welsh: glen from the Erse: alcove from the Spanish; and cataract from the Greek. While dingle, hill, field, meadow, orchard, stream, flood, sea, spring, bower and wood are from the Saxon. Of trees, poplar, peach, osier, cherry, pear, jasmine, and lilac, are French: arbut, cedar, juniper, vine, willow, laurel, myrtle, rose, pine, alder, acacia, larch, and cypress, are from the Latin. The oak, ash, elm, beech, apple, plum, elder, bramble, nut, birch, box, broom, honeysuckle, chesnut, walnut, holly, yew, mulberry, aspen, lime, and ivy, are from the Saxon. Thorn from the Gothic: horn-beam from the Dutch: willow and fir, from the Welsh: while the general name of tree is derived from the Danish.

Of those artificial objects, which contribute to embellish scenery, such as bridge, house, cottage and church, most of them are from the Saxon. Of the colours, which contribute to adorn all these objects, blue, red, white, and yellow, are Saxon; purple, French; indigo, Latin; and green, German. And it is curious to observe with what care the fathers of our language selected from the various tongues, when we perceive, that,

of the synonymies of these objects combined, scenery and prospect we trace to the Latin; landscape to the Dutch; and view to the French.

It would have been natural to have supposed, that the above subjects, which form the component parts of landscape, derived their appellations from one primary root; since they are all primitives, and most of them natural products, if we may so express ourselves, of the soil. And yet, though our organs of sensation are from one etymological source, we borrow the names of almost every object in landscape from discordant tongues. In fact our language is a curious compound! It is an olio of Greek and Latin, of Saxon, French, and Dutch ingredients. With this admixture, it would be impossible to reduce etymology to any regular system: yet we may remark, generally, that our scientific words are from the Greek; our terms of art from the French, Latin and Italian; while most of our domestic words,—words expressive of objects, which daily attract our attention,—are from the Saxon. Our derivatives are, of course, deduced from primitives; while our primitives are derived from other languages, much after the following scale of obligation.—Mathematical accuracy, in a case of this sort, is not to be fairly expected; particularly as etymologists are so frequently at war with each other. It ought, however, to be observed, that the obligations, here stated, are far, very far, from being overcharged.

Latin	6621	Italian	229
French	4361	German	117
Saxon	2060	Welsh	111
Greek	1288	Spanish	83
Dutch	660	Danish	81
Arabic	18		

With several other words from the Teutonic, Gothic, Hebrew, Swedish, Portuguese, Flemish, Runic, Egyptian, Persic, Cimbric, and Chinese. To this we may add, that in the Greek language there are said to be 30,000 words; in the Latin 31,500; in the French 32,000; in the Italian 35,000; and in the English 40,000.

CHAPTER IV.

OF all objects in nature, none strikes the soul with so much wonder, awe, and melancholy, as the ocean. As the eye of taste weeps grateful tears at the representation of a well-written tragedy, and thrills in every nerve, when listening to the concertos of Pleyel, Haydn, and Mozart; so, when gazing on the transparent azure of autumnal skies, or when reclined upon a rock, which overlooks that element, which has the alternate power of striking us with awe, and of lulling us into mental slumber, our feelings, in some measure, partake of that ambrosial character, which so highly distinguishes those beings, who, having laboured to reform and enlighten mankind, rest from their toils, in order to chasten the severity of judgment, with the tintings of a brilliant fancy.

There is a beautiful passage in Goëthe's ballad of the

Fisherman; where he describes the pleasure, which is derived from gazing on the sea; a passage reminding the reader of that scene in Asia, where a plaintive harmony is heard in the air, arising from the murmur of the ocean, beating beneath an atmosphere of unwonted purity. Quintus Curtius¹ gives an account of the awe and apprehension of Alexander's soldiers, when they saw the sea, near the opening of the Indus. They were surprised and alarmed, when they observed the tide rise so high as thirty feet: they, who had only been accustomed to the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean! Florus² describes the effect, which the sea, and the sun, sinking into it, had upon the minds of the soldiers of Decimus Brutus: and we are told, that the effect is the same, only different in degree, with the most uninformed, as with the most accomplished minds. In the former, it is the rude simplicity of nature; in the latter, the natural impulse is chastened and improved by a cultivated imagination. When the Bedouin Arabs arrive at any of the Syrian ports, they never fail to express their rapture and astonishment, at beholding the sea for the first time; and with all the eagerness of admiration, they inquire, what that "desert of water," means.

II.

The ocean, which Sophocles considered the finest and most beautiful object in nature, fills every contemplative

¹ Lib. ix. 29.

² Lib. ii. c. xvii. Ælian, on the other hand, relates a curious instance of the little veneration, which the Celtæ entertained for the sea. Var. Hist. xii. 23.

mind with that grateful awe, which bears witness, that it acknowledges the hand of a deity ; and that we know the value of that religion, which a French writer would call “ the science of the soul ;” the language of which is that of the mind, in unison with the affections. This vast collection of globules, and fountain of vapour, occupies more than three parts of the globe ; is the source of circulation and growth to all organized bodies ; and the general reservoir of vegetable and animal decompositions, with sulphureous and mineral substances. While the myriads of animals, it contains, no pen could ever number. Neither could it enumerate the multitude of shells, gems¹, and plants, which grow to us invisibly ; and to which, doubtless, the present species, genera, orders and classes, could not be referred. Some floating with the wind ; others at the mercy of every wave ; some secured to stones and rocks ; some rising to the surface from the bottom ; and others, sheltered from agitations, rising not above two inches above the great bed of the ocean : receiving nourishment from its saline particles ; and giving sustenance, in return, to innumerable fishes and insects. Thales² was, therefore, not far from the truth, when he said, that the deity formed all things out of water :—nor Proclus, when he taught, that the ocean was the cause of secondary natures of every description.

¹ “ There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth ; many a fair pearle in the bosom of the sea, that never was seene, and never shall bee.” Bishop Hall’s *Contemplations*, l. vi. p. 872.—From this passage Gray has borrowed one of his most beautiful stanzas.—Mitford.

² Cic. de *Natura Deorum*, lib. i. c. 10.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowerets are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my bosom the prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee.

When we sit upon the edges of rocks, rising over the ocean ; when we behold its boundless surface, agitated with perpetual motion ; and when we listen to the music of its murmur, or the deep intonations of its roar, what amplitude does the mind acquire as to extent, to numbers, and duration ! I declare to you, my friend, that I have seen, and listened to these awful characters, till, my heart, swelling with emotion, I have glanced from the ocean to the heavens, and from the heavens to the ocean, till I have felt, as if the one reflected to the other, as its counterpart of sublimity. And never will Colonna forget the ecstasy, subsiding into an agreeable melancholy, with which the beautiful Juliet beheld, for the first time, the broad expanse of waters, opening into the Atlantic, from the top of a mountain, which commanded an almost unlimited prospect of the coasts of Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall ; the Isles of Holmes, Caldy, and of Lundy ; with the bays of Oxwich and Inon, Carmarthen and Rosilly. Where, with a single glance of the eye, could be observed the whole line of coast, stretching from the point near Aberthaw, along the shores of Glamorgan and Carmarthen, even to St. Gowen's, in the county of Pembroke. And while from east to west innumerable mountains, of various heights, presented themselves, in the northern extremity of the horizon the black mountains of Brecknockshire appeared to mingle with the clouds. After observing this prospect, till the eye,

rather than the mind, was wearied, Colonna requested his companion to describe her sensations. “ I cannot define them,” she replied, after a pause, “ but I feel astonishment and awe partaking of fear ; a rapture, which I cannot express ; but which, in some measure, resembles what I felt, when I first heard an anthem chanted in Hereford cathedral. This sensation I cannot describe, but it appears, as if it emanated from a mind, superior to my own ; while a soft, pensive, stillness steals over my senses, and inclines me to sleep.” After indulging this luxury for some time, the fair enthusiast inquired, whether the following lines were original ; for she had never felt a poetical inclination so strongly as at that moment.

As from this rock, at evening’s purple time,
I view yon waves majestically roll ;
What awful wonder, and what dread sublime
Steals on the pensive stillness of my soul !

“ The lines are so good, my dear Juliet,” said Colonna, “ that I will not inquire, whether they are strictly original or not : I know you think they are so, and it is sufficient. He does not steal, who is unconscious of a theft.”

III.

With what delight did Victor Alfieri¹ first behold the Mediterranean at Genoa and Leghorn ! “ The view of

¹ One of the motives of Apollonius of Tyana, for travelling into the western parts of Europe, was to see the ebbing and flowing of the Atlantic ocean. Philostrat. in Vit. iv. c. 47. His opinion, relative to the causes of the tides, was sufficiently ridiculous :—v. c. 2. et 6.

it," said he, " so much excited my wonder and admiration, that I was never weary of contemplating it." With equal pleasure Euripides mounted the promontories of Greece, and beheld the surface of a stormy element slumbering, as it were, beneath the *teinture* of a matchless climate. The Indian gymnosophists believed water to have been the primitive element; and Homer styles the ocean " father of all."

The Chewyan Indians of North America believe, that the globe was originally one great mass of water, with no inhabitants. A bird¹, however, soon appeared upon the waves, whose wings clapped thunder, and the flame of whose eye made lightning. Upon touching the waters, the earth sprung up like an exhalation. When the earth appeared, the bird called every species of animals out of it. They came at her word; and this they believed to have been the original creation of the world. Some, perhaps, would esteem this bird as bearing some relation to the dove, and therefore emblematical of the trinity. The fable of the Indians naturally reminds us of a passage, in Newton, where he says, that all beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, trees and vegetables, grow out of water and watery tinctures; and that, by putrefaction, they return to watery substances again. Lister, too, imagined water to have been the original element; out of which all bodies, animate and inanimate, have emanated.

Thales, as we have elsewhere remarked, thought the

¹ Dovelike sat brooding o'er the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant.—

Milton.

same: and Moses gives a similar implication, when he says, that the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters; and that “out of the waters came forth the earth, and all living creatures.” Philosophy denies the fable of the Indians; but it inclines to the belief, that the ocean is the eldest of created matter.

Alexander sacrificed a bull to the sea; and threw the golden vessels, used in the libation, into it: and even so late as the time of Sextus Pompeius, it was customary to throw horses and oxen into the waves, in honour of Neptune.

The Chinese represent their sea god resting on a magnet. The Greeks clothed theirs in a robe of sea green, seated in the concave of a large shell, drawn by whales or sea-horses, and holding a trident in his hand:—the three points of which denoted his power of creating marine animals, of raising storms, and of quelling them to peace.

IV.

Amid storms and tempests it is, that Nature assumes the most terrific attitudes. Those, who have beheld the waves, beating along the recesses of Norway, heard the vast ice islands of Spitzbergen crash against each other, when contending winds strive for the mastery; and those, who have had the power of contrasting them with the tempests of the Cape, where the electric fluid, bursting from an azure sky, foretells the monsoon, so admirably delineated by Camöens, feel an awful sensation while reflecting on the length of ages, that was requisite to acquire a knowledge of the watery waste. The voyages of the Phenicians

through the Mediterranean, with their entrance into the North Atlantic; those of Solomon's fleet; the circumnavigation of Africa by order of Necho¹, king of Egypt; the voyage of Sataspes² by command of Xerxes beyond the Capes de Verd; and that of Scylax, from the mouth of the Indus into the Arabian Gulf; all pass in mental review before us. Then we meditate on the voyage of Onescritus to the Island of Ceylon; that of Eudoxus³ sailing from Egypt, through the pillars of Hercules, and entering the Red Sea from the Cape of Good Hope, and the Island of Madagascar. Then we behold Pythias of Marseilles⁴ discovering Iceland, and navigating the Baltic; and the Arabians penetrating even to the shores of China. Descending to more recent times, we trace the discovery of the Cape de Verd by Dennis Fernandez (1446); the Cape of Good Hope (1487) by Barthelemi Diaz; America by Columbus; Florida by Gabot (1498); and the Indies by Gama (1498): Brazil by Cabral (1500); Mexico (1518) and California (1535) by Cortez; New Holland by Zechaen; the Sandwich Islands by Cook⁵; and all the discoveries, in various parts of the ocean, by that great navigator; as well as by Anson, La Peyrouse and Vancouver. Thus traversing the largest portion of the globe, without once committing our persons to the mercy of the elements: while the battles of

¹ Herodot. iv. 42.² Ibid. iv. 43.³ Strabo, ii. 67, 68.—Pomp. Mela. iii. 9.⁴ Strabo, iv. 204.⁵ Of the general magnitude of this subject, some idea may be formed, when we remark, that more than 6000 volumes have been written, since Locke composed his catalogue of Latin, Italian, Spanish, French and English writers of voyages and travels.

Salamis, Actium, St. Vincent, Nile and Trafalgar, pass in splendid and awful review before us.

The most remarkable of all voyages was that, undertaken by Diego Botelho Perreira, who, anxious to give early intelligence to the king of Portugal, that the sultan of Cambaya had given permission for a fortress to be erected on the Island of Diu, procured an Indian built row-boat, called a Fusta, sixteen feet six inches long; nine feet broad; and only two feet nine inches deep: which having covered with a deck, he set sail with a few men from India after the monsoon, and proceeded to Baticala. Thence he steered to Melinda; where, having taken in water and other refreshments, he again put to sea, and landed at Sofala. From Sofala he proceeded to Cape Corrientes. Then steering along the Coast, which he took care never to lose sight of, he passed the Cape in January 1537: and, meeting with favourable winds, arrived at St. Helena; where he drew his decked boat on shore; cleared her bottom; repaired her; and ventured upon the wide Atlantic. At St. Thomas' he took in wood and water; and coasting along the shores of Africa arrived at Lisbon in the month of May.

The survivors of Barentz, who had passed an entire winter in Nova Zembla, crossed 1500 miles of sea, exposed to every danger, in which the polar regions so frightfully abound. They were forty days in performing this voyage, "in the ice, over the ice, and through the sea."

These two voyages, if executed in ancient times, and recorded in ancient history, would now be associated with ancient fable.

V.

Dampier¹ remarked in his various voyages, that where there were high shores, there were deep seas; and where the shores were low, the seas were shallow. To corroborate this assertion more fully, he instances the coasts of Galicia, Portugal, Norway and Newfoundland; and those of Chili and Peru. The shores of all which countries rise in rocks or mountains; and the seas are consequently deep. Similar results are afforded by St. Helena and Juan Fernandez. The coasts of Panama, Campeachy, and the Bay of Honduras are low; so also are those of China, Siam, Bengal, Coromandel, the north side of Malacca, Borneo, Celebes, and Gilolo: those seas, therefore, are shallow. Exceptions may occasionally be found, perhaps, to these rules, but they are just, when generally applied. In the Pacific, extending from 30° of each side the equator, no tornadoes, typhons, hurricanes, or monsoons, are known. In the equinoctial seas great variety has been observed in the colours of the water²; and those, too, when no change could be observed in the atmosphere; sometimes varying from grey to indigo, blue, and the deepest scarlet. In some seas their relative depths have been found to be unfathomable by the line; in others varying in a most astonishing manner. In some parts of Baffin's Bay it is only 100 fathoms; towards the shore the line will sink to 455. In Lancaster Sound Captain Ross found a depth of 674 fathoms: in Possession Bay he

¹ Vol. i. p. 424.

² Humboldt's Personal Narrative.—Vol. ii. p. 107.

found 1000; off Cape Cargenholm 1005; and off Cape Coutts 1050¹. Between Greenland and Spitzbergen the depth is unfathomable. And here we may take occasion to remark, that the frigid zone of the north is occupied by land, ice, and water; while that of the south is almost entirely covered with water and ice:—and that while the temperate zone of the north is chiefly occupied by land, that of the south is almost totally deluged with water. South of the tropic of Capricorn all is ice; if we except New Holland and its neighbouring islands; a small part of America; and a still smaller part of Africa; and New Shetland. In regard to the relative temperatures, Dr. Davy found the sea water of England and that of the Cape of Good Hope, nearly of the same specific gravity. Water, taken up in the English Channel, of which a part must of necessity have been river water, was 1077; that under the line no more than 1087. The opinion, that the sea is more salt at the tropics, is not found to be true. Franklin observed, that the water on the North American coast was different in and out of soundings. Subsequent experience has confirmed the probability, that the sea becomes colder in all countries, the nearer it approaches the land. It is the same with rivers. The middle of a river, except where it runs in a current, is always warmer than it is near the banks; and the part near the bottom colder, than it is at the surface. Rivers sometimes even freeze at the bottom, when at the top there is no appearance of ice. Dr. Davy² also found, that the temperature of fish

¹ 17,325 feet.—Voy. of Disc. in Arctic Regions, 4to. Appendix, No. iii. p. lxxxv.

² Brother to the Kepler of chemistry.

exceeds that of the water, in which they live; and that the temperature of the Turtle was nearly three degrees higher; while that of the Porpoise exceeded it even one hundred degrees.

In respect to tides, it is remarkable that a current runs into the Mediterranean; while another flows out of the Baltic: that on the shores of islands, remote from continents, there are small tides; that those of the East Indies are comparatively smaller, and not so regular, as those in the English Channel; that the most irregular tides Dampier¹ met with were those at Tonquin, and on the coast of New Holland: and that while in the Bay of Tonquin and the Bay of Fundy the tides rise highest, in the Baltic there are no tides at all. And here we may remark, that such resistance does the sea give to cannon-balls, that when an eighteen-pound carronade was shot out of Captain Hall's ship, close upon the water, it rebounded eight or ten times²: and such is the pressure of water upon any condensed volume of air within, that if a bottle³, corked, sealed, and covered with cloth, is let down into the sea, to any considerable depth, it will come up with the cork driven into it.

VI.

Mankind have, from an attention to their interests, in most ages had a desire to attach seas to each other. Thus many attempts were made to connect the Indian Ocean

¹ Discourse of the trade winds, storms, tides, &c. p. 99.

² Voy. to the Coast of Corea, 4to. p. 33.

³ This experiment was tried by Peron in the South Seas to the depth of 2144 feet.

with the Mediterranean, by forming a canal in the Isthmus of Suez. Seleucus Nicator entertained the design of joining the Euxine with the Caspian; and a similar wish has often been expressed to cut through the Isthmus of Darien. And to find a passage to Japan, China, and the whole of the eastern Asiatic coast, by means of the North Seas, has long been a favourite hope with modern governments.

It was once believed, that the region under the North Pole was one vast continent:—now it is thought to be a polar basin. The principal argument for this idea arises out of the communication from Adams to Daines Barrington, that Captain Guy had reached the eighty-third degree of latitude; and, from the mast head of his ship had discovered a clear and unincumbered sea, as far as the eye could reach: the idea is also confirmed by the circumstance, generally agreed upon, that after having passed the ice barrier of Spitzbergen, the sea is open; and that the north winds not only produce the greatest swell, but bring more clear and warm weather, than from any other point of the compass. One cause for the North Polar Sea being so little determined arises out of an apprehension, formerly entertained, that if a ship should be able to reach the pole, as soon as it should stand there, it would fall to pieces; “since the Pole would draw out of her all the iron work.”

The ancients explored the land; the moderns explore the sea: the English explore both land and sea. To them there is no boundary. Even the Pacific, magnificent as it is, is but a surface leading to Asia; the Indian a liquid plain leading to Africa; the Atlantic a waste leading to America. They enter every harbour; they bathe in every river; they climb every moun-

tain; and penetrate every desert. The ancients improved the science of geography at the time in which they were making every country a desert, by force of arms; and for the gratification of military purposes. The moderns take more extensive strides; and from wiser and more liberal motives;—the extension of commerce. The one discovered seas by exploring the land¹; the other discover lands by exploring the sea.

The possession of internal seas has rendered Europe the most favoured people on the globe. The Lévánt, the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, and the Baltic—the three first having small tides, and the latter none²,—resemble four large lakes. And the facility, they have given to the communion of ideas, manners, sentiments, arts, sciences, conveniences and luxuries, has done that for them, which in Asia and Africa is less perfectly performed by caravans; and that, which will, one day, still more adequately be accomplished in America, by vast rivers, having innumerable tributaries flowing into them.

VII.

The Greeks and Romans had the greatest possible horror of dying by shipwreck. They dreaded being dashed against rocks; of being devoured by fishes; and, above all, of remaining unburied for a hundred years. Hence the terror of Eneas, when he had reason to fear, his fleet would be wrecked; hence Horace³ represents the

¹ Montesquieu, with his usual acuteness, has availed himself of this contrast, B. xxi. ch. 7.

² Pinkerton.

³ B. i. Od. 28.

spirit of Archytas addressing itself, from the gulf of Venice, where he had been drowned, to a mariner, earnestly desiring him to strew light sand over his body, which lay unburied on the beach. And hence the Romans were accustomed, when they escaped from shipwreck, to hang up their wet clothes in the temple of Neptune, with an inscription, written on a tablet, commemorating their escape¹. In case of absolute death, their friends raised to them a cenotaph, and called upon their names with a loud voice, three separate times, with great solemnity.

The Mauritanian deities were chiefly deities of the sea: the Carthaginians, and indeed all the maritime pagan world, worshipped marine powers; and the Romans even sacrificed horses and bullocks, by throwing them into the ocean². The Persians, however, had a great dread of the ocean. This feeling, continuing to increase to the present times, determines them from maritime commerce. The profession of a seaman, therefore, is looked upon with contempt³: and Sadi carried his aversion so far as to exclaim, “I would rather give one hundred tomauns, than

¹ Od. ad Pyrrham. These were called *Votiva Tabella*. The Japanese hang up the *Lilium Superbum* in vessels, as offerings to their sea-gods.—Vid. Thunberg, vol. iv. p. 119. When a poor man of Rome was saved from this most dreaded of all deaths, he caused a representation to be painted on a tablet, with which he travelled from place to place, procuring alms from the charity of passengers.—Vid. Juven. Sat. xiv. Persons, who were initiated into the mysteries of the Cabiri, were supposed to be supernaturally protected from storms and shipwrecks.

² Aurelius Victor has a passage, confirmative of this. “*Cùm (Pompeius) mari feliciter uteretur, Neptuni se filium confessus est, cumque bobus auratis et equo placavit.*”

³ Morier's second Journey, 4to.

pass over a single wave of the sea!" The Persians seldom eat fish on account of this dislike. The Japanese¹, on the contrary, devour every thing their coasts produce: fish of all kinds; sea weeds, and even sea plants.

This dread, on the part of the Persians, may possibly have arisen out of the many shipwrecks on their coast. That they were frequent in the Straits of Babel Mandel is evident from the name, which signifies "the Gate of Lamentation²." The Persians frequently apply the term atheist to those who go to sea. They have an invincible aversion to maritime pursuits³; and never sail even upon their own rivers, lest they should defile them: but Sir John Chardin says, there is only one navigable river in all Persia.

Several tribes on the slave-coast of Guinea⁴ worship the sea as a deity: the natives of Great Benin⁵ believe it to be the seat of bliss: and the Maldivians⁶ put a quantity of spices, flowers, perfumes, gums, and odoriferous woods into a boat, every year; and leave it to sail at the discretion of the waves, as an offering sometimes to the god of the sea; and at others to the spirit of the wind.

VIII.

When the sea rises in mountains, "Ye carry Cæsar and his fortunes," frequently rush into the mind. Then is remembered Virgil's admirable description of a storm;

¹ Golownin's *Nar. Capt. Japan*. i. p. 118.

² Bab-al-Mandeb.—Vid. Ouseley's *Travels in various Countries in the East*, 4to. vol. i. 23.

³ Hyde.—*Religion of the Persians*.

⁴ Bosman, p. 349. 362. Ed. 1721.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 424.

⁶ Leyden on the *Languages of the Indo-chinese Nations*.

excelled only by Falconer: St. Paul's shipwreck on the island of Malta; and Telemachus, cast upon the island of Calypso. Then the type of Jonah; and the Christian Messiah stilling the storm, and walking on the waters. Then, by the power of association,—the life and paradise of the mind,—we remember that passage in Seneca, where he says, that in the progress of life, childhood, youth, manhood and age, follow in succession, as objects pass before our eyes, during a voyage.—Or we meditate on the truth and beauty of those similes, which compare the murmur and instability of the waves to the fickle and tumultuous resolutions of the people; and the sea, agitated by different winds, to an army¹ confused with various passions.

Addison says, that the sixth book of the *Paradise Lost* is like a troubled ocean, exhibiting greatness in confusion; while the seventh affects the imagination, like the ocean in a calm. Young likens a man, in the last moments of life, to a ship driven out to sea; and Milton compares the hallelujahs, sung by a multitude of angels, to the murmuring of its waves. Sachsus says, the ocean has a circular motion, like that of the blood; and that the sea is to rivers what the human heart is to the veins and arteries. While some² have esteemed the soul of the world an ocean; vast and unfathomable; whence proceed angels and the souls of men; all which return to it, as waters return to the bosom of the sea.

¹ In a Javanese inscription, found on a stone in the district of Surabaya, it is said, "the king's army was thrown into confusion with a noise, like the sea inundating a city."

² Gassendi, p. 430.

Milton has, in one period, described the formation of mountains and the ocean,—two of the noblest features of the globe,—in a manner it were impossible to read without a glow of admiration.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent; and their broad bare backs uprear
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heaved the humid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep,
Capacious bed of waters.

P. L. b. vii.

The ancient writers peopled the sea with nymphs, whom they styled Nereids. Beautiful is the passage in Homer, where he represents Thetis and the sea-green sisters weeping for the death of Patroclus, and the consequent sorrow of his friend: the mild Nesæa; the blue languishing Alea; Amatheia, with her amber-coloured hair; all beating their breasts, and weeping in the silence of their grottos. Camöens has made an elegant use of these nymphs in the first book of the *Lusiad*.

IX.

Many are the paragraphs in the sacred writings, descriptive of the ocean. In the Apocalypse, how sublime are those passages, where an angel is represented, standing one foot on the sea, the other on the land, with his hand stretching to heaven¹: when, at the sound of a trumpet, a burning mountain falls into the sea; a third part of which becomes an ocean of blood. Equally sublime is the passage, where Saint John represents himself

¹ x. 2. 5.

as beholding a new earth, and a new heaven, with the sea fading from existence¹.

Sometimes, while gazing upon the ocean, we meditate on the misfortune of Euripides, who lost fifty-six dramas by a shipwreck: and sometimes we reflect on the violent storm, which defeated the purposes of Justinian the second. This emperor, remembering that hostilities had been practised against him by the natives of the Bosphorus, sent an army into their country for the purpose of destroying them. Some were slain by the sword; some were thrown into the sea; and a vast number burnt alive. When Justinian heard, however, that his soldiers had spared the children, out of regard to their tender age, such was the excess of his rage, that he ordered them all to be brought to Constantinople, that he might enjoy the superlative delight of seeing them all massacred. Ships were despatched; 73,000 children were forcibly embarked; and they would all, assuredly, have perished by the sword, under the walls of the tyrant's palace, had not a storm arisen, soon after the ships had left the various ports, and drowned them. When this accident was reported to Justinian, he broke out into the most violent expressions of rage, that his thirst for revenge should have been so imperfectly gratified!

Sometimes we almost fancy we behold Posthumus, sailing from Britain and from Imogen, keeping the deck;

With glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship!—

Cymbeline, i. sc. 4.

Then, in the wantonness of our fancy, we see Oberon sitting

On a promontory ;
And near a mermaid on a dolphin's back ;
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grows civil at her song.

Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. sc. 2.

A mermaid¹ is not a more extraordinary animal than a monkey ! Millions of animals, no doubt, exist in the bosom and at the bottom of the sea, which the eye of man has never seen ; and which his imagination has not the power to fancy. Even the insects of the Nile would take four men of science 250 years to classify. Mermaids are mentioned by Pliny² and Alexander of Alexandria³ : and that they have been seen near Mozambique, Mombaza, and Melinda is certain. In the Straits of Bering and near the isles between the two continents of Asia and America, they have also occasionally been seen. Marolla⁴ relates, that Francis de Pavia was one day invited by the Queen of Zinga to fish for them in the lake Aquelindo, on the western coast of Africa. There he saw thirteen and caught one. It had long black hair, and nails upon its fingers. It refused all food, and lived only twenty hours. There was one, also, seen by several persons on the rocks of Derrygima in Errisbeg ; after the ebbing of the tide. Mr. Evans of Cleggan, who saw it, describes it⁵ “ as being about the size of a well grown child of ten years of age ; as having a bosom prominent as a girl of sixteen ; a profusion of long dark brown hair ; full dark eyes ; hands and arms formed

¹ Purchas's Pilgrimes, iii. p. 575.

² Plin. Nat. Hist. vi.

³ Lib. iii.

⁴ Quart. Rev. xxv. p. 145.

⁵ Galway Advertiser, Sept. 1819.

like the human species; with a slight web connecting the upper part of the fingers, which were frequently employed in throwing back her flowing locks, and running them through her hair. Her movements," Mr. Evans continues, "seemed principally directed by the finny extremity. For near an hour she remained in perfect tranquillity in view of upwards of three hundred persons; until a musket was levelled at her, which having flashed in the pan, she immediately dived; and was not afterwards seen." A mermaid is, also, reported to have been seen in Hudson's voyage in latitude $75^{\circ} 7'$; another at Haarlem¹; and the supposed hand of another was, for some time, preserved in the cabinet², belonging to the physic garden at Leyden.

X.

Nature often speaks with most miraculous organ; and sometimes with force even equal to that of the Decalogue.—"If I ascend into heaven," says the Hebrew poet, "thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me." Coasting along the rocks of Portugal the imagination listens to the hymn of "Adeste Fideles;"—along those of Sicily it rests upon the "O Santissima" of the Sicilian mariners;—along the shores of the Adriatic, the soul inhales delight from the poems of Petrarch and Tasso; and when gliding along the waters of Palestine, we recal that awful period, when the "earth was without form and void; and when darkness sat upon the face of the deep³."

¹ Misson, vol. i. p. 24.

² Misson, vol. i. p. 18.

³ Gen. i. v. 2.

The ocean,—a solitude more solemn and awful, than that of mountains, forests, or deserts,—penetrates the soul with a spirit of devotion. Every agitation produces new beauty, or new wonder; the miracles of the firmament are reflected in every wave; in the unceasing restlessness of which we recognise the ever marching progress of time: and, as the waves gradually accumulate at a distance, seeming to collect their strength in their approach to the shore, and fall on the beach in the form of a semicircular cascade, contemplation seems to have the power of producing ambrosial slumbers; and, silently whispering to the imagination, that the soul is of ethereal origin and of eternal duration, we seem, for a moment, to be, like Enoch, translated to heaven.

Justin Martyr delighted, as he informs us in his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, to meditate on the sea-shore. As he was one day doing so, he was met by a venerable old man, who, entering into discourse with him on the philosophical doctrines of Plato, unfolded to him the superior excellencies of Christianity. This led to his conversion and subsequent martyrdom.

Walking, one calm summer's evening, by the sea-shore, on the coast of Caernarvonshire, meditating on the deity, on nature, and on mankind, Colonna reposed himself on the beach, overhung by the cliffs of Penmaen-mawr: and, meditating on many of the events, which had given a colour to his imagination, and a tone to his judgment, he found, after mixing with many orders and descriptions of men, that the following were among the melancholy results of observation and experience.—That wisdom is obliged to be solitary; and that men of delicate

feelings, purity of mind, and refinement of humanity, are, for the most part, martyrs to events, they have no force to control.—That to speak of things, as they are, and to relate circumstances, as they occur, is beyond the capacity of ninety-five men out of an hundred: for most men blend falsehood with truth so carelessly, or so maliciously, that to separate the one from the other is more difficult, than to divide the tintings of Augustan marble. As a companion to which, we are fated to lament, how large a portion of mankind are credulous enough to believe any thing; envious enough to wish any thing; and malicious enough to say any thing. And that, in this awful suspense of truth, it is a luxury of the highest order to have an enemy of a noble mind; and a prophecy of immortality itself, to be able to walk erect, during a long progress of adversity. For wretched, pre-eminently wretched, are those, who stand, poor and friendless, on the brink of the grave, without the golden consolation, arising from a life of excellent intentions.

Years do not always bring experience; and youth, for the most part, is more the season of virtue, than manhood: for,—with shame be it spoken,—for one crime which love commits, the desire of fame, of wealth, and of distinction, commits ninety, and an hundred, and a thousand at the end of those. Some men speak truth with as worthless an intention, as others speak falsehood: and while some would be sincere, if it appeared to be their interest; others would be honest, if they dared to be poor. Some lose the world's esteem more by their sentiments, than their actions; others more by their actions than their sentiments: but more than both from their

views being misconceived, or their motives misunderstood. Men fall out readily with those, with whom fortune falls out first; but divine is the allegory of Homer, where he describes the children of Jupiter, flying after injustice, and accusing her at the throne of heaven. As a recompense for this invidious cruelty of mankind, the solitude, which visits the cultivated mind in misfortune, is like the solitude of a man, who makes his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the society of himself. A sweet and peaceful constancy unfolds new perceptions of beauty; and he feels himself in possession of a wealth, far more intrinsic than all the golden tripods, that decorated the temples of Apollo or Jupiter Ammon: health; imagination; judgment; and consciousness of virtue.—Blest with these, Fortune scatters over his regrets the veil of oblivion; Time sheds a lustre over his “snowy locks;” Fame erects to him a monument; Honour sketches the design; and Justice prescribes, and dignifies the epitaph. Retiring from life with pleasure, with gratitude, and expectation,

——— In happier scenes to dwell,
He bids the cheerless world farewell.

The rising and setting of the sun; the splendour of Orion in a night of autumn; and the immensity of the ocean,—far beyond the pencil of painters, or the imagery of poets,—awaken ideas of power, awful and magnificent. Raised above the level of human thought, the soul acknowledges a wild and terrible grandeur; while recognising in the heavens, a

————— Sea, covering sea,
Sea without shore; —————

Chaos seems, as it were, to have yielded to order; and infinity, in one solemn picture, astonishes every faculty of the mind. But,—

—— Who shall tempt, with wandering feet,
The dark unfathomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,
Over the vast abrupt!——

In the ocean we contemplate a Being, capable of measuring all its waters “in the hollow of his hand¹”; and who seems to our finite imaginations to have exercised, in forming it, the greatest possible exertion of omnipotence. Philosophy itself acknowledges, in its contemplation, all the fire and enthusiasm of poetry. In man, and in the works of man, we observe no permanent order. The laws of Nature, on the contrary, for ever are the same: operating with equal constancy, whether in the Scythian, the Atlantic, or the Indian; the Antarctic or Pacific.

When the waves swell with storms; the sky darkens with clouds; and rocks reverberate, till echo wearies in repeating their sounds; how vast is the conception of a power, alone capable of commanding obedience to his mandate:—

“ Silence, ye troubled waves; and thou, deep, peace;”
Said then th’ omnific word;—“ your discord cease.”

Hushed to repose, a calm and sedate majesty glides, as it were, upon the azure; the spirit of Jehovah seems to “move upon the face of the waters;” while every wave recoils to the beach in murmurs, seeming to modulate an hymn, more sacred than the orisons of a catholic virgin.

¹ Isaiah, xl. 12.

CHAPTER V.

NOT the larger objects of landscape only have the power of administering to our pleasure;—earths and stones¹, their component parts, possess the same faculty; if we begin by investigating the first principles of geology, and finish with the conclusion, that the entire substance of our globe is metalline and consequently a combustible compound. But the subject, I am aware, is uncongenial to your taste; I shall, therefore, turn to the consideration of those sounds, odours, and colours, which, contributing, with more or less effect, serve to increase those general sensations of harmony, which are received from the various objects and appearances of nature.

Who has not listened, with satisfaction, to the song of the lark, the hum of bees, and the murmuring of rivulets? Mecænas was cured of continual watchfulness by the falling of water; and Pliny relates an anecdote of a Roman nobleman, who would recline upon a couch beneath one of his beech trees, and be lulled to slumber by

¹In some districts of Peru* the Indians have no idea of stones. When any of them, therefore, voyage to Borja or Lamas, they are filled with admiration at the sight of them; picking them up, and preserving them for a time, as if they were diamonds.

* Vid. Peregrination of Father Sobreviela in 1790 to the lake of Gran Cocama, p. 10. Present State of Peru, 1805, 4to. p. 420.

the falling of rain. Of a fine summer's evening, too, how delightful is it to pause upon the side of a hill, which overlooks a favourite village, and listen to the various sounds, which come softened by the distance.

II.

If some sounds in nature are beautiful, many are there, also, which assume the character of sublimity ; and some, which partake of the nature of both. Such are those gentle breathings of the wind, after a storm, resembling sounds produced from the combustion of hydrogen gas ; and which Gray, with much felicity, compares to the voices of "Eolian harps;" admitting of agreeable interruptions, like the cadences, which divide one harmonic period from another. To such sounds Mason alludes in the following passage :

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can painting's glowing hand supply
A charm, so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind ;
As drops this little weeping rill ;
Soft trickling down the moss grown hill ?
While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners grey.

Those notes, which are, at intervals, heard from animals and birds, are equally gratifying to the soul. "The wild dove," says an Arabian poet¹, "soothes me with her notes; like me she has a dejected heart."

¹ Serage Alwarach.

III.

Of those sounds¹, which partake of a sublime character, what can be more truly so, than the falling of cataracts; the rolling of thunder; the shrieks and cries of marine birds; or the roaring of the woods at midnight, from which, as Lucretius observes, man first taught himself music²:—the deep howlings of the storm, occasionally subsiding into a general hush; and those analogous sounds, with little or no definite meaning, which Ossian calls the “spirit of the mountains,” and to which Virgil alludes in his fifth *Bucolic*³.

————— Sounds, that make
Succeeding silence still more awful!

¹ ————— Many are the notes,
Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores.

Wordsworth.

² In another place he says, that man learned music from the language of birds:

At liquidas avium voces imitauer ore
Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu
Concelebrare homines possent, aureisque juvare.

Lib. v. l. 1379.

The first oracle of Greece is said to have been delivered by a black female, who spoke the language of birds.

³ Nam neque me tantùm venientis sibilus Austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Ecl. v. l. 82.

Thus Chenevix in his comedy of the Mantuan Revels.

————— Mark when we sit alone,
By hill or valley, forest, mead, or fount;
Or by the rocky murmur of a stream,
Where wild winds make neglectful harmony,
With what retentive might our spirits bound!

Those intermittent sounds, too, which are heard among the clefts of desolate rocks, are equally gratifying to the ear of those proud and elevated spirits, who derive pleasure from all, that is wild, grand, and magnificent. Nothing can be more productive of sublime emotion, than the roar of the ocean against the stupendous rocks of St. Kilda, or the perpendicular cliffs of Penmaenmawr. Sounds, heard with equal effect near the chapel of St. Mildred, where the rocks form themselves into immense rampires; and where, in the dashing of the waves, the sea appears, as if it were captivated by the music of its own roar. Ezekial seems to have had a transcendent idea of the music of waters; “the glory of the God of Israel came from the east, and his voice was like the noise of many waters; while the earth shone with his glory¹.” In his vision of the glory of God², the movements of the cherubim of angels are again likened to the sound of waters; and in the Apocalypse³ there are several similar passages.

IV.

The fine semicircle, in which the chapel of St. Mildred is situated, appears, in some measure, to resemble the bay of the sea, encompassed on three sides with steep and gigantic rocks, called by the Swedes Odin’s Hall.

In the times of Gothic barbarism, as we are informed by the celebrated Swiss philosopher⁴, men “who were either sick of diseases, esteemed mortal or incurable, or had grown infirm with age, and were past all military

¹ Ezekiel. ch. xlii. v. 2.

² Ez. ch. i. v. 24.

³ Rev. c. i. v. 15. xiv. v. 2. xix. v. 6.

⁴ Originally from Sir William Temple. Vid. Miscellanea, Part ii. Essay iii.

action, fearing to die meanly and basely, as they esteemed it, in their beds, usually caused themselves to be brought to the nearest of these rocks; whence they precipitated themselves¹ into the sea. Hoping, by the boldness of such a violent death, to renew their claim to admission into the Hall of Odin; which they had lost by failing to die in combat, or by arms."

Near the source of the Langavi² in Chili is an oval cavern, penetrating through an entire mountain. A spectator, standing in the west, sees the sun rising through, even before its rays have touched the tops of the Andes³. In another part of Chili⁴ the Mendoza has forced itself through an entire mountain, now called the bridge of the Inca: and on the Maule is an insulated mass of white marble, excavated into the form of an arch: which, constantly washed by the sea, is the resort of sea wolves, who make its womb resound with their terrific howlings. Carpini relates, that on the banks of the Tartarian Seas, there is a mountain, which has a hole, completely perforated through its girdle. In summer the noise of the wind, issuing through this perforation, is a mild and gentle murmur; in winter

¹ Herodotus relates, that, in the Tauric Chersonesus, many of the temples of Artemis were situated on the top of high rocks; and that it was the custom of the priests, when any foreigners were wrecked on the coast, to throw them from the cliff into the sea, as an offering to their deity. Melpomene, c. 103.

² Molina, Vol. I. p. 49.

³ Travels in Tartary, c. xxiv. There is, also, an immense aperture in one of the Norwegian mountains, called the Seven Sisters; through which the sun is frequently seen rising by sailors at sea.

⁴ Molina, i. p. 49.

such vehement tempests are heard, that few travellers venture to approach. There is, also, in New Zealand a rock with an immense opening through its entire body; forming a stupendous arch towards the sea. A similar perforation may be observed in a rock at Worm's Head near Rosilly, in the county of Glamorgan. From the top of the rock is seen one of the sublimest scenes in South Wales. Nothing can be more delightful, than the sea, sleeping in the Bay of Rosilly, in summer; and nothing more terrific, than the roaring of the winds and the dashing of the billows, in autumn and in winter.

Sounds, like these, heard among the lonely recesses of the Highlands¹, or on the shores of the Adriatic and Ionian Seas, have the effect of rendering the inhabitants peculiarly alive to the errors of superstition. Every one has read of the effects, which the syrens² are reported to

¹ There is a whirlpool near the Isle of Jura, on the west coast of Scotland, which may be heard at a great distance; resembling the sound of a multitude of chariots. It is called Corybrechtan. "On the shores of Argyleshire," says Campbell, "I have often listened with delight to the sound of this vortex, which creates a fine and magnificent effect." Notes on Gertrude, st. v. l. 9. During the storms on Mount Bogdo*, a distant murmuring is heard as of many hundred voices, joining in prayer. This phenomenon is heard particularly during a north-east wind. The Calmucs have many fables attached to this mountain in consequence; and they esteem it the abode of saints, who are continually engaged in singing spiritual hymns.

² Odyss. v. 30. Bryant esteems them Cuthite priestesses, residing in temples erected on the coast of Campania. Analysis, vol. ii. p. 17. Rollin appears to think that it is a mere allegory; indicating, that there are pleasures, which seem innocent, and yet are dangerous. Vid. Belles Lettres, i. p. 397.

* Pallas. South Russia, ii. 182. 4to.

have had on the seamen, voyaging near the Cape of Pelorus,¹ in the Island of Sicily; whose vocal charms no one, but Orpheus and Ulysses, was capable of withstanding². Martial says, they gave a pleasing pain; a cruel pleasure; which proved an agreeable destruction to travellers. Claudian insists, that they inhabited harmonious rocks; and that the sailors lost all desire of saving their vessels; but were wrecked without regret, and expired in raptures. This fable had, doubtless, a topographical allusion; for, as Sandys observes, “Archippus mentions a bay, contracted by streights and cliffs, which, by the singing of the winds, report a delightful harmony; alluring those, who sailed by, to approach; upon which they were thrown against the rocks by the waves, and swallowed in violent eddies.”

V.

The inhabitants of picturesque countries have always been remarkable for a love of the marvellous and mysterious; hence superstition has long been remarked, as forming one of their distinguishing characteristics. There is scarcely a village, a grove, a fountain, or a cavern, in the provinces of Gascoigny and Languedoc, that the peasants do not people with fairies. The natives of

¹ Now called Capo di Faro. Vid. Strabo, lib. v. Virg. *Æn.* lib. v. 864.

² Hence Martial calls their music,

Blandasque mortes, gaudiumque crudele.

The painters represented one as singing: the second as playing on the flute: and the third as playing on the lyre.

Savoy, the Pyrenees, and the Apennines, as well as those, who inhabit Mount Taurus and the Caucasus, indulge in those superstitions, which seldom fail to infest a mountainous country. The peasants of Wales and the Highlanders of Scotland, in the same manner, are remarkable for their belief in supernatural agency.

Many of these superstitions are fine subjects for the painter and the poet:—subjects which acquire their interest from the ignorance of the natives, as the ancient aqueducts owed all their grandeur to an ignorance of their architects, in the elements of hydrostatics. The imagination delights in creating a fanciful picture of an old shepherd, in the pastoral cliffs of mountains, assembling round his hut a group of companions, who, in breathless wonder, listen to his awful relations; amuse themselves in marking the varied linings of the clouds; or, in fancying, they behold deceased friends or relatives, reclining on the winds, chasing airy deer from mountain to mountain, and from rock to rock.

VI.

In the retired village of Aberystwith, the inhabitants, surrounded by mountains, still retain the belief in the existence of fairies. Fairies are of Persian extraction; where they are called *Peri*; in Arabia *Ginn*. They assimilate with the Roman *nymphæ*; and are equally worthy attention with the *Parcæ* and *Veneficæ*. Drayton, Spenser, and Shakespeare, have given an interest to these ideal personages, and rendered them highly attractive to poetical minds. In the valleys of Aberystwith, they assume a more

doubtful character, than is usually allotted to them. They are believed to show themselves at all hours; but in the night oftener than in the day; and in the morning and the afternoon more frequently, than at noon. Sometimes they are supposed to appear in companies with music; soft and agreeable; but in a measure so eccentric, that no one can measure it. They are not unfrequently, too, attended by a leader, larger than the rest: and, after moving, for a long time,

to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

They appear to an odd number of persons, rather than to an even one. Sometimes they carry human skulls with corps candles, placed in the eye-sockets: they are supposed to hear almost every word, that is said, let the distance be ever so great; and to take men and children in the night from one place to another. Sometimes they appear like grown men; now like little children; and occasionally in the form of sheep: sometimes gliding along the tops of the woods: at other times dancing on the summits of the mountains: and not unfrequently sailing among the clouds. These little ideal beings resemble the *Larvæ* of ancient Rome; and the *Fatæ* of modern Italy: and the Persians give them a country to live in, answering to our fairy-land. No one will think them beneath admiration, who remembers the *Fata Mauto* of Ariosto; the *Floure* and *Leafe* of Chaucer; the *Gloriana* of Spenser; Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Night's Dream*; Drayton's *Nymphidia*; and Wieland's *Oberon*. Mil-

ton, too,—even the sublime Milton—has stooped to celebrate

Those fairy elves,
 hose midnight revels by a forest side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
 Sits arbitress.

VII.

Collins has exercised the powers of his fancy on subjects of this sort, and has celebrated many a witch-told tale and rural superstition in strains of the richest poetry. That descriptions of this kind, and the circumstances, which gave them birth, should be calculated to exalt the mind to sublimity, will be doubted by no one, conversant in the mythology of the Celts, or in the more tremendous creed of Scandinavia.

Some superstitions have a beautiful character: hence those little sportive deities, called genii, sylphs, pixies, and fairies, have given birth to many elegant poems. The Hindoo poets, too, have imagined a singular description of ærial beings. “The inventive talents of the Greeks,” says Sir William Jones¹, “never suggested a more charming allegory, than the lovely family of the Six Ragas; each of whom is a genius, wedded to five Raginis, and father of eight little genii, called Putras. The fancy of Shakespeare, and the pencil of Albano, might have been finely employed in giving speech and form to this assemblage of new ærial beings, who people the fairy-land of Indian imagination.”

The songs of birds, the whisperings of an autumnal

¹ Essay on the Musical Modes of the Hindoos.

gale, and the murmuring of the rivulet, are sounds truly gratifying to an elegant ear: the roar of the ocean, and the rolling of thunder, assume deeper and sublimer characters. What can more affect the imagination, than to behold the lightnings play over the woods from the mountains overlooking the Glasslyn; and to hear the thunder rolling above, and the echoes rebounding from one solitary winding to another? During a thunder-storm, the Jews open their doors and windows; as it is in a storm, they expect the coming of the Messiah. The catholics of Suabia and other districts of Germany toll the bells of their churches to deprecate the effects of lightning¹; while in Senegal, there is a tribe, who sit at the doors of their huts, and take unwearied delight, in seeing “the spirit of the world” dart along their plains and mountains of sand.

VIII.

Sometimes the grandeur of nature appears of a character, so transcendant, that words are inadequate to expression! If delight,—a sober and a sacred delight—accompanies every contemplation of the natural philosopher; whether the subject, on which he meditates, be a plant, a mineral, a moth, a camel, a man, or a planet; some scenes there are, which, awakening moral, physical, and classical associations, engender a language in the heart, which, preserving the life, the spirit, and the beauty of poetry, without the measure, would, were it capable of being elicited in sound, afford so true a character of the

¹ Campbell.

mind's divinity, that even Spinoza would acknowledge, that conviction had at length crowned his idle speculations. But the want of associations, like these, makes every object mean and comparatively dull.

Petrarch loved to listen to the solemn music of the sea; and to contrast the hoarse rushing of its wintry billows with the gentle lavings of the summer's wave: Burns prayed for a cave, where the winds and the ocean might drown all memory of his misfortunes, and lull him to forgetfulness: while nothing so much delighted the fancy of Rousseau, as to recline upon the borders of the Lake of Bienne; where, falling into a gentle sleep, he recognised the sound of the waters, without permitting its murmurs to disturb his repose.

Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain
So gently speak thy master's pain;
So softly breathe, so humbly sigh,
That, though my sleeping love shall know,
Who sings, who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly.

Sheridan.

CHAPTER VI.

BIRDS possess so highly an imitative faculty, that they can be taught the language of men, as well as the melodies of artificial music. Beasts have no such power; and yet they are not totally unsusceptible of musical impressions; as have frequently been seen in cats, dogs, horses, ele-

phants, and rattlesnakes. Without giving credit to the fables of Elian, or to the fancies of Schotteus, many histories are related of the susceptibility of animals, which are attested by credible witnesses, and recorded by writers of indubitable authenticity.

II.

Aulus Gellius, as well as Hafiz, and most of the eastern poets, esteem no landscape complete, without the presence of birds: and the Koran not unfrequently alludes to the pleasure they impart. The voices of birds may be divided into croaking, chattering, clucking, screaming, and singing. The note of the raven is hoarse, and disagreeable; yet it may be taught to speak and to sing after the manner of men. The magpye, which has a natural chattering, may be taught after the same manner; also the starling, the primitive language of which is harsh and rather discordant. The cry of the owl is solemn: it calls to courtship:—such, too, is the object of the cuckoo; when, in a style agreeable and mellow, yet monotonous, it announces the return of spring. The cooing of turtles is exceedingly soft: the tears, they shed, endear them to our best affections. The plover allures the dog and its master from her nest. Flying from her home, she endeavours to decoy by her cries and wailings. When near her nest, she ceases to cry; overcome with fear, or endeavouring to delude by her apparent indifference. Flamingoes direct their flight by the sound Tō—cō—cō.

As the smallest insect has the greatest strength in proportion to its size, and winged insects the greatest speed

in flight, birds have a louder voice in reference to their dimensions than any other animal. The voice of the Brazilian anhimá is exceedingly loud: that of the bittern, deep and solemn, is heard only in the days of its liberty: in captivity it is silent:—while the cry of the cock of the wood, which has been compared to an explosion, is succeeded by a noise like the whetting of scythes.

The cries of marine birds of a summer's evening, on a bold shore and rocky coast, are peculiarly gratifying to the imagination. Swelling upon the breeze along the Highlands of Scotland, and on the rocks of North Wales, the higher notes of the gull, the tenour of the hawk, and the bass of the cormorant, united to the murmur of the ocean, echoed from the rocks beneath, form one of the most curious and solemn concerts through the whole circle of nature.

The Brazilian parakeet is one of the most beautiful and loquacious of birds: the blue bird of the Alps not only sings delightfully, but whistles and speaks: the red-wing, silent and insipid, as it is, in our climate, sings in the north in a most agreeable manner: while the Orpheus (the mock-bird) of America has the faculty of imitating every sound, whether of bird, or of beast, in its neighbourhood. We are told, that it will allure the thrush, or any other bird, with the note of its mate; and that when it comes near, it will frighten it with the scream of an eagle. Its natural notes are rich, soft, and various; and not unfrequently characterized by an agreeable solemnity. This bird, as well as the North American finch, sings as much by night as by day: and Captain Cook

says, that when he was off the coast of New Zealand he was charmed beyond all measure with the songs of birds, which sung during the whole night in the woods, that beautify the shores of that unfrequented island. The chanting thrush is said to be the only bird in the vast empire of China, that has any thing like song¹; while the pagoda thrush is the most delightful chorister in India.

The cardinal of America, though an aquatic, is as melodious as any bird in Germany or France; while the polyglot of Mexico² has the most exquisite note of any bird on the American continent.

III.

There are several delightful singing birds in the north of Europe. In Finland the *Tetrao urogallus*³, which is as large as a turkey, perches upon a tree and sings all the night. Its song lasts a minute at a time. In Lapland there is a mocking bird, called "the hundred tuner⁴." Its size is that of a robin; and on the centre of its breast it has a yellow spot, fringed with white, and surrounded with blue: but the finest singing bird in that country is the *Emberiza geniclos*⁵. It sits on the willows growing on the banks of rivers. In Sweden the nightingale of the north is called the *Motacilla trochilus*; and the mota-

¹ Pennant's *Faunula of China*, vol. iii. p. 199.

² "In caveis quibus detinetur," says Hernandez, "suavissime cantat; nec est avis ulla, animalve ejus vocem non reddat luculentissime et exquisitissime æmuletur."—*De Avibus N. Hisp.* c. 20.

Molina says the thrush of Chili is equal to the centzontlatotle of Mexico.

³ Acerbi, v. i. p. 280. 4to.

⁴ Clarke, *Scandinavia*, p. 355, 4to.

⁵ Acerbi, v. ii. p. 224, 5.

cilla suecica (the blue throated warbler), has a beautiful plumage and a tone, surpassing the nightingale of Italy in sweetness of modulation.

What lover of music, but is charmed with the various modulations of our English singing birds? The sweetness of the throstle; the cheerfulness of the skylark; the mellowness of the thrush, building near the mistletoe; the imitative talent of the bull-finch¹; the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us, from our childhood, by so many agreeable associations; the wood-lark, priding herself in being little inferior to the nightingale; and sheltering her home in lair-ground, under large tufts of grass, to shelter her from the cold. The vivacity of the wren, forming her nest with dry leaves and moss, among hedges and shrubs, encircled with ivy: the solemn cry of the owl; and the soft note of the linnet, building upon heaths with roots, and among thorns with moss, and subject to the disorder of melancholy! Not one of these birds breathes a single note, that is not listened to with pleasure:—

Happy commoners
That haunt in woods, in meads, in flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Rowe.

IV.

But what bird, lute, or harp, shall we compare with

¹ The bull-finch in its natural state has one sound, which, as it issues from the abdomen without any visible motion of the mouth or throat, may be compared to the sounds of a ventriloquist.

the notes of the fly-bird of America, or the nightingale of Europe and of Asia? The favourite bird of Sophocles and Tasso; and the subject of many an Arabic and Persian allegory. Pliny¹ has described the effect of this bird's exquisite note, with appropriate warmth; and Walton, a writer of genuine feeling and simplicity, has celebrated it in the truest measure of applause:—"He, that, at midnight, when the labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descant, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth?'"

Kircher, in his *Universal Harmony*², endeavours to reduce the notes of the nightingale to a musical scale. But no instrument can successfully imitate this bird; though the human voice is capable of intonations equally sweet, and equally touching. Signor Guadagni, who enjoyed a considerable share of fame in England about the year 1780, had tones as rich and as mellow as the nightingale. The effect of this singer over the mind, we are told, arose principally from his imitating an Eolian harp. Unlike other singers, who affect a swell, or *Messa-de voce*, he diminished his notes, dying in soft murmurs from the

¹ Lib. x. c. 19.

² There is a passage even superior to this in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*; beginning—

All this is nothing to the nightingale!
Breathing so sweetly from a breast so small,
So many tunes; &c. &c. &c.

³ Lib. i. c. 14.

beginning to the end; and, giving his last whispers all the effect of distance, they seemed to ascend, till the sound was totally lost in the ecstasy of hearing; and though no note was heard, the ear listened, as if it expected a return.—

Music of Paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens.——

The practice of imitating birds is very common in Persia. Sir William Jones relates a curious circumstance, in his dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindus: “An intelligent person,” says he, “declared, that he had more than once been present, when a lutanist was playing to a large company, in a grove near Schiraz; where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees; sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument; and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised by a change of the mood. I once gave the serjeant of a marching regiment five guineas to teach me the art of imitating birds; when, to my great surprise, I found the nightingale more easily to be imitated, than any of our choristers, except the black-bird¹. Alexander was once much importuned to hear a person,

¹ There is said to be an artist* now living, who has in some measure learnt the language of birds. Having lived in his youth in a retired part of the country, he knows by the note of the mother, where her nest is; whether it contains any eggs; or whether they are hatched. He is said also to know the number of birds in the nest, and what their age is before he sees them.

who was capable of imitating nightingales with no common excellence: 'I would do so,' replied he, 'if I could not enjoy the superior happiness of hearing the nightingale herself!' "

Poets, in all ages, have considered this bird a melancholy one:—

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet.

Georg. lib. iv. i. 511.

Another poet says,—

Dulces variat Philomela querelas.

Some one has observed, that she not only warbles among the branches of trees, but in those places which are esteemed sacred: perhaps, however, we are, by implication, to understand the poet's meaning to be, that she renders sacred every haunt she frequents.

Quæ virides umbras & loca sacra tenet.

In variety of note, she does not exceed the sky-lark; yet a poet has said,

—— potest vocum discrimina mille,
Mille potest varios ipsa referre sonos.

Of her melancholy no one has given a more delightful description than Milton;

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy,
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy evening song.

Il Penseroso.

So great a favourite was the nightingale with this poet, that he never omits an opportunity of celebrating its powers. What a sweet passage is that, where Eve, relating her dream to Adam, fancies him to have said,

Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now, awake,
Tunes sweetest her love-labour'd song.

Southey, too, has a descriptive passage equal to any in Virgil. It is in his poem of Roderick, the Last of the Goths.

And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger, strain,
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul; and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.

So charmed was Thomson with this aerial music, that he would listen, hour after hour, of a fine summer's evening, to hear the nightingales in Richmond gardens: and Florian was accustomed to read and to write in a library, which contained an aviary of singing birds. In their society he composed his pastorals of Estelle and Galatea.

V.

The nightingale, however, melancholy as she has been represented, is, in fact, a cheerful bird. Like the *Lachrymæ Christi*¹ of Italy, she is sorrowful only by name. She

¹ This wine, in complete opposition to its name, has the best flavour of any in Italy.

sings by day¹, as well as by night; and is, as Martial² calls her, the most garrulous of singing birds. Her notes, strong and sonorous, wild and mellow, are, to the highest degree, enlivening, when heard at highest noon, and only pensive and melancholy, when all nature is lulled to repose, and our feelings are hushed to silence; when the sound of woods, the chimings of cathedrals, or the rolling of remote waters, come, at intervals, on the ear, and produce nearly the same emotions, as the notes of the nightingale herself. It is from association, that she derives most of her powers of disposing the heart to melancholy impressions: cheerful and happy herself, she has, aided by the gloom and silence of night, power to elicit tears from all, that listen to her warblings. Like the infant, in an elegant Persian poem of Sadi, she smiles and is happy, while all around her are silent and sad.

Of this bird it is curious to remark, that it is scarcely once alluded to by Homer or by Horace; both of whom embrace such a multitude of objects, and draw so copiously

¹ Rapin was the first modern classic, who remarked this:

Omnes implevit ramos
Noctes atque dies.

Hort. lib. ii.

Gavin Douglas gives the nightingale a cheerful note:

“To bete thare amouris of thare nyctis bale
“The merle, the mavys, and the nyctingale,
“With mirry notis myrthfully furth brist.”

Shakespeare, with an unusual neglect of nature, says,

The nightingale, if she would sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than a swan.

Merch. Venice, v. sc. 1.

² Lib. xiv. Ep. 75.

from the works of nature; and though the uninterrupted silence, which prevails amid the Scottish and Cambrian¹ glens, would afford her all the serenity, she could wish, she nowhere makes their rocks and valleys echo with her notes².

VI.

Of this bird, when it dies, the epitaph might be written, that is inscribed in Westminster Abbey, on the monument of Purcel. "He is gone to that place, where only his own harmony is exceeded." Plato, in his picture of the golden age, supposes men to have understood the language of beasts and birds. Thales, Melampus, and Tiresias are fabled to have understood this language³. Melampus was a celebrated soothsayer of Argos, who was believed to have received this faculty from two serpents⁴, which he had preserved, and fed with milk; and which, as he was one day sleeping on the grass be-

¹ Though Wales has no real nightingale, it has a mock one, which I have often heard in the glens and woods of that country: the black-cap ficedule.

² A curious reason for preferring the modulation of birds to the music of instruments is given in the life of Gassendi. The occasional effect of the latter upon the nerves is faithfully described:—"Præhabebat porro vocibus humanis, instrumentisque harmonicis, musicam illam avium," &c.

If our music is still agreeable to us, says Gravina, it is, because it affects the ear like the warblings of goldfinches and nightingales.—Abbate Gravina della Tragedia, p. 70. Du Bos. Crit. Reflex. i. c. xlvii.

³ Cicero says, that the Arabians were acquainted with the language of birds; which they learned to distinguish in their frequent courses, and to interpret according to their own ideas. I do not remember the passage in Cicero; but the Abbe Mariti alludes to it.—Vol. ii. p. 285.

⁴ Sigard, in the Scandinavian mythology, is said to have acquired the same faculty by eating the heart and drinking the blood of a serpent.

neath the shade of an oak, lightly licked his ears. This gave to his organs the new and agreeable power of understanding the language of bees and birds. Philostratus¹ gives an entertaining account of the manner in which Apollonius of Tyana converted a young Greek to philosophy from a passion of teaching birds to sing and speak. Madame Grassini would frequently express a wish to have this miraculous talent. Often have I listened to the notes of this exquisite "singer of Paradise!" She would warble with all the ease and unpremeditation of a bird. One day, being invited to an entertainment, the company rose and drank her health with enthusiasm. She wished to return thanks, but speech failed her; and she sat down in despair. In a moment, however, she rose again; and began to sing, extempore, the feeling of gratitude, which governed her. Nothing could ever be more enchanting! Varying the tone, the manner, and the expression, as her feelings dictated, never did she sing with such pathos before. The airs, she adapted to her words, died with the moment; but, being equal to the most pathetic passages of Italian masters, the effect, they produced, can never be forgotten by those, who heard them.

VII.

Man excels all animals in the various combination of the senses; but birds have a quicker sight. Their language, too, next to the melody of women, is the most touching of all the melodies of nature. This arises not from the music itself, so much as from the various as-

¹ In Vit. Apol. v. c. 36.

sociations, with which it is connected. Hence the music of birds has always been delightful to the inhabitants of towns and cities; and hence the charm, it has always produced on the imagination of poets; from Homer to Virgil; from Horace to Hafiz; from Tasso to Spenser; from Milton to the poet of the Seasons. Birds, too, seem to have a similar respect for men: for it is curious to remark, that birds of exquisite song are seldom found in solitudes, to which man is a stranger.

All birds sing in the spring: they chant the principal part of the day, and many of them even startle the silence of night. Among these are the water-ousel, the white-throat, the reed-sparrow, the owl, the woodlark and the nightingale. The black-bird, the willow wren, and the titlark sing so late as September; thrushes warble in October; and the red-breast even cheers the copse and thicket in winter.

Many Persian and Arabian poets hail the season of the birds with strong indications of pleasure:—that season when “the voice of the turtle is heard in the land¹.”

The swallow! the swallow! she does with her bring
Soft seasons, and all the delights of the spring!

Athenæus;—Anon.

This bird, ungifted with melody, is, from its activity, one of the most wonderful of birds. Sweeping with the rapidity of an eagle, it flies a mile in a minute; and is supposed to fly eight times the circuit of the globe in the course of a year.

Sitting beneath our native porticoes, we have little

¹ Cant. ii. 12.

knowledge of the pleasure, that the sight of a mere bird might give us in a foreign country. Adanson beheld the swallows of Senegal with the liveliest interest; Humboldt the mocking bird of Mexico; Raleigh the nightingale of Virginia; Addison the canaries of the Tyrol; Haller the Alpine thrush; Klopstock the mavis and black-birds of Switzerland; Bruce the skylark in Abyssinia; Vaillant the honey-bird of the Cape; and our friend, Priscus, the red-bird¹ of the Mississippi; warbling, throughout the summer, while resting from its labour of hoarding maize for its winter support.

Associations indeed meet us at every step. See we but a solitary wood-pigeon?—A passage, worthy the pen of Simonides, embellishes the bird, and endears it to humanity.

I have found out a gift for my fair;

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:

But let me that plunder forbear;

She would say, 'twas a barbarous deed.

"For he ne'er can be true," she averr'd,

"Who can rob a poor bird of its young!"

And I loved her the more, when I heard

Such tenderness fall from her tongue².

VIII.

The American mock-bird has more various notes than any other bird. Capable of every modulation, in his imitations he is minute in measure and accent: but in force and sweetness of expression far superior to his originals. He will scream like an eagle; whistle for a dog; bark; mew; crow; cluck; squeak; and scream like a swallow. But his natural notes are far more de-

² Tanager.

¹ Shenstone.

lightful than his assumed ones. They resemble, in no slight degree, those of the nightingale; but are of greater compass and volume. In India there is a black bird, called the kokila, which sings in the nights of spring; and like the cuckoo lays its eggs in another bird's nest. Its notes are rich, various, and harmonious; louder than the nightingale, and almost as delicate. The English, French, and German nightingales, however delightful in melody and association, are not so numerous as Italian ones. On the banks of the Arno, the Mincio, and of the Lake of Como, they are exceedingly numerous. By day and by night they are continually breathing forth their songs; and not a peasant but has the satisfaction of being lulled to sleep by their warbling cadences, every evening in spring.

Conrad of Wurzburg, after complaining, that poetry procures nothing but honour to the poet, exclaims, "But my tongue shall not be silent; and since the art itself will reward me, I will continue my song like the nightingale. That bird sings for herself. Screened by the woods, her notes pacify her cares; nor does she consider whether strangers are listening or no¹."

¹ Carew has a curious and fascinating conceit:—

Ask me no more, whither does haste
The nightingale; when May is past.
For in your sweet, dividing, throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

D'Auvergne, one of the best of the ancient Troubadours, has an elegant little poem, in which he introduces a nightingale, bearing a love epistle to the beautiful Clarette, daughter of the Lord de Berre. It is preserved in Sainte Pelagie's History of the Troubadours.

The nightingale has little beauty of colour, but great symmetry of shape: and has, like all other birds, a direct passage from one ear to the other. The sky-lark of Abyssinia has the same note with those of France, England, and Scotland; but the nightingales of England have not the continued warble of those of Italy; nor have either of them so exquisite a note as those of Persia and Arabia Felix. In Greece, too, they have so beautiful a song, that the poets of that country were never weary of alluding to it: and to show their reverence for Orpheus, (the father of poetry) they fabled, that nightingales sung at his death with greater sweetness, than at any other time.

The Greeks threw a grace over every thing: and the nightingale could add interest to every scene. What an affecting passage there is in *Æschylus*!

Chorus. This is the phrenzy of a mind possessed
With wildest ravings. Thy own woes thou wail'st
In mournful melody; like the sweet bird,
That darkling pours her never ceasing plaint.

Cassandra. Ah me! the fortune of the nightingale
Is to be envied. On her light-pois'd plumes
She wings at will her easy way: nor knows
The anguish of a tear: whilst o'er my head
Th' impending sword threatens the fatal wound.

Agamemnon;—*Æschylus*;—*Potter*.

With what interest, too, does the imagination rest upon the spot, whither *Œdipus* is led by his affectionate daughter; when, blind and an exile, he wanders into a plain, of which neither himself, nor his daughter, know

even so much as the name. The passage occurs in Sophocles.

Œdipus. Tell me, thou daughter of a blind old man,
To what land we are come?——
Who with a slender pittance will relieve,
E'en for a day, the wandering Œdipus?
I ask indeed but little, and receive
Less than that little. Yet for me e'en that
Suffices. My afflictions, the long course
Of years so pass'd, and fortitude of soul,
Teach me to bear my ills with cheerfulness.

Antigone. My father!
Tow'rs, the strong bulwarks of some city, rise
In distant view. This place, if I judge right,
Is sacred; flourishing with laurels, vines,
And olives close enwoven: in the midst
Thick fluttering nightingales their sweet notes tune.
Rest, therefore, seated on this unhewn stone.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM the music of birds, let us turn to those lulling murmurs and sounds, heard, during a fine evening in summer, from the hum of insects, the distant tinkling of sheep-bells, or the wild music of the shepherd's pipe. Should you, at any time, be sated with these agreeable sounds, turn to the dingle and the glen, and listen to their echoes. If you are distant from those at Llyn-y-coe,—a lake, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, resembling the crater of a volcano, near Cader Idris;—if you chance

not to be near the cavern¹, under the towers of Pembroke, there is scarcely a valley, that will not answer to your call.

So singular and agreeable are the mysterious sounds of an echo, that it is no subject for wonder, that the ancients, who embellished every thing, should have touched that fascinating nymph with the wand of allegory. Echo, says the poet, was the daughter of the air and the earth. She was one of the attendants of Juno; but having displeased her haughty and imperious mistress, she was deprived of language, and the power of giving a response alone remained to her. Roving, afterwards, among the woods and rivulets, she beheld Narcissus, and loved him. Some of the poets relate the story in a different manner; and even change the character of sex. Hylas, says Theocritus, one day, going for water to quench the thirst of Hercules, at the moment he was filling his vase, the Naiads, who beheld him from the opposite bank, bore him away. Hercules wandered about the hills and forests in quest of him; and made each rock and valley echo with his name². The Naiads, fearing that Hercules would discover him in their fountain, changed him into an echo.

The poets, as well as the mythologists, have made a charming use of this mysterious nymph:—for, in spite of Theocritus, I am unwilling to believe, that Echo could be masculine. Bion, in his poem on the death of Adonis, introduces her in a passage, which has been imitated by

¹ Remarkable for its echo, and called the Wogan.

² Vid. Apollonius, Lib. iii. Virg. Ecl. vi. The passage in Virgil is imitated and amplified by Camoëns. Lusiad. B. iii.

Camoëns. Moschus, too, in his Idyl on the death of his friend, beautifully observes, that Echo, on the death of Bion, roved among the rocks, still listening as it were, to catch the last murmuring of his notes; and, since she listened in vain, became melancholy and silent.

II.

Echoes reside, for the most part, in ruined abbeys, in caverns, and in grottos; they reverberate among mountains¹ and icebergs²; in the areas of antique halls; in the windings of long passages; and in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals. There is an ancient portico, near the temple of Clymenos, in the district of Cthonia, which repeats three times; on which account it is called "the echo." At Woodstock there was one, which returned seventeen syllables during the day, and twenty in the

¹ Mount Pilate, in Switzerland, affords a singular phenomenon. "At the elevation of five thousand feet," says Archdeacon Coxe, "and in the most perpendicular part of the mountain, is observed in the middle of a cavern, hollowed in a black rock, a colossal statue of white stone. It is the figure of a man in drapery, leaning on a pedestal with one leg crossed over the other; and so regularly formed, that it cannot be a *Lusus Naturæ*; and yet it is absolutely inaccessible. This statue is called "Dominic" by the peasants, who frequently accost it from the only place, in which it is to be seen, and when their voices are echoed from the cavern, they say, in the simplicity of their hearts, "Dominic has answered us." Coxe's Travels in Switzerland, Vol. i. p. 261. There is a similar figure among the mountains of Lipto, in the kingdom of Hungary; formed by petrified water.

² From the top of icebergs, in the Arctic Seas, sounds are re-echoed in a curious manner. When the ice is porous, or brittle, any strong vibration in the air will shiver the floating masses into fragments; producing reports, which may be heard several leagues. Vid. Saabye's Journal kept in Greenland in 1770 and 1778.

night. In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Crassus, an echo repeated five different times in five different keys; and Barthius relates, that on the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, an echo recited seventeen times. He, who spoke or sung, could scarcely be heard; and yet the responses were loud and distinct, clear and various: sometimes appearing to approach; at other times to come from a great distance:—much after the manner of an Eolian harp. Near the castle of Lorn, in the county of Argyle, is a ruined chapel: opposite to which is a precipice; in the recess of which if a person calls, or speaks a sentence, an echo repeats it to the one, who stands near the cemetery of the chapel, clearly and unbrokenly. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, too, at Paisley, in the county of Renfrew, there is an echo exceedingly beautiful and romantic. When the door of the chapel is closed with any degree of violence, the reverberations are equal to the sounds of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually, with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and most bewitching murmurs. If the effect of one instrument is delightful, that of several in concert is captivating;—it excites the most tumultuous and rapturous sensations! In this chapel, lulled by ethereal echoes, sleeps Margery, the daughter of Bruce, the wife of Wallace, and mother of Robert king of Scotland.

III.

Near the Cape of Good Hope is a rock, called “the Honey Rock¹,” which has an echo, that repeats several

¹ Thunberg, vol. ii. p. 172.

syllables successively:—and in a tower, belonging to Mons. Dourcoop at Batavia, is another, which in Thunberg's¹ time echoed nine syllables. A singular echo is also heard in a grotto, near Castle Comber, in Ireland. No reverberation is observed, till the listener is within fifteen or sixteen feet of the extremity of the grotto: at which place a delightful echo enchants the ear. Does there exist any one, who has not heard of the Eagle's Nest, near Mulcross Abbey, on the banks of the lake of Killarney? This celebrated rock sends forth the most fascinating repercussions. Sound a French or bugle horn,—echoes, equal to an hundred instruments, answer to the call. Report a single cannon,—the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die, in endless peals, along the distant mountains.

Echoes multiplied every sound in the Grotto of Delphi; and increased the veneration, which prompted thousands to visit the temple of Apollo; the splendour of which, in marble and in statues of gold and silver, was for many ages unequalled in Greece.

In Norway; upon the lake Ontario; and in many of the West Indian Islands, the echoes are enchanting; while among the Grisons there reigns an eternal silence. Clothed in a winding sheet, not an echo repeats the fall of a torrent, or the ruin of an avalanche!

In the Baptistery of St. Giovanne del Battesimo was an echo, that repeated a note of music six times; Lucretius²

¹ Thunberg, Vol. iv. p. 164. On the lake of Keswick a pistol is reported thirty times; and a quarter of a minute frequently elapses between each report.

² Sex etiam septem loca vidi reddere voces

Unam cum jaceres.

Lib. iv.

mentions one, that repeated seven notes; and the author of *Traité de l'Opinion* relates, that there is an echo, between Conflans and Charenton, which repeats ten times. A few miles from Narbonne the traveller is led by his guide to a bridge, beneath which is heard an echo, which repeats twelve times; and Misson¹ mentions one in a tower, below Lausanne, on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which repeated twelve syllables² also. Pliny³ relates, that the seven turrets of Cyzicum redoubled the voice several times, after the manner of echoes, and that a gallery at Olympia, dedicated to the seven liberal arts, afforded seven repercussions. Justin⁴ also notices an echo on Olympus, which still remains⁵, that reverberated several times; and, as it approached, the rocks increased like volumes of approaching thunder.

There is an echo also belonging to the Marquis of Timonelta, near Milan, which repeats the last syllable fifty-six times:—Misson⁶ says an hundred. It is described by Kircher and Bartholin⁷. In the garden of the Thuilleries there was an artificial one, which repeated a whole verse without the loss of a syllable: and the Mausoleum of Cecilia, daughter of Metellus⁸, is said to have repeated an entire verse of hexameter. But among the hermitages of

¹ Misson, Vol. i. p. 576.

² ————— Ripæque Lacusque

Responsant circa; gemitu Nemus omne remugit.

³ Nat. Hist. 36. c. 15. Plut. also, de Garrulit.

⁴ "Hominum clamor, et si quando accedit tubarum sonus, personantibus, et respondentibus inter se rupibus, multiplex audiri, et amplior quam editur resonare solet." Lib. xxiv. c. 6.

⁵ Dodwell's Tour in Greece, Vol. i.

⁶ Misson, ii. p. 359.

⁷ Also Bramsen, Vol. ii. p. 292.

⁸ Capo di Bovi.

Montserrat, particularly near that of Santissima Trinidad, the rocks produce so many echoes, that the birds are said to warble in answer to their own reverberations.

IV.

Ossian calls Echo "the son of the rock." The Highlanders believed, and do so to the present day, that the repercussions of a rock were made by a spirit residing in its bosom¹. Nothing can be more beautiful than Ossian's address to the echo, in his poem of the battle of Lora. The allusion to his own misfortune is highly natural and affecting. "Son of the distant land, who dwellest in the secret cell! do I hear the sound of the wind; or is it the voice of songs? But I heard a tuneful voice. Dost thou praise the chiefs of thy land; or the spirits of the wind? But, lonely dweller of rocks! look thou on that heathy plain. Thou seest green tombs, with their rank whistling grass; with their stones of mossy heads. Thou seest them, son of the rock, but Ossian's eyes have failed!"

The Syrians styled Echo "the daughter of voice²;" Euripides "the child of the mountains;" Lucretius, who beautifully describes the scenes where Echo loves to dwell³, calls her "the image of speech;" Shakespeare "the babbling gossip of the air;" and Milton promises her, that she shall give "resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies."

¹ Hence they called it Mactalla, "The son who dwells in the rock!"—Songs of Selma,—Alpin in Notis.

Camillus introduced a new god, which he called "Aius Locutus."

In France the peasants believed, that echoes proceeded from the spirits of persons deceased.—Vid. Montaigne, b. i. ch. xii.

² Milton also, b. ix. l. 653.

³ Lib. iv. 576.

There is something in an echo, as before observed, which seldom fails to produce agreeable sensations. With what delight have I listened to repercussions near the lake of Bala; on the banks of the Dee; beneath the rocks of the Avon; among the precipices of Nant Frangon; and near the ivied arches of Tintern Abbey! But no echoes are more agreeable to my imagination, than those, which I have heard along the sea-shore; when, in the distance, the waves, dashing against hollow rocks, the sound has been wafted from nook to nook, and from cavern to cavern, till the consonances have died upon the ear with the tide; and been succeeded by those soft, lulling murmurs, which are so tranquil in their character, and so soothing to the soul. In those moments frequently have I recalled the fables of the mythologists, the imitations of musicians, and, amid the songs of the poets, a simile of Tasso¹ and an epigram of Ausonius.

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor?
 Aëris et linguæ sum filia:
 Et, si vis similem pingere, pinge sonum.

Ausonius.

V.

Something analogous to this, Lord Byron has embodied in his poem of Manfred; where, hearing a

¹ La Fama ch' invaghisce a un dolce suono
 Gli superbi mortali, &c. &c.

Gier. Lib. c. xiv. st. 63.

shepherd's pipe at a distance, that gloomy spirit exclaims——

My soul would drink the echoes.—Oh that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment,—born and dying
With the blest tone, that made me!

Vaillant relates, that the Nimiguas of South Africa play upon an instrument resembling a flute, in such a manner, as to produce melodious echoes¹. This, he says, is occasioned by the musician's shifting the instrument from his mouth to his nostrils; when, continuing to blow as before, the wind, that issues from the nostril, resembles an echo so exactly, that every one, who listens, is surprised and delighted. Equally agreeable is it to observe those changes of the elements, which Vivaldi has imitated in "the Seasons;" to acknowledge rural sounds in the pastorals of Corelli; and to recognise in one of Handel's oratorios the rich and mellow tones of the nightingale.

Perceiving the agreeable effects of an echo in the music of Nature, the poets,—formed by her hand and guided by her precepts,—are proud to imitate her. Hence the origin of rhyme; and hence that species of verse, among the

¹ Echoes among mountains have been most delightfully imitated by an instrument, invented by Holbein of Prague, which he denominates the Uranicon. One of the properties of this instrument is to produce the most agreeable effects by swelling, progressively, from the pianissimo to the fortissimo; and sinking from the fortissimo to the pianissimo.

Greek and Roman poets, which was characterized by the repetition of the last syllable¹.

The echoicus has not been much practised by the English; though it has been successfully cultivated by the Spanish poets. As I am writing, Harmonica gives me an instance, in music, of what the Italians call *ecco*; bearing, as a musical writer has remarked, the sense of *dolce*; intimating, that such passage should be played with all the softness and piano of a gentle echo. Denon² describes an organ in the Benedictine convent at Catania, one of the pipes of which gives an echo in a manner, so aerial, that the ear follows its reverberations with rapture, till they are lost in the infinity of space.

Reverberations were, doubtless, the causes of many prodigies, related by the Roman historians. Rome, being built on several hills, must, in consequence, have been sensible of many repercussions. This may, in a great measure, account for the extraordinary noises, that are reported to have been heard in the city, at particular crises; and which were considered by that superstitious people as so many prodigies³.

¹ *Fæmina dira viri nex est, et terribilis*—*lis*. There is another species of echoicus, of which Milton affords an example in the word death.—*B. ii. 787*.

² *Trav. Sicily and Malta*, 8vo. p. 32.

³ Many of those, mentioned by *Livy*, may be accounted for in this manner; particularly as the supposition, that those hills had echoes, is confirmed by *Horace*.—*Od. xx*.

Visi etiam audire vocem ingentem ex summi cacuminis luco.—*Liv lib. i. c. 31*.

Templo sospitæ Junonis nocte ingentem spreditum exortum.—*Lib. xxxi. c. 12*.

Spreta vox de coelo emissâ.—*Lib. xxxi. c. 32*.

Silentio proximæ noctis ea sylva Arsia ingentem editam vocem.—*Lib. ii. c. 7*.—*Vid. Montesquieu de Echo*.

ECHO ;—A CANZONET.

(From the Italians').

I.

From the grot, where Echo lies,
 At dawn of day fond Zephyr flies;
 And gliding on the rays of morning,
 With many a dye the clouds adorning,
 Now he soars,—and now he falls;
 Now on gentle Echo calls;
 While from her green recess the nymph replies
 In wildest melodies.

II.

Every glen and mountain round
 Repeats the wild, mysterious, sound;
 And all the scene, both far and near,
 Delighted lends a listening ear:—
 Till, lost in eddying circles wide,
 From hill to hill,—from side to side,—
 Her hovering voice in sweet progression dies
 In gentlest ecstasies.

¹ As this tragedy experienced the most extraordinary opposition, recorded in the history of the stage, I shall take the liberty of alluding to it. I will suppose the reader to have read the various prefaces, published with that tragedy. Some time after its performance I wrote to Mr. Stephen Kemble. The purport of this letter was to inquire at whose suggestion, and on what grounds, he,—the manager,—had presumed to perform it.

The nature of Mr. S. Kemble's answer may be gathered from my reply.

“ Sir,

“ I received your letter, and am concerned to find, that though you state that one of the reasons of my tragedy's being performed arose out of your obedience to the public voice, yet that the main object of your doing so arose out of the

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT to the solemn emotion, excited in the soul while listening to the echoes, which render musical the vast forests, through which the Amazon and the Mississippi wind their majestic courses, is the feeling, with which we pause to observe the effects of music, heard among the aisles of Gothic cathedrals¹. Where the imagination, having the power of adding purity even to solemn and sacred notes, recognises the sublimity of that passage in Milton, where he represents the return of the Messiah from completing the creation.

¹ Whispering galleries are formed upon the simple principle, that a voice being sounded at one end of an arch will naturally and easily roll to the other. The principle was known as early as the age of Dionysius of Syracuse, who constructed one in a manner, so perfect, that the slightest whisper would increase to a loud discourse; and the clapping of the hand to a sound, equal to a peal of thunder. It may not be irrelevant to remark, that the aqueduct of Claudius would convey a voice to the distance of nearly sixteen miles.

hope of improving the treasury of the theatre:—at a time, too, when you must have known the injury, that would accrue to me. I am the best guardian of my own interests; and I wrote to you earnestly to intreat, that you would not play it. For I knew, and you knew, and the whole theatrical world knew, that a strong, active, and violent party had been marshalled against it. A party, that no merit could conciliate; and to ensure the malignant success of which no efforts were spared, and no little money spent. Even critical opinions were bought and paid for. * * *. The receipts of the house were large; and my expense of time, effort, and money were also large. Let us divide the profits

The ethereal music of echoes naturally recalls to our recollection, also, Plato's idea, with respect to the harmonic movements of the planets; which he terms the music of the spheres;—a harmony, resulting from the motions of the planets, in their relative distances and magnitudes. This idea is not only elegant, but, in all probability, equally just. For, in observing the operative effects of moveable bodies, we find, that the flight of birds and of

of the house*. If you have no power in this matter, I request, that you will write to the committee upon the subject. You have injured me; repair the injury in the best manner, you can. The committee are either honest or dishonest: they must either consent or refuse. If they consent, your time will be well employed in bringing them to a sense of honour and justice. If they refuse to make any remuneration, your name, at least, will be exempted from the odium, such a transaction must necessarily entail upon them; not only as a body, but as individuals. For it must pursue them into the recesses of private life. * * * That one man should plough (to use an humble, but expressive illustration), harrow, buy the seed, sow it, weed it, watch it, reap it, bind it, carry it into the barn; thrash it, winnow it, carry it to market; then grind it, bolt it, knead it, and bake it; and then to have it forcibly taken out of his own oven, and laid upon the table of five rich persons to eat, without being permitted to taste a morsel of it himself, is, I think, an injury not to be tolerated in a christian land!

“All the persons, of whom I complain, drink claret and burgundy. Water is enough for me. I despise the puerile luxuries of life. But, I confess, I like salt with my bread, and sufficient clothing to save me from the weather.” * * *

To this letter Mr. S. Kemble replied, that if he had injured me, he was extremely sorry; but that he had no authority himself, and no influence with the

* My application to the committee, in the first instance, was merely for my expenses; which, in the plenitude of their wisdom, they thought proper to refuse; and that, too, with no small share of insolence.

insects, the rushing of waters, indeed every object, that moves, produce some vibrative sound. Observing these effects, Archytas, Pythagoras, and Plato¹, conceived it to be impossible, that bodies so large, and revolving in an orbit so extensive, as the planets, should move their giant courses without some sensible repercussions. So that the heavens might be said to modulate with that true harmony, to which the deities themselves might be delighted

¹ Also Philo Judæus, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Isidore. Against this idea; St. Irenæus; St. Epiphanius, and St. Basil. In Job it is written, "when the morning stars sang together."—Ch. xxxviii.

committee. I then wrote to Colonel Douglas of York-place, Baker-street; and to Mr. Richard Wilson of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Moore (member for Coventry) was, I knew, ready to do me justice, at all times; I therefore did not write again to him; because he could do nothing of himself. Nor did I write to Alderman Cox, nor to Mr. Iremonger. The former I knew to be the friend of the adversary; and the latter I had not the honour to know. But the secretary of the committee (under the immediate sanction of Colonel Douglas) replied, that no remuneration could be allowed, on the plea, (***!) that my tragedy, notwithstanding all that had past, was—public property!

I should not have stooped to mention these illustrious personages; but it is right they should be remembered;—not for their own importance;—but for the general interests of dramatic literature.

The following letter from one of the most elegant critics of the age atoned, in no small degree, for the injuries, I had sustained. I should take pride in alluding to a critic of such eminence, and a physician of so much science and humanity, but I am, of course, unwilling to make him a party in the suit.

"I beg you to receive my best acknowledgments for your elegant and interesting volume, including 'The Fall of the Leaf and other Poems,' and 'The Italians.' I some years ago experienced very peculiar gratification from reading your 'Philosophy of Nature;' a work abounding with the most delightful descriptions of scenery, with indisputable proofs of a pure and highly

to listen. A harmony, as Maximus Tyrius has observed, too transcendent for the imbecility of man; and the excellence of which ethereal beings are alone capable of appreciating. How beautifully does Shakespeare allude to this poetical thought, where Lorenzo leads Jessica into the grove, and, after desiring Stephano to order

cultivated taste; and with the expression of feelings which, (clothed as they are in language of great energy and beauty), make an irresistible appeal to the best and noblest faculties of our common nature.

“It was, therefore, with no trifling anticipation of enjoyment, that I sate down to the perusal of your poems and your drama; and I can, with perfect sincerity, assure you, that I have not been disappointed. Of the poetical collection, the first and last pieces have great and singular merit; more especially the ‘Hymn to the Moon,’ which is rich, and curiously happy, in the selection of its imagery; and, whilst it glows with enthusiasm, breathes, at the same time, in every line, a soothing and delicious melancholy. It is, indeed, a most lovely production; and alike calculated to touch the heart, and warm the imagination.

“There cannot, in my opinion, be a doubt, that had your tragedy not encountered the most illiberal and envenomed opposition, of which there is any record in the annals of dramatic literature, it must have succeeded to the full extent of your wishes. There is a romantic interest about it, and a novelty in several of its characters, powerfully adapted to arrest and fix attention. The mental aberrations in the character of Albanio, forming a species of hallucination, the result of an excess of sensibility, appear to me well and correctly drawn; and are finely relieved by the pathetic scenes, which occur between Fontano and his fascinating page. Scipio is, in fact, throughout, a creation of uncommon beauty and effect; and, together with the sublime and masterly character of Albanio, should have rendered the ‘Italians’ as great a favourite on the stage, as it is likely to prove in the closet.

“I have only to hope that the unparalleled persecution, which you have undergone, will not deter you from future efforts in the same department; and believe me, Sir, with great esteem, and many thanks for the reiterated pleasure, which I have derived from the study of your writings,

“Yours most truly,” &c.

music to be brought into the garden, accosts her after the following manner :—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.—Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica ; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

Merchant of Venice, act v. s. 1.—*Vid. also Milton's Arcades*, v. 61.

This idea is, in some measure, sanctioned by the Hebrew writings:—"the stars move in their course rejoicing," and other analogous expressions, seem to allude to the probable harmony of the planets. Servius says, that the idea originated with Orpheus ; and that the followers of Pythagoras asserted, that their master was the only human being, ever permitted to hear it. There is a passage in Euripides, where, referring to this aerial music, he bursts out ; "Thee I invoke, thou self-created Being, who gave birth to Nature, and whom light and darkness, and the whole train of globes and planets, encircle with eternal music."

Fontenelle remarks, that it was believed, in ancient times, that the moon was a place of residence for the good men of this earth, whose principal happiness consisted in listening to the music of the spheres. The universe, indeed, may be considered as being compounded of a multitude of bodies, which we may call notes : and, as harmony necessarily implies contrast, this world may, not improbably, be one of the discords.

III.

To the astronomer how exquisite were the time, when, wrapt in all the enjoyment of meditation, he beholds the path of the galaxy; calculates the movements of the planets, as the sun marshals their seasons; sees the eclipses of the satellites; witnesses the splendour of Mercury and Venus; the crimson aspect of Mars; and the diminutive orbs of the Asteroids. Standing, in imagination, on the convex of Jupiter, the earth appears a globule of silver; while the Herschell wheels its stupendous course, almost to the apparent limit of the solar sphere. Drinking, as it were, the dews of every orbit,—in imagination, he listens to the seraphic notes of the planetary gamut; hears them pass the frontiers of the solar influence; penetrating the unlimited regions of space; rolling from one system to another; each mingling its harmony with theirs; and shedding volumes of sound, more rich and more delightful to the heart, than the powers of language can convey; than the imagination can picture, or the judgment understand. And far more rich and more delightful to the senses, than perfumes, wafted over an Arabian sea¹; when spring has renewed the year; and the moon is rising, “in clouded majesty,” over the last remnants of day.

¹ The simile in Milton, to which this alludes, is from Massinger:—Act iii. sc. i.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

IN many parts of America, explosions are heard among mountains, for which no one has been able satisfactorily to account; though it is probable, they proceed from internal volcanoes. Sometimes a single stroke is heard; at other times five or six in succession; sounding like volumes of thunder. Lewis observed them in his progress to the source of the Missouri river; Techo speaks of them in the province of Guayra in Brazil; Vasconcellos heard them in the Serra de Piratininga; Acuna alludes to them in his account of Teixeira's voyage down the Orellana; and Humboldt says, they are frequently heard in those districts of Mexico, which abound in coals. At Haddam in Connecticut, too, similar sounds are heard, accompanied by concussions of the earth¹. These explosions have an awful effect upon the minds of those, that hear them; for to the effect, which loud sounds generally produce, they have the still more sublime one,

¹ Burckhardt mentions loud explosions, as being frequently heard by the Arabs from the mountain of Om Shommar in the deserts of Sinai. Upon searching it, however, he could find no traces of a volcano. In Chili* noises are frequently heard, indicating subterraneous waters or winds.

* Molina, vol. i. p. 26.

arising from the mystery, in which their causes are enveloped.

High winds, tornadoes, and thunder-storms¹, are peculiarly impressive to men of proud imaginations. In the Greek mythology Jupiter was esteemed the deity of clouds, lightning, thunder, and of tempests. Many are the passages in the poets, in which these phenomena are described in adequate terms of admiration. What a fine effect is produced in the *Iliad*, where thunder strikes awe into the hearts of Nestor and Diomed, and unmans their companions! And when the chiefs are engaged in carousals,

Humbled they stood:—pale horror seized them all;
While the deep thunder shook the aerial hall².

In the Hebrew writings³, also, the Deity is frequently represented, as employing tempests against the enemies of the Jews. Tasso has not neglected to imitate these fine examples. Milton has improved upon them: and Ossian has almost surpassed both Tasso and Milton themselves.

¹ Lui-shin, the Chinese god of thunder, has the wings, beak, and talons of an eagle. The ancient Gauls and Scythians* worshipped thunder† under the name of Taranis; and the druidesses, who pretended to be able to transform themselves and others into animals, to cure all manner of diseases, and to know future events, affected, also, to have the power of raising and quelling‡ storms. The Laplanders§ once adored thunder under the name of Horagalles.

² Book vii. The Tartars believe, that whatever is struck by lightning is impure; having been visited by divine displeasure.—Marco Polo, ii. c. xxi. The Chinese are exceedingly fearful of lightning.—Staunton, vol. ii. 305.

³ Sam. i. c. 7. Psalm xviii.

* Lucan Phars. lib. i. v. 446.

† Pomp. Mela. lib. iii.

‡ Acerbi, vol. ii. p. 296. 4to.

II.

The storms of Europe, sublime as they are, have nothing, with which they can compare with those of Africa, Asia, and America. The mountains of Kondokoo¹, near the Gambia, are cultivated to their summits; villages are erected in romantic glens between them; and the inhabitants listen, with solemn yet not undelighted awe, from their tremendous precipices, as the thunder rolls, in lengthening volumes, from one narrow defile to another. The description of Virgil sinks into insignificance:

Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra: quo maxima motu corda
Terra tremit, fugere feræ: et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.

Georg. i. v. 328.

The fear in this passage, so faithfully described, is far less impressive, than the pleasing awe, which affects the natives of the Gambia. Lucretius, however, has a pre-eminent passage; in which, alluding to the fear of the superstitious, he increases the natural sublimity of the phenomenon, by marking its effects upon the imagination of tyrants.

———— Quoi non conrepunt membra pavore,
Fulminis horribile quum plaga, torrida tellus
Contremit, et magnum percurreunt murmura cœlum?
Non populi Gentesque tremunt?—regesque superbi
Conripiunt divum percussi membra timore?

De Nat. Rer. v. 1218.²

¹ Vid. Park's second Journey.

² Chatterton has a fine description of the coming on of a storm:—

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue, &c. &c.

Thunder is heard among the Andes; but lightning is said to be entirely unknown in Chili. At the Cape of Good Hope lightning is rarely seen; and thunder still more rarely heard. In the deserts to the north, however, both the one and the other assume the most frightful characters: there being nothing to conduct the electric fluid to the earth. At these times the Boshiesmen curse in the bitterest manner.

The West Indies are subject to norths, souths, and hurricanes: the East Indies to typhons and monsoons. Than a monsoon few things are more sublime, in the whole range of Nature's phenomena. That from the south-west, we are told, begins in the middle of June: it is preceded by violent blasts of wind: lightning then appears in the distant horizon: soon it approaches nearer, appearing and disappearing every instant. Thunder then rolls in immense volumes; and at length bursts, with a multitude of sudden and tremendous crashes. When the thunder ceases, rain descends, for many days. The sky then clears; and the face of nature, which before had been fainting, as it were, with drought, assumes a renovated aspect. The rivers are full and tranquil¹; the air is pure and delicious; and the sky varied and embellished with clouds. Gentle rains then ensue; in July they rage again with greater violence; in September they gradually abate; and towards its close depart, as they came, amid thunder and lightning and tempests of wind.

One of the most dreadful monsoons on record is that, witnessed and recorded by Forbes. The British combined force lay encamped at Baroche; and were preparing

¹ Elphinstone Caubul, p. 128. 4to.

to renew their march after the enemy on the next morning. In the night, however, the heat became oppressive; the sky darkened; stillness pervaded the air; and in a few minutes the clouds burst, and a deluge poured upon the plain, in a manner almost inconceivable. The tents soon gave way; the water rose, and 200,000 horses, oxen, camels, and elephants, with 100,000 human beings, were exposed to the visitation, in a strange country, and in the midst of darkness, rendered more awful and sublime by vivid flashes of lightning. In the morning it was discovered, that upwards of two hundred persons had perished. The plain was covered with the carcasses of oxen, camels, and horses; some half smothered with, mud and others in a state of positive putrefaction. Women were seen expiring with wet and fatigue; old men contending for life; and parents bearing the dead bodies of their children.

III.

A flash of lightning once discovered an inexhaustible treasure. Near the city of Paz, in Peru, stands a mountain, which the natives call *Telemani*. On this mountain a flash of lightning discharging itself, severed a crag from its girdle; which, falling on the side of a hill, discovered such an immense quantity of gold¹ in its fragments, says *Ulloa*, that gold, for some time, sold at Paz, even so low as eight pieces of eight per ounce. A treasure of this kind would seem to promise inexhaustible wealth to the proprietors of the mountain; but the part, whence this crag was severed, is so entirely covered with

¹ *Diodorus Siculus* relates, that from an eruption of one of the Pyrenean mountains gold was first discovered by the Spanish shepherds.

snow and ice, during the whole year, that the proprietors have never been able to derive any other benefit than that, which they acquired in the original instance.

Gomorrha was destroyed by lightning¹; Job's flocks and shepherds²; and the whole army of Sennacherib³. The temple of Apollo at Daphne, too, was destroyed by electric power: and the town of Volscinium in Italy⁴. Romulus and Æsculapius, also, met a similar fate: the last while trying experiments on the nature of the electric fluid.

In many parts of Greece, places, struck with lightning, were esteemed sacred. In Rome they were dedicated to Jupiter. During a thunder-storm the Persians go to prayers; but the Indians of New Holland rush out of their huts and deprecate its vengeance; and the Gentoos believe, that both thunder and lightning proceed from an evil spirit, whose supreme delight consists in counter-acting the benevolent plans of providence. When it thunders, therefore, they vent the most enthusiastic curses against him.

IV.

Thunder, lightning, rain, and winds, are frequently employed by the poets to illustrate their subjects. Of the two first a multitude of instances might be brought⁵.

¹ Gen. xix. v. 24.

² Job, i. v. 16.

³ ii Kings, ch. xix. v. 35.

⁴ Plin. ii. c. 53.

⁵ A modern writer thus associates the battle of Waterloo. "To those, who may think, that a more glorious age is about to rise upon the world, and that Waterloo was the thunder-storm, which was to give the last clearing to the air, before which that perfect vision, it assumes a loftier character, than its mortal triumph. It seems to bear the features of a grand, immediate, interposition of superior power."—Paris in Notis. Mons. Mascaron, speaking of the influence

Of the two last the following may be esteemed sufficient ; since they are not easily to be paralleled, except in Milton, or Lucretius.

“ The quality of mercy is not strain’d ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.”

Merchant of Venice, iv. sc. 1.

Belarius, speaking of Arviragus and Guiderius :

These princely boys ! They are as gentle
As Zephyrs, blowing below the violet ;
And yet as rough as is the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.

Cymbeline, iv. sc. 2.

When lightning shoots along the sky, and thunder rolls along the horizon or over the periphery of the zenith, the mere man of the world beholds and listens either with indifference or with fear : but the poet frequently recurs to that sublime scene in *Æschylus*, where Prometheus, after refusing to reveal the secret, entrusted to him by the Fates, is released from his bonds : when lightning strikes the rock, thunder hovers over the scene, and the unfortunate victim sinks to the regions of Tartarus amid the gigantic convulsions of nature.

Then he recurs to the storms in *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and

of the example of Turenne upon the courage of Louis the 14th, says, “ As we see the thunder break out, strike, and bear down every thing, so the first fires of military ardour are scarce lighted in the king’s heart, but they sparkle, break out, and strike with universal terror.”—*M. Turenne’s Funeral Oration*. These two instances afford examples of correct and vicious taste.

the Tempest; or to the passage in Darwin, where he describes Love, snatching the thunderbolt from Jupiter; bending the triple bolt upon his knee; while the fragments scattering on the floor, the gods retreat in awful trepidation; while the immortal sire,

Indulgent to his child,
Bow'd his ambrosial locks, and heaven relenting smiled.

There is a passage in Southey's poem of Madoc even superior to the celebrated "Suave mari" of Lucretius.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe.
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us.

Madoc, part iv. p. 43.

Raphael is said to have embodied "the lightning" of the mind: and Gray characterizes the poetry of Dryden in a manner equally poetical.

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resounding pace.

Gray.

It is impossible for a man of an elegant mind, living in Britain, not to be proud of the poetry of his native language! But let us turn to an affecting passage in

Sophocles, where the chorus, encountering a thunder-storm, associate its horrors with the anger of heaven.

Chorus. Almighty Jove! what thunders rend the air.
Awfully dreadful is this deepening roar,
Roll'd by the hand of Jove. My hoary hairs
Are rais'd through horror upright on my head,
And my soul sinks within me. There again
The rapid lightning flames along the sky.
What terrible event doth this portend!
The dread of it appals me. Not in vain,
Not unpredictable of some dreadful fate
These thunders roll.

Ædipus. This, O my daughter, is the fated day
That ends my life.

Then we listen to the awful circumstances of *Ædipus'* death.

In short space we stopp'd; we backwards turn'd
Our eyes. The man was nowhere to be found!
He was not; but we saw the king alone.
He stood, and o'er his face his hands he spread
Shading his eyes; as if with terror struck,
At something horrible to human sight.
But by what fate he died no mortal man,
Save Theseus, can declare. For not the flames,
Thick flashing from the thunders of high Jove,
Consum'd him; nor the tempest from the sea;
Then raging wild; but haply by the gods
Borne thence, or sinking through the friendly earth,
Which in her deeply rifted bosom sped
A painless passage to the realms below.

Ædipus Colonus;—*Sophocles*;—*Potter*.

CHAPTER II.

NATURE affords not satisfaction to the eye and to the ear only, she administers, also, a sensible delight by the perfumes, which she scatters in every direction. Who, that can relish the odours of the hay-fields, the wild thyme of the heath, the roses and the woodbines, that decorate our hedge-rows, and the violet, that scents the thicket, can lament the absence of the myrrh, the cassia, and the cinnamon, which charm the poets of Persia and Arabia?—"Call for wine," says Hafiz, "and scatter flowers around; what more canst thou ask from Fate?" And Mahomet, in the true spirit of his voluptuous creed, declared, that odours assimilated his soul with heaven.

Odoriferous particles are elicited by heat, and condensed by cold; and, floating on the air, rest upon the olfactory nerves, and affect them with a most agreeable sensation. These enjoyments rejoiced equally the heart of the wisest of men, and the most odious of tyrants. Solomon was accustomed to write in the praise of essences; and the kings of Tunis¹ to mingle them with their food².

¹ Vid. *Treasurie of auncient and moderne times*. Book iii. c. 19. p. 282.

² Pliny relates, that there existed a people, living near the source of the Ganges, who almost lived upon odours. "*Circa fontem Ganges, Astomorum gentem, habitu tantum viventem et odore quem naribus trahant.*" vii. c. 2.

Holy oil, for anointing, was composed of myrrh, sweet calamus, cassia, and oil of olives. The perfume consisted of stacte, onycha, and galbanum, mixed with pure frankincense. This oil and perfume it was commanded no man to imitate. They were used solely for anointing the tabernacle, the altar, and the priests. No other men were permitted to use them; and who ever made a similar oil and essence was to "be cut off from his people¹."

In distillation, the fragrant particles rise with the steam of water, in which they are distilled, and remain with it after it is condensed. These perfumes the Persians sprinkle over their guests, while the Otaheitans frequently wear flowers in the apertures of their ears, instead of earrings. In 1780, nosegays were so frequent among our ladies of quality, that no footman would engage himself, till he knew how much a week his mistress would allow for nosegays: while in China² there is no woman either so old, or so poor, but adorns her head with flowers³. Pliny assures us, that the natives of Arabia Felix⁴ burnt no wood but what was aromatic, and ate no food that was not perfumed with spices. This is probable: but when he asserts, that a people lived on the banks of the Ganges,

¹ Exodus, ch. xxx. 23. 26, 27. 30. 32, 33, 34. 38.

² Sir G. Staunton. Vol. ii. 359.

³ Among the Hindoos it is usual on the 20th of the month, Manj, from which they date the commencement of spring, for the gardeners' wives to bring to their mistresses little offerings of early fruits, flowers, and tufts of green barley; which the ladies commonly present to their husbands. Broughton's Specimens of Hindoo Poetry.

⁴ Plin. Lib. xii. c. 17.

who, having no mouths, lived upon the inhalations of odours¹, his credulity is almost passing belief.

The love, that Peruvian ladies have for nosegays (*puchero de flores*) has been often commented upon by Spanish writers². The Malay women are particularly partial to the princess's leaf. This leaf is white, and emits an agreeable odour; it closes its flowers at four o'clock every evening, and expands them at four every morning: thus enjoying twelve hours sleep every day. Even the women of the Sandwich islands³ wear flowers upon their heads as ornaments;—so general is the love for this species of ornament: while the Javanese goddess, *Lóro Jongran*⁴, is supposed to sleep upon a bed of flowers.

The use of perfumes, in the catholic and Greek churches, is well known; and we are told, that in the churches of the jesuit establishment, at Lorette in Paraguay, the walls were covered with pictures; separated from each other by garlands of flowers and bunches of grass⁵. Perfumes are also used by the Jews, when terminating their sabbath. In autumn and winter, when the stars begin

¹ Plin. vii. c. 2.

² The *datura arborea* of Chili is superior in fragrance to any tree or shrub in Europe. One of them, says Feuille, will perfume a whole garden. Its flowers are beautiful.

³ Vid. Portlock and Dixon's *Voyage round the World*. Abridg. p. 246.

⁴ She resides at Shasi, at the angle of the sacred Ganges. Wherever her effigy is placed, the earth trembles, and becomes much heavier. The name of her buffalo is Mahisa, and Dewth, who attempts to slay it, is Ussoor. She sleeps upon a bed of flowers.—From a Sanscrit paper. Raffles' *Hist. of Java*, ii. p. 13.

⁵ Chateaub. *Genie du Christianisme*, i. p. 121. Charlevoix.—*Voy. Americ.*

to appear, the father of every family lights a lamp; prepares a box of spices; and, taking a glass of wine, sings, or rehearses, a prayer; and blesses the wine and the spices. Then the family smell at them; and the father casts a little of the wine into the flame. Every one then tastes the wine, and the sabbath is concluded, by each person wishing the others a good week. This ceremony is called the *Habhdalah*.

II.

The odoriferous wealth of flowers, invisible and intangible, like heat, cold, air, and ether, is wafted by the aerial fluid, fixes itself upon the olfactory nerve, and causes those sensations which, bearing some relation to the taste, is, for a time, much more agreeable.

The Indian Venus is said to have been found in a large rose¹, floating in a sea of milk. And the western wind, being the most agreeable in Italy, Ovid² marries it to the goddess of flowers. More, too, painted a picture for the Earl of Breadalbane, when at Rome, which represents the sun rising in a morning of spring. In the background stands a temple of Flora. The goddess, sitting in a car, is drawn by genii; nymphs surround her; and the god of love flies to crown her with roses.

Perfumes give an ambrosial character to every landscape. They delight us on the mountain; they charm us in the valley; they captivate us in the garden.

¹ Baldaus. apud Church. Collect. Trav. vol. iii. 766.

² Fasti, v.

Milton¹, Euripides, and Guarini², delighted in the rose; Vitruvius acknowledged it to be one of the best ornaments of a Corinthian capital³; lovers, in ancient times, were accustomed to swear by it; and such veneration had the Persians for that beautiful flower, that it creeps into almost all their songs, fables, and odes.

Delightful as perfumes assuredly are, it must be confessed, that they have been more agreeable to bad princes than to good ones. Many indeed seem to have regarded them as the nectar and ambrosia of heaven. Vitellius used so many perfumes, that Vespasian was accustomed to say, “ Vitellius uses more perfumes than I do water: and if he were to be wounded, he would yield more perfume than blood⁴.” Heliogabalus, instead of oil, burnt balsams of India and Arabia. For fuel he used myrrh, frankincense, cinnamon, and cassia. His fish-ponds were

¹ This poet compares sounds to perfumes:—

———— a solemn breathing sound

Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,

And stole upon the air.

Bouhours has a beautiful simile.—“ Whatever is delicate in thought and expression in good writers is lost, when translated into another language. Not unlike those essences, the spirit of which evaporates, when poured out of one phial into another.”

Cardinal Palaviano used to say, that Seneca perfumed his thoughts with amber and musk, which at last affect the head. They are pleasing at first, but offensive afterwards.—Vid. *Belles Lettres*, Rollin, ii. p. 141.

² Vid. *Il Pastor Fido*. Atto i. sc. 4.

³ In Solomon's temple was a profusion of artificial flowers, made of cedar; and the sarcophagi of the kings of Judea were ornamented with foliage and flower works, in imitation of their indigenous plants.

⁴ Philost. in *Vit. Apol.* v. c. 29.

filled with water, distilled with roses: he bathed in aromatic wine; and always sat surrounded by flowers, rendered still more sensitive by the odours of musk¹ and amber². Homer knew so well the influence of perfumes, says Athenæus, that he has not allowed them to any one of his heroes, except Paris.

CHAPTER III.

PERFUMES, which administer such pleasure to voluptuaries³, were once supposed to be peculiarly grateful to

¹ In the plain of Cumana, where the rattlesnake is frequently found, the air becomes impregnated with the odour of musk, when the earth is saturated with rain, and the heat of the sun raises exhalations.

² Some writers have asserted, that no animals are alive to olfactory pleasure: yet the nightingale inhales the sweets of roses; cats assuredly delight in valerian; and the rattlesnake is attracted by bromelia. Elephants, too, browse with pleasure among flowers and odoriferous shrubs. Should the reader wish to acquaint himself with the multiplied relations between odours and the morbid states of the human frame, he may refer to a memoir, read to the Philomatic Society of Paris, by Mons. Alibert.—Vid. Rapport General des Travaux de la Société Philomatique de Paris, i. 131.

³ Away before me—to sweet beds of flowers;

Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 2.

The odours of Venus indicated her origin:—

“Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem

“Spiravere.”

Virg. lib. i. 407.

The well known lyric of Ben Jonson, beginning—

Still to be neat, still to be drest,

As you were going to a feast, &c.

is from Petronius.—

Semper munditias, semper, Basilisca, decores,

Semper compositas arte, &c. &c.

the dying and the dead¹. A Persian poet has an elegant stanza on the ringlets of his mistress:—"Should the air waft the odour from the hair of my love, the perfume, stealing over my tomb, would recall me to life, and render me vocal in her praise." And because a custom, so amiable and elegant, as that of decorating with flowers the graves of relatives, conduces to the gratification of some of the best feelings of our nature, no apology will be necessary for dwelling upon it at length.

The Romans of condition were generally buried in their gardens, or fields, near the public road. This custom Propertius does not seem to have approved; since he desires his friends by no means to observe it, in regard to himself: lest his shade should be disturbed by the noise of passengers. Ausonius has a similar sentiment. The manner, in which the Romans took leave of their friends, was extremely affecting:—"Vale², vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permiserit—cuncti sequemur!" Then, wishing the earth to lie lightly on their relics, they departed. The monuments were then decorated with chaplets and balsams³, and garlands of flowers. To this affectionate custom Virgil alludes, when he describes Æneas sprinkling his father's grave with purple flowers; and in another passage, where he exclaims;—

— Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.—Manibus date ilia plenis;

¹ One of the Java kings desired to be interred in a spot, where the earth was sweet scented. He was in consequence buried near Tegal: his tomb is held in great veneration, and he is known by an appellation, signifying fragrant:—Jegál-árum.—Vid. Raffles' Hist. Java, 4to. vol. ii. p. 165.

² Augustin. Gem. p. ii. l. 32. The amiable father has a beautiful reflection in De Civit. Dei, lib. i. c. 12.

³ Fasti, v. 534. Tibul. lib. iii. el. 4. Propert. iii. el. 15.

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere¹.

This practice has prevailed among many of the most celebrated nations. The Persians adopted it from the Medes, and the Greeks from the Persians; and Pythagoras introduced it into Italy. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; and the urn of Philopœmen was covered with chaplets: and, that the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy, we learn from an epitaph written by Simonides². Ivy³ and flowerets⁴, also, were planted near the grave of Anacreon⁵.

¹ En. lib. vi. 882. A passage occurs, too, in the Gnat, sufficiently illustrative of the prevalence of this custom. Virgil's poem of the Gnat,—let pedants speak as they will,—has more life, spirit, and description, than any of his Bucolics. There is less harmony in the numbers, it is true; but it will be a fortunate era, in literature, when men judge by sense, rather than by sound.

² Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays, he sung.

³ In modern Greece the Turks plant over graves the myrtle, and the *amaryllis lutea*.—Vid. Walpole's Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey.

⁴ These flowers were called *Ερωτες*. Ælian relates, that Calanus, the Indian philosopher, who accompanied Alexander, being arrived at 83 years of age, caused a pile of sweet smelling wood to be raised; and, decking himself with garlands of flowers, threw himself into the flames.—II. c. 41.

⁵ This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let ivy wreathe; let flowerets deck the ground;
And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise;

Virgil decorates the body of Pallas with strewed leaves of arbutus and other funeral evergreens. The ceremony of laying the unfortunate youth upon his bier is extremely affecting; and the passage, where he is compared to violets and hyacinths, plucked by the hands of a virgin, highly natural, beautiful, and pathetic.

Qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
 Seu mollis violæ, seu languentis hyacinthi:
 Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum sua forma recessit;
 Non jam mater alit tellus, viresque ministrat.

Eneid. xi. l. 68.

To this we may add, that few passages, in that fine poem, abound more in natural pathos, than that, where Andromache is represented, as raising green altars to the memory of Hector¹:—a passage, reminding us of several in Ossian, where he describes the monuments, which were erected to the heroes of remote ages. “Narrow is thy dwelling-place now! dark is the place of thine abode! with three steps I compass thy grave, oh thou, that wert so great before! four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee! A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark, in the hunter’s eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.” *Songs of Selma*. —“O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of

¹ Lib. iii. 302.

So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
 If any pleasure reach the shades below*.

* Vid. also Archæol. v. 2. p. 178. Lycophron tells us, that the tombs of two rivals were placed on the opposite sides of a mountain, lest their shades might be disturbed by the honours, paid by their respective relatives.

my hills; let the rustling oak be near; green be the place of my rest; and let the sound of the distant torrent be heard."

In the times of the ancient fathers of the Christian church, crowns of flowers were placed on the grave-stones of virgins¹; and baskets of lilies, violets, and roses, on the graves of husbands and wives.

II.

The savages of the Mississippi frequently retire to weep over the graves of their lost relatives²; and there is a tribe in those wilds, whose women go every day to the graves of their infants; and with silent and pathetic eloquence, which shames all noisy grief, shed bitter tears, and press some milk from their bosoms upon the grass, that covers their remains. This milk they call by a name, signifying the sap of the human breast. The burying-places of the people of Morocco are generally situated in the fields³; where every one purchases a spot of ground, which he surrounds with a walk, and plants with flowers. In Java⁴ they scatter a profusion of flowers over the bodies of their friends; and the Afghauns⁵ hang cornets on tombs, and burn incense; while the ghosts are believed

¹ Fuit quoque mos ad capita virginum apponendi florum coronas.—Cassalon de vet. Sac. Christ. 334.

² De Pages, Vol. i. p. 30. 8vo.—The savages of New South Wales place cypress leaves on the graves of their chiefs.—Vid. Oxley's Journ. Australia, p. 139. 4to.

³ In 1688 there were no burying-places in Tonquin; every man being interred in his own land. Vid. Dampier, Voy. Vol. ii. p. 52.

⁴ De Pages, 8vo. i. p. 283.—Valentyn, Vol. iv. p. 15.—Stavorinus, Vol. iv. p. 375.

⁵ Elphinstone, Caubul. p. 223. 4to.

to sit at the head of their graves, invisible, enjoying the perfume.

In China, whence, it is not improbable, the custom originally passed into Media, Persia, and Arabia, the ceremony of planting flowers on graves still prevails¹. The mausoleums of the Crimean Chans are generally shaded by shrubs and fruit trees²; and the Indians of Surat, who have a great veneration for the graves of their saints, strew fresh flowers upon them every year³. In Scotland this practice prevailed, in the time of Drummond of Hawthornden; and among the catholic cantons of Switzerland, as well as in many parts of North and South Wales, it is still the common custom of the country. The graves, in those beautiful and romantic provinces, are decorated, on Palm Sunday, with leaves of laurel, cypress, and all the flowers, which are in blossom at that early season of the year. These graves are surrounded by small white-washed⁴ stones. In these little enclosures bloom the polyanthus and the narcissus, thyme, balm, and rosemary. Shirley has a melancholy allusion to this custom in his tragedy of the Traytor⁵: and Shakespeare

¹ Staunton, Vol. i. 178. Vol. ii. 276.

² Pallas's Travels in Russia, Vol. iii. p. 41.

³ Stavorinus, ch. xiii. p. 487.

⁴ The Jews used to paint their sepulchres white. To this the Christian Messiah alludes in one of his most beautiful denunciations against the Scribes and Pharisees. "Woe unto you, hypocrites; for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones."

⁵ Let me beseech you then to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding. I shall be married shortly,
To one whom you have all heard talk of:

similar ones in *Hamlet*; *Winter's Tale*; and in *Cymbeline*; where *Arviragus*, contemplating the body of *Fidele*, promises to sweeten his grave with the fairest flowers of summer.

III.

It is impossible to walk in the churchyards of North and South Wales, without reflecting, with pleasure, on the respect, which is paid to the memories of the dead. The epitaphs, however, are generally poor and meagre: yet I remember to have seen three, which must highly gratify every person of taste.

I.

Hope, stranger, hope. Though the heart breaks, still let us hope.

II.

Timon hated men; Orpheus hated women. I once loved one man and one woman. He cheated, and she deceived me. Now I love only my God¹.

Your fathers knew him well; one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me.
A constant lover;—one whose lips, tho' cold,
Distil chaste kisses: though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands. Tho' no pine do burn,
Our nuptials shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever. Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here.

¹ Perhaps a more beautiful epitaph was never written than the following, on the tomb-stone of a young wife. She is supposed to address her surviving husband:

Immatura peri; sed tu, felicior, annos
Vive tuos conjux optime, vive meos.

III.

ON MARY PENGREE.

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring.
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid.
Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye;
Like her, too soon, they languish, fade and die¹.

In some villages children have snowdrops, primroses, violets, hazel-bloom, and sallow blossoms on their graves. Persons of maturer years have tansy, box, rue, ivy, and other evergreens. I have, also, occasionally seen on the stones of elderly men broken tobacco-pipes. There is, generally, a guardian, as it were, to each grave; and I once saw a rose, done up neatly in a white piece of paper, on which was written, "Mayst thou flourish in Paradise like this rose!"

One of the most elegant cemeteries in Europe stands in the centre of two churchyards, at Bury St. Edmund's, in the county of Suffolk. This cemetery is an isolated fragment of the celebrated abbey, in which John of Lydgate was a monk. Around this fragment are planted shrubs and trees, with a variety of flowers; while a profusion of ivy creeps up the sides of the walls, on which are placed two or three monuments. One of these pieces of marble commemorates the fate of a catholic young girl, who was struck dead by lightning, while at her devotions. On the second is inscribed the name of a banker's wife, named Spink. The third is sacred to the memory of

¹ A similar sentiment is expressed on a tomb-stone in the churchyard of Sudborne: near the family vault of the Marquis of Hertford.

the banker himself;—a man, whose virtues rendered him eminently worthy of so elegant a monument! He was my father's banker; and both were proud of each other's friendship.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CEMETERY.

Written in the Churchyard of Britton Ferry, in the County of Glamorgan.

When death has stolen our dearest friends away,
Some tears to shed are graceful: but to mourn
Loudly and deeply, that their pains are o'er,
Is but to prove we lov'd ourselves the most.
To bear misfortune with an equal mind;
To mount the aspiring pinnacle of fame,
With a warm heart and temperate resolve;
To curb the rage, that prompts to wild revenge;
To pay the malice of an envious throng
With pity and forgiveness; and to weep
With tears of joy, that our most "useful" friend
Has paid the debt eternity demands;
Alike bespeak nobility of mind,
And the proud hope, that heaven's decrees are just.
Stranger!—of peasant or of royal line!
Treasure these thoughts; and autumn's yellow leaf
Shall never fill thine aged eyes with tears.

In the time of Confucius, the Chinese buried the images of their friends in the graves of the deceased: those settled in the Malay islands sleep upon the lids of their coffins, which they keep by them, carved and ornamented. In some parts of Egypt, the women go every two days to pray, and to weep at the sepulchres of their friends. The Japanese strew flowers and fragrant¹ spices; and for some time visit the graves every day; then every week; then every month; and lastly every year.

¹ Thunberg, Vol. iii. p. 52. 82.

That the custom, to which we have alluded, was prevalent in Normandy, the following anecdote amply testifies. A lady of that province, having deserved well of her friends, they intended to bury her in the chancery of Rheims. But the poor of her village petitioned, that she might be buried amongst them; in order, that they might, every year, assemble near her tomb; strew flowers upon it; and celebrate her memory, in the best manner they could. Thus throwing a splendour, as it were, over her ashes, equal to a halo round the moon, or an aureola on the head of a saint.

IV.

In Swedish Lapland juniper leaves are placed in coffins, and in Denmark ivy and laurel. The natives of the South Seas plant the casuarina near sepulchres; and the slaves of the Isle of France bury their comrades in bamboo, covered with palm leaves. The Mohawk Indians, on the contrary, will not permit even so much as a blade of grass to grow upon the graves of their companions. The natives of the Lieou Kieo Islands, subject to China, burn the bodies of their dead, and preserving the bones place lamps around the sepulchres, and burn various species of perfumes. Every description of flower is used in the churchyards of Japan. Thither the Japanese repair on parties of pleasure, and enjoy themselves among the tombs of their ancestors. They imagine them to be sensible of their happiness; they invite them to be partakers of it; and place seats for their accommodation, as if they were alive. The natives of Caubul, too, hold burial-grounds in great veneration. They call them

“Cities of the Silent¹ :” as the Egyptians called them “Cities of the Dead;” and the Jews, “Houses of the Living.” The Egyptians visited the sepulchres of their friends twice every week; and strewed upon them sweet basil: a custom which still remains. Hunter² relates, that at Gualior there is a tomb, erected to the memory of Fan-Sein, a musician of great skill, who flourished in the court of Akbar. It lies beneath a tree, the leaves of which, when chewed, were fabled to give an unwonted melody to the voice.

The tomb of Hafiz stands under the cypress, which he planted with his own hand. That of Sadi, on the contrary³, is erected in a building, which stands in the heart of a mountainous amphitheatre of perpetual fertility. One of the smaller odes of this poet bears a striking resemblance to the epitaph of Leonidas.

————— O'er my solitary grave
With reverence pour the milky wave;
Then rifle every floweret's bloom,
To deck the turf that binds my tomb.
For think not, that when life is fled,
No hopes or fears affect the dead!
E'en then their shades your care can prove,
And own with gratitude your love.

V.

To refuse the rite of sepulture was to be guilty of sacrilege. The plot of Sophocles' tragedy of Antigone

¹ The Turks give them a similar appellation. For a representation of one, vid. D'ohsson's *Tableau general de l'Empire*, p. 247. fol. Paris, 1787.

² Journey from Agra to Ouzein.

³ Morier's second Journey, p. 62.

turns entirely upon the circumstance of Creon's having cast out the body of Polynices to be a prey to dogs and vultures; and his having decreed death to whomsoever should inter the corse. Antigone, braving the edict, with all the warmth of an affectionate sister, buries the body. A Theban sees her perform the pious office, and impeaches her to the king. She confesses the deed; and courts the penalty.

Antigone. I know that I must die: this I had known
If not proclaimed by thee (Creon). If I shall die
A little ere my time, I shall esteem
Death as a well earn'd prize.——
If with tame sufferance a brother's corse
Unburied I had left, that had indeed
Been deep affliction. This excites no grief.

Antigone is condemned to a most deplorable fate.

Creon. Deep in a yawning cave, beneath a rock
From human footsteps far remov'd, alive
I will enclose her: and a little food
Only allow, that no unhallowed stain
Pollute the state.

She is led to the cave.

Antigone. Unhappy me!
I have, or in my life, or in my death,
No dwelling with the living or the dead.
No pitying tear, no friend, no nuptial rites
Are mine, as thus unhappy I am led.
—— No more shall I behold
The sacred orb of yon bright beaming sun;
And not one friend laments, or weeps, my fate.

In this, however, Antigone was unjust. Her sister Ismene wept for her; the Thebans lamented her; and her betrothed lover visited her cave. In the meantime

Creon advances, and hearing a voice of despair, recognizes that of his son. He therefore commands his attendants to remove the rocky mass from the door:

————— Obeying these commands
Uttered in deep despair, we went, we look'd,
And in the cave's extreme recess beheld
The virgin strangled!—Round her neck the zone,
Which braced her flowing robes, her hands had twin'd.
She lay; and near her lay the youth; his arms
Clasp'd round her; mourning the unhappy fate
Of his lost bride, his father's ruthless deeds,
And the sad loss of all his nuptial joys.

Seeing his father, the youth draws his sword; Creon flies from the vengeance of his son; who, turning his anger upon himself, dies by his own hand.

VI.

In Sophocles' tragedy of *Electra*, too, there is an affecting description, which proves how generally the custom, to which we have alluded, obtained in every part of Greece.

Then I will tell thee, all, that I beheld.
My father's honour'd tomb as I approach'd,
While on the summit of the mound, I saw
Large streams of milk late pour'd; the sepulchre,
Wherein he lies inurn'd, with wreaths of flowers,
Glowing in all their various dyes, hung round.
I saw, and wonder'd; and on each side turn'd
Mine eyes, if any mortal might be nigh.
But all was still. Then nearer I approach'd
The tomb; and on the pyre's remotest verge
Saw crisped locks fresh sever'd from the head.
Forthwith Orestes rush'd upon my thought.

Electra;—*Sophocles*;—*Potter*.

The Persians believe, that those, who are buried near

holy persons, will be assisted by them at the day of judgment. Their ancestors imagined, that Zoroaster was suspended on a tree, at the period of his birth, and therefore they, for many ages, buried their infants in groves. The Colchians entombed their dead in skins; and hung them on the arms of trees¹. The same custom prevails in Ceylon² and Siberia³. Vancouver relates⁴, that the New Albionese suspend baskets and canoes⁵, which they use as coffins, in the same manner; and Wild informs us⁶, that, in some parts of America, the Indians swathe their children in skins, and hang them on the arms of trees; where they move to and fro, as if they were rocking in a cradle.

VII.

The natives of Port Mulgrave⁷, on the north-west coast of America, have a curious mode of disposing of their dead. They separate the head from the body; wrap them in furs; put the former into a square box, and the latter into an oblong chest. These they suspend between two trees, or poles, which form an arch at the top. In

¹ Ælian. Var. Hist. iv. c. 2. Also Stobæus.

² Knox.

³ Langsdorff's Travels, v. iii. 362. This custom seems to be derived from high antiquity. It is thus alluded to in the Address of Odin: "I know a song of such virtue, that, were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds, and render the air perfectly calm. And if I see a man dead, and hanging on a tree, I engrave Runic characters so wonderful, that the man immediately descends and converses with me."

⁴ Vancouver, Voy. ii. 113.

⁵ By ancient usage the Javans were accustomed to place their dead relations upright against some tree in a forest. Vid. Raffle's Hist. Java, i. p. 327. 4to.

⁶ Wild's Trav. ii. 346—Recherches Philosop. Americ. 140.

⁷ Portlock and Dixon's Voyage round the World:—Abridg. p. 190.

this manner they hang for many years. In some countries of the East the dead were eaten by dogs¹; and the custom of exposing them to vultures is frequently alluded to by Homer. Indeed the Parsees of India regard being exposed to birds of the air the best and noblest of privileges². The place of sepulture presents a horrible prospect: a great number of carcasses are seen of different aspects and colours; some bleeding; some half consumed; some having their eyes and cheeks picked; some entire skeletons; and others hardened by the sun and air.

The Congoese³ bury their friends in graves of great depth, to preserve them from wild animals; plant trees and shrubs; and hang fetiches, or charms, over them. On the Ivory and Grain coast⁴ of Africa, the natives put their dead into an empty canoe; which they fill with all sorts of green plants. On the Gold coast⁵ they cover their friends with little gardens of rice. In Siam they burn the dead on a funeral pile of odoriferous woods: the Javans plant samboja⁶ trees by the side of graves, and strew sulasi flowers over them several times every year. These flowers have a sweet scent, and are reared exclusively for that purpose. They also form an image of leaves⁷, ornamented with variegated flowers, in the human form, supported by the clothes of the deceased. Before

¹ Sextus Empiricus, lib. iii. c. 24.

² Ovington's Voyage to Surat, p. 379, &c.

³ Tuckey, p. 382, 4to. ⁴ Bosman's Guinea Coast, p. 446. Ed. 1721.

⁵ Bosman, p. 223.

⁶ Raffles' Hist. Japan, i. p. 322. 4to. Crawford calls it the kamboja. — (Plumeria obtusa) Hist. Ind. Archipelago, vol. i. p. 438.

⁷ Discourse to the Batavian Literary and Philosophical Society. Sept. 10, 1815.

this figure they place a pot of incense: then they burn garlands, and the friends sit down to a feast, invoking a blessing on themselves, houses, and lands. In the great Loochoo island Captain Hall¹ observed vases, containing remains of the dead; and bundles of flowers, hung round them as funeral offerings. Some of these were fresh; others decayed: the vases were of elegant shapes; and the whole gave an air of great cheerfulness to the cemetery.

————— Repose ye here! —————
 Secure from worldly crimes and mishaps!
 Here lurks no treason; here no envy swells;
 Here grow no damned grudges; here no storm,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

VIII.

The celebrated Robert-a-Machin and his bride were buried under the shade of a tree, in Madeira, an island first discovered by themselves. As the history of this unfortunate pair combines all the value of truth with the imaginary value of romance, I shall pause from my general subject to relate it from accounts, attested by De Barros, Galvano, Alcaforado, Ovington, and other writers on the subject of maritime discovery.

Robert-a-Machin and Anna Dorset (D'Arfet), having become enamoured of each other, had resolved to unite their destinies for life. The young lady's father, however, married her against her consent to a nobleman; who, upon his marriage, carried his bride to a castle, he possessed near the city of Bristol. Her father, in the

¹ Voyage to Corea and Loochoo, 4to. p. 143.

mean time, had procured an order from the king (Edward III.) for committing the unfortunate Machin to prison. The lover contrived, however, to escape; and, learning the lady's place of residence, he induced one of his friends to enter the family of his rival, as a groom. By means of this friend, he laid a plan of escaping with his mistress to France. A ship was procured, and the lovers embarked. They had not been long on their voyage, however, before a strong gale drove them out to sea. The pilot, in that day of nautical ignorance, soon lost his reckoning; the vessel became unmanageable; and for twelve days and nights they were at the mercy of the waves, never expecting to recover land. On the thirteenth morning, however, the clouds cleared, and the sound of land was echoed, with rapture, from one end of the vessel to the other. As they approached, the country assumed a beautiful appearance; birds of a white and yellow plumage, till then unknown, flocked round the ship; the waves were tranquil; and every thing seemed to assume an air of enchantment. This unknown land was the island, to which subsequent voyagers have given the name of *Madeira*; and it seems to have sate for a picture in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

It was a chosen spot of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves, sett like a little nest;
As if it had, by Nature's cunning hand,
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best.
No daintie floure, or herbe, that grows on ground,
No arboreth with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found,
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe all round.

Book ii. c. vi. st. 12.

The boat was soon launched from the ship, and a part of the crew despatched to examine the country. These men soon returned with a favourable description; and Machin accompanied his mistress on shore. The scenery was more than equal to any accounts, that had reached them, even in the language of romance. Flowers bloomed in every shade; trees,—the growth of ages,—reared themselves to a great altitude; canary birds animated every bush; laurels, cedars, oranges, lemons, bananas, and other fruits, were in the amplest profusion; and the honey, which they gathered from the crevices of the rocks, had the odour of violets.

Escaped from the horrors of the ocean, the lovers now felt, as if they had entered into Paradise. For three days, they roved about the island in a state of transport. Under a venerable tree they formed a hut of boughs, and prepared to land part of the ship's cargo for immediate use. On the fourth night, however, a violent hurricane destroyed all their hopes and anticipations! The ship broke from her moorings; and, being driven on the coast of Morocco, was wrecked; and the crew seized as slaves.

When Machin and his mistress missed the ship in the morning, the latter gave herself up to despair: and, after upbraiding her lover for some time, became speechless, and in a few days died of grief. Machin, overwhelmed with sorrow, gave himself up to his misfortunes; and, refusing all consolation from his companions, died on the fifth day. A few moments before he breathed his last, he directed his friends to bury him in the grave, which, under a large tree, contained his unfortunate mistress. This his companions did not hesitate to perform; and

after inscribing over it an exhortation to any Christian, who might thereafter visit the spot, to erect a church, and dedicate it to Christ, they committed themselves to their boat: and, being driven on the coast of Morocco, shared the captivity of their fellow seamen. There are two or three contradictory accounts¹ of this first discovery of Madeira; but the preceding seems to bear the palm, in point of authenticity.

IX.

Ninus of Babylon was buried under a white mulberry-tree. The sepulchres and monuments of the Corinthians were among groves of cypresses. In many parts of Turkey large burial-grounds, planted with trees, are the only vestiges, which villages possess to prove, that they were formerly cities. In Madrid one of the churchyards forms a square; through the middle of which a rivulet runs, with roses, violets, and jessamine, growing spontaneously on its banks.

The custom of adorning graves with flowers, we have already described; but here we may be permitted to add, that in a village of the Peak in Derbyshire, there is a custom, as Miss Seward informs us, of suspending² garlands of white roses, made of paper, over the pews of those unmarried villagers, who die in the flower of their age. At Okely in Surry, rose-trees were once³ accus-

¹ Galvano. *Prog. Maritime Discov.* p. 22. John De Barros, &c. Also Locke's *Hist. of Navigation*, p. 17. 4to.

² The natives of the great Loochoo island deposit the remains of their relatives in vases, over which are hung, on bamboo poles, bundles of flowers. Each cemetery, says Captain Hall, wears an air of cheerfulness, p. 143, 4to.

³ Gibson's *Camden*.

tomed to be planted on the graves by all those young men and women, who had lost their lovers.

The Otaheitans plant trees in their cemeteries, which they call morai: and when one of Captain Cook's sailors plucked a flower from one of them, an Indian went up and struck him; as if he had committed a kind of sacrilege. In Greece the sepulchres were covered with parsley: and the boys, who died during the festival, called diamastigosis, were buried with much solemnity, and a crown of flowers placed upon their heads. The custom of strewing herbs and flowers was, at one time, prevalent in Italy. This is proved by a passage in Ausonius¹, an epitaph on Sannazarius², and another on John Baptista Marino³. Pontanus alludes to it, in his poem on the death of his wife⁴; and Hesus in his sixth eclogue⁵. Shakespeare describes it, as being prevalent at Verona⁶; and were he always accurate in costume, and never guilty of anachronisms, we might be led to suppose, the practice once prevailed in Denmark⁷, and Bohemia⁸. It ob-

¹ Epist. xxxvi.

² Da sacro cineri flores.—Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus musâ, proximus ut tumulo.

³ Fundere ne renuas, flores, et thura, Viator!
Ossibus, et cineri quem lapis iste teget, &c.

Guiccardini.

⁴ Ciceriscus.

⁵ Spargite odoratos, tumulo date, spargite flores.

⁶ Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. 4.—v. sc. 4. Misson confirms the practice, vol. i. p. 198. Ed. 1714.

⁷ Hamlet. ——— Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring.

Act v. sc. 1.

⁸ Winter's Tale, act i. sc. 3.

tained, certainly, in the middle ages of Christianity. St. Ambrose alludes to it, in his funeral oration on the death of Valentinian¹; and St. Jerome, in his letter to Pammachius, on the death of his wife.—“While other husbands strewed violets and roses and purple flowers on the graves of their wives, you, Pammachius, bedewed her ashes with the balsam of charity².”

To this custom the English poets are frequently alluding. Milton does so, in one of the best passages of *Lycidas*³; Smollet in his imitation of Tibullus; Giffard in his elegy of, “I wish I were where Anna lies;” and Chatterton, in his dirge of—“O sing unto my roundelay.” Gray, also, in the omitted stanza of his elegy; and Collins in the dirge, sung over the grave of Fidele:—

The redbreast oft, at evening hour,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground, where thou art laid.

X.

Adanson, author of the families of plants, left in his will, that a garland, culled from his “Families,” should be placed over him. The most agreeable spot in Caubul is the tomb of the Emperor Bauber⁴; situated on the top of a hill, surrounded by beds of anemonies. Flowers

¹ “Nec ego floribus tumulum ejus asperagam, sed spiritum ejus Christi odore perfundam; spargant alii plenius lilia calathis; nobis lilium est Christus, hoc reliquias ejus sacratio.”—Ambros. Orat. Funebri de obitu Valentin. Crowns of flowers were placed upon the tomb of St. Felix. The reason for this custom is stated in Durand. Ret. vii. c. 35.

² Hierom. Epist. ad Pammach. de obitu Uxor.

³ L. 139. And in Samson Agonistes.

⁴ Caubul, 434.

were scattered over the grave of Klopstock ; a lime-tree overshadows his monument of white Carrara marble ; and while the celestial muse holds an urn in one hand, the other seems pointing to heaven. Thus reposes the first of German poets !

During the French revolution, persons of all persuasions were deposited in a common burial-ground, planted with trees. On the front of the entrance was inscribed the following unscientific, imbecile, cold, worthless, and disgraceful sentence :

“ DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP.”

With what melancholy pleasure, my Lelius, did your friend, Harmodius, and myself, visit the tomb of Publicola ! standing in a churchyard, surrounded by several jessamine and rose bushes. His manners were so attaching to all of us, that, associating with his memory moral simplicity and mental tranquillity, the imagination, dwelling on his modesty and humanity, lingers with a mild and elegant delight. He was reading, as we were informed by his wife, the following passage in Percival's Essays ; when he was seized with apoplexy. “ To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments ; of obedient appetite ; of well-regulated affections ; of maturity in knowledge ; and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, the mind reviews what is past, with the complacency of an approving conscience ; and looks forward, with an humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations, towards his eternal and ever-increasing power.” What a happiness to die at such a moment ! His tomb is erected ; but

at present there is no inscription. Harmodius proposed the following, and it will probably be adopted. It embraces the past, the present, and the future.

Felix—vixi :—Felix—moriō :—Felix—resurgam !

To this will be added, after the manner of the Moravians, not that he died on the tenth day of September, but that, on that day, he “ returned to his native country.”

XI.

The Tyrolese are a people, who deserve immortality, for their simultaneous rising against the French in the year 1809. The Austrians having crossed the Inn, the inhabitants of the Tyrol, without any previous concert among themselves, rose, as it were, by magic. One of the most severe actions¹ took place in the ravines of Mount Isel. This part of the Tyrol is the most romantic of all that beautiful country : and, in one of its most sequestered valleys, stands the abbey of Wilten. Near this abbey Hofer collected the entire male population of the Tyrol. These consisted of peasants, arrayed, for the most part, in their dress of husbandry, undisciplined, and therefore totally unskilled in some of the simplest military operations². On the evening, and during the night preceding the battle, the monks of the abbey mixed among their brave defenders ; practised

¹ May 29th.—Vid. Essay on the Character and Manners of the Tyrolese.

² Their method of warfare was exceedingly curious. They cut down large trees, which they fastened with ropes to other trees, standing on the brinks of precipices. On these they laid other trees, pieces of rock, stones, and all manner of rubbish. When the enemy approached, they cut the ropes ; and the whole mass fell upon their enemies below.

many religious ceremonies ; and animated them to the successful discharge of their duty. The French, in the mean time, pressed them on all sides. The Austrians had abandoned them : they had nothing, therefore, to depend upon, but their own valour and determination. During the battle, that ensued, the friars mingled in the ranks. Habited in their cowls and robes, and walking in their sandals, they exposed themselves to the hottest fire of the enemy. The enthusiasm was universal : women and children partook of it¹ : the former guarded the prisoners ; the latter, unable to bear arms, were yet eager to join their fathers ; and actually performed many offices of use. One of them,—the son of Speckbacher,—continued by the side of his father, during the most intense heat of the battle : and when commanded at length to quit, he went to a hillock, where he saw several balls of the enemy strike, picked them up, and carried them in his hat to those, who were most in want of ammunition.

The battle lasted from sun-rise to sun-set. The women occupying the rear ; receiving the wounded ; and administering to their necessities, the battle terminated in the defeat of the French and Bavarians. In the history of this battle there is one circumstance exceedingly curious. In all others, the dead have been buried indiscriminately on the field of battle. In this, those of the Tyrolese were carried to their homes ; and every one buried in the

¹ Tacitus presents us with a beautiful picture, in his description of the women of Germany. When the men are wounded, says he, they have their wives and mothers for their physicians. These are in no way fearful to suck their wounds : and during the time of action they carry provisions to their sons and husbands.

churchyard of his native village; where, covered with living flowers, their graves are still to be seen. These men were worthy of defending so beautiful a country; and the country, in which they were born, and in which they are buried, is worthy of them. They were, also, worthy of being buried, as they were, beneath flowers and shrubs.

At Brunswick, several youth of good families, who had signalised themselves against the French, were executed by order of Jerome Buonaparte. On the next morning it was discovered, that unknown hands had scattered over them garlands of flowers. Xenophon¹ also relates, that those, who returned into Greece from the Persian expedition, erected a cenotaph to the memory of those, who perished, and cast flowers upon it.

Warriors seem particularly attached to these simple ceremonies. Marshal Blucher, being on his death-bed visited by General Witzleben, aide-du-camp to the King of Prussia, desired, as a last request, that he might be buried without ostentation in a field, between Kunst and Kriblowitz, under three lime-trees. And the monument, erected by Alexander near Dresden, in honour of Moreau, is surrounded by three oaks, planted as emblems of the three monarchs, who were present in the action, in which he fell.

CHAPTER IV.

Nothing in nature is more beautiful, than her colours. Every flower is compounded of different shades; almost

¹ De Cyr. Exped. vi. c. 5.

every mountain is clothed with herbs, different from the one, opposed to it; and every field has its peculiar hue.

Colour is to scenery, what the entablature is to architecture, and harmony to language. Nature, therefore, delights in no fixed colour: for even her green is so well contrasted, that the foliage of woods presents to our sight all the shades of an emerald, and all the combinations of innumerable chaplets. Colours are, indeed, so fascinating to the eye, that, in the East¹, there has long prevailed a method of signifying the passions, which is there called the love-language of colours. This rhetoric was introduced into Spain by the Arabians. Yellow expressed doubt; black sorrow; green hope; purple constancy; blue jealousy; white content; and red the greatest possible satisfaction. In regard to mourning, it may not be irrelevant to remark, that though most Europeans mourn in black, the ancient Spartans, Romans, and Chinese, mourned in white; the Egyptians in yellow; the Ethiopians in brown; the Turks in violet; while kings and cardinals indicate their grief in purple.

With as much facility may we number the leaves of the trees, the billows of the ocean, or the sands of the beach, as describe the various blendings of colours in stones, just washed by the waves: or the gradations and successions of tints, in shells, minerals, and flowers. These meltings of various hues may, not inaptly, be styled the melody of colours. Sir Isaac Newton having

¹ The orientalists seem to be exceedingly attached to colours. Thus they call the Arabian the Red Sea; the Propontis the White Sea; the Euxine the Black Sea; the Indian the Green Sea; and the Mediterranean the Blue Sea.—Vid. Vincent's Voyage of Nearchus, p. 318.

remarked, that the breadths of the seven primary colours were proportional to the seven musical notes of the gamut; Father Cashel conceived, that colours had their harmonies, as well as music; and he, in consequence, constructed an instrument¹, which he called an ocular harpsichord. The office of this instrument, says Goldsmith, was to reflect all the combinations of the primary colours in regular succession: the prismatic rays furnishing the notes, and their shades the semitones.

II.

In the Arctic regions Captain Ross observed several atmospherical phenomena. Sometimes a thick white fog would surround his ship on all sides; while in the zenith was a fine transparent blue sky. The instant this fog touched the ropes, it froze, and suspended in long icicles. In the absence of these fogs, the whole atmosphere was remarkably clear: and he found to his surprise, that objects very near him were much lowered by the powers of refraction; while those in the horizon were as much elevated; and the power of vision extended to objects even

¹ The power of expressing colour by sound is fancifully illustrated in Mons. Bombet's lives of Haydn and Mozart, p. 157.

Wind Instruments.

Trombone.....	deep red.	Flute.....	sky blue.
Trumpet.....	scarlet.	Diapason.....	deeper blue.
Clarionette.....	orange.	Double Diapason	purple.
Oboe.....	yellow.	Horn.....	violet.
Bassoon	deep yellow.		

Stringed Instruments.

Violin.....	pink.
Viola.....	rose.
Violoncello.....	red.
Double Bass.....	deep crimson red.

at a distance of 150 miles¹. “ While the moon was in sight,” says Captain Ross², “ she had the appearance of following the sun round the horizon; and while these bodies were passing in azimuth along the tops of the mountains, the snow which covered them, and which had naturally a yellow tinge, had then the lustre of gold; and the reflection of these upon the sky produced a rich green tint, so delicately beautiful, as to surpass description.”

In those regions, too, he saw a considerable quantity of red snow. This phenomenon was received in England, as if it had never been seen or heard of before. Pliny and Aristotle mention red snow, and say that it becomes red by giving shelter to innumerable red worms, that breed in it. Showers of blood are frequently recorded in history: these were generally showers of red snow; but in 1017 a shower of rain of a blood colour fell in Aquitain. In 1819 a red shower fell in Carniola. Upon being analysed, it was found to be impregnated with silex, alumine, and oxide of iron. Red rain fell also at Dixmude in Flanders, Nov. 2, 1819; and on the following day at Schenevingen³, the acid obtained from which was chloric acid, and the metal cobalt. A shower of red earth fell in Calabria, January 1817. Being analysed by Signor Sementini, it was found to consist of silex, alumine, lime, chrome, iron, and carbonic acid. From the presence of chrome, it was supposed to associate with aerolites.

¹ Some voyagers record, that the snowy peak of Jan Mayen's Island is sometimes not visible at a point, from which, at other times, it appears high above the horizon.

² Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, 4to. p. 144.

³ Philosoph. Mag. Vol. lv. 77.

Turner mentions a curious circumstance¹. “While I remained in Zante,” says he, “an extraordinary phenomenon occurred. At the end of February there was a torrent of rain, with which were mixed vast quantities of reddish sand, that soon darkened every window in the place. This the inhabitants attributed to a strong south or south-west gale, bringing that substance from Egypt, or the deserts of Africa.”

III.

Red snow has been observed among the Alps; Raymond records it, too, among the Pyrenees, at the height of 2000 and 2500 yards above the level of the Bay of Biscay. Saussure attributes that of the Alps to the seminal powder of certain plants, peculiar to high mountains: but Raymond to the mica, which abounds so much in the Pyrenees, as to colour the water as the snow melts². Sarotti saw red snow, also, among the mountains north of Genoa; and Martin near the seven Ice-bergs in the North Seas.

In the year 1810 (Jan. 17th) red snow fell upon the mountains of Placentia in Italy: particularly on the Cento Croci. For some time, snow had lain upon those mountains; but on this day peals of thunder were heard with several vivid flashes of lightning; and the snow, that fell immediately after, was red. Then it snowed white; and the red became enclosed between two strata of white. By this it appears, that red snow has some connexion with the electrical state of the atmosphere. Some of the

¹ *Levant*, ii. 205.

² *Les Merveilles et Beautés de la Nature en France*. By Mons. Depping. tom. i.

snow, which Captain Ross found in the Arctic regions, he preserved in three states: dissolved; the sediment bottled; and the sediment dried. Upon the analyzation of these specimens, Dr. Wollaston coincided in opinion with Captain Ross, that the redness of the snow was occasioned by a vegetable substance, produced on the mountain above the spot, where the snow lay. It was not seen at a distance, less than six miles from the sea¹; but always on the face, or at the foot of a mountain. When analysed² it appeared to consist of minute globules from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{3}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter: the coat colourless; and the contents of an oily nature; which though not soluble in water, was soluble in rectified spirits of wine; and when dried by the heat of boiling water, it sustained no loss of colour³. Brande esteemed this substance to be the excrement of birds: but most of Captain Ross's officers believed it to be of vegetable origin, as it tasted like mushroom⁴, or beet root. It may be observed, however, that if the earth, over which this snow lay, were red, like the mountains of Smeerenberg, where red snow has been occasionally observed, and where the soil is of a red ochreous colour, the colour might, possibly, be occasioned by exhalations.

IV.

What can be more agreeable, my Lelius, than to watch the colours of aërial landscapes, when the sun is

¹ Voyage to the Arctic Regions, 4to. p. 140. ² Ibid. Appendix, lxxxviii.

³ M. Bauer says, that the particles, colouring the snow with red, consist of a species of the uredo, a fungus: a perfect globule of which is so small, that 2,560,000 occupy the space of only one square inch.

⁴ Fisher's Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions in 1818.

rising in all his glory¹, or setting in his majesty? Or when the moon, rising from behind the point of a rock, tinges the edges of the clouds with saffron; and depicts rivers, and castles, and mountains, rolling over each other, along the circle of the horizon? These appearances in the heavens, beautiful as they are in our hemisphere, are far less lovely, than those, which are observed in more southern climates: arising, principally, from the circumstance of there being, in those regions, little horizontal refraction. “In the Peninsula of California,” says Mons. Humboldt, “the sky is constantly serene, of a deep blue, and without a cloud. Should any appear for a moment, at the setting of the sun, they display the finest shades of violet, purple, and green. All those, who have ever been in California, preserve a recollection of the extraordinary beauty of this phenomenon. Nowhere,” he continues, “could an astronomer find a more delightful abode, than at Cumana, Coro, the Island of Marguerite, and the coast of California.”

In Japan, clouds frequently assume the shapes of irregular fortifications; giving great richness and variety to the vast etherial concave. At the tropics, they roll themselves into enormous masses, as white as snow;

Milton has imagined a splendour more magnificent than the pencil of the painter can exhibit, or the pen of the poet describe; and which little less than the imagination of a poet is capable of picturing to the fancy. Adam, observing the approach of Raphael, describes him, as

————— Another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon!

Paradise Lost, Book v. 308.

Isaiah promises, that, in the day of grace, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun; and that of the sun seven fold: Ch. xxx. v. 26.

turning their borders into the forms of hills; piling themselves upon each other; and frequently exhibiting the shapes of caverns, rocks, and mountains. There, as may be collected from St. Pierre¹, may be perceived, amid endless ridges, a multitude of valleys, whose openings are distinguished by shades of purple and vermillion. These celestial valleys exhibit, in their various colours, matchless tints of white, melting into shades of different colours. Here and there may be observed torrents of light, issuing from the dark sides of the mountains, and pouring their streams, like ingots of gold and silver, over rocks of coral. These appearances are not more to be admired for their beauty, than for their endless combinations; since they vary every instant. What, a moment before, was luminous, becomes coloured: what was coloured mingles into shade: forming singular and most beautiful representations of islands and hamlets, bridges stretched over wide rivers, immense ruins, huge rocks, and gigantic mountains.

V.

The clouds, which precede the typhons² of the East, tower up their heads, move simultaneously; and exhibit volume rising over volume, in aerial grandeur, and magnificent regularity. The edges are fringed with various colours from faint yellow to deep crimson: towards the middle they become of a copper colour, while the body of the cloud itself is of a deep sable. Water-spouts, too,

¹ Studies of Nature; resumed in Harmonies, Vol. 2. p. 22.

² Dampier says the typhons of the East are the same as the hurricanes of the West. Vid. Discourse on the Trade Winds, &c. p. 71.

have a magnificent appearance to those, who behold them at a distance from their effects. In the Straits of Malacca, they are very frequent; no less than eleven or twelve¹ being occasionally seen at the same time.

In tropical climates, clouds are frequently seen flying over head, which, when beheld in the horizon, seem to hang without the smallest motion, as a ship approaches the land. In the Scychele Islands² a gale of wind is a phenomenon totally unknown. The inhabitants have lived there nearly fifty years, and have never yet witnessed one. These were men, who had become destitute and disgusted with mankind. They have little or no communication with the world. Their tables are supplied with the produce of their own industry; and they are extremely hospitable with what they have. Their food consists of oysters and a few land turtles; with some plantains, mangoes, and pine apples: they cultivate also coffee, cotton, and a few cloves. These retired people, as before observed, have never known a gale of wind on their island. In lower Peru, rain has never been known to fall. The natives of Malacca³ would esteem this climate beyond all others; for they cannot endure to be in the rain. Many other Indian tribes have the same antipathy; a circumstance frequently prejudicial to their interests; since, being armed differently from Europeans, they might have charged them on wet days, when it would have been difficult for their adversaries to have used their muskets. The want of rain in lower Peru is,

¹ Vid. Discourse on the Phenomena of the Water-spout, *Asiat. Journ.* iv. 455.

² *Asiat. Journ.* i. p. 36.

³ Vancouver.

in a great measure, compensated by fogs, which, without thunder or lightning, melt into dews, with which the vegetation is invigorated. In Taheite, in the Pacific Ocean, however, aerial phenomena of most kinds are frequently witnessed. The natives call the house of their chief the "Cloud of Heaven¹;" his drum they call "Thunder;" his torch "Lightning;" and his double canoe "Rainbow."

Those, who have beheld clouds rolling along the lower regions of the air, from the tops of high mountains, always retain a lively recollection of the grandeur of the perspective². And when Dr. Kraskovitz made his sixth ascension at Vienna, no feeling, he says, he ever experienced, could equal the transport, with which he beheld the shroud of vapours beneath him, appearing like a solid silver-coloured mass, with the summits of Styria and Hungary rising over them: while above, the heavens were pure and serene; and the moon and the sun vying, as it were, with each other, to render the universe more splendid and magnificent.

In the southern hemisphere, the nights are more dark, than in the northern: there are fewer stars. Towards the northern pole, the skies are serene, and exhibit the stars exceedingly brilliant; and, contrasted with the snow beneath, illumined by the moon, the whole midnight landscape appears like a collection of a vast multitude of gems. The stars sparkle with a fiery red: and

¹ Vancouver.

² In Austral Asia there is a tribe, who believe their ancestors came from the clouds; and whither, at their death, they will themselves go, in the shape of little children.

the sun rises and sets with a light inclining to a yellow glow. On the summit of Mont Blanc, the snow, reflecting with dazzling brilliancy, the moon rises with splendour in the midst of a sky, as black as ebony! While at the southern cape of Africa, when the south winds prevail, the moon appears to have an undulating motion; the stars revolve in a fantastic manner; and the planets seem all bearded like a comet.

The clouds, among the Highlands of Scotland, frequently display the finest outlines, and assume the most lovely characters; more especially, when viewed from their wild and magnificent summits. To these landscapes, sketched with such boldness in the heavens, Beattie finely alludes in his poem of the Minstrel.

Oft when the wintry storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste, at even, to view
The cloud, stupendous, from the Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along the horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great, than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes, of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.
Minstrel, Part i. st. liii.

VI.

In tropical climates the stars seem whiter than in northern ones, owing to the transparency of the air. Humboldt and Bonpland once saw Jupiter distinctly, with the naked eye, eighteen minutes after the sun had appeared in the horizon;—so transparent is the atmo-

sphere at Cumana. On Mont Blanc, Jupiter may frequently be seen several hours after the sun has risen. Among the Alps the sky is of an intense azure; a circumstance, which we may attribute to the colour of the air not being weakened by vapours, which cause the rays of light to separate and disperse. In the tropics the sky, seen through the green boughs of the forests, appears like indigo; and the sea is of a pure and solemn azure.

At the lake Manasanawara among the Himala mountains, the moon in a total eclipse is much more clear and transparent, than in lower regions; owing to the rarity of the atmosphere extenuating the shadow of the earth.

In Italy, in Spain, and in the south of France, circles round the moon are frequently seen. In those climates, too, the twinkling of stars is generally accompanied by sudden changes of colour; and between the equator and the 15th degree of latitude small haloes are frequently observed round the planet Venus. In these aureolas, the orange, the violet, and the purple, are particularly to be distinguished; and yet Bonpland remarks, that he never once saw any similar prismatic appearances round Canopus, or the Sirius. These haloes appear most frequently in the finest weather.

In the Island of Madeira and along the coast of Africa, Humboldt was never weary of admiring the serenity and transparency of the sky at night; when he beheld innumerable falling stars, shooting almost every instant. These phenomena became more frequent, as he passed the Canaries; and still more so in that part of the Pacific, which bathes the volcanic shores of Guatemala. Some of

these meteors left tails, which remained luminous from twelve to fifteen seconds. While he was climbing the broken lavas of the Malpays, he saw several optical phenomena, which appeared like small rockets shooting into the air. These he found afterwards to be the images of stars, magnified by vapours.

VII.

What poet beholds the blush of morning, without feeling that vernal delight, which recalls to his fancy the mother of Memnon, and Guido's mother of roses? On the ceiling of the palace of Rospigliosi, this picture still remains. There Aurora glows with beauty, attended by the Hours: while Love, bearing a flambeau, waves it over the universe. Immediately the ocean, which had previously been enveloped in darkness, catches the flame, and the waves become illumined by its splendour.

Newton believed, that the blueness of the sky arises from vapours, consistent enough to reflect violet rays, but not of sufficient consistence to reflect less reflexible ones. Leonardo da Vinci, on the other hand, attributed it to the immense depth of the heavens, which, devoid of light, is black; but which, when illuminated by the sun, becomes blue:—all black bodies appearing blue, when observed through a white medium. This opinion seems to be the more philosophical of the two: for were Newton's hypothesis correct, stars could never be seen during the day; whereas they are frequently observed, even at noon, at the bottom of deep wells and mines.

The shapes and motions of the clouds sometimes depend on aerial currents; at others on their electricity:

Clouds frequently discharging opposite electricities into each other. Their colours are caused by the power, which they possess, when condensed at certain heights, of dividing the rays of light; and by reflection rendering them visible. Such is the cause of yellow, orange, red, and purple clouds. Green ones are but seldom seen.

But though blueness is the natural colour of the sky, the clouds reflect every colour in nature; though not in every climate. Sometimes they wear the modest blush of the sardonia tinctura; now streaks of bloodish red, like ribbon jasper; now large brilliant volumes, like native cinnabar; now of a vivid red, with white spots, like the marble of Languedoc; now the red, bordering on orange, like cornelian; and now they reflect the rich and glowing colour of the carbuncle. In some climates they assume that of the onyx alabaster; in others brownish red, interspersed with white spots, like porphyry. Now they are yellow as native gold; and now as white as magnesian limestone. Sometimes, mingling with the azure of the deep serene, veins and spots of white and yellow remind us of the lapis-lazuli; at other times a blue, more deep and more beautiful than marine; and in some fortunate moments they appear to unite the roses of Persia with the violets of England and the lilies of France: while the sea, like moss on alabaster, rivals the variegated tincture of serpentine; or, mixed with waves of white, assumes the colour of Egyptian marble.

VIII.

In our climate no colour is more fascinating to the imagination, than that deep glow, gradually softening into

purple¹, which, in its turn, fades into the ærial obscurity of a summer's twilight; while, in the distant horizon,

Emerging slow,
Cynthia comes riding on her silver car,
And hoary mountain cliffs shine faintly from afar.

A scene, more than equal to this, my Lelius, was observed by your excellent friend, Eustace, from the castle of Procida. The purple tints of the sun brightened into golden streaks, as it descended; then softened into purple again; and, deepening into blue, at length melted into darkness. The family, who took care of the castle in the absence of the owner, consisted of a husband, a model of strength; a wife, beautiful; and their son, who served the table with figs, apricots and peaches. After supper, the wife, in a clear and sweet voice, sung the evening hymn; which her husband accompanied on his guitar; and with his son, occasionally joined in chorus. "I was never present at an act of family devotion," says Eustace², "more simple or more graceful. It seemed to harmonize with the beauty of the country, and the temperature of the air; and breathed at once the innocence and joy of Paradise."

To the beauty of aerial tintings Mons. Necker was peculiarly sensible. A few hours after the death of Mad. Necker, Madame de Stael caught him standing at one of the windows of his chateau, overlooking a magnificent prospect of the Alps, when a cloud passed over the

¹ ——— Lumine vestit
Purpureo. ———

² Vol. iii. p. 3. 8vo.

horizon in the distance: and, being coloured with the rays of the morning sun, seemed as if it were a vehicle to convey the soul of an admirable woman to the ethereal regions. “Perhaps her soul hovers there!” ejaculated Mons. Necker, and then relapsed into meditation.

Purple has been a royal colour for ages. The Egyptians¹ clothed their god, Serapis, in purple; and in the age of Commodus, for a subject to wear that colour was an act of treason². The poets have an analogous respect for it; hence they celebrate

“The purple light of love, and bloom of young desire.”

Aspasia, Cyrus’ mistress, was called Mitto (Vermillion), from the beauty and transparency of her complexion: and purple was frequently an epithet applied to beautiful women. Horace even applied the epithet to doves³; and Virgil not unfrequently to the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas.

Catulus, to whom the charge of finishing the capitol was committed, covered the area of that part, in which the people sat, with a large purple veil; on which was imitated the colour of the sky. The wing of St. Michael was of a purple colour, encompassed with rays of gold; Milton, therefore, with his wonted propriety of costume, clothes him in a military vest of purple, dipped in a rainbow.

¹ Herod. Euterpe. cxxxii.

² There was a purple called the hermionique purple, which kept its colour for an hundred years.

³ Purpureis ales oloribus. Lib. iv. od. 1. l. 10. Perhaps, however, purpureis should be porphyreis. Porphyris being the ancient name of Cyprus.

CHAPTER V.

IF we hold green glass to our eyes, every object, seen through it, appears green: hence it has been supposed, that those insects, which have green, blue, or indigo eyes, may believe, that every thing, they see, is of a green, blue, and indigo colour. Labradore felspar exhibits a brilliant display of colours; but, like the opal, they all depend on the position, in which the stone is held to the light. Gems, on the other hand, derive their colours from the metals, with which they are impregnated: but iron may be rendered white by cooling it in quick-lime and sal ammoniac.

The tintings of the clouds are caused, as we before observed, by the refrangibility of the sun's rays. These visions, these mimic representations,—designed, as it were, by the Eternal, in mockery of man's works, and as emblems of their instability,—charm alike the philosophic eye, searching into the secrets of Nature, and the heart of the peasant, who, at an humbler distance, admires her beauties and obeys her impulses. See, too, my Lelius, and be captivated, as you behold, the fine formed arch of the rainbow. See it, when it encircles the horizon of extended plains, or when it is hanging from the sides of an elevated mountain; and if you are able to restrain the impulse of your admiration, I will proclaim to your friends, that you will never be a poet.

I do not remember, whether it has been expressly noticed by our philosophical writers, but it is evident, that the ancients had a knowledge of the rainbow's being

formed by the refraction of the sun-beams and the falling of rain¹. We may infer this from the allegory of the winds, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad; from what Ælian² says of Pythagoras; and from a passage in the fifth book of the Eneid.

————— Ceu nubibus arcus

Mille trahit varios adverso sole colores³.

Lib. v. l. 88.

Martial also—

Cæsuras alte sic rapit Iris aquas.

Lib. xii. ep. 29. 6.

Nothing can be more express than the language of Pliny: "*Quod ergo iris sit refractio aspectus est ad solem, manifestum est.*" And as Plutarch declares it to be a circumstance, well known in his time, it is difficult to conceive, why, in the present, Antonio de Dominis is honoured as an inventor, rather than a reviver, of a system, which Descartes more fully explained, and which Newton completed by analyzing the qualities of colour.

¹ Dr. Watts of Glasgow ascribes it to the "refraction of rays, coming through the lower edge of a cloud, posited between the beholder and the sun." This accounts for bows, when there is no rain. It is caused by both.

² Var. Hist. lib. iv. c. 18.

³ Virgil repeats this line from En. iv. l. 701. This passage is imitated by Rapi in his best manner:

Tunc et cœlesti quæ dicitur Iris ab arcu,

Splendebit, flores variata coloribus illis,

Quos pluvia accipiunt adverso nubila sole,

Iridis at species varias, variosque colores

Distinguet, variis pro tempestatibus annus.

Hort. lib. i.

II.

The poets feigned the rainbow to be the residence of certain ærial creatures, whose delight it is to sport and wanton in the clouds. Milton, in his exquisite pastoral drama of *Comus*, thus alludes to this platonic idea :—

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creature in the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

Shakespeare is the only writer, who has alluded to the colours, which are reflected on the eye, when suffused with tears. The rainbow, which, not improbably, first suggested the idea of arches, though beautiful in all countries, is more particularly so in mountainous ones; for, independent of their frequency, it is impossible to conceive any thing more grand, than the appearance of this fine arch, when its points rest upon the opposite sides of a narrow valley, or on the peaked summits of precipitate mountains. The Scandinavians believed it to connect earth with heaven; and gave it, for a guardian, a Being, called *Heimdaller*.

It is impossible to see a rainbow without feeling admiration towards the Power, that forms it! One of the glories, which are said to surround the throne of Heaven, is a rainbow like an emerald¹. In the *Apocalypse*² it is described, as encircling the head of an angel; in *Ezekiel*, the four cherubim are compared to a cloud, arched with

¹ Rev. iv. v. 3.² Rev. ch. x. v. 1.

it¹; and nothing, out of the Hebrew Scriptures, can exceed the beauty of that passage in Milton², where he describes its creation and its first appearance. There is a picture, representing this emblem of mercy³, so admirably painted, in the castle of Ambras, in the circle of Austria, that the grand duke of Tuscany offered a hundred thousand crowns for it. Rubens frequently gave animation to pictures, which had little beside to interest the eye of the spectator, by painting this phenomenon: one of Guido's best pieces represents the Virgin and Infant sitting on a rainbow: and round the niche, in which stood a statue of the Virgin in the chapel of Loretto, were imbedded precious stones of various lustres, forming a rainbow of various colours.

III.

This phenomenon is frequently observed, rising amid the exhalations of waterfalls. There is one in the island of Joanna⁴; another at the Fall of Staubbach, in the bosom of the Alps; one near Schaffhausen; at the Cascade of Lauffen; at the Cataract of Niagara; and a still more beautiful one at Terni; where the whole current of the Velino, rushing from a steep precipice of nearly two hundred feet, presents to the spectator below, a variegated circle, over-arching the Fall; and

¹ Ezekiel i. v. 28.

² Book xi.

³ Gen. ix. 13, 16. Homer has two passages, which it were difficult to understand, were we not to refer their meaning to the sign of Noah.—Vid. Il. v. 27. 547. Pope's version.

⁴ Asiat. Journ. v. p. 225.

two other bows suddenly reflected on the right and left. How comparatively faint and insignificant appear the prismatic tints of the water-works, erected at Versailles, at St. Cloud, and in the gardens of St. Ildefonso, near the city of Madrid!

The rainbows of Greenland are frequently of a pale white, fringed with a brownish yellow; arising from the rays of the sun being reflected from a frozen cloud. In Iceland they are called the “Bridges of the Gods.” Ulloa and Bouguer describe circular rainbows¹, which are frequently seen on the mountains, rising above Quito, in the kingdom of Peru; while Edwards asserts, that a rainbow was seen near London, caused by the exhalations of that city, after the sun had set more than twenty minutes. A naval friend, too, informs me, that, as he was one day watching the sun’s effect upon the exhalations, near Juan Fernandez, he saw upwards of five-and-twenty *ires marinæ* animate the sea at the same time. In these marine bows, the concave sides were turned upwards; the drops of water rising from below, and not falling from above, as in the instances of aerial arches. They are sometimes formed, too, by waves, dashing against the rocks: as may frequently be seen, on the coasts of Carnarvon, Merioneth, Pembroke, Cardigan, Carmarthen, and Glamorgan.

¹ When M. Labillardiere* was on Mount Teneriffe, he saw the contours of his body traced on the clouds beneath him in all the colours of the solar bow. He had previously witnessed this phenomenon on the Kesrouan, in Asia Minor.

* D’Entrecasteaux’s Voy. in Search of La Perouse, vol. i. p. 18, 19.

IV.

In some rainbows may be discovered three arches within the purple of the common bow¹: 1. yellowish green, darker green, purple; 2. green, purple; 3. green, purple. Rainbows, too, are sometimes seen, when the hoar frost is descending.

Aristotle states, that he was the first, who ever saw a lunar rainbow. He assuredly means, that he was the first, who ever described one;—since lunar rainbows must have been observed in all ages. That it was unknown to St. Ambrose, however, is evident from his belief, that the bow, which God promised Noah, he would place in the firmament, after the Deluge, “as a witness, that he would never drown the world again,” was not to be understood of the rainbow, “which can never appear in the night; but some visible virtue of the Deity.” Notwithstanding this assertion of St. Ambrose², I have had the good fortune to see several; two of which were, perhaps, the finest ever witnessed in any country. The first formed an arch

¹ First remarked by Dr. Langwith.—Phil. Trans. No. 375.

² A lunar rainbow was seen by the Portuguese pilot, near the island of St. Thomas, A. D. 1524. “We observed the constellation of Il Crusero,” says he, “very high from the island of San Thomè, and remarked, that the moon, after rain, forms during the night a rainbow, similar to what the sun produces in the day, except that the colours are nebulous.” The original of this passage was written many years before Newton was born.—When M. Labillardiere* was in search of La Prouse, he saw a lunar bow on the coast of Africa; in which, as the bow was between the ship and the moon, the colours were inversely from those of the sun. Lunar rainbows are frequent in St. Domingo.

* Vol. i. 62. Also, i. 230.

over the Vale of Usk. The moon hung over the Blorenge; a dark cloud suspended over Myarth; the river murmured over beds of stones; and a bow, illumined by the moon, stretched from one side of the vale to the other. Had Wouvermanns, or Bassano, at that moment, thrown their mantles over me! For then I recalled to recollection that passage in the Chinese mythology, where the mother of Fo-hi, surnamed the "flower-loving," is represented as walking in the evening, on the banks of a rivulet, and finding herself suddenly enveloped in a rainbow. She became pregnant, from that moment; and, after a period of twelve years, gave birth to a son, who was honoured with the title of "the Star of the Year."

The second I saw from the castle, overlooking the bay of Carmarthen, forming a regular semicircle over the Towy. It was in a moment of vicissitude; and fancy willingly reverted to that passage of Ecclesiasticus, where the writer describes Simon, shining "as a morning star," and "as a rainbow," on the temple of the Eternal. The sky soon cleared, and presented a midnight scene like that, which Bloomfield has described so admirably.

Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene),
Others detached, in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;

Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
 The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
 These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
 Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

Bloomfield's Winter, l. 249.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT appearances in nature can be more beautiful, and, at the same time, more awful, than the wild, and mysterious, motions and colours of the aurora borealis? Sometimes covering, with inconceivable magnificence, the concave of the whole hemisphere; changing their positions every moment; now resembling vast pyramids; or stretching into innumerable columns; varying their shapes and colours with astonishing rapidity, and with endless caprice. Now vanishing in a moment, leaving the heavens sombre and black; and now returning, with increased splendour, shedding a matchless glory over all the heavens!

With respect to the cause of this phenomenon, many hypotheses have been started by natural philosophers. Not one, however, will stand the test of rigid examination. St. Pierre imagines it probable, that it may be caused by the coruscations of ice, at the polar circles; since vast islands of ice are frequently signified, some time before they appear in the horizon, by the coruscations they emit¹.

¹ Ice-blinks are visible at a considerable distance*; and by their effulgence may be seen in the deepest fog, and in the darkest night. Ships may, there-

* Mem. Wernerian Society, vol. ii. 292.

This hypothesis gains some confirmation from the circumstance, which has been observed by travellers in Lapland and Siberia, of the aurora being attended by a hissing and a cracking noise. One insuperable objection, however, among many others, may be opposed to this theory. If the remarkable phenomenon, alluded to, proceeded from the coruscations of ice at the polar circles, it would appear regularly every year; whereas, it is now scarcely ever to be seen¹; and, in more ancient times, it was even still more unfrequent. Some have imagined it to proceed from the ice islands themselves, which float at particular seasons of the year, along the Northern and Southern Oceans: grounding their opinions principally, upon Captain Cook's having observed, that the ice islands, at the South Pole, illuminated half the horizon to a considerable height². This hypothesis is even more improbable than the former. It is liable to the same insurmountable objection, as to the unfrequency, with the addition of the utter impossibility of our imagining, that any coruscations, caused by objects so comparatively low as ice islands, should ascend to an altitude of several thousand miles; a height to which, in the opinion of many philosophers, particularly Euler and Mairan, the

fore, easily avoid them. The rushing of two fields of ice against each other produces a sound like that of thunder, or artillery. They seem like two planets coming in contact.

¹ The first recorded in England, I believe, is noticed by William of Malmesbury, p. 177. A very remarkable one was seen at Naples, July 13, 1787. Emanuel Maria, who wrote a letter to Abbé Fontana, at Florence, descriptive of this phenomenon, says, the light appeared, for the most part, to be under the clouds.—Vid. *Il Mercurio Italico*, Ottobre, 1787.

² Cook's *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 267, 4to.

illuminations of the aurora borealis undoubtedly aspire. To add to the difficulty, it has been observed by several travellers in Iceland, that the northern lights proceed from the east and south-east¹, as well as from the north. In Greenland generally from the east. In Lapland frequently from the south. In Hudson's Bay it resembles an umbrella, darting streams of light from every part of its periphery. At the equator they are never seen.

II.

Franklin supposed the Aurora to be owing to a vast quantity of electricity accumulated in the atmosphere, and unable to pass off into the earth, on account of the non-conducting substance of ice, with which the land and seas are incrustated in the polar regions. Some have also supposed, that it associated with the magnetic fluid²: but Lieutenant Parry, when he was in the Arctic regions, could not perceive, during the continuance of the aurora borealis, that it affected the magnetic³ needle in any degree. It neither altered its

¹ The result of Captain Ross's voyage proves, that it appears in every direction; and not unfrequently at small distances from the earth.—Vid. *Voy. of Disc. to Arctic Regions*. 4to. Appendix ccxxi.

² From an account published of the voyages of Lowenorn, Egede, and Rothe*, it would seem as if the aurora is occasionally seen even in the day-time.

³ Professor Hansteen of Christiana believes the earth to have four magnetic poles; and that the moon and the sun have magnetical poles also. He believes the aurora lights to be magnetical currents, flowing from one magnetical pole to another immediately opposite: and that they have a form of a

* Vid. *Barrow's Polar Regions*, p. 332.

polarity, nor even so much as caused a single tremulous motion.

In respect to the ice-blink¹, Martin describes it as an arch, formed upon the clouds by reflection from packed ice. This reflection² sometimes affords a perfect map of the ice twenty or thirty miles beyond the limits of direct vision.

Some voyagers assert, that ice-bergs exhibit green and blue colours by day, but none by night; others, among whom is Captain Ross³, assert that they have most beautiful colours by night as well as by day, displaying a vividness and variety beyond the power of art to represent. In these northern regions it is curious, that lenses⁴ can be formed by ice, which, without melting, will, when the sun is powerful, light matches, fire gunpowder, and melt lead.

But of all the phenomena of Nature, there is no appearance, which visits the mind with such indescribable emotion, as that, which animates every beholder of the *Fata Margana*, in the Straits of Messina:—a phenomenon that exceeds all the fairy phantoms, which the imagination

luminous cross, where they first appear; and that there are four luminous crosses: two in the northern hemisphere, and two in the southern; elevated from four to five hundred miles above the earth.

¹ The ice-blink frequently presents the outlines of an aerial map of the ice and sea below. It is caused by the rays of light falling on the surface of the ice*; and being thence reflected into the superincumbent air, making them visible.

² Transactions of the Wernerian Society, 1815.

³ Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, 4to. p. 31.

⁴ Captain Scoresby's Observations on the Polar Ice.

* Scoresby on Polar Ice.

creates, while we are reading the brilliant descriptions of Arabian poets. The Sicilians call it the most beautiful sight in nature. Minai has written a dissertation on this phenomenon, which is thus described by Father Angelucci. —“On the 15th of August, 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a wonderful vision. The sea, that washes the Sicilian shore, swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, or, in an instant, appeared as one clear polished mirror, reclining against the ridge. On this glass was depicted, in chiaroscuro, a string of several thousand pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost their height, and bent into arcades, like Roman aqueducts; and a long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. They soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in colonnades, then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees even and similar. This is the *fata margana*, which, for twenty-six years, I thought a mere fable.” Such is the account of this astonishing phenomenon, derived by Swinburne from Father Angelucci¹. It is supposed, by Mons. Howel, to be caused by

¹ There is an Italian poem, entitled *Fata Margana*, by Signor Marchese Ippolito Pindemonte, said to be every way worthy of its author.

“Verney,” says St. Pierre, “was one day greatly surprised to perceive in the sky the appearance of a town, turned upside down, and to distinguish perfectly the steeples, towers, and houses. He lost no time in sketching this phenomenon, and determined on ascertaining its cause, he proceeded following the same point of the compass into the mountains. But how great was his surprise, on finding, at a distance of seven leagues from the spot, the town of

a bitumen, issuing from certain rocks, at the bottom of the sea; the subtle parts of which, being attenuated and combined with the vapour, gives it more consistence, and forms a kind of aerial crystal, "which receives the light, reflects it to the eye, and transmits it to all the luminous points, which colour the objects, and render them visible." Others attribute it to electrical causes.

III.

Illusions are, also, frequently witnessed in hot countries, just above the surface of the earth. These illusions are called mirages. Humboldt observed one near the confluence of the Apure with the Oronooko¹. Johnson² saw one on the northern borders of Persia; and Elphinstone³ another, as he was travelling in Caubul, which seemed to exhibit a clear lake; and which reflected the figures of

which he had seen the reflection in the sky, and of which he had a sketch in his portfolio."

"One of those very singular and curious atmospherical phenomena, which are occasionally seen among the Hartz mountains in Hanover, and have once or twice been observed in Souta Fell, in Cumberland, has been seen in Huntingdonshire. About half past four o'clock on Sunday morning, July 16, 1820, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours, arising from the river Ouse, were hovering over a little hill near St. Neot's; when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, trees, and its different grass-fields, were clearly and distinctly visible in a beautiful aerial picture, which extended from east to west, about 400 yards. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and admiration of the spectator, as he looked at this surprising phenomenon, from a gentle declivity in an opposite direction, at the distance of half a mile, or his regret at its disappearance in about ten minutes."—*Cambridge Journal*.

¹ Personal Narrative, iv. 457. 504.

² Colonel Johnson's Journey over Land from India.

³ Caubul, p. 17.

two gentlemen, who rode by its side as distinctly, as if it had really been water. These mirages are very frequent in Egypt¹; where two villages occasionally appear like islands in the bosom of large sheets of water; with their inverted images as clearly defined, as if they were real.

The northern coast of Greenland, fretted with ice, reflecting all the primary colours of the sun's rays, frequently seems like an enchanted land: and in the country north of Hudson's Bay, where all the animals wear the livery of winter; where wine freezes; and where rum and brandy coagulate; lunar halos and parheliæ are frequent; sometimes stealing, as it were, colours from the rainbow. Stars appear crimson, and the aurora borealis is witnessed almost every night. In Spitsbergen, also, are seen many phenomena, common to Greenland, and Baffin's Bay; while at a distance from the coast are beheld large ice-islands, floating in majestic masses like mountains. Against these the waters of the ocean are perpetually dashing; sometimes as high as their girdles; where, freezing, they present those curious pictures, which an active imagination converts into towns, villages, steeples, and temples. These, beheld in an hemisphere, illumined by the aurora, where the stars are reflected from the snow, and where the moon preserves a frequent horizon, present curious and awful pictures of magnificence.

Baron de Humboldt, when he was in the city of Cumana, witnessed a violent earthquake. A few days after, were seen in the sky thousands of fire-balls and falling stars, rapidly succeeding each other for the space

¹ Monge; and Biot.

of several hours. From many of these stars issued irradiations like rockets, and other fire-works. To what a height, some of these meteoric appearances aspired, may be inferred from the circumstance, that innumerable falling stars and bolides, seen from three till six in the morning, were also observed at Maroa, 174 leagues southwest of Cumana; at San Gabriel das Cachociras, near the equator; on the frontiers of Brazil, 230 leagues from Cumana; also in the Gulf of Florida, lat. 25° long. $81^{\circ} 50'$; in Labrador and Greenland; and even at Weimar, in Germany. To be seen at such wide distances, these meteors must have been, according to Humboldt's calculation, 1233 miles in height. But it is more probable, that these meteors were not the same: the higher regions of the atmosphere, from some unknown cause, might have been in a state, through the whole of the area described, peculiarly favourable to the production of myriads of what the same philosophic traveller calls "incandescences¹."

IV.

Men lived and breathed in electrical fluidity many thousand years, without being in any way conscious of its existence. This circumstance alone ought to be sufficient to place men on their guard, how they glide into atheism, when any thing is seen, or any event occurs, of which they have no power to discover the immediate cause.

The causes of lightning are now generally understood; we shall, therefore, merely relate a few instances of electrical phenomena.

¹ Pers. Nar. iii. 344.

Bosman¹ relates, that during his stay at Elmina, he found some old papers, in which it was recorded, that in a violent storm, which occurred in 1651, the lightning had not only melted several swords, without singing the scabbards; but had melted gold and silver, without touching the bags.

Sometimes lights are seen upon the mast-heads of ships. Dampier saw an instance in the Chinese seas after a violent storm of rain and thunder. It resembled a star. Camoens alludes to a similar phenomenon in the *Lusiad*. It is called by the Spanish and Portuguese, *Corpus Sanctum*; they esteem it an omen of fine weather; and go immediately to prayers when they observe it.

Sometimes the entire sea appears like a floating mass of electrical fluid. On the coasts of New Guinea² are seen, for many leagues, a vast profusion of minute substances during the night. They are also witnessed on the coast of New Holland; where they are, generally, of a greyish colour. In some seas they are red; hence the fables relative to seas of blood, with which the world has occasionally been amused. Sailors call this collection sea

¹ *Guinea Coast*, p. 97. Ed. 1721.

² When M. de Maupertuis was in Lapland, he saw a lake covered with small yellow grains; which, upon examination, he supposed to be the caryatids of flies, which he saw in myriads, having green heads. And when Dentrecaesteux* was in 42° latitude of the Atlantic, he saw voluminous masses of water, rolling, as it were, like globes of fire; and the sea appeared illuminated in almost every direction. This phosphorescent appearance he attributed not only to the animalculæ, to which we have above alluded, but to an highly electrified atmosphere.

* *Voyage in Search of La Perouse*, vol. i. p. 15. 47.

saw-dust. On the Austral-Asian coast, Peron discovered, during a squall of wind, a broad belt of phosphoric light floating upon the water. Upon examination, he found this brilliancy to proceed from innumerable animals, swimming at different depths. These proved to belong to a new genus of Molusca, to which Peron gave the name of *Pyrosoma*.

The phosphorensic matter, we have alluded to, as being impregnated on the African coast, is glutinous¹. In rainy nights it is not observable; but when the stars or the moon shine bright, they are remarkably brilliant. The bodies composing this mass are regularly organised; and Dr. Solander and Sir Joseph Banks, therefore, naturally supposed them to be the spawn or eggs of a certain species of marine animal. These animalcules belong almost entirely to tropical seas. When they are separated from the water, the water loses its phosphorescence; and the animalcules soon lose it themselves, when exposed to the dry air.

V.

In India there are frequent nightly illuminations, when rain has not fallen for some time. These spontaneous lights, the Indians attribute to the friction of bamboos against each other. But they are frequently seen where there are no bamboos, and may therefore probably be referred to electrical causes. The province of New Biscay², in North America, has an atmosphere, which is sometimes so highly electrical, that sufficient matter may

¹ Vid. Grant's Voyage of Discovery, 4to. p. 24.

² Major Pike's Travels through the Western Territories of North America.

be collected from the skin of a bear to give considerable shocks. And as Saussure and Jalabert¹ were one day crossing the Alps, they encountered several thunder clouds; when they discovered their bodies to be so full of electrical fire, that flashes darted from their fingers; their joints cracked; and they felt the same sensation, as when they had previously been electrified by art². On the coast of Upper Guinea, the atmosphere is frequently electrified to a most astonishing degree. When Labillardiere was sailing in those seas, he saw, during a dark night, a luminous column of great extent issue from under the clouds, and alight on the surface of the ocean; so that, for a time, the ship seemed to be sailing in a sea of fire.

On the eastern coast of Samos, meteoric fires are often seen hovering in stormy nights upon the mountains. They are frequent, too, upon the mountains of Lycia; proceeding, it may be supposed, from exhalations of ignited hydrogen gas. In Peru³ meteors have been known to exhibit themselves, that lasted from half-past six in the evening till half-past ten.

¹ Brydone's Travels in Sicily and Malta, p. 99.

² The electric fluid will not melt ice, or any congealed substance. Every electrified body is surrounded by matter in motion. This matter is the electric fluid. The electric fluid will not pass through hard stones; amber; oils; dry air; sulphur; or the ashes of animal and vegetable substances. In respect to the principal metals, they are all conductors. The best being gold; and the worst lead. Wood, in its green state, is a conductor. When it is baked, it is a non-conductor: when it is burned to charcoal, it resumes its conducting qualities; but when it is reduced to ashes, it again becomes a non-conductor. The cause of death by the electric fluid is unknown; as no injury on the vessels or intestines appears on dissection.

³ At Canete, vid. Present State of Peru, 4to. 391. 1805.

CHAPTER VII.

No landscape, however admirable in other respects, is complete without motion. The swan must glide along the river; the eagle wheel among the crags; goats must bound among the precipices; or herds or flocks graze, in irregular groups, along the valley. For this reason, the poets never fail to animate their ideal landscapes with some interesting associations, that imply motion; such, as the waving of woods, the falling of waters, or the flight of birds. What a fine passage is that in Thomson, where he enlivens the sterile rocks of St. Kilda with the movements of a group of eagles!

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as, amazing, frowns
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire,
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own;
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which in peace
Unstain'd he holds; while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

In the motion of landscape, what can be more agreeable than the waving of corn or of trees; the calm gliding, or the fierce rushing of rivers; the rising of columns of smoke¹; the unpremeditated motion of animals; and

¹ Laminus has well described those various involutions of rising smoke, which give such an indescribable charm to woodland landscapes. Cum trepido seu tremulo motu sursum feruntur. Rotantes, torquentes, glomerantes,

the majestic movements of the clouds, marching, as it were, before a storm, or gliding, in stupendous masses, along the vast expanse of the horizon.

II.

Even vegetables have voluntary motion. Their roots burrow under walls; they forsake barren for fertile soils; and their leaves follow the sun. In the morning they point to the east; at noon to the south; towards evening to the west. Then they hang their heads, as it were, and seem to repose. The sensitive class exhibits a still more lively evidence; while the moving plant has an impulse even allied to that of an animal. Minerals acquire fluidity and motion through the medium of heat. The lava of Vesuvius has been known to roll seven miles; that of Etna thirty miles: while a magnetic ball, floating in

rotarum in morem volventes. Sic Virgil. Globos flammæ appellat flammas Ætnæ, globorum in morem erumpentes. In Notis Hor. iv. Od. ii. Vid. En. lib. iii. l. 574; also Georg. lib. i. l. 473; also Spenser, Faery Queen; b. iii. c. vii. st. 5.

Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.

In the mind of a lover of landscape, what interesting associations do these two lines create! "The sight of so many smoking cottages," said Burns, one day, walking with a friend, on the Braid Hills, near Edinburgh, "gives me a pleasure, which none can understand, who have not witnessed, like myself, the happiness and the worth, which they contain." The author of the Fleece felt all this, when he painted

The little smiling cottage, warm embower'd—
The little smiling cottage, where at eve
The peasant meets his children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes; and his honest wife,
With good brown cake, and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger, after toil severe.

quicksilver, has even the property of turning upon its own axis.

Wind is air in motion: air, being elastic, will, if expanded by heat, or compressed by cold, exhibit signs of such influence; and acquire motion. Like water, it is always in action, till it has acquired an equilibrium. Hence a breeze; a gale; and a storm. Certain coasts are subject to particular winds. The general trade winds extend from the thirtieth degree of north latitude to the thirtieth degree of south latitude. These winds travel, like the sun, from east to west all the year; a peculiarity, supposed to be occasioned by the power, which the sun possesses, of expanding the air immediately beneath. Monsoons are winds, which fly six months in one direction; and six months in another: their change being at the time of the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. Monsoons are in the east, what hurricanes are in the west. There are, also, in certain parts of the globe, sea and land breezes, extending about three leagues from shore. These blow from sea to land from noon to midnight; and from midnight to noon from land to sea. In tropical climates two opposite winds frequently produce a calm. But besides the influence, which the sun possesses, there is not a single movement of the air, by which it becomes invigorated and purified, that has not some reference to the electric fluid.

III.

Various automata have been formed by the art and ingenuity of man, which have the principle of temporary motion residing in them: but of all machines the most wonderful is a man-of-war. Since by the elasticity of the

element, on which it moves, and the ingenuity with which it is constructed, the slightest inclination of a rudder will, in an instant, alter the movements of its body, though frequently containing not less than several thousand tons.

Animal motion is still more wonderful: though, from its perpetually meeting the eye, we take little account of it. The pholas has the power of perforating the hardest marble by means of a fleshy substance, apparently no way suited to so laborious an employment. It increases its cell as it increases in size; and constitutes a perfect exemplar of the first rudiments of animal motion. The only impulse an oyster possesses arises out of its power of opening and shutting its shell. The muscle moves by means of a muscular substance, resembling a tongue; which it thrusts out of its shell, and uses as a hand to burrow in the sand. The scollop-fish moves by opening its mouth, and bounding, as it shuts it again. The crab moves sideways: and the water-fly swims upon its back, instead of its belly. The motion of fishes is guided, for the most part, by their tails and fins: fins being to fishes, what wings are to birds and insects.

Insects, in their grub and caterpillar state, crawl: they are motionless, except when touched, in their pupa state; but when arrived at perfection, they fly. The frog jumps; the toad creeps; the serpent undulates; and the lion-ant moves backward. It has no power to make the smallest inclination forwards.

The owl flits; the dove hovers; the butcher-bird flies up and down; and bats flutter. Marine birds can not only walk, run, and fly, but they can swim. Some animals can only walk; others only run; and others only gallop; but the horse can perform all those motions. The

tiger and the crocodile dart: the rein-deer runs; but never gallops: the armadillo walks swiftly; but can neither run nor leap: while the great ant-eater climbs much better, than it can walk.

IV.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion, but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones¹ in his head; sixty in his thighs and legs; sixty-two in his arms and hands; and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has, also, 434 muscles in the structure of his body. His heart has sixty-four pulsations in a minute²; 3,840 in an hour; and, therefore, 92,160 in a day. There are also three³ complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour.

In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence: nor has comparative strength: though one body, giving any quantity of motion to another, is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal; and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day: a small worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length, in less than an hour. An elk will run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an an-

¹ Cheselden.

² M. Peirson, in a paper on muscular motion, after several observations on the relative heat and pulsation of animals in different latitudes, says, that men in our climate pulsate seventy-two times in a minute, cows forty-eight, and horses thirty-six. But in Russia, and Lapland, men pulsate only from forty-five to fifty in a minute. All excess either of heat or of cold produces a diminution of the powers of pulsation.

³ Rohault.

telope a mile in a minute: the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that: an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound 1,142 English feet in a second.

We are unable to investigate the mechanism, by which stars are guided in their courses¹: but we have the power to calculate the velocity, which severally distinguish satellites, planets, and comets: the two last of which have double motions; and the first a treble one. The fixed stars, too, have motions, as well as a visible increase and decrease of brilliancy. The double, triple, and quadruple, stars move round their relative centres of gravity; and the smaller ones revolve round the larger ones, after the manner of satellites. This is the case in respect to the double stars in Leo², Bootes³, Hercules, the Serpent⁴, and the Virgin⁵.

¹ That heat is one of the causes of motion is evident from the circumstance, that all the planets have orbital velocities, in proportion to their proximity to the sun. The power of attraction may, however, be doubted, with no charge of arrogance. For a comet eclipsed the moon in 1454; and another passed near the satellites of Jupiter in 1770; and produced no change or fluctuation in the relative motions either of the earth, the moon, Jupiter's satellites, or of the comets themselves.

Since the Christian era, four comets have passed between Jupiter and Mars; sixteen between Mars and the earth; seventeen between the earth and Venus; forty between Venus and Mercury; and twenty-two between Mercury and the Sun. Now, if the law of attraction prevailed to the extent, and in the manner, Newton supposes, the motions of all those bodies must have been affected; and that too in a very sensible manner.

TIMES OF REVOLUTION.

² 1200 years.	⁴ 375 years.
³ 1681 years.	⁵ 708 years.

The Georgium Sidus travels in its orbit 15,546 miles in an hour; Saturn 22,050; and Jupiter 29,866. Pallas 40,930; Ceres 40,932; Juno 41,170; and Vesta 44,202. Mars 55,166; the Earth¹ 68,092; Venus 80,062; and Mercury 109,452. The comet of 1680, when in its perihelion, moved not less than 1,240,108 miles in an hour²; and light travels at the still more astonishing rate of eleven millions of miles in a minute.

Motion is one of the most effective demonstrations of a Sovereign Power. It is detected in the succession of the seasons; in the changes, observable in all the visible creation; and in the circulation of nutritive juices in animal bodies: while the heart, from the first to the last moment of life, is in a state of perpetual action.

Of all the subjects that can engage the intellect of man, motion is the most inexplicable. For whether it is contemplated in the progress of time; in the march of events; or in the impregnation, birth, growth, death, and corruption of animated bodies: whether it is observed in the gliding of rivers; the phenomena of the winds, or the periodical flux and reflux of the tide: in the Aurora Borealis; in meteors; in the gravitating power of planets, suns, and systems; or in the mysterious circulation of galvanic, electric, and magnetic fluids, the subject involves such a combination of power, as at once to astonish and confound the mind. If a person put a large bar magnet to a glass-case, in which are five hundred magnetic needles, they will all revolve with astonishing rapidity, till

¹ Arcturus is supposed to have the same velocity.

² This comet is supposed, when in its aphelion, to be 13,000,000 miles from the sun.

the magnetical influence is removed. Thus planets may be set in motion. There is a presiding influence, by which they revolve; and as long as that influence continues to operate, so long will their motion continue. When it ceases to operate, the planets will cease to move; and become fixed: sustained in their relative positions, by the power, in equilibrio, of attraction and repulsion. No Being but the One can give the impulse; nor can any Being, but the One, conceive the manner, in which that impulse can be given. For height;—width;—length;—and depth;—infinity;—eternity;—omnipresence;—all are more easy of conception than the first origin of motion.

V.

Thus throughout all Nature we see the constant prevalence of activity. It meets us every where. The mind of man, too, is in perpetual action. It advances, or it retrogrades: it is never stationary. And during the last forty years it has made an ascent so aspiring, that unless the laws are simplified with skill, and modified with the greatest possible degree of circumspection and ability, such scenes are likely hereafter to ensue, as appal my very soul to contemplate!

It is strange that while geology, chemistry, astronomy, and indeed all the sciences are advancing with steps like the strides of giants, the science of legislation,—the most important of them all,—should creep, and crawl, and move its huge length along, as if it were oppressed with the weight of an hundred thousand nightmares!

Greece seems to have excelled in jurisprudence, as much as in the elegant arts: but at Rome, though many laws

were borrowed from Greece, the progress occupied a period of many centuries:—and till the compilation of the Justinian code, which reduced the whole system of law to three principles¹, viz. those of living honourably, hurting no one, and rendering every one his own; scarcely one person in forty thousand knew what he had to do, and what he had to avoid.

In Britain the great foundations of the laws are of Saxon origin, modelled and digested by Alfred. Then came the feudal system², not long after the conquest: then the code of Theodosius, and the pandects, institutes, constitutions and supplement of Justinian³ were intro-

¹ *Honeste vivere, alterum non lædere, suum cuique tribuere.* Inst. i. 3.

² Many writers have supposed that the feudal system is, comparatively, of recent origin. It is certain, however, that it prevailed among the Cimbri and Teutones, who invaded Italy during the time of the republic; and Alexander Severus gave lands to his soldiers, on condition of receiving military service.

As the Celtic nations extended their emigrations, they extended their system, till it became the general polity of the western world: the chiefs of every army allotting a large portion of the conquered lands to their chief officers, who divided their allotments into smaller portions to their subalterns, and most useful and meritorious soldiers. Upon receiving these lands, each party bound himself, and his heirs, by an oath of fealty, to do service: and in case of treachery or non-performance, the lands were to revert to the heirs of the original lord.

This system, though it had prevailed for several centuries through almost every part of Europe, (though not in the vigour it afterward assumed), was not fully adopted in this country, till some time after the Norman conquest.

³ The value of this code is considerably lessened by the compilers having ingrafted upon the edicts the rescripts of the emperors; so that the student is insulted with a necessity of perusing the sentiments of Caligula, Domitian, Commodus, and Caracalla.

The introduction of this code was long resisted by the nobility and people

duced: then the laws of Edward I. were enacted:—and we have gone on, from time to time, enacting new laws, repealing old ones, and explaining those imperfectly worded, till the several statutes have become so voluminous, so perplexed, and so offensive to all persons, but those who derive benefit from the confusion, that a man had better put up even with a considerable loss, than appeal to the laws for a remedy. And yet there are many worthy persons in Parliament, and out of Parliament, who contend, that nothing ought to be altered, lest, in endeavouring to repair the temple, it falls to the ground. If these persons are profound,—but, thank Heaven! they are not so profound, as they suppose themselves,—there is something extremely rotten in the state of Denmark.

Let us instance a few of those outrages against the principles of the great law of Nature¹, which, from reign

of England, though warmly supported by the clergy, who were, for some time after the Norman conquest, the chief lawyers and judges. This resistance seems to have arisen not only from an attachment to the common law, but to several passages at the beginning of those institutes; particularly the following.—“*Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem: quum lege regia, quæ de ejus imperio lata est, populus ei, et in eum omne imperium suum et potestatem concedat. Quodcumque ergo imperator per epistolam constituit; vel cognoscens decrevit, vel edicto præcepit, legem esse constat; hæc sunt, quæ constitutiones appellantur: plane ex his quædam sunt personales, quæ nec ad exemplum trahuntur, quoniam non hoc princeps vult, nam quod alicui ob meritum indulsit, vel si quam pænam in irrogavit, vel si cui sine exemplo subvenit, personam non transgreditur.*”

¹ THE LAW OF NATURE.

“The will of our Maker,” says Blackstone *, “is called the Law of Nature. For as God, when he created matter, and endued it with the principle of mobility, established certain rules for the perpetual direction of that motion; so, when he created man, and endued him with free will to conduct himself in

* Vol. i. p. 38.

to reign, have deformed the fair page of British legislation.

In the reign of Athelstan and subsequently to that of Henry the First, larceny above one shilling was punishable with death ¹. This law is yet unrepealed ², though it is seldom or never pursued to such an extremity. In the reign of Edward the Fourth ³ a man was executed by a construction of the law, because he said, he would make his son heir to the Crown, which was the sign of the house, in which he pursued his business. Striking a person so as to draw blood, in the palace of the king, was not only punishable by statute, with the loss of the right hand, in the reign of Henry the Eighth ⁴, but by perpetual imprisonment.

In the sixteenth century, boys of eight years of age might be hanged, provided a malicious intention could be proved ⁵; and even within these eighty years ⁶ the judges have unanimously agreed, that boys of ten years old might, under certain proofs, be liable to the same punishment.

all parts of life, he laid down certain immutable laws of human nature, whereby that free will is, in some degree, regulated and restrained; and gave him also the faculty of reason to discover the purport of those laws. This law of Nature," he afterwards observes *, "being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior in obligation to every other. It is binding all over the globe, in all countries, and at all times: no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force, and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original."

¹ 1 Hal. P. C. 12.—3 Coke's Instit. 53.

² Comment. B. iv. c. 17.

³ Rapin.

⁴ 33 Henry VIII. c. 12.

⁵ Emlyn on Hal. P. C. 25.

⁶ Foster, 72.

Till the reign of Edward the Sixth no man was permitted to plead his clergy, in case of felony, provided he had married a widow, or a second wife, after his former one was dead ¹. In the reign of Elizabeth ², any man might kill another, who was attainted of a premunire. A few years before the restoration of Charles the Second, no less than thirteen persons were executed in Suffolk for being reputed gypsies ³: and even till the reign of George ⁴ the Third, it was felony to remain one month in the company of persons of that description. Till the reign of William and Mary ⁵, women might be executed for bigamy, and even for a simple larceny.

In the present day, stealing a sheep ⁶ is a capital offence, though a licence is allowed to the judge to commute the punishment to transportation. But in South Wales a great number of persons have, within these last thirty years, been executed for that offence. Spelman ⁷ might well complain, that while every article of trade, luxury, and of consumption had increased in nominal value, the life of man had grown gradually and continually cheaper. Romilly is dead; but his memory remains.—Many eminent men, however, still live;—and much remains to be hoped.

In regard to civil jurisprudence, it is sufficient for the

¹ 1 Edw. VI. c. 12. Enacted 4 Edw. I. St. 3. c. 5.—By a canon of the Council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, such persons as had successively married two virgins, or one widow, were “ omni privilegio clericali nudati, et coercione fori secularis addicti.”

² 5 Eliz. c. 1.

³ Hale, 1 P. C. 671.

⁴ 23 Geor. III. Enacted 5 Eliz.

⁵ 3 and 4 Wm. and Mary, c. 9.

⁶ Stat. 18 Geo. II. c. 27.

⁷ Gloss. 350.

purpose of noting the slow progress of justice, equity, and common sense, in all subjects, connected with legislation, to remark, that it was not till the reign of Henry the Eighth, that an Englishman could devise his lands by will. All went to the heir. Even then only socage lands were devisable, and two thirds of military tenures. After the restoration, and not till then, the right and power of devising all lands, but copyholds, became universal. Even now, lands are neither answerable for simple contract debts, nor even for the payment of the money, contracted to be paid for its purchase. These debts must be paid by the assets, that the heir may receive an unencumbered estate. So that if a man has fifteen children, and has purchased an estate worth £5,500, and dies intestate before he has paid for it, possessed of only £5,501 in money and moveables, the £5,500 must be paid for the estate, for the eldest son to inherit, and the remaining fourteen children receive not quite 1s. 6d. a-piece.

We are certainly a moral nation; a scientific nation; a high minded nation; and a nation, pre-eminently gifted in almost every respect:—but in respect to the art of simplifying laws, we are mere children yet.

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ON THE
BEAUTIES,
HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
N A T U R E:
WITH
OCCASIONAL REMARKS
ON THE
LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS
OF
VARIOUS NATIONS.

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THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
N A T U R E.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

As Nature has appropriated different vegetables to the various appetites of animals, so has she given to the mind of every one a relative and distinguishing bias. Some are attuned to the soft vibrations of music; others melt before a painting or a statue; to some she gives the powers of oratory; to others the inspiration of poetry. Some, with a bolder impulse, touch, as it were, the stars with their fingers; while others, at an humbler distance, investigate the instinct of a worm, or calculate the course of an emmet. Some, captivated with the lust of power, standing on the summit of Caucasus, in sight of a hundred nations, become alternately, the idol of the vulgar, and an object of pity to the philosopher and enthusiast.

And while you, my friend, are animated with an ardent ambition of shining on a splendid theatre, in Colonna has Nature implanted the power of deriving happiness from investigating her laws; in listening to her melodies; in tasting her perfumes; and, above all, in relishing those enjoyments which, with unsparing hand, she lavishes on all those, who admire and love the noblest, and most beautiful of her various works. Thus we all come to the same point of happiness at last. Thus the Ganges and Burrampooter, rising in the neighbourhood of each other among the mountains of Thibet, separate to the distance of more than twelve hundred miles; and, after traversing a long length of country, watering nations unknown to each other, and differing in language, in customs, and in religion, meet, as it were, in friendship, by mingling their waters in the same bay.

II.

As the Grecian youth are said to have been intoxicated at the sight of the Venus of Praxiteles, so are some equally captivated with their own deformities; and, played upon by a skilful artist, like the marble of Pietra Sancta, which resounds, as it is wrought, they ring with their own follies, and celebrate their own absurdities. Some, neglecting the utilities of life, adorn themselves with an endless succession of trivial decorations; and, taking example from the peacock and the glutton, resolve beauty into finery, and happiness into sensuality. Others, sufficiently informed to know, that it is one of the principles of architecture, that the most delicate should be placed upon the most solid, are never content, but when

attempting to fritter away a good understanding, by an affectation of uniting qualities, which in themselves are totally discordant. They would unite Athens to Sparta, in every thing they do; and blend the lustre of Gibbon with the gravity of Johnson in every thing they say. Some disregarding the beauties of painting, sculpture, and architecture, reserve their applause for the arts of inlaying and working in mosaic. This had rather be crowned, as a poet, in the capitol of Rome, than be entitled to all the honours of a triumph; and, while some delight to stand upon the summit of the peak of Ossian¹, others trace the bubbles of a rill, that murmurs at its feet.

One derives a prouder satisfaction from having drawn the segment of a circle, than another in sketching the plan of the noblest amphitheatre: and, as the ancients took all the patterns of their foliage works from the leaves of the palm and the acanthus, so certain philosophers attempt to reduce the most heterogeneous of principles to one root: like the chemist, who attempted to dissolve gold, silver, and iron, copper, bismuth, and zinc, by one process and by one menstruum: while others are less solicitous to explain the various phenomena of Nature, than to reduce them to one principle of their own creating. Some, seeing no beauty in Shakspeare, would willingly consign his Othello, his Macbeth, and his Hamlet,—ah! the entire works of all the moderns to oblivion, in order to preserve one act of Sophocles, one epigram of Martial, or

¹ 1900 fathoms above the level of the sea. This passage is conceived from Akenside, who derived the hint from Longinus, ch. xxix, or from *Traite de Opinion*.

even the worst ode of Anacreon : and to such an extent do they carry this unfortunate malady, that they would rather be guilty of an exploded error, with Aristotle, Plato, or Plotinus, than reach the highest altitude of science in the society of Locke, Bacon, or Newton ! They would quit, however, the varied scenes of Nature, to pause, one solitary hour, before the grace, beauty, and mystery of the Barberini vase.

Another description of men, mistaking sound for sense, confound us with a volubility of words ; while others, anxious to avoid so disgraceful an error, would persuade us, they are so pregnant with thought, that, in the delivery of their stores, they seem, as if they were in danger of dying in mental child-bed.

This takes a sensible satisfaction, in referring the most important events to the smallest of causes ; that, tracing the etymology of an adverb, despises all the honours of algebra : and, as a player of billiards esteems it more honourable to effect one pocket than to make two cannons, so some regard the acquisition of one science more honourable than the attainment of an hundred arts. And while some rob care of many an anxious hour, in the endeavour to prove, that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles ; or in the cultivation of the six follies of science ; others, with all the pride of pedantry, scatter the dust of theology upon all those, who have the scepticism to question the truth of the Three Heavenly Witnesses. This, bearing in mind, that the Doric order is equally adapted to the smallest of rustic temples, as to the largest of amphitheatres, delights in no middle course ; but alternately aims at the highest, or sinks to the lowest ;

exclaiming, in the pride of his heart, "I can soar with the eagle, or sit with the wren."

Some are so extensively learned, as to know every thing! Others so extensively ignorant, as to be certain of nothing. As the greatest wisdom of speech is to know when to be silent, so the greatest wisdom of learning is to know when to be sceptical: but the latter having heard of a sage, who declared, that the first year he entered on the study of philosophy, he knew every thing; that, at the expiration of the second, he knew only something; and that at the close of the third, he knew nothing: in all the ambiguity and inanity of scepticism, and utterly ignorant of those fine canons of practical science, which teach us what to know, and when to hesitate, they affect to deny the possibility of a primitive creation, and even to doubt the operation of their own senses!

Such, my Lelius, is the infirmity of our nature; which if we are at any time anxious to correct, we have only to remember the acknowledgment of Socrates¹, and the confirmation of Lucretius; to read the second satire of Persius, the tenth of Juvenal, and the last chapter of Ecclesiasticus; Sanchez's Philosophy of Ignorance; the poem of Ausonius on the Accidents of Life; and Lucian's Dialogue on the Absurdity of Human Wishes: to observe, with attention, Holbein's Dance of Death, and to contrast the whole with Du Bartas' correct and entertaining Map of Man, and Erasmus' Eulogium of Folly.

In some, Nature implants the desire of riches; in others the love of science: some she sends over vast and track-

¹ Lucretius and Cicero confirm the melancholy fact. Omnes pene veteres, qui nihil cognosci, nihil percepi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt.—*Academ.* i. 13.

less seas, to observe the transit of a planet; others she leads

————— O'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flowers.

III.

If the country charm us with the beauty of its productions, it pleases us no less, by the variety of amusements, which it affords. To say nothing of hunting, hawking, shooting, and fowling, which, having something cruel in their nature, ought to be foreign to our subject, what can be more worthy the attention of literary leisure, than the cultivation of plants¹? Descartes, whose mind was, at all times, in a state of serenity, amused his summer evenings, in the cultivation of a small garden, which was an appendage to his house at Amsterdam. Thus, as his biographer remarks, having settled the place of a planet in the morning, he would amuse himself in the evening by watering a flower! La Harpe, the Quintilian of France, wrote all his latter works in a small bower: And what gave Van Egmont² almost as much pleasure, as any thing he saw in Asia Minor, was a stone, on which Nature had represented a garden, free from the art, which in every instance deformed the gardens of his country. One of the most delightful of European gardens is about one mile and a half from Reggio, in Magna Græcia. It belongs to a gentleman, whose name is Agamemnon.

¹ That medicinal botany was cultivated by the ladies in the time of Homer is evident from what he says of Agamede.—*Odyss.* ii. 877.

² Van Egmont's Trav. vol. 2. c. ix.

Little channels for water are cut to the foot of each tree ; and the proprietor assured Sir William Hamilton¹, that it was a very bad year, in which he did not gather 170,000 lemons ; 200,000 oranges ; and bergamots enough to produce 200 quarts of essence from their rinds.

The Indians paint Cama, the son of Affection, and the husband of Spring, as passing most of his time, with his mother and wife, in gardens and temples ; riding by moonlight on a lory ; decorated with a bow, formed either of flowers or sugar-cane ; its string composed of bees ; and his arrows pointed with the blossom of a spice-tree. Cama is the Indian Cupid.

Juvenal represents Lucan reposing in a garden ; Tasso pictures Rinaldo sitting beneath the shade in a fragrant meadow ; Virgil describes Anchises, seated beneath sweet-scented bay-trees ; and Eneas, as reclining, remote from all society, in a deep and winding valley. Pliny and Nazianzen delighted in gardens and orchards : Sallust formed them on so extensive a scale, that they retained his name for several ages after his death² : the conqueror of Mithridates enjoyed the society of his friends, and the wine of Falernium, in the splendid gardens, which were an honour to his name ; and Dion gave one to Speucippus, as a mark of peculiar regard. Ahasuerus was accustomed to quit the charms of the banquet to indulge the luxury of his bower ; and Tissa-phernes had a garden much resembling an English park,

¹ Account of the Earthquakes in Sicily and Calabria, p. 23, 24.

² The most ancient garden in Rome was that, founded by Tarquin the Proud. The most celebrated were those of Lucullus, Pompey, Martial, Nero, and Sallust. In those of Fronto the poets were accustomed to read their compositions. Vide Juv. Sat. i. v. 12.

which he called “ Alcibiades.” Semiramis was passionately devoted to the forming of gardens¹; Pharnabazus, as Xenophon tells us, lamented the destruction of his *paradise*², more than the loss of all his property; Attilus was charmed with one, his own taste³ had formed; and the disciples of Epicurus were styled “ Philosophers of the Garden” from that, which Epicurus had planted at Athens⁴. Seneca is said to have incurred the hatred of Nero, more from having magnificent gardens, than from any other cause: Cimon embellished the groves of Academus with trees, walks, and fountains; and Cicero enumerates a garden as one of the more suitable employments for old age.

The great Prince de Conde, after devoting much of his life to military operations, being confined in the Tower of Vincennes, with the Prince of Conti, and the Duke de Longueville, by the intrigues of Cardinal Mazarine, amused many of his hours of imprisonment in cultivating flowers in pots. Linnaeus, who caught the first impression of love for natural science in his father’s garden, studied in his bower; and Buffon in the summer-house, which Prince Henry of Prussia called the cradle of natural history. This naturalist, who embellished Nature with a glowing style, seldom went out of his domain; and, for years, his longest tours were from his house to his bower,

¹ Diod. Siculus, lib. ii. c. 13.

² The paradises of the Persians resembled modern parks. The first park, formed in England, was that of Woodstock: though Spelman seems to think, they were in existence during the time of the Anglo-Saxons.

³ Justin, lib. xxxvi. c. 4.

⁴ Cic. ad Attic. lib. ii. ep. 24. — Juvenal, Sat. xiii. 122. — Pliny, lib. xix. c. 4.

and from his bower to his summer-house. Leibnitz, too, was accustomed to meditate in his garden at Herrenhausen, near Hanover. This philosopher has made many men learned ; as Spenser has made many men poetical.

IV.

Timûr built a magnificent palace in the midst of the *Bâghi-Dilensha*¹, (the garden which rejoiceth the heart) just then finished in the plain of Khani-Gheul, and gave to both the name of one of his mistresses. Asuf-ad-Dowlah, nabob of Oude, had twenty palaces ; and a thousand gardens ; in one of which was a landscape by Claude Lorrain. Kerim Khan, king of Persia, rendered his gardens at Shiraz the most beautiful of all the East ; and Gassendi, who ingrafted the doctrine of Galileo, on the theory of Epicurus, took not greater pleasure in feasting his youthful imagination by gazing on the moon, than Cyrus, in the cultivation of flowers. “ I have measured, dug, and planted the large garden, which I have at the gate of Babylon,” said that prince ; “ and never, when my health permit, do I dine, until I have laboured in it two hours. If there is nothing to be done, I labour in my orchard.” Cyrus is also said to have planted all the lesser Asia. Lysander being sent to Sardis with rich presents², Cyrus, charmed at the presence of so illustrious a guest, took him into his garden, which was disposed in so tasteful a manner, that the Grecian general was delighted with it. “ Every thing I see,” said Lysander, “ transports me : but I am not so

¹ Mod. Univ. Hist. v. 297.

² Xenophon. *Œcon.* Cic. de Senect. 59.

much delighted with the shrubs, that meet my eye, as with the skill, with which the garden is disposed ; for there is an order and a symmetry, which I have no words to express my admiration of." Cyrus, who was flattered with these compliments, confessed that it was himself, who had drawn the plan ; and that he had even planted many of the trees and flowers with his own hand. " What !" exclaimed the astonished guest, " is it possible, that your majesty, so magnificently clothed with strings of jewels, and bracelets of gold, could employ yourself in planting of flowers and trees ?" " I swear by the god Mythras !" interrupted Cyrus, " that I never devote myself to the pleasures of the table, till I have induced a profuse perspiration by military exercise, or rural employments ; and when I apply to those engagements, I never stoop to spare myself." " Ah !" said Lysander, presuming to take Cyrus by the hand, " you alone are truly happy, and deserve your station."

Phraortes, one of the kings of India, lived almost entirely on the produce of his garden : " I only drink," said he to Apollonius of Tyana, " as much wine as what I use in my libations to the sun. The game, I kill in hunting, is all eaten by my friends ; and the exercise I get in the chase is found sufficient for myself. My chief food consists of vegetables, and the pith and fruit of the palm-tree ; together with the produce of a well-watered garden. Besides, I have many dishes from such trees, as I cultivate with my own hands."

A love of flowers distinguished Sultan Mahomet the Fourth. It is related¹ of this monarch, that, having an

¹ Tournefort's Voyage in the Levant, vol. 2. p. 15.

ardent passion for the chase, his vizier, Cara Mustapha, desirous of diverting him from so dangerous an amusement, exercised his ingenuity in encouraging the natural taste of his royal master for flowers; particularly the ranunculus. With this view, he wrote to the different pachas of the Turkish empire, desiring them to send to Constantinople seeds and roots of the most beautiful, they could procure. In consequence of this order, a vast number of ranunculi were remitted from Cyprus, Candia, Rhodes, Aleppo, and Smyrna, to adorn the areas of the Seraglio. These species were, soon after, dispersed over the royal gardens of Europe, by the respective ambassadors at the Turkish court.

Charles the Twelfth cultivated flowers with his own hands; and Cyprian lived in a garden of a small village in the neighbourhood of Carthage. There he was lost, as it were, in contemplation, when the Valerian persecution began. St. Augustine was equally attached to the beauties of Nature. "One day," says he, in his Confessions, "as I was looking out of my window, I fell into a discourse with my mother, respecting the nature of eternal felicity; and drawing inferences from the flowers and shrubs before us, I proceeded to a consideration of the sun and stars; and thence meditating on the glory of the celestial regions, we became so ravished with our contemplations, that for some time we forgot, that we were inhabitants of earth."

Martyr Vermilius erected a library in his garden at Zurich: the illustrious Malesherbes passed his days of retirement in serenity, says his biographer, dividing his time between his family, his books, and the cultivation of

his garden. Ariosto was a great lover of a parterre, though he was totally ignorant of botany ; and Petrarch was never happier than when indulging in the same amusement. “ I have made myself two,” says he, in one of his epistles ; “ I do not imagine they are to be equalled in all the world : I should feel myself inclined to be angry with fortune, if there were any so beautiful out of Italy.” Wieland, the celebrated German poet, delighted in his garden at Osmannstadt ; and, enjoying it with his *sacra familia*, formed a beautiful picture. Fontaine, too, was charmed with a similar kind of life. One morning the Duchess de Bouillon, niece to Cardinal Mazarine, saw him, as she was going to Versailles, sitting in an arbour, so entirely abstracted, that he scarcely perceived her. As she returned from the palace in the evening, Fontaine still occupied his seat, though it had been raining the chief part of the day.

V.

And here we will trace the history of a few of our most celebrated flowers ; drawing materials, principally, from Beckman’s History of Inventions. Simon de Tovar introduced the *tuberose* from Ceylon and Japan, where they grow in the fields. The *chequered lily* came from Hungary, in the sixteenth century. The *belladonna lily* was first introduced to Spain from South America. The *auricula* was brought from the mountains of Switzerland. The *crown-imperial* and the *Persian lily* emigrated from Persia to Constantinople, about the year 1563, whence it was carried to Vienna ; then to Versailles ; and thence it

gradually stole into most of the gardens of Europe¹. The *Guernsey lily* was brought from Japan in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It derived its name from the circumstance of a ship, which contained several roots, in its voyage from Japan being wrecked on the Guernsey coast. Floating to the shore, they took root; and being observed to produce very beautiful flowers, they attracted the attention of the governor's son, by whose care they were preserved, propagated, and distributed. * * * *

VI.

Many of the wisest and the best of men have signalized their love of gardens and shrubberies by causing themselves to be buried in them;—a custom once in frequent practice among the Greeks², Jews³, and Mexicans⁴. Plato was buried in the groves of Academus; and Sir William Temple, though he expected to be interred in Westminster Abbey, gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and placed under a sun-dial in that part of his garden, immediately opposite the window of his library, from which he was accustomed to contemplate the beauties and wonders of

¹ Baron de Humboldt introduced many South American plants into the hot-houses of Europe. Vide his *Travels to the Equinoctial Regions*, vol. 1. p. 11. His *Essay on the Geography of Plants, their Natural Associations, and the History of their Migrations*, form one of the most curious botanical essays extant.

² Auson. *Epit.* 21.

³ Kings, xxi. v. 26.

⁴ Purchas' *Pilgrims*, 804. This custom is still prevalent in Caubul. Vide Elphinstone, *Intro.* p. 59.

the creation, in the society of a beloved sister¹. The late Count de Caylus, the friend of literature, the arts, and of mankind, placed also in a garden his own tomb, some time before his death. This monument was an antique, formed of porphyry, and surrounded by Egyptian ornaments. During his gradual decay, it was one of his amusements to go into his garden; where, fixing his attention upon the antique, he permitted himself to relapse into melancholy meditation. This monument was afterwards erected in the chapel of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where it is still to be seen. Animated by a similar feeling, the friends of Dercennus, one of the kings of Latium, caused him to be buried in a thick wood, on the top of a high mountain; a spot, from which the lovely Opis aimed her arrow, and shot the murderer of Camilla.

Being an ardent lover of Nature himself, the Marquis de Girardin thought, he could not inter his unfortunate friend, Rousseau, more to the satisfaction of his immortal spirit, than by burying him in the island of Poplars, situated about ten leagues from Paris. On his tomb was inscribed the following epitaph:—

Ici repose
L'Homme de la Nature
Et de la Vérité!
Vitam impendere Vero.
Hic jacent ossa J. J. Rousseau.

¹ At Barnes, in the county of Surrey, is a monument, surrounded by rose trees, consecrated to the memory of a London citizen, whose name was Rose.

This eccentric genius, as was justly and nobly observed by one of his bitterest enemies, possessed the head of a man and the heart of a woman. He once took up his abode in a small farm-house, the only one in the island of St. Pierre, rising in the lake of Bienné. Since his residence, it has been called *Rousseau's Island*. This isolated spot is one of the most beautiful in the whole country; and thither, during the vintage, parties of peasants filled the woods, amusing themselves in dancing, in running, and strolling about; enjoying the coolness of the shade, and the freshness of the water. The pleasure, which Rousseau enjoyed in this retreat, for a short time, obliterated all sense of his injuries and misfortunes. "I was permitted," says he, "to remain only two months in this delightful island; but I could have passed there two years,—two centuries,—all eternity,—without suffering a moment's ennui; although my whole society consisted of the steward and his family. I esteem these two months as the most happy period of my life; and so happy, that I could have passed my whole existence without even a momentary wish for another situation." After a short time spent in this retreat, in a manner so delightful to his imagination, the unfortunate hermit unexpectedly received a peremptory order from the governor of Bern to quit the island! Upon receiving this order, finding that fortune was his irreconcilable enemy, he gave himself

—To perpetuate the inclosure, he left the poor of the parish twenty pounds: and, in return, directed that they should take care, that the rose trees should be perpetually preserved.

up to despair; and petitioned, with all the ardour of a disordered mind, to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment! The only indulgence he required was, to be allowed the use of books, and to be permitted, at certain intervals, to walk in the open air. Even this was denied him!

VII.

Cicero composed no inconsiderable portion of his works, while walking in his shrubberies; and his reconciliation with Crassus was effected in the garden of the latter, much admired at that time for its beauty. Æschylus is said to have fallen asleep in his bower, at the time, in which Bacchus appeared to him in his dreams, and commanded him to write a tragedy. Don Emanuel, of Portugal, was also an admirer of gardens. A lover of music and a cultivator of science, this illustrious prince wore mourning for the loss of men of merit; and history decrees him the honour of banishing distress and poverty from his kingdom. And here, though last in this order, yet not the least in our estimation, I shall gratify the inclination, I feel, of recording an instance of pure taste in a man, living in the humblest sphere. His name was Morgan; and he was employed in one of the furnaces, in the county of Monmouth, for upwards of thirty years. All day, and frequently a part of the night, he stood before two immense furnaces, not only in winter, but in summer. He was the picture of an Ethiop; yet his house was clean, and his garden well ordered. "The greatest delight in the world, sir," said he to me one day, "is a garden;

and the best ornament a poor man can have in that garden, is a hive of bees." In my early youth, too, I knew a young man, who won a rich, beautiful, and accomplished wife, by sending her as a present a small collection of flowers, inserted between the leaves of St. Pierre's *Studies of Nature*. The lady was beset with admirers; but she had the good sense to be more captivated with this delicate mode of indicating affection, than with the inane gallantry of men, who had little to distinguish them, but vanity and vacancy, wealth, and a very exalted opinion of their own importance.

Delightful are the associations, which the flowery world presents to the imagination of the poet and the moralist. Who can forget the beautiful instance in the Gospel of St. Luke¹?—"Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, and they spin not; and yet, I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." In the Malay language, the word, signifying woman, signifies also a flower. William de Lorris, under the allegory of a rose standing in a garden, describes the pains, penalties, and pleasures of endeavouring to acquire the object of his passion. This allegory, called the *Romance of the Rose*, afforded a useful hint to Chaucer.

Hafiz!—There's not a bulbul, who
Adores the rose so much as you.

H.

The Naturalist seldom sees a common thistle, without associating it with the goldfinch, which sits upon it; extracts the down with its bill; and feeds upon its seeds.

¹ Ch. xii. v. 27, 28.

Nor does a commentator of Virgil see even the simple herb sweet marjoram, but his imagination is wafted to the island of Cyprus, where it grows abundantly; or it reposes on the picture of Virgil, where he describes Ascanius in the bosom of Beauty among the groves of Idalia¹.

Why does the club moss, occupying the space between ferns and mosses, waft the poet from the mountain, on which it grows, to the theatres of London, Paris, Venice, and Vienna? Because the dust of its capsule is frequently used in those cities, for producing the effect of lightning. And often, amid the pomp and blossom of Nature, remembering an exquisite passage of Buchanan², we reflect with what easy grace the year steals onward from spring to winter; and with what insensible gradations youth glides into manhood, manhood into age, and age into eternity.

VIII.

Orpheus is said to have been buried in Thrace; and his monument was surrounded by olive trees, in which a

¹ ——— Ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.

² Salve voluptas et nitidum decus
Anni recurrens perpetuâ vice,
Et flos renascentis juventæ,
In senium properantis ævi.

* * * *

Salve, fugacis gloria sæculi,
Salve secundâ digna dies notâ,
Salve vetustæ vitæ imago,
Et specimen venientis ævi.

great number of nightingales were accustomed to build. Wieland buried the wife of his heart in his garden at Osmanstadt, where he was afterwards buried himself.

With gardens we frequently associate cottages. How beautifully retired is that in Kew Gardens! Still more picturesque is that of our friend, Philotes, in which resides the pastor of his village. It is covered with vines on every side, north, east, west, and south; and so luxuriantly, that they spread entirely over the roof; while grapes hang in clusters along the sides of the chimneys so gracefully, that I never gaze upon them, but the following passage of the Hebrew poet occurs to my memory. "The husbandman shall sit under the shade of his vine tree; and there shall be peace and good will from one man to another." This cottage is the most poetical I have seen; while the flower-garden of Lady Mary Talbot, at Penrice Castle, is, perhaps, the most beautiful in Europe. It lies at the feet of high rocks; enjoys many fine peeps into the Bay of Oxwich; and, its climate being equal to that of La Vendee, fuschias border the flower-beds; and many species of plants live throughout the winter, which, in other places, are found only in green-houses.

IX.

It is an interesting employment to trace the march of science. Botany, like many other sciences, has been twice lost, and twice recovered. It was lost in Egypt, and, in a great measure, recovered by Linus, Theophrastus, Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Dioscorides; Pliny and Galen. Then it slept, till it was revived by Brasa-

volus, Cordus, Fuschius, and Mathiolus; Gessner, Alpinus, and others: and still more perfected by Malpighi, Herman, Ray, Tournefort, Sloane, and Linnæus. The last of these philosophers, consulting the structures Nature had ordained, reduced the science to symmetry and order. From him we are enabled partially to enter into their natures and anatomies: subjects far more agreeable and satisfactory, though, perhaps, not so useful, as the investigation of the natures and anatomies of animals.

The calyx is the (generally) greenish cover in the form of a cup, which surrounds the flower in its infancy, and supports the petals, after they are expanded; serving also as a basis for the whole. It involves the petals, as the petals involve the organ of generation. This calyx consists, in some flowers, but of one piece; in others, of 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6; but seldom more. It generally rolls back its segments, after the flower is expanded: sometimes it closes upon the fruit, after the petals are fallen: but some flowers have no calyx. Petals are the leaves of flowers; so called to distinguish them from the leaves of the plant, and the leaves of the calyx. These form one flower: each flower being a distinct house for the males and females to reside in: the petals, by encompassing the other parts, securing the generative organs of those males and females from external injury. The hymen is a delicate skin, covering flowers in the bud. As the flower opens, the hymen bursts.

The males are called stamens, the females pistils. Sometimes males and females grow upon different plants: for the most part, however, they rise out of the same base, and are defended by the same calyx. The sta-

mens generally bear little capsules on their tops, called anthers. These anthers contain the farina fecundans. The farina fecundans is a fine dust, secreted and prepared in the anthers of the stamens. When the anther arrives at maturity, it bursts, and the dust falls into the aperture of the pistyl; whence it is conveyed to the matrix, in order to fecundate the ova, or female seed, which that matrix contains. The pistyl is the upright shaft, which rises out of the pedicle of the flower, or centre of the calyx. This is the female organ of generation, in the lower part of which the seed is formed. It has, at its top, an aperture into which the farina fecundans enters, and falls down a little tube, which reaches to the germen. This tube answers to the vagina in women, as the germen answers to the womb. When the pistyl has grown higher than the stamens, it is an indication, that its seed is impregnated.

If you doubt the creating hand of an Almighty Power, my Lelius, in the expanding flower, examine it in the bud; and say, if any thing can be more exquisitely folded than the petals, formed in the calyx, before that calyx expands. Perfect emblems are they of delicacy and refinement. In fact, the smallest flower is almost as great a miracle, as the sun itself; though Nature permits not every one to distinguish the justice of the remark: the symmetry of her combinations being, from the defective plan of their education, greatly beyond the observation of seventy-eight persons out of a hundred.

Man sees towering rocks fringed with moss; the ocean glittering with various coloured fishes; high mountains purpled with the descending sun; clouds forming themselves into pyramids; and these, reflected in the bosom

of rivers, he sees, and, because they are beyond his reach, his imagination paints them as worthy his possession. Plants, on the other hand, have, when growing in their natural spheres, every object and wish concentrated in themselves and their companions. In one instance, therefore, they enjoy a superiority over the whole of animated nature. Animals, from the woman to the insect, conceive in pain, and parturate in danger. Vegetables, on the contrary, even from the first opening of their corollas, appear to enjoy all the delights of love without any of its pains. The season of a flower's conception is that of her beauty; her family she cherishes with delight in the germen; and when she has completed the maturity of her seeds, she finds her consolation in parting with her offspring, in autumn, in the pleasure of seeing them start up by her side¹ in the season of spring, images of her own person: expanding their petals, receiving the pollen from their lovers, and becoming mothers in the same manner, and in the same season, as herself.

Some have doubted the probability of a superintending Deity, because plants seem scattered in profusion, where no animals derive benefit from their nutritious juices. In many parts even of England and Scotland, doubtless there are spots, seldom visited by human eye, where no beasts graze, and where even the appearance of an insect would be a circumstance of rarity. More of these spots are there in France and Germany; still more in Russia and Siberia; in Tartary and among the mountains of Thibet; while in America they are more numerous, than in the continents of Europe and Asia combined. There grow a vast profusion of pines, mossed with leaves, fre-

¹ St. Pierre.

quently variegated with colours of violet and purple. There the broad-leaved custard apple grows; there the leather-leaved and Virginian clematis; and there various species of aloe; all unwitnessed by the human eye.

Before the arrival of Europeans, how multitudinous were the unseen plants of every form and colour, shedding their perfumes at the Cape, and along the south-west coast of Africa; among which rises a plant, which, as it opens its leaves and diffuses its fragrance in the night, we may call the "Nightingale Flower." In New Holland what vast multitudes are there even now, which the human eye has never seen! How many in Japan and in China; how many in the Society and Philippine islands; in those of Tinian and Juan Fernandez; among the Alapachian and Alleghany mountains; and, above all, among the glens and recesses of Mexico and Peru, with the Andes and the Cordilleras, rearing their gigantic peaks over their heads. How numerous these are, we may, in some degree, judge from the circumstance, that Dr. Clarke procured specimens of 60 new species of plants during his tour in Syria, Greece, and Egypt; that Professor Smith collected 250 new species in his voyage up the Congo; and but for the loss of Hooper's 300 packages of seeds, plants, madrepores, and zoophytes, from the Tartarian coast, which were lost in the shipwreck of the *Alceste*, we should have had ample opportunity of considerably extending our knowledge of vegetable beauty. In the delicious recesses of the Taurida, and, indeed, throughout the whole Russian and Turkish empires, what mines of vegetable wealth are still in store for botanical research! In those countries, botany is

scarcely known even in its rudiments. Spain, too, is almost as much unsearched, as it was in the days of Linnæus¹; Father Camello's book on the plants of the Philippine islands exhibits only a partial collection; and Plumier² himself would wish to have spent a hundred years in America.

How many millions, too, are there at the bottom of the sea, forming shades to innumerable fishes, that never quit their native beds: all of which speak a language, far more emphatical, than the thunders of the Vatican. They have their mountains and valleys; their plains, recesses, and caves, in which to strike root; inhabitants to wonder at their calyxes, petals, and corollas; to feed upon their redundancies; and to shelter their spawn. In the Red Sea and upon the coast of Patagonia, as well as in the vast bosom of the Atlantic, these plants are so high, that they rise from the bottom of the ocean to the top; and in some places so numerous, that they impede the progress of the largest ship.

X.

The present names of botanical orders and classes³ are sufficiently explicit, as far as they extend: but they give no indication of the soil, to which the various plants are attached; and none of their habits, fruits, or natures. Shrub is classed with root; and tree with flower. Even

¹ Vid. Linn. Biblioth. Botanica, part vii. Floristæ, s. viii. Hisp. p. 96.

² Vid. Description de Plantes d'Amerique: also, Nova Plantarum Americanarum genera. Paris, 1703.

³ Linnæus classed flowers by the stamen; Tournefort by the corolla: he also divided flowers into families: radiated, flosculous, semiflosculous, roseaceous, papillonaceous, cruciform, tubular, lip-form, and lily-form.

the genus itself respects but little those general characteristics. The winter cherry of Madeira, the love apple of South America, and the egg plant of Africa, are classed in the same genus with the deadly nightshade; the Spanish nut with the fleur de luce; the cereus grandiflorus with the melon thistle; and the sloe with the laurel. The moving plant has a motion almost animal; and yet it is associated with the French honeysuckle, which has none. I am inclined, also, to the belief, that plants are of three genders. For walking, one day, on the banks of the Usk, I observed a comfrey¹, which, upon inspection, seems worthy of forming a new class. It has five stamens and one pistyl; but between each stamen is a flat spiral stamen, without anthers. The water-horehound² has two stamens; and it is frequently found with two filaments beside the stamens, without anthers. It blossoms in July and August; is a hardy perennial; and belongs to the class and order of Diandria Monogynia. These can be neither male nor female: they are probably, therefore, neuters; bearing some analogy with the neuters of insects. Daisies, and other plants of the same class, have yellow tubular florets in the centre, which contain both males and females; but the florets, composing the ray, have pistyls only. We may associate these with unmarried women.

XI.

Upon investigating the Cambridge botanical collection, containing about 11,500 species of plants, I found that in the first thirteen classes there are 918 genera; in all

¹ Symphytum.

² Lycopus Europæus.

of which I observed, that there were only 49, in which the marriages are equal; and that there were in those 49 not more than 227 species¹.

This is a curious and highly remarkable result: inasmuch as it establishes the fact, that in vegetable societies the polyandrian law prevails more extensively and systematically, than the polygamous one does in the animal. And what is even still more remarkable, it will be seen by investigation, that out of the whole 11,500 species, there is not one hermaphrodite plant, in which the males exceed the females.

Roe deer live in distinct families, like patriarchs, with their children, and never intermix with strangers. In the whale-tailed manati prevails the strict marriage law of one male to one female. The ursine, leonine, and other seals, associate in flocks, one male with eight, thirty, and sometimes fifty females. These, also, keep themselves in families; and will never associate with other flocks; not even with those in their own neighbourhood. Among wild horses, antelopes, and other quadrupeds, we find, also, one husband to many wives: but among bees and ants, one wife to many husbands. Vegetables, therefore, in respect to marriages, assimilate more with

			Genera.	Species.
¹ 1st Class	.	1 male and 1 female	20	59
2d	.	2 ditto and 2 ditto	2	4
3d	.	3 ditto and 3 ditto	10	13
4th	.	4 ditto and 4 ditto	7	32
5th	.	5 ditto and 5 ditto	8	99
10th	.	10 ditto and 10 ditto	1	5
11th	.	12 ditto and 12 ditto	1	15
			<hr/> 49	<hr/> 227

insects than with quadrupeds. In respect to numbers, vegetable organizations are even beyond the power of fluxions !

XII.

“ But Nature’s engagements are engagements, which throw no gold into the purse ; nor will they gain supporters for my escutcheon !” Thus says the man of the world. When we see a violet, hiding itself under a bramble ; an heliotrope courting the rays of the sun ; or a fuschia hanging its vermilion petals, with its winding-sheet of purple ; when we behold the bee, so tenacious of her mysteries, that from the first morning of the animal creation, she still preserves her secrets ; when we listen to the jug, the pause, and the warble of the nightingale ; when we behold the unexampled splendour of the diamond beetle, the majestic coquetry of the swan, or the graceful pride and modesty of the stag,—do we admire and wonder only ? Or do we lift our thoughts to Heaven, and celebrate with silent admiration the gigantic hand, that formed them ? And shall men——But why waste a single word upon them ? The wonder is, that Nature should have stooped to form them.

Milton, alive to all the graces of the material world, finely describes the transports of our first parent, when newly created, at the sight of those beauties, which adorned the garden of Eden. Buffon has a similar description ; and it constitutes one of the most eloquent passages of that celebrated naturalist.

In Milton’s fourth book nothing, in the language of description, can be more admirable, than the general picture

of the scenery, which composed this terrestrial paradise. In another part how elegantly does Adam exhort Eve to awake to the enjoyment of her flowers and shrubs:—

Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us: we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants; how blows the citron grove;
What drops the myrrh; and what the balmy reed;
How nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Not without probability, has it been conjectured, that Milton, while writing this invitation, turned his mental eye to that passage, in the Song of Solomon, where the poet imagines his mistress to suppose her lover desiring her to arise and accompany him into the fields.

Another instance of the love of our first mother, for the products of nature, is afforded us in that passage of the eighth book, where, perceiving the angel and Adam about to enter into high and abstruse discourse, Eve is represented, as rising from her seat and going forth among her fruits and flowers. And when she learns, that she must quit that paradise, in which she had tasted so much happiness, how exquisitely beautiful and pathetic is her lamentation¹!

CHAPTER II.

THE subject of paradise seems to have been a great favourite with painters. It adorns the ceiling of the

¹ P. L. B. xi. 269.

church Giovanni e Paolo at Venice, by Palma-il-Giovine; that of the Gl'Incurabili, by Francesco Maffei; and the high altar of the church of Ognessanto, by Paul Veronese. Garofalo has a picture on the same subject at Ferrara; Breughel at Rome; Louis Caracche at Bologna; Giulio Cesare Procacino at Genoa; and Jean Breughel at Paris¹. You, my Lelius, have yourself had an opportunity of witnessing, how affecting is Raphael's picture of the expulsion from paradise; where Adam is represented with his hands covering his face, like the father of Iphigenia, in the master-piece of Timanthes.

The situation of Paradise has been variously stated. Origen, Jerome², and Philo Judæus³, conceived it to have had no real existence. St. Ambrose⁴ took it in a mystical sense; while the Manichees, contrary to the opinion of Georgius⁵, esteemed it synonymous with the earth. From the descriptions of Moses and Milton, it appears to have united the several characters of orchard, park, forest, and garden. Tertullian placed it under the Equinoctial; Postellus under the North Pole; and while some refer it to Susiana, and Arabia Petræa, others, with equal probability, place it in Persia, Syria, Tartary, Ethiopia, and China. Hardouin refers it to the Lake

¹ One friend speaks highly of a paradise, in alto relievo, in the cathedral of Orvieto; and another in equal terms of a picture by Juan de Joannez, representing the formation of Eve, during the sleep of Adam, in the church of St. Nicholas at Valencia.

² Dan. Damas. lib. ii. c. 21.

³ Lib. de Alleg. in Leg. i.

⁴ M. Lib. de Paradi. et in Epist. Sabin. 42.

⁵ In Hermo. caut. i Tom. vii. cap. 21.

Genesareth; and Huet and Bochart to a spot between the separation and confluences of the Tigris and Euphrates¹.

A writer² of South America, cited by Humboldt, recognises, in the climate of the Caraccas, and in the four torrents, near the Anauco, the Garden of Eden; while others, from the beauty of the country³, endeavour to establish it in Armenia. But all inquiries respecting the site of Eden are useless! The general flood must have washed away all traces; confounded all waters; and levelled all barriers⁴. Venerable Bede says, however, that it was situated on a mountain, surrounded by sea; and so high, that it touched the very circle of the moon; and, therefore, that the flood never reached it.

Most nations have united to make the future abode of good spirits a garden; a name, among the Persians and Assyrians⁵, synonymous with Paradise! The Mahometans

¹ It may not be without its use to the theological student to enumerate a few more writers on the supposed site of Paradise. Burnet will assist us. Ephrem Syrus: Moses Cepha: Tatian: James of Valencia: Procopius of Gaza: Bede: Strabus Fuldensis: Epiphanius: Severianus.

² Jose de Oviedo. The climate is indeed exquisite. In the day the temperature is between 20° and 26°; in the night 16° and 18°. Corn grows there, and apples, apricots, plantains, oranges, and coffee.

³ Memoir of a map of the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian, p. 46, fol.

⁴ For descriptions, see the works of Justin Martyr, Basil, Isidore, Damascen, Bellarmin, and Alcimius Avitus. Burnet justly observes:—"As we should think him a very unskilful pilot, that sought a place in the new world, (America,) that really was in the old; so they commit no less an error, that seek Paradise in the present earth, as now constituted, which could only belong to the former, and to the state of the first world." *Theory of the Earth*, vol. i. book ii. p. 251. Ed. 1726.

⁵ Vid. Bris. de Regn. Pers. lib. i. p. 10. Strabo mentions one in the Plain of Jericho, planted with aromatic shrubs, hence called Balsamie Paradisus. Lib. xvi. 763.

call the paradise, to which the faithful will be called, Jannat le Naim, "the garden of pleasure:" Jannat Aden, "the garden of perpetual abode;" and, not unfrequently, by the simple name of A Jannat, to distinguish it from all others. Before the time of Mahomet, the Arabians imagined that the same events and passions, which governed them during their earthly existence, would accompany them in their future one. They believed, also, like "the untutored Indian," that even their favourite animals would accompany them¹. They believe now in seven² heavens. The first of fine silver; the second of gold; the third of precious stones; the fourth of emeralds; the fifth of crystals; the sixth of a colour like fire; the seventh a garden; the soil of which is composed of flour of the finest quality, scented with musk and saffron: the stones consist of pearls, hyacinths, rubies, and other nameless gems: the trees are of gold, loaded with grapes, dates, citrons and pomegranates; with a profusion of other fruits, far superior to those in beauty and flavour, never yet seen by mortal eye. The rivers flow with milk, wine, and honey; and their banks are lined with beds of saffron.

This garden is fabled to be peopled with Houris,

¹ Millii. Dissertat. de Moham. i. 14. The Assamese also believe, that they will be attended in the other world by all those persons and animals, that are interred with them. When a prince dies, therefore, they bury with him an elephant, six horses, twelve camels, and as many hounds; his favourite wife, and many of his officers.

² The Gambodians of India beyond the Ganges believe, that there are twenty-seven heavens; one above another; to which good men are wafted according to their relative merits; and in which they have beautiful women, and all manner of delicious food and liquors.

whose beauty surpasses the most exquisitely lovely of all captivating women; with whom the faithful, when the angel of death, (to pursue the Arabian allegory), has dissolved the union of the body and the soul¹, are to enjoy the most ecstatic raptures; first by a kiss, and afterwards by an immaculate alliance. Each good Mussulman is promised a vast number of servants; dresses of superlative magnificence; a tent of brilliancy; a profusion of pearls and diamonds; viands served in golden dishes; and delicious, though not intoxicating, wines, sparkling in golden goblets;—with seventy houris: uniting the grandeur of earth and Heaven² with eternal enjoyment, in the society of their first parents.

Of all the pleasures of this paradise, however, the most surpassing was that arising from the privilege of beholding the face of God,³ every morning and every evening.

II.

The Christian creed, on the other hand, affords no definite idea of Heaven;—which some writers suppose is situate in some remote part of infinite space. Giving the fullest and most unbounded scope to the most excursive

¹ Hyde in Notis ad. Bobov. de visit. *Ægrot.* 19. Vide Virgil, lib. iv. 702.

² *Tableau Général de l'Empire Othoman* par M. de M*** D'ohson, p. 47. fol.

³ St John promises the same to the Christians, vid. *Rev.* xxii. v. 4; also *St. Matth.* v. 8. St. Augustine says, that the angels of the *Cælum Empyrium* enjoy the sight of God perpetually. In *Epist. ad Dardanum.* Ep. lvii. The eighth heaven was called the firmament, or eighth sphere; the empyrium the ninth heaven, where the blessed are supposed to enjoy the beatific vision. This existed before the concave, we now see;—having existed from all eternity.

imagination, it leaves it resting in all the mystery of sublime obscurity. "Eye hath not seen," says St. Paul, "nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man, the things which God hath prepared for those, that love him¹."—"They shall hunger no more," as we read in the Apocalypse, "nor thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them into living waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes²." In this state of beatitude, free from every vicissitude of change or decay, they shall associate, not only with an assemblage of all the wisest and best of every age and nation, but with a numerous host of seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions, principalities, powers, virtues, angels, and archangels, whose glory and whose ecstasy is continually evinced by hymns of praise, harmonizing in concert with innumerable harps³.

In the description of the paradise of Fûh, by the Chinese writers, it is said, that the inhabitants sprung from the Lotus. Their bodies pure and fragrant; their persons well formed; and their countenances beautiful.

¹ 1 Corinth. ch. ii. v. 9. Isaiah, ch. lxiv. v. 4.

² Rev. ch. vii. v. 16, 17; ch. ii. v. 4; also Isaiah, ch. xlix. v. 10; and ch. xxv. v. 8. Psalms xxxvi. v. 8, 9; xvi. v. 2. Matth. ch. xxv. v. 46. Rom. ch. ii. v. 7. 1 Peter, ch. i. v. 4. Dan. ch. xii. v. 2. John, ch. v. v. 24, 29. 1 Cor. xiii. v. 12.

³ Baron Swedenborg fancied, that he was permitted to behold the interior of heaven. The account, he gives of this celestial vision, is a little too sublunary; for he says, that he found men but little changed. They eat, drink, and marry. There are towns, cities, and villages; silver, gold, and every description of precious stone. The chief difference he observed, he says, is, that every thing seemed to exist in a greater state of perfection.

They were believed to inhale odours; and to be surrounded by birds of paradise. In this region there were no women; they being turned into men immediately upon their arrival.

III.

Virgil and Tibullus, conceiving that the enjoyments, which delight the good in this world, will constitute their principal happiness in the next, describe Elysium as a residence, worthy of those, who had died for their country; who were inventors of useful arts; who were inspired poets; who had led a life of innocence; or had conferred essential benefits on mankind. Delighting in those luxuriant gifts, in which Elysium abounded, they are represented, as deriving the highest enjoyments from reposing on flowery banks, and from wandering among shady groves.

These happy fields are variously situated by the poets¹. Lucian places them in the moon; some in the isle of Leuce, between the mouths of the Danube and Borysthenes. Virgil in Italy²; some in the centre of the earth; and others at Andalusia, or Granada, in Spain. Lucretius³ describes the inhabitants as being free from care and vicissitude; living in a splendid diffusion of light; and, amid unclouded ether, enjoying the benefit of immortality. The paradise of Plato, on the other hand, was evidently borrowed from that of the Jews.

The Icelanders imagine, that on the summit of the

¹ Vid. Hor. lib. iii. ode 4. Tibull. lib. i. El. 3. v. 57. Claudian. de Raptu Proserp. Plutarch de Consol.

² En. vi. 673.

³ Lib. iii. l. 18.

Boula, a mountain which no one has hitherto ascended, there is a cavern, which opens to a paradise in perpetual verdure, delightfully shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep ¹.

The cave of Candahar is believed to present an analogous similitude ². This cave the Afghauns esteem impenetrable, owing to the roar of winds, and the rushing of waters. They relate, however, that some hardy adventurers once penetrated it, and beheld a most enchanting garden, in the bowels of the earth; in which were every beautiful flower and perfume; all rendered more delightful by the sounds of music, so exquisite as, at once, to ravish and enchant the soul.

The Greenlander imagines heaven to turn round a large rock; and happiness to consist in hunting from age to age. The Laplander believes, that paradise is situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden; and that they will be accompanied thither by their favourite reindeer. The Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific. "Do you see those blue mountains," says Piomingo, "whose towering summits are mixed with the descending clouds?"—"I see them."—"Beyond those mountains there is a wide river; beyond that river there is a great country; on the other side of that country there is a world of water; in that water there are a thousand islands: the sun is gone among them. These islands are full of trees and streams of water; a thousand buffaloes, and ten thousand deer, graze on the hills, or ruminate in the valleys."—"When I die shall I become an inhabitant

¹ Voy. en Iceland, 168.

² Elphinst. Caubul, 222.

of those islands?"—"Love your friends; become a great warrior; and when you die, the great spirit will conduct you to the land of souls." Such is the belief of one of the tribes of North America.

IV.

The heaven of the New Zealanders¹ is called Taghinga Attua; and abounds in all the fanciful delights, the wildest imagination can conceive. The natives of Benin, on the coast of Africa, believe theirs to be situated in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The Sintoists of Japan imagine, that the soul is transmitted to sub-celestial fields, immediately lying beneath the thirty-three heavens, which are the native mansions of their gods. The Langoins of Laos assert, that the souls of good men assume a body of ethereal substance, clear and transparent as light; and that after enjoying the pleasures of sixteen successive heavens, they return to the earth, and once more take up their habitation in a human body. The Siamese believe, that souls transmigrate three or four times; after which they are permitted to enter the true paradise, (the Nireupan), in which they enjoy perpetual repose; and their delight is presumed to equal that of the gods.

The Mexicans conceived, that those who died of wounds, or were drowned, went to a cool and delightful place; there to enjoy all manner of pleasures: those who died in battle, or in captivity, were wafted to the palace of the Sun, and led a life of endless delight. After an abode of four years, they animated clouds and birds of

¹ Nicholas. vol. i. p. 61.

beautiful feather, and of sweet song; having, at the same time, liberty to ascend to heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers, and warble enchanting songs.

The natives of the Friendly Islands believe, that good souls will be admitted into a region, which they call Boolootoo; where they will live to eternity. The Javanese, residing from the sea, imagine that paradise is open only to the rich. The inhabitants of the Pelew Islands¹ suppose, that immoral men remain on the earth after death; but that good ones ascend into the sky, and become exceedingly beautiful.

The Ingrian Tartars imagine the dead to live in a subterranean world; where they resume the same mode of life, they were accustomed to in this. The ancient Bramins imagined seven paradises, situated in seven seas, viz. of milk, curds, butter, salt, water, honey, and wine. The Essenes, according to Josephus, believed, that good spirits were wafted to regions beyond the ocean; where there was neither hail, rain, snow, nor winter; nor excessive heats: but a gentle wind, breathing perpetually from the ocean.

The Tonquinese, who are said to equal the Chinese in the art of landscape, imagine their forests and mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind. And in their ideas relative to a state of future happiness, they regard a delightful climate and an atmosphere, surcharged with odours, with a throne, profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of celestial felicity. Among the Arabs, a fine country, with abundance of shade, forms the

¹ Keate's Account of the Pelew Islands, p. 354.

principal object of their promised bliss; Addison, therefore, in his allegory of *Mirza*, is faithful to the visions of that enthusiastic people. There is a tribe of America, too, who believe, that the souls of good men are wafted to a valley, abounding in guavas and other delicious fruits. The Celts called their heaven *Flath-Innis*, “the island of the good and brave;” while the Druids, as *Ammianus Marcellinus* informs us, believed, that the souls of good men are wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet; enjoying, at every successive change, a more sublime felicity, than in the last.

The Negroes of the Gold Coast of Guinea¹ imagine, that they will be gently wafted down a river; when, if they have been good, they will arrive at a country, abounding in all kinds of pleasures:—if bad, they will be drowned, and lost in oblivion.

CHAPTER III.

EVERY one has heard of the Hesperian Gardens; though the country, in which they were situated, has never been accurately ascertained. While some have placed them at *Larach* in the kingdom of *Fez*, others have assigned *Lixus*² or *Susa*, in *Morocco*³; *Zeres*, in the

¹ Vid. *Bosman*, p. 131. Ed. 1721.

² The island of *Gezira*, in the river *Lixus*, abounded in olives, previous to the time of *Domitian*. There was an altar, dedicated to *Hercules*; and many persons supposed, therefore, that the gardens of the *Hesperides* were situated there.

³ *Virgil*, *En.* iv. l. 481. *Plin.* N. H. xxi. c. 4.

province of Andalusia¹; Ethiopia; Scythia; India; the Balearic, and the Cape de Verd Islands; the Canaries; the Isles of Man and Anglesea²; while Rudbecks was so enamoured of northern scenery, as to suppose them to have been situated in Sweden³! Some at the mouth of the Niger⁴: and others, among whom we may particularize Monsieur Bailly, place those gardens, as well as Indra, the fairy land of the Persian poets, beyond the mouth of the Oby in the Frozen Sea⁵!

————— where towards the pole it spreads;
Where piles of mountains rear their rugged heads;
Where valleys sigh, and lengthening echoes howl,
And winds on winds in endless tempests roll!

CAMOENS, (MICKLE,) b. iii.

It is, however, most probable, that they were situated in the Cape de Verd Islands; and that the golden fruit, stolen by Hercules, were no other than oranges. To these islands Sertorius⁶, whose aqueduct at Evora still attests the usefulness of Roman grandeur, formed a reso-

¹ Apollonius saw in a temple among the Gades of Spain the twelve Labours of Hercules, with the Golden Olive of Pygmalion; the fruit of which seemed to grow out of an emerald. Philostratus in Vit. Apol. v. c. 5.

² Vid. Fragmentum Historiæ Britannicæ. Also D'Hancarville's Researches on the Origin and Progress of the Arts in Greece, vol. i. p. 289.

³ Vid. Atlantica, sive Manheim, vera Japheti posterorum sedes ac patria. For Extracts, vid. Bayle, Republique des Lettres. Pindar places the Hyperborean country on the banks of the Danube. Pyth. Od. x. The Hyperboreans were supposed to have enjoyed every species of felicity; and the sun was said to rise and set only once a year.

⁴ Salmasius near the Equinoctial. Salmas. Exercitat. in Solin. p. 656. ed. 1703.

⁵ Nova Zembla.

⁶ Fragmenta Sallustii, p. 153. ed. 1713.

lution of retiring, when weary of the perpetual wars, in which he was engaged; and thither he had actually retired, but for the treachery of his crew. These gardens were, also, the Fortunate Islands of the poets: of which Plutarch gives the following description. “ They are two in number, separated only by a narrow channel; at the distance of ten thousand furlongs from the African coast. They are called the Fortunate Islands. Rain seldom falls there; and when it does, it falls moderately: but they generally have soft breezes, which scatter such rich dews, that the soil is not only good for sowing and planting, but spontaneously produces the most excellent fruits; and those in such abundance, that the inhabitants have nothing more to do, than to indulge themselves in the enjoyment of ease. The air is always so pleasant and salubrious, that it is generally believed, even among the barbarians, that these are the Elysian Fields, which Homer¹ has so beautifully described.”

To these favoured spots Horace, in a time of great public calamity, invited his countrymen to accompany him. “ Let us go,” said he, “ in search of those happy fields, where the earth, untilled, yields annual fruit, and the vines flourish so abundantly: where honey flows from the trunk of the oak; and murmuring streams roll slowly down the mountains².” Some poets have extended their riches and beauties, by decking their shores with shells, corals, and pearls.

¹ *Odyss.* iv.—Plutarch.—Tasso describes these islands in his usual style of beauty.—*Jer. Del. Lib.* xv. st. 35. *Hoole*, b. xv. l. 257.

² ————— arva, beata

Petamus arva, &c. &c.

Hor. Epod. Lib. v. *Ep.* xvi. l. 41.

II.

These islands (after all memory of them had been lost among the ruins of the Roman empire) were discovered by the Genoese. Don Lewis la Cerda, of Spain, soon after, requested Pope Clement to bestow them upon him¹. The pope, proud, as it is said, of an opportunity of giving away a kingdom, consented; and crowned him with much ceremony at Avignon. Lewis, who was the eldest son of Alphonso, king of Castile, thus obtained the title of “Prince of the Fortunate Islands.” When the news of this transaction reached England, says Petrarch, the people, thinking the name of fortunate belonged only to themselves, were highly displeased and alarmed, that his holiness should presume to give them away!

These islands are supposed to be the fragments of Atlantis, which Plato² represents, as being as large as Syria and Asia Minor; and which, in the splendour of its architecture, the richness of its metals, the beauty of its landscapes, the bloom of its flowers, above all, in the excellence of its sciences and arts, surpassed every country of the ancient world³. It is possible, that the Atlantis refers to the American continent. Ælian⁴ mentions a new country of immense extent; Seneca⁵ alludes

¹ Galvano's Hist. Mar. Disc. p. 25.

² In Critia.

³ Pausan. viii.

⁴ Ælian says, that Silenus told Midas, that Europe, Africa, and Asia, were islands; that there was but one continent; and that lay beyond the sea.—Lib. iii. 18.

⁵ Medea. v. 374.

to it; and Diodorus¹ relates, that when it was first discovered by the Carthaginians, they made a law, that no one should settle in it on pain of death². And while Lucretius speaks of countries beyond the Atlantic Ocean, Claudian enquires—

Quid numerem gentes, Atlanteosque recessus
Oceani?

And yet these allusions, perhaps, may relate to the islands near Mount Teneriffe; particularly since, in the *Periplus* of Hanno, we are told, that when the Carthaginians were sailing on the western coast of Africa, they saw an immense mountain, whose head was lost in clouds; and out of the summit of which flames burst forth, at intervals, illuminating the sea to a great distance. This volcano, Hanno's interpreters called "the Chariot of the Gods."

III.

The existence of Atlantis seems to have been firmly believed by many of the best ancient writers. Plato heard it from Socrates, Socrates from Critias, Critias from his grandfather, his grandfather from Solon, and Solon from the Egyptian priests. Proclus, in reference to this, relates, that Marcellus³, in his history of Ethiopia,

¹ Perhaps these islands may relate to the three islands on the coast of Arabia Felix, called Panchæa; yielding myrrh and frankincense, and abounding in every natural beauty.—Diodorus describes it, v. 42.

² Vid. also Plin. Nat. Hist. ii. c. 90.

³ Marcel. in *Æthiopic.* apud Proclum. lib. i.

often mentioned seven islands in the Atlantic; the inhabitants of which preserved a tradition, that there was once an island, much larger than either of the seven, which governed all the rest. Whitehurst believes it to have stretched from Ireland and the Azores, to the continent of America; and Buffon believed, that all the islands of the submerged continent are the summits of its mountains. In respect to the Fortunate Islands, it may be again observed, that the accounts, carried to Carthage by the discoverers, were so imposing, that such great numbers desired to emigrate thither, that the senate enacted a law, prohibiting any one from landing upon them on pain of death. These islands are not to be confounded with that near Cadiz, called Aphrodisias¹, planted with gardens, well inhabited, and not now in existence: but two islands, 10,000² stadia from the African continent, of which Sebosus³ wrote a confused account, and called Hesperides. Sertorius named them the Atlantic Islands; Plutarch, the Fortunate Islands; Juba, Purpuraria; Ptolemy, Apropositos and Junonia Autolola; and Gosselin⁴, Fortaventura and Lancerota⁵. They were said to have abounded in every species of fruit, in large quantities of honey, and in a vast multitude of singing birds. Atlantis was believed to have disap-

¹ Plin. Nat. Hist. iv. c. 22.

² Plutarch.

³ Plin. vi. c. 36, 7.

⁴ Des Traditions sur les Isles de l'Océan Atlantiques.—Gosselin, Rech. sur la Géog. des Anciens, t. i. p. 156.—Vid. also Bory de St. Vincent.

⁵ Ptolemy says there were six. Plutarch and Sebosus number only two. Heeren of Germany believes they were Porto Santo and Madeira.

peared in one night, having been swallowed by the sea during an earthquake¹.

Whether this celebrated island may be classed with More's Utopia and Harrington's Oceana, it is, and perhaps ever will be, impossible to determine. But what gives great colour to the probability of its former existence is the remarkable fact of there being in the Atlantic, between the parallels of 18° and 33° north latitude, bushes of a marine plant², extending at intervals over a space of water, no less than from 55 to 60,000 square leagues: sometimes appearing like inundated meadows; and some of them rising like heaths, furzes, and bushes. When Columbus first beheld them, both he and his crew were struck with astonishment and terror. This phenomenon is called the Sea of Sargasso, or the Grassy Sea. Among the bushes are frequently caught sea hares, the American frog-fish, and slime containing eggs of crabs, and various insects. Where sea-weeds grow, the depth of water is comparatively shallow; in many parts of this Grassy Sea, however, it is deeper, than was ever sounded. But this applies only to parts, and probably where the tufts float. It is not impossible,

¹ Beatson imagines it probable, that the islands of Ascension, Saxemberg, Gough, Tristan d'Acunha, and St. Helena, are remains of the Atlantis. The intervals between these islands comprise a space of more than 1800 miles in length, and 500 in breadth.

² Fuscus Natans.—Scylas says, that the Carthaginians found the sea un-navigable beyond Cerne, placed three degrees south of the Canaries, because sea-weeds impeded their progress. Hanno, when sailing along the western coast of Africa, observed, that a remarkable silence prevailed upon the land during the day; but that in the night were seen a multitude of fires: and sounds were heard as proceeding from a great number of musical instruments.

therefore, but that this green sea may have been once green land. Many writers have supposed, that Columbus was actuated by a hope of discovering a new continent, by undertaking his adventurous voyage. His object, however, was to discover a direct and nearer passage to the rich kingdoms of Zipangu and Cathay. When land was first discovered, therefore, it was taken for the coast of India, or China.

CHAPTER IV.

ANAXAGORAS and Empedocles, Cardan and Spalanzi, were of opinion, that, in common with insects and quadrupeds, trees and flowers had feelings, affections, and passions; upon the principle, that life without sensation¹ is an anomaly. The earth is the parent of all things; and it is the office of vegetable life to transform unconscious matter into living animals. Hence Virgil, in many a beautiful passage, animates vegetables with hope, fear, hatred, and affection. Darwin has pursued the idea in his *Loves of the Plants*, and in his *Temple of Nature*.

² This opinion is sanctioned by the discovery of their

¹ The plants of the greatest apparent sensibility are the *mimosa sensitiva* and *pudica*; *Hedysarum gyrans*; *oxalis sensitiva*; *Smithia sensitiva*.

² The seminal vessels of the richly scented *nymphaea nelumbo* are more evident, and its germ more magnified in the seed, than in any other plant. For this reason it is probably held sacred in Thibet, and many other countries of the East. From some experiments, lately made by Mrs. Ibbetson, it appears, that the root is the laboratory of the plant; that the embryo of the seed is formed in the radicle; but that it does not join the seed, till it enters the seed vessel for that purpose: that the flower-bud is formed in the root;

sexual properties. This important discovery has been almost universally attributed to Linnæus: but we learn from Herodotus¹, that the Babylonians perfectly understood the sexual properties of plants; and though not adopted by them, sufficient proofs may be drawn from the writings of Aristotle², Theophrastus³, and Pliny⁴, to confirm us in the belief, that it was not unknown to some of the Grecian naturalists. While the works of Alpini, Jungius⁵, and Burckhard⁶, Erasmus⁷, Millington, Grew,

and the leaf-bud in the bark. And that the canal medullaire (line of life) is on each side the pith; proceeding from the centre to the circumference, preceded by the gastric juice. This physiological exposition evidently exhibits a striking resemblance to animal life.

¹ Clio. cxiii. On the sexual properties of palm-trees—vid. Kæmpfer's *Amœnitates Exoticæ*.

² Arist. de Plant. lib. i. c. 2, 6.

³ Theophrast. Hist. Plant. lib. iii. c. 9.—ii. c. 9. Lib. vi. c. 2.

⁴ Pliny says, that plants have a natural instinct for generation: he calls the farina a subtle powder.—Nat. Hist. xiii. c. 7. Alpini, who died in 1617, settled the fact in regard to the generation of plants, by his observations on the palm tree.—Vid. Alpin. de Plantis Egypti, p. 10. Venice, 1592, 4to. And Swan, in his *Speculum Mundi*, published 1635, speaks familiarly of the male and female palm. The secret was also known to Mexio and Du Verdier.—Vid. *Treasurie of Auncient and Moderne Times*, book iv. c. 5. p. 217. For a history of this tree, the most interesting subject in vegetable economy, see Abbé Raynal's *Hist. of the East and West India Settlements*, vol. i. p. 140: and Mylius' Letter to Dr. Watson.—Phil. Trans. vol. xlvii. On the fructification of plants, consult Gräberg's interesting paper, "*Fundamentum Fructificationis*," *Amœnitates Acadæmicæ*, vi. art. 116. On the perceptive powers of vegetables, see Percival's observations, in the proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, 1784. Dr. Watson's *Chemical Essays*, vol. v.: and for observations on the irritability of vegetables, see *Philosophical Transact.* vol. lxxviii.

⁵ Jungii *Opuscula botanico-physica*, &c. Apud Fagel. et Vaget.

⁶ Ep. ad G. G. Leibnitzium, 1702.

⁷ Erasmus, in an age when science was held in little esteem, and scholastic

Moreland, Bradley, Camerarius, Blair, Geoffry, Vaillant, Ray, and Jussieu, evidently demonstrate, that they believed in its truth, many years before its adoption by Linnæus. If, however, that celebrated naturalist had not the honour of the first discovery, he had yet the merit of reducing the theory into a practical system¹.

II.

And here, perhaps, we may be excused, for adducing a few instances in science, in which modern discoveries may be traced to ancient industry and research. The influence of the tides was not entirely unknown to ancient philosophers. Virgil was not ignorant of the sleep of plants, nor of the circulation of their juices; while ancient physicians², and perhaps Solomon³, acknowledged the circulation of blood in animals. The causes of eclipses⁴ were known to Thales, Aristotle, Py-

pedantry in high honour, conceived from several passages in Herodotus, Virgil, and Plutarch, that plants had sensation. For this opinion he was contemptuously ridiculed by the elder Scaliger: a man, who, with all his Greek, was ignorant in the midst of a great knowledge of words; and arrogant in defiance of his own lessons of humility.

¹ The sexual properties of plants have been some time known in China. "All animate and inanimate Nature," says Choo-foo-toze, "may be distinguished into masculine and feminine. There is, for instance, female hemp, and male and female bamboo."

² Plat. in Timæo.

³ Vid. Ecclesiast. ch. xii. Solomon believed, that the earth is eternal; (i. v. 4.) and that the wind revolved in periodical circuits (ch. vi.).

⁴ Plutarch says, that the common people, in the time of Nicias, knew well how to account for an eclipse of the sun; but the cause of an eclipse of the moon was beyond their comprehension.—In vit. Nicias.

thagoras, Dion, Pericles, Sulpitius¹, and the Ethiopians². And we are assured by Macrobius, that a regular series had been observed in Egypt, 1,200 years before the birth of Alexander. The obligations of Copernicus to Pythagoras are universally known: Philolaus and Statius³ taught the diurnal motion of the earth: Meton invented the lunar cycle: Democritus, Anaxagoras, Plato⁴, and Lucretius⁵, taught a plurality of worlds; and that the spots on the moon's disc were the shadows of high mountains: while Anaxagoras ascertained the causes of thunder and lightning⁶. The rotundity of the globe was known to Virgil⁷; and that the fixed stars are suns, shining to other systems, was not only known to Manilius, but described by Lucretius. Chiron invented the sphere⁸; Anaximander maps and globes; and Eratosthenes the armillary sphere. Berosus taught the art of dialling; Diophantes algebra; and Menechmus conic sections. The Greeks assure us, that geometry took its rise in Egypt: but Josephus insists, that the Egyptians received it from the Hebrews. Indeed it

¹ Plin. ii. c. 13. Jamblich. in vit. Pythag. c. vi.

² Lucian.

³ Theb. viii.

⁴ In Timæo.

⁵ Lib. ii.

⁶ Cesar, Pliny, and Seneca, describe fires on the spears of soldiers; phenomena, frequently seen in warm countries. Camöens (book v.) describes them, as appearing on the spindles of the masts of Gama's ships; and takes occasion to celebrate the wonders of nature; and to inculcate the advantage of studying her laws. These phenomena are called St. Helme's Fires by the Spaniards; and Fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas by the Italians. Ctesias relates, that he witnessed the experiment of iron, concealed in the ground, averting the consequences of storms.

⁷ Georg. i. l. 242.

⁸ Bryant's Analysis, vol. ii. p. 482, 4.

would have been impossible to have built any one of the towers, temples, or cities, which the Chaldeans are said to have built, without a knowledge of this essential art. Aristarchus and Nicetas of Syracuse taught the movement of the earth through the circle of the zodiac; and Dionysius of Alexandria discovered that period of the solar year, afterwards introduced to the Roman calendar by Julius Cæsar.

Memnon, the Egyptian, first traced the sounds of the human voice to those simple elements, by which the whole circle of knowledge might be imprinted. He invented letters in the year before Christ 1822; and a Phenician carried them into Greece in 1493. The properties of magnetical substances, too, were not entirely unknown. Diodorus relates, that Abaris, the celebrated Hyperborean, was conveyed to Greece, over mountains, rivers and seas, on an enchanted arrow. It is something more than probable, that this enchanted instrument was a magnet, pointed like an arrow. In such case, Abaris must have been acquainted with its polarity, as well as with its power of attraction. It is not a little remarkable, too, that the courses of ships, winds, &c. are still denoted on our maps and globes, by flying arrows. That the magnet was known to the Persians, Hyde gives some probable reasons to suspect¹; and that it was used in China, long before it was in Europe, is almost certain; notwithstanding the assertions of Niebuhr and Sir William Jones. Stukely is, however, probably in error, when he supposes, that Abury Temple, and the solar one, at Stone-

¹ De Religione Veterum Persarum, p. 139.

henge, were fixed in their mathematical situations in respect to the cardinal points, by a magnetic compass: and Mons. Bailli makes the subject ridiculous, when he asserts, that it was even known to the antediluvians.

In the early records of observation, the magnetic needle declined towards the east. In 1558 it varied (London) to the east $11^{\circ} 15'$. This declination ceased in Europe about the middle of the seventeenth century; when it pointed due north and south. Soon after this, it declined towards the west. Of late, this declination has been diminishing, and the needle is now reclining to the north. This deviation, however, is subject to frequent variation. Professor Oersted, in a paper published by the Royal Society of Copenhagen, has observed, that during the day, the western deviation is greatest about two in the afternoon; and its greatest annual one in the month of September. Colonel Beaufoy observed, that the magnetic variation to the westward of true north had increased till February and March 1819; when it arrived at its maximum. Since then it has uniformly decreased. The western variation had been on the increase since 1657. Recupero informed Brydone¹, that the needle upon Mount Etna, soon after the eruption of 1755, was agitated with much violence for some time; and then lost its magnetical power entirely. On the iron mountain of Southern Africa, belonging to the Kora Hottentots, the needle, by being placed on fragments of a rock, points differently on different fragments. On some it loses its polarity entirely; on others it points to the south; on some

¹ Sicily and Malta, p. 97.

it vibrates with violence; and on others it turns round with great celerity. At sea, near a certain part of the island of Elba, mariners steer without a compass, which is also sensibly affected in the isle of Canny, one of the Hebrides:—as well as on several of the hills in Australia¹, where it flies round with velocity, and suddenly settles at opposite points, the north point turning south. Mr. M'Bride and Captain Ross² state, that the needle loses its magnetic virtue in Davis' Straits; in consequence of which the whale captains steer by the land, and through channels in the ice. Two Greenland ships, the North Pole and the William and Ann of Leith, having entered Davis' Straits, they pursued their course till they reached an opening, which, they supposed, was Lancaster Sound. During their stay in this part of the coast, it was discovered, that the compasses of both ships, whenever they approached within five or six miles to the north shore, which is rugged and mountainous, lost their magnetic virtue entirely; standing in any direction, to which they were placed, without indicating the least appearance of being attracted either one way or the other. But as soon as the ships reached beyond five or six miles from the land towards the middle of the Straits, the needles again acquired their usual power, and exercised it without any apparent obstruction.

Lieut. Parry left England in May 1819. He followed Captain Ross' track into Davis' Straits to Baffin's Bay; and

¹ Oxley Jour. in Australia, p. 259—p. 278.

² Voy. of Disc. to Arctic Regions, Appendix, p. 19. 4to.

through Lancaster Sound proceeded westward, until he arrived at about 115° west longitude; which he reached the 28th of September. Here he was stopped by the winter: but he cut his way two miles through the ice, and got into a harbour of an island, which he called Melville Island. In this spot he stopped till the first of August in the following year; when the ice broke. In this voyage Lieutenant Parry observed, that the magnet held a variation of 126° west: and only about one hundred and fifty miles farther of 128° east; so that the ship seems to have made a circuit round the magnetic pole, which some have supposed to be situate on the American continent, between the longitudes of 90° and 120° ; and below the latitude of 70° . It may be here observed, that Barlow has recently discovered, that the magnetic quality of iron resides wholly in the surface. Thus an iron shell, weighing ten pounds, will act as powerfully as an iron ball of one hundred times its weight, having the same external dimensions. It has also been lately ascertained, that the violet rays of the prismatic spectrum have a magnetic power. This was discovered by Morichini of Rome. The Marquis Ridolfi also proved, that needles, magnetized by these rays, have the properties of needles, magnetized by means of a loadstone. They vibrate on a pivot; and their points turn invariably to the north. Their heteronomous poles attract, and their homonomous ones repel each other.

The gravity and elasticity of the air was familiar to Aristotle and Seneca; Pherecydes, the master of Pythagoras, foretold an earthquake by drinking the waters;

and the microscope was known in the time of Augustus¹. Empedocles and Cicero had some idea of attraction². Plutarch frequently speaks of the infinite divisibility of matter; and some have supposed³, that even the Newtonian system of fluidity and centrifugal force was not unknown to the Egyptians.

III.

If, in later ages, the moderns are obliged to Arabia for arithmetic and algebra, and to the Moors for astronomy and geography; they are indebted entirely to ancient Greece for every species of elegant literature. For in the Latin poetical writers, there is scarcely one single original thought. To the ancients, too, how much are we indebted for the useful arts. Arachne invented the distaff; Pamphyla the art of using cotton; a Phrygian lady needle-work; and Praxiteles looking-glasses. The Tyrians discovered scarlet and purple dyes; and the Sidonian ladies first practised embroidery. Phidon invented scales and weights; Prometheus first taught the art of striking fire from flints and steel; an Egyptian made the first lamp; Anacharsis the first pair of bellows; Pseusippus the first cask; a Spaniard the first sieve; a Scythian the first anchor; and Ericthonius invented chariots, and harness for horses. Archytas invented the screw and pulley; Perdix the saw; Dædalus the axe,

¹ There was a mirror invented by Hostius, which made a man's finger look as large as his arm.

² *De Natur. Deor.* ii. 45.—Shakespeare, too, uses it in Newton's sense.—*Timon of Athens*, iv. sc. 3.

³ Whitehurst's *Enquiry*, p. 18.

the whimble, and the wedge; his grandson the lathe; and Anacharsis the potter's wheel. Ctesibes invented the pump, a water-clock, and other hydraulic instruments; and Nicias discovered the art of fulling. Rhœcus and Theodorus of Samos invented the forging of iron statues, and of casting copper ones. Cybele, the daughter of Menos, king of Phrygia, invented the tabor, the cymbal, and the flageolet; and Castor and Pollux, reducing motion to a science, gave rise to the art of dancing: while Gargaris, king of the Curetes, first taught the method of taking honey from bees.

The list of our obligations might be considerably extended. But though we are indebted to the ancients for many important hints, the moderns have, assuredly, been far more successful in the study of nature; and the exercise of the useful arts. There is no necessity to allude to the ancients having no linen for shirts; no windmills, or watermills; and no spectacles: it is sufficient to observe, that if we except the art of painting, sculpture, poetry, and music, we are as far beyond them in every species of knowledge, as the French are beyond the Hungarians, Spaniards, and Portuguese.

In fact, the moderns excel the ancients in all the sciences; in most of the arts; in government; in commerce; in manners; and in facility of intercourse: but they have less mental and bodily vigour; less simplicity; and less admiration and enthusiasm for genius.

IV.

The art of gardening was known to the Greeks and Carthaginians, who were exceedingly attached to flowers.

The Britons were ignorant of this luxury, till it was taught them by the Romans ¹. In the time of Agricola ², however, they had made great progress; and had reared several species of flowers and fruits; having found their soil sufficiently rich and various, for almost every European fruit, except the vine and olive. The Dutch were late in deriving profit or pleasure from this pursuit. The taste, once imbibed, however, soon became so captivating, that they named many of their flowers after distinguished statesmen; while a single *Semper Augustus* sold for 4600 florins ³! Of the various sorts of tulip and gilliflowers, more than two hundred have derived their names from eminent men and beautiful women. The history of the Tulipomania, indeed, furnishes the most amusing article in the history of human folly;—450 guineas having been offered, in 1771, for a hyacinth, and refused! The

¹ The Talmud of the Jews mentions nine orders of angels; among these the first order has the delegated power of bestowing life; by the fifth the Deity sends the elements; and by the influence of the seventh are elicited herbs and plants. I shall take this opportunity of noting a remarkable error among the scholiasts, annotators, and mythologists. Many, and indeed most of these writers insist, that the *Floralia* were instituted in honour of a courtesan! But that *Flora* was a respectable goddess is evident from the circumstance related by Cicero; who says, (*Orat. in Verr.* 5. 14.) that it was the duty of the ædile to exhibit sacred games to Ceres; and to conciliate the mother *Flora*. Besides, Varro informs us, that Tatius, king of the Sabines, offered vows to *Flora*, previous to his war with Romulus. There appear, therefore, to have been two species of floral ceremonies. One, a mere festival, like our May-day; the other, of a chaster kind. The former were called *Florales Ludi*; from *Flora*, a courtesan: the latter *Floralia*, from *Flora*, goddess of flowers, when the Romans prayed for a blessing on the trees and grass.

² Tacit. in Vit. Agricol. c. 12.

³ In 1814 the emperor of Austria gave 5,000 francs, (208l. 6s. 0d.) for one plant of the *cycas circinalis*, a species of evergreen palm.

Chinese, too, are accustomed to give a large price for the montan; hence that flower is not unfrequently called the paleangkin, signifying “an hundred ounces of gold.”

V.

The gardens of Persia are said to vie in beauty and luxuriance with any in the universe; and to them the Persians devote their principal attention. When Mirza Abul Hassan was ambassador to the British court, one of his greatest satisfactions arose from occasionally walking, unattended, in Kensington gardens. Sir John Malcolm says, that when he was in that country, (A. D. 1800), grapes were sold at less than an halfpenny a pound; while, in some provinces, fruit had scarcely a nominal value.

The Assamese are said to have a decided taste for planting: while the Japanese¹ and the resident Tartars of the Crimea derive their principal sustenance and amusement from their gardens. Those of Fez, in the empire of Morocco, have summer-houses in them². In these they may be said to live, from the beginning of April to the latter end of September. The Indians of Mexico, in the time of Cortez, were passionately fond of flowers; and the gardens, which that commander found at Huaxtepec, were so extensive and beautiful, as he informed Charles V, that they surpassed every thing of the kind, he had seen even in Europe. While an ambassador, to the court of Montezuma, could present no offering, which would be more highly esteemed, than a bouquet;

¹ Golownin's Narrative of his Captivity in Japan, vol. i. p. 282.

² Vid. *Treasure of Ancient and Modern Times*, book vi. c. 1. p. 521.

and so partial are the ladies of Lima, that nearly eight hundred pounds worth of flowers are sold in the great square, upon an average, every day.

If a Cingalese possess a garden, he wants but little more. Two jack trees, a palm-tree or two, and six or eight cocoas, furnish him with enough to make him content; and his chief enjoyment is to recline under their shade. Of the jack tree, says Thunberg, may be prepared no less than fifteen different dishes. The peasantry of Java have, in many districts, gardens attached to their cottages; which are exempt from contributions of every kind. In the regency of Kedu, they are so extensive, as to constitute one-tenth of the district. These gardens the cotters plant, not only with vegetables, but fruit; and no small delight do they experience in sitting under the shade, with their families around them. Some of these cottages are so luxuriantly embowered with foliage of evergreens, that they cannot be discerned, till a traveller stands at the very door. And so beautiful do these groups make the country, that an elegant, as well as an enlightened, governor¹ of that country asserts, that the clumps, which diversify the most skilfully arranged park, can bear no comparison with them in picturesque effect. During the Dutch occupation of this island, most of the vegetables and fruits sold, in the “land of friends,”—the vegetable market of Batavia,—were reared by manumitted slaves; who, upon receiving their freedom, were accustomed to hire a small quantity of land from their former masters. In consequence of which Batavia was supplied more plentifully with fruits, than any city in Europe.

¹ Raffles' Hist. Java, i. p. 82.

CHAPTER V.

THE Mexicans, as Bernal Diaz informs us, acknowledged a goddess of flowers in their theological vocabulary. This goddess (Coatlicua) had a temple, where a festival was held, every year, by the makers of nosegays; whose offerings consisted of braids of flowers, wove with much art and delicacy.

Floating gardens, those miniature resemblances of the Isle of Delos, are very common in New Spain. Of these there are two kinds. Those, that glide upon the water, at the caprice of the winds; and those, which are attached to the shore. The principal flowers and roots, consumed in the city of Mexico, are raised in these small gardens. It is a most interesting spectacle, as we learn from the Baron de Humboldt, and the Abbé Clavigero, every morning, at sun-rise, to see the provisions brought in by Indians in boats, descending the canals of Chalco and Istacalco. In them are cultivated beans, artichokes, and cauliflowers; while the edges are ornamented with rose bushes. The promenade in boats, around these little islands, is represented as being the most agreeable in the environs of Mexico. When the proprietor of one of these floating gardens finds, that he has a disagreeable neighbour, he unties the chain, that fixes his little property to the shore; and with his hut and his tree, growing in the middle, floats wherever he pleases. In China they are formed on the surface of canals and rivers; and at Canton alone, more than 40,000 persons live in boats,

floating on the Tigris¹. In describing these wandering gardens, and their proprietors, the mind naturally recurs to the history and the habits of the grey squirrel. This animal abounds in North America, and is very numerous in Lapland. When they come to a lake, they search for a piece of pine-bark; drag it to the water; get upon it; elevate their brushes for sails, and land wherever the winds direct them.

Islic gardens are not unfrequently seen in other countries and climates. Herodotus mentions one in Egypt, called Chemmis²; and the Greeks believed, that the Cyclades had once been all floating islands³. In the lake Cutilia, there was one, the appearance of which the Romans attributed to a miracle. This is now lost in beds of weeds. He also mentions two floating islands, in the Lake Bolsena; which sometimes formed themselves into circles, and sometimes into triangles; but never into quadrangles. Seneca mentions several in Italy. There were two, also, in the Ionian Sea, anciently called Plotæ. They are now fixed, have good springs, and a fertile soil.

On the Guayaguil, in the kingdom of Quito; in the

¹ In Banca * there is an order of persons, called Rayads, who live with their families in small vessels, and enjoy perpetual summer; for they navigate their covered boats from island to island, with the variations of the monsoons. In Borneo† are vast swamps; and whole villages are built on rafts, which are moved about, according to the will or interest of the proprietors.

* Euterpe, c. xlv.

³ The Cjanæ were once believed to have been floating islands; and thence occasionally called Planetæ. vid. Plin. vi. c. 12. Pomp. Mela. ii. c. 7.

* Vid. Asiat. Journ. i. 345.

† Vid. Pennant's Outlines, iv. 52.

river Congo¹, on the western coast of Africa; in the lake of Tivoli, near the hot baths of Agrippa; and in the lake, near St. Omers, floating islands are found. The last move at the will of the neighbouring farmers; who draw them near the shore, to drive their cattle upon; and having done so, they unloose the cords, and let them float at the discretion of the winds. A similar island exists in Loch Dochart among the Grampian mountains; while a most remarkable one has, within these thirty years, three times emerged from the bottom of the Derwent, in the county of Cumberland. It is formed by a decomposition of aquatic plants. Browne observed several in the Nile; and Pallas gives an interesting account of the rising and sinking of one in the sea of Azof. And in 1818 re-appeared a small island in the Lake Wallenstadt, which sunk about a century ago. Fêtes were given, on this occasion, by all the cantons of Switzerland.

The poets have not neglected to embellish their pages with references to floating islands. Gama was attacked near the shore of Anchediva², in the Indian seas, by a body of Moorish pirates, in boats, holding large boughs of trees; so that, being fastened together, they appeared like a floating island. The cannon of Gama, however, soon dispersed them. Camoens³, also, describes the island

¹ The Congo is said to carry floating islands sixty or seventy miles out to sea: vid. Maxwell's Letter to William Keir, Esq. July 20, 1804.

² Vid. Mickle's Dissert. on Discov. India Bacchus, in his expedition to the same country, made use of lances, wrapped with vine-leaves, to deceive the unpractised Indians into a belief, that no hostilities were intended. Perhaps Shakespeare might have remembered this, when he covered the soldiers of Macduff with branches of trees.

³ B. ix.

of Venus, as a floating island, which became fixed on the approach of the adventurous Portuguese. His description is surpassed by none of the poets, if we except Milton. Delille, too, in his Episode of Egeria, imagines her father to possess a floating island, in one of the Scottish lakes, which he gives her for a portion. Of this incident the poet has made an elegant use; and the episode forms, in consequence, the most interesting part of his *L'homme des Champs* ¹.

CHAPTER VI.

THE designs, that flowers have afforded to painting, sculpture, and architecture, with their effects-upon the mind, are beautifully touched upon by the author of the *Spectacle de la Nature*. In the manufacture of silks, as well as in the fine arts, flowers are adopted, as giving the greatest variety, and the most vivid expression to a shawl, a robe, or a mantle. The practice is of great antiquity. Equally so is the custom of presenting silk ornaments, in which flowers are interwoven or embroidered, to friends and persons of high consequence and rank. It prevailed in ancient Syria ² and Persia; and is still observed in India, Turkey, and Ethiopia. The passage in the *Eneid*, where Andromache presents to Ascanius a robe, wrought

¹ Canto ii. The Egyptians fabled, that Butis received Horus from Isis, and concealed him in a floating island. Herod. lib. ii.

² 1 Sam. xviii. 4. Esther, vi. 7, 8.

with flowers of golden tissue, and requests him to accept it, as a friendly gift from the wife of Hector to a youth, in whom appeared the charms and graces of her lost Astyanax, is exceedingly beautiful¹. Nothing can be more affecting than the whole passage.

Flowers are inwoven in the shawls of Cashmire; and the Chinese embroider all their works with the flowers and foliage of the shrub, called Hai-Tang, much celebrated by their poets. The practice is imitated in the Gobelin tapestry and the Dresden china: and when Mons. de Boisgelin was in Denmark, a service of porcelain was preparing, on which were delineated all the plants of the *Flora Botanica*, classed and arranged according to the system of Linnæus. In nothing do the Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, and Persian porcelain yield to those of Dresden and Worcester, more, than in the selection of natural colours and subjects.

II.

The songs of the Hungarian peasantry frequently conclude with the wish, “Oh that I had a large garden, well stocked with fruit; a farm well stocked with cattle; and a young and beautiful wife.” In the city of Toulouse prevailed a custom, which is as agreeable to the imagination, as any we read of in the history of ancient manners.

¹ Accipe, et bæc, manuum tibi quæ monumenta mearum
Sint, puer, et longum Andromaches testentur amorem
Conjugis Hectoreæ. Cape dona extrema tuorum,
O mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat:
Et nunc æquali tecum pubesceret ævo.

An account of this custom is preserved in the archives of that city, and is to the following effect. Seven persons of condition, having resolved to do honour to the cause of poesy, formed themselves into a society, and wrote to all the Troubadours, in the south of France, requesting them to meet on the first of May at Toulouse; and there to rehearse any poem, they might chose to recite. Intimating, at the same time, that a golden violet should be awarded to the author of the poem, which should be esteemed the best. In consequence of this invitation, a vast assemblage of Troubadours entered Toulouse; and the whole ceremony gave so much delight to the ladies and gentry of that city, that they took charge of the future meetings; and appointed a chancellor, and secretary to the institution. These meetings were continued every year, and three other prizes added. The winner of the first enjoyed the violet; the second an eglantine; the third a carnation; and the fourth a pansy. Whoever bore away the four together was admitted doctor of poetry.

In distributing rewards, and in conferring honours, nature is most commonly appealed to. The poets were crowned with bays, and conquerors with laurel. Of the ten kinds of bearings, into which the art of heraldry is divided, seven consist of signs, drawn from the natural world. The fleur-de-lis of France is a lily; that of England a rose; and while the coronets of earls and marquisses are composed chiefly of points and flowers, and those of dukes are floral, the principal decorations of the higher descriptions of honour are stars, eagles, and crescents. When we would welcome a hero, or a monarch, to his home, boughs are scattered in his path; and many

of our own ancient festivals were celebrated under an oak: The young women with nosegays in their hands; and the young men with oak-leaves in their hats.

In Salency, a small village in Picardy, there still remains an interesting custom. It is called "the festival of the rose." On a certain day of every year the young women of the village assemble. After a solemn trial before competent judges, that young woman, who has conducted herself the most discreetly, and gives the most affecting proofs of the general innocence and simplicity of her character, is decorated with a crown, which thenceforward becomes an object of pride to all her family. The crown is a hat covered with roses. It frequently constitutes the whole wealth of the wearer; but the instances are far from unfrequent, in which it has been esteemed the most honourable recommendation to a wealthy suitor. This custom was instituted by St. Medard, in the fifteenth century. He was the sole proprietor of the village; and his sister the fortunate winner of the original prize. To the time of the revolution, this festival was observed with all the circumstances of preparation and solemnity, that marked its primary institution, thirteen centuries before. Madam de Genlis has written a comedy, in two acts, upon this subject: "*The Queen of the Rose of Salency.*" Louis XIII despatched the Marquis de Gordes from Varennes to Salency, with presents of a blue ribbon and a white ring, for the Queen of the Rose; and in 1766 Mons. Morfontaine made a settlement of 120 livres upon the annual winner.

The Samnites, too, had a fine custom amongst them. It was that of convening the youth into one place every

year; where they underwent a trial of virtue; and the one, who was declared to have the most merit, had the privilege of selecting the most beautiful and most virtuous maiden from among the entire republic, for a wife¹.

III.

The association between flowers and poetry is well preserved by Lucretius.

—— Juvatque novos decerpere flores :
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora musæ².

De Nat. Rer. lib. i. 927.

From this association it is, that all collections of poems were anciently called Anthologies. The “flower of the

¹ Montesquieu reasons with his usual ingenuity upon this law, preserved among the fragments of Nicolaus Damascenus. Spirit of Laws, b. vii. ch. 16.

² Seneca compares lessons to grains of seeds. The quality of the fruit, says he, depends entirely on the soil, in which they have been sown. Epist. xxxviii. Nature, says Pliny the naturalist, has some flowers for pleasure: these last but a day: she has trees for use, which last for years; as if she intended to intimate, that whatever is splendid passes away, and soon loses its lustre. Nat. Hist. xxi. c. 1.—Rollin contrasts gardens of art with scenes of general Nature, in an excellent passage, too long to quote. It is formed upon a passage in Cicero * and another in Juvenal †. It compares the former with the florid style of eloquence—the latter with the grand and sublime. It will repay a reader for the trouble of referring to it ‡.—In Javanese poetry § is a passage, which forcibly recalls a similar one in a speech of Pericles, in respect to the cypress. “Melancholy is it to see a young man of condition unacquainted with the sacred writings; for be he ever so gracefully formed, or elegant in his manners, he still remains defective. like the *wurawari* flower, which, notwithstanding its fine appearance and bright red colour, emits no fragrance whatever.”

* De Natur. Deorum. ii.

† Lib. i. Sat. 3.

‡ Belles Lettres, ii. 88.

§ Vide Raffles' Java, i. p. 260.

flock," too, has been a proverbial expression in all ages. The Emperor of China assumes the titles of "the Flower of Courtesy;" the "Nutmeg of Consolation;" and the "Rose of Delight." In some parts of his empire a virgin, when she has attained a marriageable age, places in the window of her apartment a set of flower-pots. The Afghauns employ them as tokens, by which one friend, living at a distance, may send a verbal message to another. Thus a servant begins a message¹—"If you and my master were sitting by yourselves in a garden; and he told you, that he had counted thirty-four different kinds of flowers, within a few yards, in the hills of Caubul, that is to be a sign to you, that what I say comes from him." The tales of the East have frequent allusions, relative to the intercourse, carried on by the interchange of fruits, buds, flowers, spices, leaves, and petals. Davies, in his *Celtic Researches*, describes a similar custom among the ancient Britons.

In some parts of Spain, lovers, during the seasons of spring, summer, and early autumn, never fail to accompany their serenades with large bouquets of flowers; which, when practicable, they throw into their mistress's window, singing songs or striking their instruments, with all the delicacy they are master of. Flowers, too, in ancient times were supposed to contain so much virtue, that Uriel², the angel, with a view of making Esdras more pure, and therefore less unworthy of searching into the

¹ The Javans call poetry *sekar*, "flowers of the language:" vide Raffles' *Hist. Java*, i. p. 398. And orators speak of "flowers of rhetoric;" an association first used by Cicero. Vide *De Oratore*.

² Esdras ii. ch. ix. v. 24.

ways of Providence, desires him to go into the fields, and to eat of herbs and flowers for the space of seven days. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the romance, in respect to the birth of Apollonius of Tyana. When his mother, says Philostratus¹, was near her time, she was desired, in a dream, to go into the meadows, and gather flowers there. When she awaked, she went with her maids into the meadows; and while they were amusing themselves, she fell asleep on the grass. A flock of swans, feeding in the same field, came and sung a chorus round her; the noise of which causing her to awake, the alarm brought on a premature labour; and Apollonius of Tyana was born.

In Solomon's pastoral, floral allegories are perpetual. "Whither is my beloved gone, thou fairest among women? Whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee? My beloved is gone to the beds of spices; to feed in the gardens; and to gather lilies."² "I went into the garden of nuts; to see the fruits of the valley; and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranate budded³."

A French writer has an illustration too much perhaps in the school of Shaftesbury, but not on that account wholly unworthy of attention. "His virtues made him known to the public; and produced that first 'flower' of reputation, which spreads an odour more agreeable, than perfumes over every part of a glorious life."

In Moschus the allusion is complete, but the argument unsound. The paraphrase is admirable!

¹ Vide Philost. in Vit. Apol. lib. i. c. 7.—Berwick.

² Song of Solomon, ch. vi. v. 11.

³ Ibid. ch. vi. 11.

The meanest herb, we trample in the field
 Or in the garden nurture, when its leaf
 In autumn dies, forebodes another spring,
 And from short slumber wakes to life again.
 Man wakes no more!—Man, peerless, valiant, wise,
 Once chill'd by Death, sleeps hopeless in the dust,
 A long, unbroken, never-ending sleep.

Gisborne.

Flowers were also used as symbols. The laurel was a symbol of victory. Generals, therefore, frequently decked their tents with that shrub, and sent accounts of their victories in letters, encircled with its leaves¹. Pliny² and Suetonius³ relate a curious anecdote of the laurel, whence the Roman emperors took sprigs for crowns.

The anemone blends its colours so harmoniously, that it is difficult to discover where one tint begins, and another ends; the anemone may, therefore, be compared to deceit. But the tulip, changing its colours so abruptly, that the different shades may easily be distinguished, the tulip may be called the flower of openness and honesty. One of the most odious methods of illustrations, in respect to plants, was exhibited by Periander, tyrant of Corinth and Corcyra. Having sent messengers to the tyrant of Syracuse to request advice, relative to the best mode of maintaining his usurped authority, the latter took the messengers into a field; and without speaking a word pulled off all those ears of corn, which were higher than the rest. This being reported to Periander, he immediately put the principal Corcyrian and

Hence called *Literæ Laureatæ*.

² Nat. Hist. lib. vii.

³ In Vit. Galb.

Corinthian citizens to death ! Tarquin, the proud, afterwards acted in a similar manner.

Badges of nations are frequently derived from flowers : that of England is a rose¹ ; France has adopted the lily ; Ireland a shamrock ; and Scotland a thistle.

In the British Museum is a bas-relief², representing Jupiter Ammon resting his head on a flower. Voluptas was painted as a beautiful woman, seated on a throne, in the most superb attire, trampling Virtue under her feet : Virtue grasping a lily in her hand : while Zephyr was represented as a youth, with wings on his shoulders, producing flowers and fruits with the sweetness of his breath.

Poets have, in all ages, delighted in gardens and flowers ; hence we may be pardoned for observing, that Homer might have derived pleasure from the reflection, that as he was born in the city of violets³, he was destined to die in the city of myrrh⁴.

Mary, Queen of Scotland and Dauphiness of France, presented the celebrated Ronsard, dignified by the title of the Prince of Poets, with a service of plate ; among which was a vessel, made in the form of a rose, which represented Mount Parnassus, with a Pegasus flying from its summit.

Once, as Colonna was enjoying a summer's evening with Bloomfield, in a small summer-house, that stood in the poet's garden, and where he was accustomed to make Eolian harps, the conversation accidentally turned on this subject ; Bloomfield having three pots of carnations, that blossomed with peculiar brilliancy. " The gardener's

¹ The White and the Red Rose distinctions were disputed in no less than thirteen pitched battles !

² No. 66.

³ Jos.

⁴ Smyrna. Vide Plut. in Vit. Sertor.

man," said he, "in Richard the Second, makes a comparison, that has always appeared to me very apposite :

—— ‘ Our sea-wall’d garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ;—her fairest flowers choak’d up ;
Her fruit-trees all unprun’d ; her hedges ruin’d,
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars ¹.’

And not less apposite is the reply of the master, in reference to the neglect and incompetency of the king to govern :

—— ‘ Oh ! what a pity is it,
That he had not so trimm’d and drest his land,
As we this garden !’ ”

“ Shakspeare,” returned Colonna, “ delights in these allusions and illustrations. In the second part of Henry the Sixth, Margaret of Anjou, speaking of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and advising his removal from the protectorship, is made to say—

‘ ’Tis now the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they’ll o’ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry ².’

“ In the Midsummer Night’s Dream, he compares a woman, married in her prime, to distilled roses ; a virgin to a thorn, which

‘ Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.’

“ How pathetic, too, is that passage in Macbeth ³, where the deep melancholy of the usurper, preying upon his vitals, makes him lament that, fallen into the *sere and yellow leaf*, he has none of those comforts, which await an honourable age.”

¹ Act iii. sc. 4.

² Act iii. sc. 1.

³ Act v. sc. 3.

Horace has many allusions to the shortness of life, and the similar picture that flowers present. The idea first occurs in Moschus; and Tasso was delighted in employing it.

“ Così trapassa al trapassar d’ un giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore e ’l verde;
Ne perchè faccia indietro April vitorno,
Si rinfiora ella Mai ne si rinverde¹.

In the Winter’s Tale, Perdita² suits the flowers, she distributes, to the season of life of those, to whom she presents them. To old men, she gives rue and rosemary, which keep all winter: to those of middle age, she presents flowers of summer, such as lavender, mint, marjoram, and marigold: to the young, oxlips, crown-imperials, primroses, lilies, flowers-de-luce, daffodils, and violets. Horace compares youth to ivy and myrtle; old age to dried leaves. Ausonius applies the term *herba virens* to ladies, remarkable for beauty and simplicity: and what an exquisite passage is that in Virgil, where the poet describes the effect of the probable death of Turnus on the countenance of Lavinia! Eneas might have read in her countenance, says Dryden, the love which she bore for his rival; and the opinion she entertained of the justice of his cause.

¹ Thus in a day withers the flower of life!
Vain is the hope, life’s verdure will return!
Life will its spring, its verdure, or its flowers,
Never resume.

To this may be contrasted a passage in Isaiah: “ All flesh is grass; and all the goodness thereof is as a flower of the field: the grass withereth; the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord blotteth upon it: the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.” Ch. xl. v. 6, 7, 8.

² Act iv. sc. 3.

Boccalini¹ relates, that ambassadors from all the gardeners in the world were sent to Apollo at Parnassus, to request him to grant them an instrument, for the more effectual weeding of their gardens; which had become, of late, so full of henbane and other weeds, that the charge of weeding absorbed all the profit. Finding no very great attention paid to their petition, they took the opportunity of re-urging the suit, by reminding Apollo, that he had granted drums and trumpets to princes; at the sound of which all the more useless weeds of society were picked out. They begged him, therefore, to give them instruments, which might have the same effect in their gardens. "If princes could as easily discern the weeds of society," returned the god, "as you can discern weeds in your garden, I would only have given them halters and axes for their instruments. But since all men are made of the same materials, it is impossible to know the weeds from the flowers, as you can do: and, therefore, I cannot but esteem you not a little ridiculous, in comparing the purging of the world from seditious spirits to the drawing of weeds out of a garden."

One of the prettiest specimens of Hindoo poetry celebrates the history of a youth, who, soon after his marriage, being compelled to make a long journey, takes leave of his bride in the garden belonging to his house. There he plants a spikenard; and enjoins her to watch over it with the most assiduous care. "As long as this plant flourishes," said he, "all will be fortunate with me: but should it wither away, some fatal misfortune will, assuredly, happen to me." Business, of an important na-

¹ Traggugli di Parnasso. Earl of Monmouth's Trans. Adv. xvi. Ed. 1674.

ture, detained the bridegroom from his home several years. On his return, he assumed the garb of an Hindoo mendicant, in order to see, whether his wife had been faithful to him or not, during his absence. Thus disguised, he calls at his house, and being admitted into the garden, beholds his wife lost to every pleasure, but that of weeping over the spikenard, which still flourished under her care.

IV¹.

If the poets have a natural bias for flowers and plants, the painters derive nearly an equal satisfaction from delineating them on canvas: gardens having been called the picture-gallery of Nature. In this department of art Van Huysen, Marcel of Frankfort, and Maria Sybilla Mariana of Nuremberg, were much celebrated. The fruit-pieces of Cortonese, too, had an exceedingly brilliant effect; both in respect to colouring and relief. And to such excellence did the Greeks arrive, that Philostratus, examining a floral picture, exclaimed, "I do so much admire the dewiness of those roses, that I could almost say, their very scent was painted."

The most distinguished painter of flower-pieces, among the Romans, was Pausias; who became a proficient in his art in a singular manner. He was enamoured of a nosegay girl, named Glycera. This girl had an elegant method of dressing her chaplets. Pausias, to ingratiate himself with the fair chaplet weaver, exercised himself in painting the various chaplets that she made. It was Glycera's caprice, however, to vary her chaplets every

¹ This section is taken from my *Amusements in Retirement*, p. 254, 5.

day, in order to exercise the patience of her lover. It afforded much amusement, says Pliny, to remark the skill of the painter, and the chaplets of Glyceræ, striving for superiority. At length Pausias became such a proficient in this department of painting, that he composed a picture of his mistress, weaving a chaplet, which was of such excellence, that Lucullus gave Dionysius of Athens two talents for a copy of it¹. This tale is happily introduced into the Hortorum² of Rapin.

CHAPTER VII.

To gardening succeeds the agreeable and patriotic art of planting. Homer describes Laertes amusing his sorrow for the absence of his son, in planting of trees; and Pliny enumerates many similar instances. Horace advises Varus to relieve his anxiety in private, and his solitude in public, by planting of vines: and Virgil has admirably celebrated this art in his Second Georgic. Scipio planted olive-trees. Plutarch says, that the people of Liternum regarded with superstitious reverence several olives, which that statesman had planted; and also a myrtle of extraordinary beauty. Hannibal was not insensible to these benefits and pleasures. He employed his

¹ Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxv. c. 10.—xxi. 2.—Two flower-pieces by Van Huysen, in the Houghton Collection, were valued to the Empress of Russia at twelve hundred pounds.

² Sic quondam factus Glyceræ de munere pictor
Pausiades, &c. &c. &c.

soldiers in planting olive-trees in Africa; and Probus, following his example, engaged the leisure of his army in planting vineyards in Mysia and Pannonia. It was Probus also, who planted vineyards in Gaul, after they had been entirely rooted out by Domitian, in order that they might not tempt the invasion of barbarians. The name of Probus is unknown in that country, except to the learned; and yet no one ought to witness the grapes, embellishing the cottages of Burgundy, without blessing his memory.

A curious book might be written on the emigration of plants. That traveller esteemed himself happy, who first carried into Palestine the rose of Jericho from the plains of Arabia; and many of the Roman nobility were gratified, in a high degree, with having transplanted exotic trees into the woods and orchards of Italy. Pompey introduced the ebony and the balm of Gilead, on the day of his triumph over Mithridates¹. Lucullus transplanted the Pontian cherry; and Vespasian the balm of Syria. Auger de Busbeck brought the lilac from Constantinople; and Castro² introduced the orange into Portugal; of which he was more vain than of all his victories. The emperor Bauber planted the first cherry, and the first sugar-cane in Caubul; and Demidof³ introduced many exotic fruit-trees into the environs of Moscow.

II.

Governor Adrian Vauder Stell⁴ introduced the camphor-tree and many other plants into the neighbourhood of the Cape; and Father Juan de Ugarte introduced

¹ Pliny, Nat. Hist. xii. c. 4. ² Dissert. on Portuguese Asia, p. clxv.

³ Pallas' Travels in the Southern Provinces of Russia, vol. i. p. 8.

⁴ Paterson's Travels into Africa, 4to. p. 7.

almost every description of fruit growing in New Spain, into California¹: also wheat, maize, melons, and all sorts of esculents. Mons. Martin exerted himself in augmenting the plantations of spices at Cayenne. In the year 1797-8, he planted more than a thousand cloves; fifteen hundred pepper-trees; eighteen hundred cinnamon-trees; and several nutmegs. In the following year he more than doubled these; and began a plantation of vanilla, an odoriferous plant, the fruit of which is used in the composition of chocolate. He also planted a bread-fruit-tree. As instances of the quickness of vegetation in the latitude of that island, it may be noticed, that a durvia grows sometimes sixteen feet, and a caoutchouc twenty feet in one year!

It is probable, that there never was a tree planted, or transplanted by the hand of man, in Britain, till the Romans planted the chestnut. That vineyards formerly existed in this country is evident from many passages in old records; and it is not improbable, that the vine might have been brought from France, previous to the reign of William the Norman. For the Normans called the Isle of Ely, *Isle de Vignes*; and William of Malmsbury asserts, that in the twelfth century the vale of Gloucester was, in a great measure, covered with vineyards. It has been, however, supposed that those vineyards might have been orchards; and the wine produced from them perry and cider. Yet it seems improbable, that the same term should have been applied to both; unless a vineyard meant a collection of fruit-trees; as a garden implies a collection of herbs and vegetables.

The greatest planter, ever known in Scotland, was the

¹ Miguel Venegas, *Natural and Civil History of California*, i. 47. Ed. 1758.

late James Duff, Earl of Fife. He devoted many of the most valuable hours of a long life to the indulgence of this useful passion; and the result was, that he planted upwards of fourteen thousand acres of land. The Earl of Breadalbane and the Duke of Athol, also, planted each 60,000,000 of trees. Pope's Lord Bathurst, too, indulged the same amusement. He planted a vast number of trees: and though he began at forty, he had the pleasure of riding, walking, and sitting, under the shades, he had himself planted. He lived to the age of ninety-two. The late Lord Gardenstone was, also, a great planter: and many trees of his rearing embellish the village, which he formed at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine. "I have tried a variety of pleasures, which mankind pursue," said his lordship; "but have never relished any of them so much, as the enjoyment arising from the progress of this village." Pallas¹ records a similar instance in General Beketoff, who formed a village on the Wolga, to which he gave the name of *Otrada*, or "Recreation." Mihr Narsi², chief vizer to Bahram, a Sassanian monarch, founded four villages: in each of which he made a large garden, all of which he annexed to the fire-temples as religious endowments; and planted in them two thousand cypress-trees; a thousand olives; and a thousand palms.

III.

Sir Robert Walpole planted, with his own hands, many of those magnificent trees, which are now the pride of

¹ Travels in the Southern Provinces of Russia, i. 92.

² Ouseley's Travels in various Countries of the East, 4to. p. 134.

Houghton. In a letter to General Churchill, he says, "This place affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to fine men. My flatterers are mutes: the oaks, the beeches, the chestnuts, seem to contend, which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive; they will not lie. I, in return, with sincerity admire them; and have as many beauties about me, as fill up all my hours of dangling; and no disgrace attends me from the age of sixty-seven." The greatest planter that ever appeared in South Wales was Johnes; planter and adorer of Hâfod; which, out of a desert, he converted into an earthly paradise. From October 1795 to April 1810 this model of a country gentleman planted more than 1,200,000 trees; besides a great number of acres, that he sowed with acorns. And here, it were delightful to dwell upon the memory of William Evelyn, "the English Peiresc," whose *Sylva* was published by order of the Royal Society; and who long enjoyed the felicity of sitting under trees, he had planted in his youth. His love for this art may be judged of by the following passage. "And now," says he, "let it be observed, that planters are often blest with health and old age. According to the prophet Isaiah, 'the days of a tree are the days of my people.' *Hoc scripsi octogenarius*; and shall, if God protract my years, and continue my health, be continually planting, till it shall please Him to *transplant* me into one of those glorious regions above, planted with perennial groves, and trees bearing immortal fruit."

The Duchess of Rutland is particularly partial to the planting of oaks; and her grace received the gold medal from the Society of Arts for her experiments in raising

them. Her method of planting is to drop the acorns in the spots, where they are to remain. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has planted upwards of 845,000 forest trees from 12 to 1400 feet above the level of the sea. In 1815, he planted, in the neighbourhood of Langollen, 30,000 wych elms ; 35,000 mountain elms ; 40,000 sycamores ; 63,000 Spanish chestnuts ; 80,000 oaks ; 80,000 ash ; 90,000 larch firs ; 102,000 spruce firs ; and 110,000 Scotch firs.

The forest of Dean, in the county of Gloucester, contained, in the time of Charles I. 105,557 oaks. Of these 25,929 were destroyed in consequence of a grant to Sir John Wintour by Charles II. and 200 only remained in 1667. In the 20th of the same reign, however, 11,000 acres were planted. These have been, of late years, used for the navy. During the reign of George III. several thousand acres were, also, planted. In 1783 there were 90,382 oaks ; and in 1788, 46,000, besides old trees, beech, and oaklings.

Sometimes whole provinces are distinguished by a love of this art. The natives of Catalonia¹, for instance, are so partial to it, that they vie with each other in multiplying trees of almost every description.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSELY allied to gardening and planting is that most useful of all the sciences, Agriculture : than which, no art or

¹ Laborde, i. 110.

science is more dignified, or more worthy the attention of an honourable man. It is remarkable, that in almost all semi-barbarous countries agriculture is held in contempt. In western Africa, and among the Indians of America, it is, for the most part, unknown; and in Lapland¹ it is esteemed so low an employment, that no person thinks of it, as a mode of gaining a livelihood, but those, who are utterly and entirely ruined.

The first stage of society is that, in which mankind live upon the spontaneous produce of the soil. The second is the hunting state; the third the pastoral; and the fourth the agricultural. In Rome, from the accession of Numa to the time of Heliogabalus, it was regarded with peculiar distinction; and deities were appointed to take charge of the corn in every stage of preparation and growth. Stercutus directed the manuring²; Occator the harrowing; and Sator the sowing. Seia protected the seed, while it remained in the ground, and when the blade first sprung from the earth. Runcina directed its weeding; Robigus secured it from blasts and mildews; Nodosus guarded the joints of the stalks; and Volucia folded the blade round the ear. Flora watched it in the blossom; and Patelina in the pod. Hostilia observed, that the ears grew long and even; and it was the care of Matuta, that they came to maturity.

Agriculture, which Cicero and Columella associate with true philosophy, and which De Lille calls “the primitive pleasure of primitive man,” has, in all ages, been the resource, to which eminent men have recurred, in order to

¹ Clarke. Scandinavia, ch. vii. p. 276.

² St. Augustin. de Civitate Dei, lib. iv. c. 8.

amuse the leisure hours of retirement. Xenophon, when banished to Scilloto, devoted himself to the cultivation of the earth. During this exile he wrote the principal part of his works. The virtuous Sully, too, after the assassination of his master, Henry IV, of France, amused himself at his Chateau de Villebon, during a period of thirty years, in cultivating his estate.

Count Hertzberg, the Chatham of Prussia, reared silkworms ; while his farms, at Britz and in Pomerania, were directed, under his own management, with all the caution and exactness of honest industry. In England this science has become popular of late years ; and that it may still continue to draw our nobility from the stews of dissipation, and give them a distaste for less honourable pursuits, is the earnest wish of every virtuous man. A wise government will never neglect to encourage agriculture, in preference to all other arts.

II.

Pliny has a curious chapter in praise of this science ; (for agriculture is both a science and an art ;) and truly may it be said, that though it is an encourager of oligarchies, of all the arts it is the surest inculcator of peace. Hence it is the interest of every nation to make it, not only respectable but honourable : for where it is neglected, nothing but pride, ignorance, and poverty, disgrace the country¹. While a land of thistles flourishes, that of

¹ Perhaps the ancient Gauls and Germans may be quoted as exceptions. Tacitus gives a fine picture of their morals ; and yet he says they held agriculture in contempt ; vid. Germ. c. xiv. et xxiii. The Sabines, on the other hand, were the best of all the ancient farmers ; and still more celebrated for their charity, simplicity of manners, and purity of morals.

pearls, and of silver and gold, presents an aspect of want, misery, and slavery.

“ I have travelled,” says Thornton, “ through several provinces of European Tartary, and cannot convey an idea of the state of desolation, in which that beautiful country is left ! For the space of seventy miles, between Kirk-Kilisè and Carnabat, there is not an inhabitant, though the country is an earthly paradise¹.” An instance of this kind speaks volumes, in favour of agriculture, which was so much esteemed by the Persians, that those satraps, whose provinces were the best cultivated, had the surest claim to the favour of their prince². In Persia, an annual festival was, for a long series of ages, held in the month of December, when the king, clothed in white robes, descended from his throne, and, seating himself upon a white carpet, a select body of husbandmen was admitted to his presence, when he addressed them in the following manner.—“ I am one of you : my subsistence, and that of all my people, depend upon your industry. Without you none of us could exist ; but your dependence on me is equally imperative ; we ought, therefore, to live in perpetual harmony, and be brothers.”

Most of the Athenian nobles cultivated their own estates³ : Pisistratus even caused agricultural precepts to be engraved on stones, for the use of African farmers. Aristotle, Demetrius of Abdera, Archytas, Democritus, and Theophrastus, wrote upon the subject ; and, in

¹ Thornton's State of Turkey, 68.

² Xenoph. Memor. lib. v. Rollin. Anc. Hist. vol. ii. 283.

³ Xenoph. Oecon. p. 831. In the British Museum is an urn, the bas-relief of which represents Echtes fighting at the battle of Marathon with a ploughshare. Room v. No. 21.

gratitude for having received its rudiments from Egypt, several of the Grecian states annually sent to that country the first fruits of their harvests. The Spartans and the Penestes of Thessalia, on the other hand, erred in nothing more, than in regarding agriculture so servile an employment, as to be only worthy the attention of slaves.

III.

The superior advantages of an agricultural life, over a savage one, is expressively marked by Tissot, in a passage, quoted from Mirabeau; where he says, that a Roman of the age of Cincinnatus was always ready to return to the cultivation of his land: and, in doing so, he subsisted himself and his family upon one acre: whereas a savage who neither sows, nor cultivates, consumes as much game for his own subsistence, as requires forty acres of land to feed them.

The Sabæans, in their respect for agriculture and pasturage, enacted a law, making it penal, for any one to destroy cows, ewes, or female goats. It is an art greatly esteemed in Japan¹. The Chinese call it the most distinguished of the sciences; and Yu, one of their best monarchs, not only wrote a treatise on the subject, but first recommended the important practice of irrigation. In this country scarcely a weed is suffered to grow; and most vegetables are used in the economy of the husbandman. In the city of Pekin is established a society of venerable agriculturists. When the emperor visits them in the spring, he ploughs a small field, with his own hand².

¹ Thunberg, vol. iv. p. 80.

² Du Halde, Hist. China. tom. ii. p. 72.

Then a group of peasants appear; and, surrounding him and the princes of his court, they sing hymns in praise of their art; which, thus dignified in the eyes of the country, is universally esteemed an honourable profession. One of the Chinese emperors, it is said¹, ordered a mine of precious stones to be shut up; because he was unwilling, that his people should suffer fatigue in the acquirement of things, which would neither give them food, fuel, nor raiment.

IV.

To neglect a farm, in ancient Italy, was an offence, cognizable by the censor:—in the time of Trajan, the whole of that country resembled a large public garden. Cato, when in the zenith of his fame, ploughed his own lands, like Cincinnatus; and thought that he bestowed a high character upon any man, when he said that he was a good husbandman². One of the same name and family retired to the village of Picenum, now called Marca de Acona; and lived in such comfort, dividing his time between reading, gardening, and farming, that the inhabitants of his village one day chalked over his door, “Happy Cato! for happy thou must be, since thou alone knowest how to live.” Two thousand Catos might live in the present day, and not one of them be distinguished in a similar manner: and had Doris existed in the nineteenth century, instead of exercising the office of chief magistrate at Athens six and thirty years, little wisdom would have been recognised by his neighbours, were he to inscribe over an English door,

¹ Montesq. Spirit of Laws, b. vii. ch. 6.

² De Rust. Proem.

what was so happily admired upon an Attican one :
“ Adieu, both to fortune and to hope ! I have discovered
a true portico to rest and content ¹. ”

In the reign of Romulus no person had more than two acres of land for his share : during that of Numa, as not a foot of ground was added to the republic, no increase could be allowed to individuals : in the time of the earlier consuls, however, seven acres were allowed. Cincinnatus had only four² : and at the time, in which Ælius Tubero, son-in-law of Paulus Emilius, was consul, his whole family, consisting of sixteen persons, with their wives and children, lived in the same house, standing upon a few acres of land, which they cultivated with their own hands. The Licinian law enacted, that no man should enjoy more than 500 of acres of land ; and in the year 377 it was decreed, that no one should have more than 100 head of oxen, and 500 of small cattle. This act, not having been afterwards sufficiently observed, it was confirmed in the year 620 ; when those, who possessed more, were enjoined to surrender the overplus, to be divided amongst the poor, in equal quantities. This law occasioned the death of the proposer.

In respect to ancient agricultural manners, we may gain no little information from the second epode of Horace. The Sabines, Latines, and Apulians, says he, pass their time in pruning branches, and in joining the vines to the poplars. They feed their flocks in retired valleys ; take honey from their hives ; shear their sheep ; gather grapes from their orchards ; corn from their fields ; and hay from

¹ Hence the inscription of Le Sage :—

Inveni portum, Spes et Fortuna, valete, &c.

² Columella. Præf. i. 3.

their meadows. In autumn and winter they catch hares and cranes; place snares for thrushes;¹ and drive boars into nets. Their houses are superintended by their wives, children, and servants; and, after the labours and pleasures of the day have subsided, they all sup together in the same hall.

V.

Mago, the Carthaginian, wrote twenty-four books in favour of this art; and Varro nearly as many. Virgil sung in its praise; and Xenophon truly calls it the source of a thousand honest pleasures, and the mother of many virtues. Hiero, king of Sicily, esteemed the practice of fertilizing a country, inclosing wastes, and writing treatises for the direction of others, more honourable, than to command armies, or to be the monarch of a splendid court. His book on husbandry is lost¹. Gelimer, king of the Vandals, conquered by Belisarius, and carried prisoner to Constantinople, sought refuge in rural labours: and Pertinax recovered Italy from waste, by an earnest attention to an art, which Numa patronized as the charm of peace, the bond of love, and as one principal excitement to the adoption of manners, which raise opulence on the superstructure of simplicity and innocence.

Aristotle regarded a commonwealth of husbandmen the best of all others: Brissot lamented, that he had not been born the son of an American farmer: and Washington, whose life, involving the history of an infant republic, demands the united pens of a Plutarch and a Tacitus, devoted all the

¹ The Book of Constantine IV. has met a happier fate. It still exists under the title of Geoponics.

best hours of his leisure to the spade, the plough, and the fleece. Noah was a husbandman¹; and David was a lover of the art in all its branches; from the keeping of sheep to the ploughing of the ground; from planting of olives to the pruning of vines. And Uzziah, king of Judah, is said to have employed “planters in the plains, vine-dressers on the mountains, and shepherds in the valleys.”

Agriculture is publicly taught in the Swedish, Danish, and German universities; and Xenophon proposed to have given honorary distinction to its professors at Athens². Hence Cowley³ esteemed it an incomprehensible circumstance, that, in England, public instructions should be given in most other sciences, both useful and refined; and yet not⁴ in an art, which he styles “so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so necessary, and so honourable.” Even Mahomet, Bey of Tunis, had a knowledge of its excellence. Having been dethroned by his subjects, he sought the protection of the Dey of Algiers. The Dey promised to reinstate him, if he would discover the great secret of alchymy. Mahomet promising to do so, the Dey reinstated him; and, having performed his own promise, demanded the fulfilment of Mahomet’s. Upon which the latter sent him, with much ceremony, a vast number of ploughs, harrows, and mattocks; with a letter, importing, that if the Dey wished to learn the secret of the philosopher’s stone, he must cultivate the soil of his kingdom, with the greatest assiduity and dili-

¹ Gen. ix. 20.

² Xenoph. Memorab. lib. v.

³ Ess. p. 45.

⁴ Agricultural lectures were delivered at Cambridge in the years 1816, 1817.

gence : for that in agriculture consisted the art of multiplying gold.

VI.

Faunus, king of the Latin aborigines, taught his subjects agriculture : for which he was deified ; and feasts, called Faunalia, instituted in honour of him. During the celebration of these feasts, the whole village ceased from work ; and the day was considered as such a time for peace and harmony, that even wolves were believed to respect¹ it ; never molesting, on that day, either sheep or goats. A kid or roe-buck² was sacrificed ; and libations of wine poured upon the victim.

We are told, that a slave, in the early period of Roman history, having been enfranchised by his master, never failed to reap more corn, upon a small piece of land, which had been bequeathed to him, than any of his neighbours. In consequence of this, they accused him of sorcery, and cited him to appear before the criminal tribunal³. In this emergency, the enfranchised slave took with him his daughter, his ploughs, his harrows, and his oxen ; and, showing them to the judges, declared, that if he had been guilty of sorcery, in producing greater crops than his neighbours, the instruments of his sorcery were the instruments lying before them. “ Those are my charms,” continued he, “ and they are open to any person’s examination. The charms I possess beside, I can-

¹ Hor. lib. xviii. od. 3.

² Hor. lib. i. od. 4. Vid. also Tibullus.

³ Plin. lib. xviii. c. 6. Vid. also *Scriptores Rei Rusticæ veteres Latini* a Gesnero, 4to. 1735. This incident is happily introduced, by De Lille, into his *L’homme des Champs*, canto ii.

not so readily show : but if you will permit me to use these instruments in my own ground, in the same manner I am accustomed to use them, you may soon see the charms, I allude to, by the drops of perspiration, which will fall from my face." It is needless to observe, that his neighbours received the reward of their envy in the applause their intended victim received from the whole court.

It was not without good reason, that public felicity has been emblemized, sitting on a throne, clothed in purple ; with a wand in one hand, and a cornucopia in the other. Agriculture is a science, to which Germany, Russia, France, and Spain, should, therefore, more particularly apply themselves. Wealth, arising from commerce, is illusory ; being too tangible to be permanent. Agriculture will probably make the United States of America the first dominion in the world : for it is a science at once favourable to the acquirement of wealth ; to a knowledge of Nature ; to the constancy of health ; to the multiplicity of marriages ; and, therefore, to the permanency of population, and the preservation of morals.

VII.

Mrs. Montague, who used to assert, that all the arts and sciences were contained in the first grain of corn, when she held a farm at Sandleford, had it tilled principally by women. They weeded her corn ; hoed her turnips ; and planted her potatoes. Madame Helvetius was a woman, in some respects, not inferior to Madame Roland. Having been the idol of her husband, whom, in return, she loved with the warmest affection, she became, at his

death, the delight of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. Retired at Auteuil, she indulged the native benevolence of her disposition in administering to the wants of animals, and in cultivating plants. One day, walking with Napoleon, then first consul of France, she observed to him, in answer to a question he had proposed to her, “ Ah, Monsieur grande Consul ! you are little conscious, how much happiness a person may enjoy upon three acres of ground ! ”

Leopold of Tuscany, too, gave great encouragement to the system of employing women, as well as men, in purposes of husbandry. He multiplied small freeholds; increased the number of life leases; and improved the mutual harmony of landlords and tenants, by introducing the system of giving both an equal advantage in the produce of the soil. This system still prevails; and the farmers, employing only their brothers, sons, sisters, and daughters, the entire vale of Arno is covered with beauty, and with industry, worthy the admiration of patriarchs.

Chateaubriand, in his Treatise on the Genius of Christianity, relates, that in the Jesuit establishment at Lorette, in Paraguay, lands were divided into portions; and a portion allotted to every family. Added to which, there was a field, cultivated in common, which they called the land “ in God’s possession.” This field was set apart for the purpose of securing the establishment from the consequences of bad years: and for the support of widows, orphans, and infirm persons. The picture of this primitive society, as exhibited by Chateaubriand, excites a desire to form an establishment of a similar nature, in one of the back settlements of America.

But of all the compliments paid to agriculture, that conferred by Ganictor, king of Eubœa, seems to be the greatest. This monarch, says Plutarch, invited all the most celebrated heroes and poets to Chalcis, in order to celebrate his father's funeral games. At this ceremony Homer and Hesiod being present, and contending for the tripos, at the conclusion of their trial of skill, Ganictor gave the palm of victory to Hesiod :—observing, that the poet, who celebrated peace, by teaching the art of husbandry, deserved the crown much more worthily, than the one, whose muse tended to excite men's admiration, by deeds of blood.

VIII.

And here let us commemorate an instance, related by Young, in his *Annals of Agriculture*. A spot of ground was appropriated in Kew Gardens to the amusement of George, Prince of Wales, and Frederick, Duke of York. This spot they sowed with wheat, which they weeded, reaped, and harvested themselves :—they afterwards thrashed out the corn, and winnowed it. Then they ground it in a hand-mill ; separated the flour from the bran ; and superintended its being made into bread. When it was baked, the king and queen partook of the loaf, and highly relished the repast.

The following anecdote is related by Helen Maria Williams. As it furnishes a beautiful picture of an admirable man, the authoress shall have the satisfaction of relating it in her own language. “ A Polish regiment, forming part of the advanced guard of the Russian army, after expelling the French from Troyes, marched upon Fontainebleau. The troops were foraging in a neighbouring

village, and were about to commit disorders, which would have caused considerable loss to the proprietors, without benefit to themselves:—such as piercing the banks, or forcing the sluices of some fish-ponds. While they were thus employed, and their officers looking on, they were astonished to hear the word of command, bidding them to cease, pronounced in their own language by a person in the dress of the upper class of peasants. They ceased their attempts at further spoliation, and drew near the stranger. He represented to the troops the useless mischief, they were about to commit, and ordered them to withdraw. The officers coming up, were lectured in their turn, and heard, with some astonishment, the laws of predatory warfare explained to them. ‘When I had a command in the army of which your regiment is a part, I punished very severely such acts, as you seem to authorize by your presence: and it is not on those soldiers, but on you, that punishment would have fallen.’ To be thus tutored by a French farmer, in their own language, in such circumstances, and in such terms, was almost past endurance. They beheld the peasants, at the same time, taking off their hats, and surrounding the speaker, as if to protect him, in case of violence: while the oldest among their own soldiers, anxiously gazing on the features of the stranger, were seized with a kind of involuntary trembling. Conjured more peremptorily, to disclose his quality and his name, the peasant, drawing his hand across his eyes, to wipe off a starting tear, exclaimed, with a half stifled voice, ‘I am Kosciusko!’ The movement was electric; the soldiers threw down their arms; and, falling prostrate on the ground, according to the custom of their country, covered their heads with

sand. It was the prostration of the heart. On Kosciusco's return to his house, in the neighbourhood of this scene, he found a Russian military post established to protect it. The Emperor Alexander, having learned from M. de la Harpe, that Kosciusco resided in the country, ordered for him a guard of honour; and the country around his dwelling escaped all plunder and contribution. Kosciusco had withdrawn some years from the guilty world of Bonaparte, to cultivate a little farm; rejecting every offer, which was made him by Napoleon, who had learned to appreciate his worth. Kosciusco knew him well. I called on him one day," continues Miss Williams, "to bid him farewell; having read in the official paper of the morning his address to the Poles, on the subject of recovering his freedom, being named to the command of the Polish army by Bonaparte. Kosciusco heard me with a smile at my credulity; but, on my showing him the address, with his signature, he exclaimed, 'This is all a forgery! Bonaparte knew me too well to insult me with any offer in this predatory expedition. He has adopted this mode, which I can never answer nor resent; and which he attempts to colour with the pretext of liberty. His notions and mine respecting Poland are at as great a distance, as our sentiments on every other subject.'"

IX.

The Portuguese friars esteem idleness "*vida celeste*;"—fit life alone for the inhabitants of the Castle of Indolence.—To be active in an honourable pursuit forms a principal feature in the delineation of a strong intellect. To that ignoble multitude, who live without guilt, virtue, ornament,

or use; and of whom the earth never retains memorial, wealth is the mistress,—ah! the very god of the soul. Living with no ideas either of refinement or of content, they vegetate, as some flowers rise without a calyx; and as others blossom without nectaria. Content is the first, and the last, perfection of life;—as simplicity is the utmost perfection, to which the most exquisite art has power to attain.

Though soft the moon her yellow light
 O'er yonder mouldering tower hath shed;
 Though soft as sleeps her beam at night,
 Yet softer sleeps thy peaceful head.

Drake.

He, who worships no statue, that is not studded with pearls and diamonds, is to the contented man an object of derision. The other repays the compliment with more than equal sincerity of disdain; smiling, with unblushing ignorance, as he addresses the deluding idol, that he worships.

Thou dumb God, that givest all men tongues,
 ————Thou art Virtue, Fame,
 Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise,
 And what he will¹.

¹ Fox. Act i. sc. i. l. 25.—From Horace.

———Omnes enim res
 Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
 Divitiis parent.———

Bion called wealth “the metropolis;” and Phocylides the “mother of evil.”—Seneca styled it “self-punishment.”—“Nolite,” says Cardan, “opes effundere nec contemnere: sunt enim instrumenta omnium bonorum.”—Præcepta ad filios.

“Call me not fool,” says Jaques, “till Heaven hath sent me fortune.”—So Publius Syrius: “Fortuna, nimium fovet, stultum facit.”

IX.

It is curious to observe the various dispositions of men, in regard to the value of particular things. While the philosopher of Pera esteems his philosophical instruments the most valuable articles, he possesses, the Tartar of the Crimea prides himself on the peculiar excellence of his sword-blade, and costly tobacco-pipe, with tubes of curious woods, and mouth-pieces of milk-white amber. He sits upon a hill with his pipe, gazing stedfastly before him : but should any one inquire, whether he derives any pleasure from a contemplation of the scene, he stares with astonishment ; and inquires of the intruder, if he thinks he is frantic !

The lady of Europe values herself upon her pearls, jewels, and robes of ermine ;—the ancient Scythians clothed themselves in the skins of foxes ; the Hyperboreans in those of the squirrel and the marmot ;—the Indians of Strabo's age in skins of bears, lions, and panthers ;—while the savages of America pride themselves equally upon their rude aprons, formed of the skins of wolves, deer, elks, lynxes, and racoons. Use with these uncultivated nations is the only measure of value.

“To admire what is hidden, and to despise what is plain,” says Maximus Tyrius, “is the madness of men. Aware of this, the poets invented fable : which, being more clear than enigma, and yet more obscure than conversation, is a mean between knowledge and ignorance.” When we know the secret of an enigma, the enigma ceases to engage. Hence, when we have discovered the secrets of wealth, we lose most of our enjoyment, in respect to it. Wealth,

too, is merely comparative. In France, and in almost all civilized nations, media of gold and silver have been established, which have ruined the repose of mankind. In other countries the natives look for their principal enjoyments in the lives of animals. How could the Arabian be recompensed for the loss of his camel? Having to traverse vast deserts, those animals are peculiarly fitted for that duty: the Arab, therefore, esteems it the peculiar gift of Heaven. Its milk produces him food; its soil supplies him with fuel; from its urine is extracted sal-ammoniac; and it is capable of travelling two hundred and eighty leagues in eight days, with only one hour's rest in a day; a few dates; a few balls of meal; a thorny species of herbage; and the water, which it carries in its intestine ventricle.

How could we recompense a Peruvian peasant, for the loss of his lama? It constitutes almost all his wealth. It eats but little food, being abundantly supplied with saliva; and its frame is equally adapted for burthen and for draught. Its flesh is his meat, while its skin and its hair he manufactures into cloth. If the Arabian could exist without his camel, and the Peruvian without his lama, the Laplander would be the most miserable of the earth if deprived of his rein-deer. This animal supplies its master with almost all his comforts. Its flesh with meat; its milk with drink; its skin with garments; its sinews with thread; its bones with implements; its horns with glue; and its tendons with bow-strings. While seals supply the Greenlanders not only with food and clothing, but with light.

X.

The lands of Java are divided so equally¹, that each husbandman has just as much as will enable him to maintain his family, and employ his individual industry. In consequence of this wise distribution, Java, like Egypt, Japan, and France, has every thing within itself: and, like those countries, it may be compared to the pastas, which contains within itself both the wax and the wick.

The Hindoos make the goddess of good fortune the goddess of plenty; but though they are celebrated for ancient architecture, and their modern weaving and jewellery, their mode of agriculture is irrational in the highest degree. They have no conception of the art of making hay: they sow various seeds, which ripen at different seasons, on the same land: and they have no idea of providing against a long drought by raising crops for cattle.

On the banks of the Red River in America, several of the tribes blend the agricultural with the hunting and the wandering states. Happy in their general natures, and well supplied by their own industry, every hunter has a horse and six or eight dogs; which, harnessed to a sledge, carries his furs, his firewood, his wife, and his children. They wander among forests of pine, cedar, and other trees; beneath which are nuts of various kinds; cranberry and currant-trees; at the feet of which are frequently found strawberries and other fruits.

The ancient Germans lived upon milk, cheese, and

¹ Raffles, i. p. 147.

what they were able to acquire in hunting. As agriculture was held in contempt, no one had lands or boundaries of his own. The prince parcelled out the whole country; and obliged the tenants of each portion to move their quarters every year. They were, however, much addicted to pasturage; and their industry was partially exercised in tending their flocks and herds. This information is afforded us by Cesar¹; to which Tacitus² adds a paragraph, that speaks volumes in favour of husbandry: since, he says, it were far more easy to persuade them to acquire that by blood, which they might much more effectually obtain by the sweat of their brows.

XI.

One of the most oppressive laws, ever imposed upon a conquered people, was enacted by the Carthaginians against the islanders of Corsica and Sardinia. It was this³:—that the inhabitants of those islands should not, under pain of death, either plough, plant, or sow! This unique species of barbarity, never before heard of, and never since practised, was exercised for the purpose of compelling them to resort to Africa for whatever they might want. The relative fate of these states was not many years afterwards determined. No commercial country can ever last, while laws, in any way approaching to barbarism, are tolerated. In respect to the comparative value of mines and soils, there cannot be a better exemplification, than that, afforded by the Mexican jesuit,

¹ De Bell. Gall. lib. vi. c. 21.

² De Morib. Germ. c. xxvi.

³ Montesquieu, b. xxi. ch. 17.—From Aristotle, lib. viii.

Miguel Venegas. There is not, says he, in his *Natural and Civil History of California*¹, a richer or a poorer province in all the world, than that of Sonora. Its veins of silver ore almost exceed belief, in point of extent and value; and yet the inhabitants are wretched in their want of all the necessaries of life. The separation of the silver by fire and mercury is so expensive, and the distance, which it has to be carried on the backs of mules so great, that little or no profit remains.

Thus we see how comparatively poor are all countries, where agriculture is neglected. Numa taught even the savages of early Rome to see this principle in its genuine light. When the Roman ambassadors announced to him, that they had elected him king of their city, and desired him to accept so sacred a dignity, he replied, "I have been educated in the severe discipline of the Sabines, and, except the time I devote to the study of the Deity, through the objects he has placed before me, my time is occupied in husbandry, and in tending my flocks. What you see in me, therefore, must disqualify me for the dignity, to which you invite me. I love ease; am devoted to retirement, and application to study; and, above all, I despise war and love peace." This reply strengthened the good opinion, the Roman deputation had before entertained: they induced Numa therefore to accept the crown: not one acre was added to the territory of the city during his reign, and the military spirit was softened into agricultural industry.

¹ Vol. i. p. 289. ed. 1759.

XII.

What a delightful picture has Flechier given of M. de Lamignon!—"Why cannot I represent him to you," says he, "such as he was? When he enjoyed repose after his labours in the court of judicature at his retreat at Basville. There you might see him sometimes applying himself to husbandry, raising his meditations to the invisible objects of the Deity by the visible wonders of Nature. Sometimes establishing the repose of a poor family on a tribunal of turf in a shady part of his garden, and then reflecting on the decisions, he would have to pronounce, relative to great interests on the supreme seat of justice." How much more delightful is such a picture as this, than those afforded by the splendour of tyrants! We will contrast it. Hyder Ally having been, one day, observed by one of his intimate friends, Gholaun Ali¹, to start in his sleep, he was asked by his friend, when he awoke, whether he had not been dreaming. "My friend," replied Hyder, "the state of a yokee² is more,—far more,—delightful and to be envied than my entire monarchy. Awake, he sees no conspirators; asleep, he dreams of no assassins."

When Napoleon returned from Waterloo to Paris, he was waited upon in his palace by a little boy, for whom he had a great partiality. The boy took him some coffee. The emperor sat with his hands over his eyes. "Take some," said the little valet; "it will comfort you." "Did you not come from Gonesse?"—"No,

¹ Wilks' Sketches of the South of India.

² A religious mendicant.

sire: from Pierre Fite." "Your parents have some few acres of land and a cottage there, have they not?"—"Yes, sire." "It is indeed a happy life!" ejaculated the emperor, and again covered his eyes and face with his hand.

Exiled on a rock, far from the scenes of his former errors, victories, crimes, illegitimate glories, and intrigues, this military meteor now disgraces the science of Nature by handling the spade, and cultivating his garden with his own hands—a fate, far too poetical for a man, who, in an age willing to gravitate towards perfection, turned the arms of liberty against itself; and perverted science to the purposes of enslaving the body and disgracing the mind. The name of this personage might have been classed with Trajan and Claudius the Second;—it now ranks with Tamerlane, Frederick the Great, and Charles the Twelfth.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE branch of rural economy is, in the present age, but little attended to; though in France, in the time of Charlemagne, it formed a considerable article of profit, viz. the culture of bees:—insects which have been treated of, says Columella, diligently by Hyginus, gracefully by Virgil, and elegantly by Celsus. Pliny was a lover of bees; and his natural history contains all, that the ancients knew of their economy. Before his time there were only two practical writers: Aristomachus

of Soli, who occupied himself entirely in the care of them; and Philiscus of Thasia, who lived all his life in forests, for the purpose of watching their manners and gathering their honey.

There are many passages in the scripture, commemorating the produce of this admirable insect. The sons of Jacob are described, as taking Joseph, their brother, a little balm and a little honey for a present; and a curious and entertaining account of a trial of wisdom, between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which was decided by a swarm of bees, is related in the Talmud.

Galen says, that he had observed honey frequently upon trees and plants, in parts of the country, where no bees lived; and that the peasants, on those occasions, called out, “Jupiter has rained honey.” Some writers have confused manna with dew; but manna was a round substance falling upon the dew, and as small as hoar frost¹. When the sun waxed hot, it melted²; its colour resembled that of bdellium³; it resembled coriander seed; and its taste was like fresh oil; but if kept till the next day, it bred worms and stank⁴. Grinding it in mills, the Israelites made cakes of it, and baked it in pans; and for forty years lived almost entirely upon it⁵. St. Paul styles this food “spiritual meat⁶,” David calls it “angel’s food⁷,” and Nehemiah⁸ and St. John⁹ give it the appellation of “bread from heaven.”

¹ Numbers, xi. v. 9.

² Exod. xvi. v. 14, 21.

³ Numbers, xi. v. 7, 8.

⁴ Exod. xvi. v. 20.

⁵ Joshua, v. v. 12.

⁶ 1 Corinth. ch. x. v. 3.

⁷ Psalms, lxxviii. v. 24.

⁸ Neh. ix. v. 15.

⁹ Ch. vi. v. 3.

Burckhardt¹ says, that the Bedouins collect manna on Mount Djebel-Serbal, under the same circumstances, described by Moses. He says, that wherever the rain has been abundant, during the winter, it drops from the tamarisk tree, common in the deserts of Syria and Arabia², and in the valley of Ghor, near the Red Sea: but he is not aware, that it produces manna any where else.

In Ashantee³ there is a cedar, the leaves of which exude a considerable quantity of liquid salt, which crystallizes during the day. There is, also, in Chili, a species of wild basil, which is every morning covered with saline globules, resembling dew, which the natives use as salt.

Laudanum is procured in a curious manner, in some parts of the isle of Cyprus⁴. It is a species of dew, which falls during the evening and night upon plants, resembling sage, the flowers of which are like those of the eglantine. Before the sun rises, flocks of goats are driven into the field; and the laudanum fastens on their beards; whence it is taken. It is of a viscous nature; and collected in this manner is purer than that, which adheres to the plants; because those plants are subject to being covered with dust during the day.

Pliny mentions a mountain in Crete, where bees were never found; and yet which produced a considerable quantity of honey. It is, I believe, certain, that Pliny was never in that island; therefore, as in a multitude of other instances, he wrote from the dictation of others. It is, however, probable, that both Galen and Pliny may

¹ Letter to the African Association, July 1, 1816.

² Burckhardt's Travels in Nubia, p. 45.

³ Bowdich's Mission, p. 175.

⁴ Abbé Mariti. Travel. i. p. 233.

allude to what is familiarly called honey-dew; which, in certain climates, and under particular states of the atmosphere, may assume a consistency, not observed in other countries¹. In certain seasons, there appears a species of manna on the leaves of trees in California². This juice exudes from the leaves like gum.

It is impossible not to be charmed with the manner, in which Marmontel speaks of the bee-garden of St. Thomas, and of its affectionate mistress. "I was never happier," says he, "than, when in the bee-garden of St. Thomas, I passed a fine day in reading the verses of Virgil on the industry and police of those laborious republics, that prospered so happily under the care of my aunt. She had surrounded their little domain with fruit trees, and with those that flowered in early spring. She there had introduced a little stream of limpid water, that flowed on a bed of pebbles; and on its borders thyme, lavender, and marjoram; and in short the plants, that had the most charm for them, offered them the first fruits of summer. What passed under my eyes, what my aunt related to me, and what I read in Virgil, inspired me with such a lively interest in behalf of this little people, that I forgot myself whilst I observed them; and never quitted them without sensible regret³." I, too, have taken delight in the management of bees! and I never reflect upon the contemplative hours, which I passed in the garden of a farmer, in one of the most

¹ Vossius has some curious observations on a passage in Pomponius Mela, lib. viii. c. 7. "Ut in eo mella frondibus defluant," &c. &c. It is astonishing to observe, how little Nature some of the scholiasts were masters of!

² Vid. Miguel Venega's Natural and Civil History of California, p. 51 ed. 1753.

³ Mem. Marmontel, vol. i. p. 50.

beautiful villages in Glamorganshire, where several beehives stood near the window, which commanded the neighbouring castle, the church bosomed in trees, and the small bay, which indented the sea-shore, without a sensible delight. In that garden there were three species of the orchis: one resembling a spider; another a wasp; and the third a bee. And often have I meditated on the circumstance, that, as there are in some insects three bodies, as it were, in one,—the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the butterfly—the analogy might extend even to us: for our body is only a temporary coat for the soul, which after a time may assume another, or exist without one.

II.

The peasantry of this remote village were the most respectful I have ever seen. They were chiefly engaged in the lime quarries; where they gained a comfortable subsistence; most of them having a house, a pig, and a garden; and not a few possessed two cows and a horse. Every morning we bathed in the sea; and every evening, if the weather permitted, we visited the bees; not unfrequently lifting up the hive, to observe their numbers, or to ascertain in what proportion each colony had increased the quantity of its honeycomb. “I delight,” says Thallus to Pityistius, in one of the epistles of Alciphron, “I delight to see the fruits grow ripe; it is a compensation for our labour: but, above all, I am charmed with taking the honey from the hives. I select a portion for the gods; and then assign another portion for my friends. The combs are white; and drops of honey distil from them, equal to that produced in the

Brilesian caves. I send you this for the present; but, next year, you shall receive some far better and more sweet."

No people are more employed in cultivating bees than the Ingushians and Circassians; immense quantities of mead, busa, and bees-wax being prepared and sold, on the frontiers of the Caucasus, in exchange for salt. That, made in the province of the Abassines¹, is said to have an intoxicating nature; owing to its being chiefly extracted from the blossoms of the azalea pontica, and rhododendron.

The culture of bees was in much repute in Attica, and fresh honey from the hive is still in great request at Athens. The good quality of that on Mount Hymettus is derived from two species of savory². Solon enacted a law, that every man's stock should be kept at a distance, not less than 300 feet, from that of his neighbours³; and that the penalty of poisoning a hive was extremely severe among the ancient Italians, we learn from the result of a trial, in which Quintilian accused a rich man of poisoning a poor man's bees with certain venomous flowers, that grew in his garden. Ancient husbandmen frequently transported bees from field to field for a more copious supply of flowers; particularly in autumn. The Greeks moved their hives every year from Achaia to Attica. There is a wandering tribe, inhabiting the declivities of the Caucasus, who take their hives with them wherever they go; and the natives of Juliers, in West-

¹ Pallas. South Russ. i. 386. 4to.

² *Satureja capitata*.—*Satureja thymbra*.

³ Plutarch in vit. Solon.

phalia, move their bees according to the season. In some parts of France and Piedmont, there are floating apiaries of a hundred bee-hives: similar republics once existed upon the Nile.

III.

The honey of the Brazils is chiefly used as a medicine¹. The bees are black, small, and their sting comparatively painless. They have no hives; but deposit their honey in hollows of trees; which are frequently cut down, for the sole purpose of getting their honey. Sullivan mentions a species of bee (the *Tzalfalya*), which has a poisonous sting, and is much dreaded by the Abyssinians²; and Strabo relates, that in Pontus the bees fed principally on hemlock and aconite; and that, in consequence, the honey was poisonous. This, however, has been contradicted by Lamberti, and more recent travellers. The honey of Corsica, had a bitter flavour: hence the proverb—"Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api."

In Caubul³ bees are particularly attached to the sweet-scented yellow flowers of the *bedee mīshk*: in the province of Pensa, in Russia, they fly, with the utmost eagerness, to the blossoms of the linden tree; which enable them to form honey of a greenish colour, and of a delicious flavour. When the linden tree sheds its blossoms, the peasants gather the honey. But the flower,

¹ Koster's Trav. Brazils, p. 319. 4to. Also in the isle of Timor, on the coast of New Guinea, where the bees are very abundant.—Vid. Dampier, vol. iii. p. 74.

² Vol. iii. p. 287.

³ Elphinst. Introd. 41.

which elicits the richest liquid is the *nyctanthes* (Arabian jasmine). The Hindoos believe, that bees sleep upon its blossoms every night. Moore alludes to this poetical idea, when describing the sounds of falling waters.

————— Lulling as the song
Of Indian bees, at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep.

No honey is more grateful to the palate than that, which is produced in Sicily, in Minorca, in the valley of Chammouni in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, in Moldavia and Wallachia, and in the fields round the town of Narbonne, situated near the Mediterranean, and abounding in rosemary ¹.

The Guadaloupe bees lay their honey in bladders of wax, about as large as a pigeon's egg, and not in combs. They have no stings; are small, and of a black colour; producing honey of an oily consistency, that never hardens. The bees of Guadalaxara, in the same manner, have no stings ², and thence derive the name of *Angelitos*, "little angels." In that province there are six kinds. The one, which is without a sting, makes fine, clear honey, of an aromatic flavour, superior to any in the western world. It is taken from the hive every month.

¹ Of all flowers the *cacalia* gives the most honey to bees. Darwin relates, that he once saw a plant of this species so pregnant, that above 200 butterflies, besides bees, were observed upon it at one time.—*Econ. Veget.* iv. l. 1. in *Notis*.

² Some writers insist that they have stings; but seldom use them: the black bee of Ethiopia has no sting.

This honey, particularly that made from a fragrant flower, like the jasmine, used to be sent frequently as a present to the king of France. In the province of Cagayan, in the island of Manilla, there are such a number of bees, that even the poor burn wax, instead of oil. In Samar, where they are exceedingly abundant, the hives hang in the form of oblong gourds from the branches of trees: beneath which float perfumes, arising from roses of China, and a fragrant species of wild jasmine. In South Africa honeycombs suspend from edges of rocks¹. These nests are discovered by the Hottentots, who follow the flight of a little brown bird, called the Indicator; which, on the discovery of a nest, as Barrow informs us, flies in quest of some person, to whom it may impart the discovery, which it does by whistling and flying from ant-hill to ant-hill, till it arrives at the spot, where the honeycomb suspends. There it stops, and is silent! The Hottentot then takes the chief part of the honey, and the bird feasts upon the remainder. In the forest near Lamas², where bees build in hollow trunks and branches, the Peruvians decorticate the trees, split them in the middle, and then seize the honey and wax, attached to their internal sides.

A considerable quantity is procured in the forests of Moravia; in the province of Samogitia, in Poland, the woods are prolific; and Venerable Bede says, that Ireland was in his time celebrated for its honey. In the Philip-

¹ In some parts of Africa the bees are exceedingly ferocious. A swarm had nearly put an end to Park's second journey.—Vid. p. 37. An incident too is related in the first.—4to. p. 331.

² Present State of Peru, 4to. p. 421.

pine islands¹, Mindano trades with Manilla, exchanging tobacco, honey, and wax for muslins, calico, and China silk : while in Madagascar bees are exceedingly abundant. The natives eat a great quantity of their honey, and convert the rest into an intoxicating liquor, called Toack. The best honey in Persia is collected from the orange groves of Kauzeroon ; while that of Kircagah, near Pergamos, is the best in Anatolia ; being collected from the cotton that grows there ; and is of a snowy-white colour.

The white honey of Lebadææ is sent regularly to Constantinople, for the use of the grand seignior, and the ladies of his seraglio.

IV.

When Gama arrived in the Bay of St. Helen's, on the south-west coast of Africa², desirous of acquainting himself with the manners and characters of the country, he desired his crew to bring him the first native, they could procure, either by persuasion or stratagem. They in consequence seized one, as he was gathering honey, on the side of a mountain. This man, as well as all his countrymen, showed the utmost contempt for gold and fine clothes.

The Scotch colonists at Karres, in the Caucasus³, have

¹ Dampier's *Voy. i.* p. 333.

² The honey of Guinea is excellent. Bees are very numerous on the river Gabon*, near Cape Lopez, and in districts still more north in the Gulf of Guinea.

³ Bees are very prolific in the Uralian Forest ; but there are none in Siberia.

upwards of 500 hives. Their honey is said to have a fragrant smell, and a most agreeable flavour. Its colour is a mixture of green and yellow. That of Guriel is nearly as hard as sugar; and partakes of that intoxicating nature¹, to which Xenophon alludes, in his history of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. The same quality has been remarked in the honey of Paraguay²; and in that produced on the borders of the Ganges. Some honey, as we learn from Wedelus' Dissertation on Nectar and Ambrosia, was called Ambrosia; while the "pure virgin" received the appellation of Nectar: hence Linnæus called the repository in flowers the Nectarium³. The flavour of honey, however, depends more on the quality of the flowers, on which the bees feed, than on the animals themselves. Hence the fine flavour of the honey of Derne, in the Tripoli States; which arises from the yellow blossoms of a plant, that blows during the principal part of the year.

In ancient times, the honey of Hybla was universally celebrated. The natives of that mountain carry their bees in cane baskets up the hill in summer, and down the valleys in winter⁴. They divide hives in spring; and do not permit the bees to swarm of themselves.

It is singular that Malta, which is little more than a barren rock, should, in former times, have derived its name (*Melita*), from the abundance of its honey. With

¹ The country round Trebizonde, in Amasia, produces a species of rock honey, so exceedingly luscious, that it is eaten with great caution.

² D'Azara's Travels in South America, ch. vii.

³ *Amoenitates Academicæ*, vol. vi.

⁴ Denon. Sicily and Malta, 8vo. 590.

much less surprise we learn, that a district, in South Africa, derives its name, Anteniqua, “a man loaded with honey,” from a similar cause. This district is so beautiful, that some travellers call it an earthly paradise. “One cannot proceed a step here,” says Vaillant, “without seeing a thousand swarms of bees. The flowers, on which they feed, spring up in myriads; the mixed odours which exhale from them yield a delightful gratification. Their colours, their variety, and the pure and cool air, which one breathes, all engage your attention, and suspend your course. Nature has made these enchanting regions like a fairy land¹.”

V.

The uses of honey are various and important. The Susans were accustomed to comb their purple wool with it, to preserve its beauty and freshness². The Spartans and Assyrians used it, for preserving the dead from putrefaction³. Hence Democritus formed the wish, that he might be buried in honey⁴. The body of Alexander was embalmed in that liquid. Then it was placed in a coffin of gold, which was inclosed in a sarcophagus, which some suppose to be one of those, preserved in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum.

The Greeks had a drink called Hydromel; which consisted of water and honey, boiled together, in which was infused a little old wine. Among the ancient Britons⁵ mead was the principal, if not the sole, drink of luxury.

¹ Vaillant's Trav. Afric. vol. i. p. 162, 3.

² Plut. in Vit. Alex.

³ Plin xxii. c. 24.

⁴ Varro in Nonius, c. iii.

⁵ Diod. Sic. v. s. 26.

In the court of Hoel Dha¹, the mead-maker took precedence of the physician. In Ireland they have a drink made of mulberries and honey, which they call Morat.

Honey was frequently used upon ancient altars: and in the ceremony of the Inferiæ, it was poured upon the tombs of virgins. Iphigenia, in Euripides, promises to pour upon the funeral flame of Orestes,

“ The flower-drawn nectar of the mountain bee.”

In the Persians of Æschylus, too, Atopa prepares to pour, as libations over the tomb of his father,

——— Delicious milk, that foams
White from the sacred heifer ; liquid honey,
Extract of flowers ; and from its virgin fount
The running crystal.

Æschylus. Potter.

Hence honey was considered as an emblem of death: notwithstanding which, it was supposed to be the principal food in the golden age of the poets. It was used, too, in the burnt-offerings of the Persians; but it was expressly forbidden by the Levitical law².

In medicine, honey is esteemed a purgative and aperient; while it promotes expectoration, and dissolves glutinous juices. The wax is employed externally in unguents; internally in diarrhœas and dysenteries, mixed with oily substances; and, when dried and pulverized, bees were formerly believed to cure the alopecia. Honey was once so much esteemed, that Horace frequently mixed it with his Falernian wine³, and declared, that of all medicines for

¹ Laws of Hoel Dha, b. i. c. 22, &c.

² Levit. ch. ii. v. 2.

³ Lib. ii. sat. ii. 15.

the stomach, that and wine were the best. Epaminondas seldom took any thing but bread and honey¹. The Bedas of Ceylon season their meat with it. Many of the disciples of Pythagoras² lived almost entirely upon it; also the modern Tartars; and Augustus, one day inquiring of an old man, who had attained the age of an hundred, how he had been able to arrive at such an advanced age, with so vigorous a body and so sound a mind, the veteran replied, that it was “by oil without and honey within.” The same is reported of Democritus³. The Romans considered bees, in general, as favourable⁴ omens. If, however, a swarm lighted on a temple, it was esteemed an omen of some great misfortune. This is alluded to by Juvenal⁵; and Livy⁶ records an instance, in which they were supposed to predict calamity.

The peasants of Wales, and indeed of most countries, are extremely cautious of offending their bees; believing, if they do so, that some ill fortune will attend them. Some even go so far, as to imagine, that bees possess a portion of the Divine mind; a belief so ancient,

¹ Philostratus gives a curious account of a tame lion, which refused all food but bread and honey. It afforded a good subject for ridicule to those, who derided the doctrine of the metempsychosis. Vid. in Vit. Apoll. v. c. 42.

² Athenæus, lib. ii. c. 7.

³ Aristotle mentions a honey, gathered from the leaves of the box-trees, near Trapezond, which had the property of curing the epilepsy; and Niel of St. Fiorentino discovered honey to be an excellent remedy for a burn. There is a curious disputation between an old and a young man, relative to the virtue of this concoction, in the *Treasure of Auncient and Modern Times*, collected from Pedro Mexico: and Ant. du Verdier, Lord of Vaupriaux, &c. booke iii. c. 15. p. 274.

⁴ Plut. in Vit. Dion. Val. Flac. lib. i. c. 6. Virg. lib. xii. 64.

⁵ Sat. xiii.

⁶ Liv. xxi. c. 46.

that even Virgil alludes to it¹. Others, however, extend their superstition only to the length of granting to them a sacredness of character; as they do to the wren and the redbreast². Even monarchs have respected them. Thus bees were wrought in the coronation robes of Charlemagne. Pope Urban VIII. too, chose three bees for his armorial bearings: to which circumstance Cassimir,—next to Piastus and Kosciusko, the pride and glory of his country,—has an elegant allusion.—

AD APES BARBERINAS.

Cives Hymetti, gratus Atticæ lepos,
 Virgineæ volucres,
 Flavæque Veris filiæ:
 Gratum fluentis turba prædatrix thymi;
 Nectaris artifices,
 Bonæque ruris hospitæ:
 Laboriosis quod juvat volatibus
 Crure tenus viridem
 Perambulare patriam,
 Si Barberino delicata principe
 Secula melle fluunt;
 Parata vobis secula?

VI.

Varro gravely asserts, that bees have their origin from the putrefied carcasses of oxen; and M. Lemery that honey,

¹ “Esse in apibus partem divinæ mentis.”

Georg. iv. 220.

² In some parts of Suffolk the peasants believe when any member of their family dies, unless the bees are put into mourning, by putting a piece of black cloth, cotton, or silk, on the top of the hives, the bees will either die, or fly away. In Lithuania, when the master or mistress die, one of the first duties performed is that of giving notice to the bees, by rattling keys of the house, at the doors of their hives. Unless this is done, the Lithuanians imagine the cattle will die; the bees perish; and the trees wither.

by virtue of its vegetable qualities, contains a portion of iron. The last observation is assuredly true ¹. Virgil says, that bees live seven years; and that they have many enemies besides man; but he is incorrect, when he asserts, that the insects, *tinea*, eat them; for they eat only the wax. He is equally incorrect in asserting, on Grecian authority, that the swallow has the same propensity. There is, however, a bird in Abyssinia, called the Moroc, which destroys them with the utmost wantonness; killing them, even after they have satisfied their hunger, and leaving them on the ground. White gives a curious account of a bee-eater in his history of Selborne; and Clavigero informs us, that in Chaco, in South America, there is an animal, which sits upon the arms of trees to watch birds, and is fond of honey; hence the Spaniards call it “the honey-cat.”

There is also an animal, inhabiting part of Africa, near the Cape, which though endued with a body, which emits a nauseous effluvia, subsists principally on honey. It is called the Ratel. The honey-guide cuckoo directs him to the nest of the bee; which, being frequently in a part of the tree, which it cannot reach, the Ratel signifies his rage, by biting its roots and trunk; which, being observed by the Hottentots, they know, in consequence, that the tree contains a bee’s nest. The hide of this animal is so tough, that the sting of a bee cannot penetrate it.

Several persons have rendered themselves remarkable

¹ The presence of iron has been discovered by Dr. Clark in the petals of red roses. Mons. Geoffroy long since inquired, whether there was any part of a plant destitute of iron. It has not yet been accurately determined, whether the iron, found in the analysis of plants, is produced by the vegetation itself; or from the particles of iron, taken up with their aliment.

by their power over this little insect. The first account we have of this art occurs in Brue's¹ voyage. When that writer was at Senegal, (1698) he saw a man, who styled himself "the king of bees." It was not without some reason, that he did so; for he had acquired the art of attracting them, to such perfection, that they would accompany him, wherever he pleased: not only singly, but by thousands. The same art has been practised by several persons in England, and in Germany. In War-der's Monarchy is a curious account of the affection, which the queen bee and her subjects have for each other. Reamur gives a description of their architecture; while Smart, in his poem on the Immensity of the Supreme Being, calls upon Vitruvius or Palladio, to build if they can, a cave for an ant, or a mansion for a bee.

A good hive contains a population of six thousand. Swammerdam gives the following account of a hive, he had the curiosity to open. It contained 1 female, 33 males, 5635 working bees, 45 eggs, and 150 worms. To accommodate this population, there were 3392 wax-cells, for the use of the working bees; 62 cells containing bee's bread; and 236 cells, in which honey had been laid up. Number of cells, 3690; population, 5864. Their anatomy has never been philosophically investigated.

Bees bear an analogy to beavers, and to the genus in ornithology, called *Crotophaga*, which unite to form one nest, and labour for the general benefit of the whole tribe. One species of the orchis bears a strict resemblance, in point

¹ Brue assumed the direction of the French African Company, on the Senegal, in 1697. For a more ample account of him, vid. Leyden's Hist. Acct. of Discov. and Trav. in Africa, edited by Hugh Murray, vol. i. 168.

of external appearance, to our favourite insect; its flower, having a spot in its breast resembling a bee, sipping its honey. On this account it is called the bee-flower. Langhorne alludes to it, in his fables of Flora.

See on that flower's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold, that swells his thighs!
Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs; we'll set the captive free:
I sought the living bee to find,
And found the picture of a bee.

The astronomers have also imagined its shape in the heavens; hence it has the honour of forming one of the southern constellations: between $16^{\circ} 20' 41''$ and $22^{\circ} 22' 15''$ long. and $55^{\circ} 11' 10''$ and $58^{\circ} 47' 43''$.

VII.

The poets are ever happy to avail themselves of the Apian republic, in order to illustrate and embellish their subjects. Bees, therefore, are frequently important personages, in the odes of Anacreon, the Idyls of Theocritus, and the poems of Moschus and Bion¹. Statius² has as fine a simile of bees, robbed of their honey, as any in Virgil. The Indian poets compare them to the quiver of

¹ Achilles Tatius affords the ground-work of an elegant poem.—“Fortasse fortuna pridie ejus diei, circiter meridiem, Leucippe Citharam pulsabat, aderam vero et ipse, Clioque illi assidebat. Ibi dum me deambulante, apicula quædam, aliunde improvise advolans, Clionis manum papugit, &c. &c. lib. ii. c. 5. Herrick has a poem, entitled the “Captive Bee,” almost worthy the pen of Anacreon.

² Theb. x.

the god of love¹ ; and Euripides celebrates one of the valleys of Greece, because it was a haunt, sacred to “ the murmuring bees.” It is curious, that the first simile, in the *Iliad*, should refer to these insects : a passage successively imitated by Virgil, Tasso, and Milton. The ancient fathers, particularly St. Augustine, drew frequently from them ; and Milton gathers honey from the same vineyard : one of his amusements, before he laboured under a gutta serena, being to mark

How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Howel compared the republic of Lucca (in 1621) to a hive ; and the Marquis of Lansdowne’s motto induces a connexion between bees and geometry : while Shakespeare, who left neither the depths of the heart nor the secrets of nature unexplored, nor unexamined, compares them, after the example of Virgil, to a free and well

1 NAGACESARA —“ To the botanical descriptions of this delightful plant, I need only add, that the tree is one of the most beautiful on earth, and that the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadéva *. In the poem, called Naishadha, there is a wild, but elegant, couplet, where the poet compares the white of the Nagacésara, from which the bees were scattering the pollen of the numerous gold-coloured anthers, to an alabaster wheel, on which Càma was whetting his arrows, while sparks of fire were dispersed in every direction.”—*Jones’s Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.*

A Javanese poet †, describing the beauty of the wife of the king of Kurawa, says, “ She is said to be exquisitely beautiful ; even exceeding the beauties of Heaven ; and containing more sweetness than a sea of honey.” Warburton says, that bees were considered emblems of chastity in the Eleusinian mysteries. Vid. *Divine Legation of Moses*, vol. i. p. 235.

* The Indian God of Love.

† Hist. Java, p. i. 428.

directed government¹: and in the Persian anthology there is an apologue, showing how the imperial Jamshid borrowed several of his institutions from them. Pantænus called one of his friends, “the Sicilian bee,” because he selected sweets from various writers²; Macrobius, in his preface to the Saturnalia, compared himself to the insect, which imbibes the best juices of flowers, and works them into forms and orders, by a mixture of its own essence: while Boethius compares the stings of bees to those, which illegitimate pleasures leave behind them.

Honey’s flowery sweets delight ;—
 But soon they cloy the appetite.
 Touch the bee,—the wrathful thing
 Quickly flees, but leaves a sting.
 Mark here the emblems, apt and true,
 Of the pleasures men pursue:
 Ah ! they yield a fraudulent joy ;
 Soon they pall, and quick they fly ;
 Quick they fly,—but leave a smart,
 Deep fermenting in the heart.

With what feeling does Thomson lament the destructive mode of obtaining the treasures of these intellectual and unfortunate insects ! And—as I know the nobility of your

¹ Marcus Antoninus illustrates the subject of legislation, by observing, with admirable precision, that what is not for the interest of the whole swarm, is not for the essential interest of a single bee, b. vi. c. liv. Shakespeare has illustrations, ii. Henry VI. act iii. sc. 2. Romeo and Juliet, ii. sc. 6. Troilus and Cressida, act v. sc. 11. epilogue.

² Seneca, too, Epist. 84. Of this Rollin has availed himself in precept and in practice. An author, says he, who draws honey from the nectarium of flowers, should convert the beauties, he finds in the ancient writers, into his own substance: thus making them his own, as bees do. Belles Lettres, part ii. p. 2. See also p. 275. Mathew of Westminster was styled Florilegus, because he collected “the flowers” of former historians.

nature,—I do not anticipate a smile of derision, when I confess, that I esteem Colonna more entitled to the honours of a monument, for having introduced the practice of obtaining honey, without destroying the bees¹, into the Vale of Ffestiniog, than Field-Marshal Turenne. Turenne destroyed his thousands; Colonna has preserved his tens of thousands. Turenne's monument is of marble:—let that of Colonna be formed of honey-comb!

VIII.

A curious custom prevails in Sicily. When a couple are married, the attendants place honey in the mouths of the bride and bridegroom; accompanied with an expression of hope, that their love may be as sweet, to their souls, as that honey is to their palate. Well might the ancients fable, that bees encompassed the cradles of Ho-

¹ Bees are much attended to among the Himalayah Mountains. The natives keep them in earthen pots. When they rob them of honey, they drive them out by making a noise at the end; and taking the honey out at a back door, leave a little in the pots to recompense the bees, when they are permitted to return. Old honest Fuller, in tracing the ruin of the Templars, alludes to the destruction of bees in a manner that proves, he knew nothing of the method of preserving them. "The chief cause of their ruin," says he, "was their wealth. They were feared of many; envied of more; loved of none. As Naboth's vineyard was the chiefest ground for his blasphemy; and as in England Lord Fantope said, that not he, but his stately house at Ampt-hill in Bedfordshire, was guilty of high treason; so certainly their wealth was the principal evidence against them, and cause of their overthrow. It is quarrel and cause enough, to bring a sheep that is fat to the shambles. We may believe king Philip would never have taken their lives, if he might have taken their lands without putting them to death: but the mischief was, he could not get the honey, unless he burnt the bees*."

* Hist. Holy War, b. v. ch. 3.

mer¹, Plato, Menander, and Simonides²;—well might Sophocles glory in the title, which the sweetness of his diction had procured for him; and well might the Athenians take pleasure, in perpetuating the appellation, by erecting a bee-hive of marble over his grave! The Greeks, not unfrequently, chose the form of a bee-hive for many of their erections. There was a temple of Apollo at Delphos, said to have been built by bees; no doubt, in allusion to its external form. This mode of building prevails, also, in New Caledonia³; in the Isle of Carniobar⁴, and in Seal Island⁵. The Druids formed their houses⁶, and not unfrequently their temples⁷, in a similar manner. Sepulchres in Italy⁸, too, are sometimes of an analogous shape.

The ancient Romans admitted into the number of their deities, Mellona; whom they styled the Goddess of Honey; while the Thessalians and Acarnanians offered bullocks to several species of insects, which indicated superior intelligence; such as bees and ants. In Monmouthshire, the peasantry entertain so great a veneration for their bees, that, some years since, they were accustomed to go

¹ Homer, says Alexander Paphius, was suckled by a priestess of Isis, whose breasts distilled with honey: the first sounds, he uttered, were the notes of nine separate birds: and on the morning, after his birth, nine doves were found in his cradle, fondling and playing around him.

² Even the Hebrew writers describe honey, as being the first food of a Son, born of a Virgin: his name Imanuel; that he may know how to refuse the evil, and to choose the good. Vide Isaiah, vii. 14.

³ Cook's Voy. vol. 4. 112.

⁴ Asiat. Researches, vol. 2.

⁵ Vancouv. Voy. vol. 1. 139.

⁶ Strabo, v. 197.

⁷ Plin. Nat. Hist. ii. c. 2.

⁸ Vide Descrizione e disegno dell' Emissario del Lago Albano. Tav. xiii. &c. fol.

to their hives, on Christmas eve, at twelve o'clock, in order to listen to their humming ; which elicited, as they believed, a much more agreeable music, than at any other period ; since, at that time, they celebrated, in the best manner they could, the morning of Christ's nativity.

What a beautiful picture is that, presented by Virgil, in the Corycian swain ! I remember, says he, an old Corycian, who lived under the lofty turrets of Oebali¹, on the banks of the Galesus. He cultivated a few acres of land, which, till they came into his possession, had been waste and neglected. The soil was too poor for the plough ; not adapted to the keeping of flocks ; nor was it well situated for the culture of vines. Yet, there, in a cottage, standing among bushes, he cultivated pot-herbs, lilies, vervain, and poppies. He was the first to pluck the rose in spring, and the first to gather fruits in autumn. In winter he employed the principal part of the day in attending to the shrubs and flowers, which were to furnish honey for his bees. In spring he fed them ; in summer he watched their swarming ; and in autumn gathered their honey. This was his sole employment, from year to year : and in this occupation, says Virgil, being contented and happy, he was essentially richer, than all the kings of the earth.

Simonides, my dear Lelius, is well known to have written a satire upon women. In this celebrated poem he supposes, after the manner of Pythagoras, every woman to have had a pre-existent state ; to have animated some body, or to have been composed out of some of the elements, which bear a similitude to the character, she sup-

¹ Tarentum.

ports in the present state of existence. This idea he carries on, in no very courteous terms, till he comes to the last species of women ; the component parts of whom, he says, were made out of the bee. The qualities, by which this order was distinguished, were a faultless character and a blameless life. Orderly in her household ; loving and beloved by her husband ; she is the mother of a virtuous and beautiful family :

“ And her whole course of living is a pattern,
For chaste and virtuous women ;”

Massinger's Duke of Milan, Act iii. s. 1.

forming almost as fine a picture of an admirable woman, as Lucian's portrait of the wife of Verus. Would you know more of her qualities, my Lelius ? Consult the fascinating Hortensia ; who has, like a jewel, hung “ twenty years upon thy neck, and never lost her lustre.” And as it was the wish of the Romans, upon the accession of a new emperor, that he might be more fortunate than Augustus¹, and more admirable than Trajan, so, when Constance² has arrived at a marriageable age, may she possess the qualities of the bee ; united to the grace and the beauty of her mother ! “ A thousand graces sit, already, under the shade of her eyelids³.”

¹ Felicior. Avgosto. Melior. Trajano —Eutrop. Brev. Hist. Rom. l. viii. c. 5.—At Roman nuptials it was customary to wish the bridegroom as happy as Thalassius, who, in the reign of Romulus, having married a Sabine virgin, was esteemed the happiest of men. Vide Livy, i. c. 9.

² O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.

³ Anacreon :—from whom Spenser :—

“ Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows.”

CHAPTER X.

WITH bees we may associate ants,—so variously treated of by Lewenhoeck, Swammerdam, Linnæus, Geoffrey de Geer, Bonnet, Latreille, and Huber. Ants, like bees, are divided into males, females, and neuter; or rather females, who, being barren, from their sexual organs not being developed, are labourers for the benefit of the entire community. Like those of bees, the males and females of ants seem to have no other duties, than just to live and to procreate. The barren ones provide food; construct the habitations; nurture the young; and guard the citadels.

In building they exhibit much ingenuity; every one seeming “to follow his own fancy.” Both the male and the female have wings; and when the heat has arisen to a certain height, they issue from their habitations, escorted by the labourers, who offer them food during the first stage of their emigration. Then the males and females take flight, during which the act of fecundation is frequently performing. When the females are impregnated, the males are left to themselves; and being unprovided with food, and incapable of procuring it, they soon die of want; while the females pursue their course to some little distance, and seek out habitations; where, finding themselves destitute of labourers, they begin to work, in order to procure food for themselves.

Those few females, which remain behind in the immediate neighbourhood, having been impregnated in their nests, are forcibly taken back by the labourers, who deprive them of their wings, feed them, and attend them till

they have deposited their eggs. Ants are totally unacquainted with the economy of hoarding. They are almost entirely carnivorous; living upon other insects, and portions of other animal substances; and on the nutritious juices of gall insects and kermes; also on exudations from several species of the aphis, which the labourers take home for the males and females, that do not work. This secretion of the aphis is supposed to be destined, not only for its own subsistence, but for that of ants: for the aphis is always in the neighbourhood of ant colonies; and they become torpid precisely at the same temperature. Some species of ants even collect the eggs of the aphis, and bestow upon them the same care, they do upon those of their own species. They also construct habitations for them, at a small distance from their own nests; where they go to them, and rob them of their secretions, whenever they are in want. These secretions the aphis yields with the same willingness and docility, that sheep and cows give down their milk.

Ants have parental and filial affections; friendly dispositions and social sympathies; and when any of the impregnated females die, they lick their bodies for several days, and pay them all manner of attention, as if they thought they could restore them to life. But to balance these moral perfections, they wage war not only against other insects, but small quadrupeds; and, like bees, against communities of their own species. Some species of ants even carry on war for the sake of making slaves of their enemies. These ants, whom Huber calls Amazons, live in nests; in which also reside an inferior species of ant, who do for them all the domestic services they require. At a certain season of the year these Amazons

quit their nests in great numbers, in search of those nests, which contain that species of ant, which they have left behind. When they find, a battle ensues. The Amazons almost always conquer; when they enter the nests of those they have subdued, rob them of all their eggs and larvæ, which they take to their own habitations, and breed up to maturity; when they become slaves, as it were, to the other ants, who never work; performing, as before observed, every species of domestic service; viz. that of building, nourishing the young ones, and providing food. In one important particular these slaves are singularly fortunate. They perform all their duties with the greatest willingness and activity; and love their masters, as if they were ants of their own species.

This description of the manners of ants, so curious in themselves, and so opposed to the generally received opinion¹, that, like bees, they hoard up for the winter, is founded on the patient researches of Mons. Huber², of Geneva. In respect to the aphis, it is curious to remark, that though females are produced every season, males are produced only once in ten years. Both of them are found on stems, leaves, and roots of trees and plants; and the females are exceedingly prolific. When the males arrive at full maturity, they copulate with the females; which copulation, as Trembley suggested, many years since, has been found by Bonnet³ and Richard-

¹ *Parvula magni formica laboris*

Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo

Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.—*Hor. Sat. i. l. 33.*

² Vide *Recherches sur les Mœurs des Fourmis indigènes*, par P. Huber. Paris, 1810.

³ M. Bonnet received a vine-fretter at the time of its birth, and reared it alone. It produced young without having had any opportunity of connexion

son¹ to last for ten seasons. On the tenth season a few males are produced; and these males, copulating with the females, lay the foundation for a new series. Gnats propagate five seasons, without any communication with the male. At the sixth they require impregnation again.

Huber conceives, that ants chiefly communicate with each other by signs and the sense of touch. Fallow ants emigrate in a curious manner: for they are led by a guide, who takes precedence, carrying an ant in its mouth. When it has fixed upon a spot it likes, both ants return to the nest, when each takes up an ant, and returns to the selected spot. Then all four revisit the parent nest; and return in a similar manner. So that in a short time the whole, or that part of the nest, which purposes emigration, remove into the spot, selected by the first guide.

Such are the manners of the common ant in Europe. In Sweden ants erect structures, which Dr. Clarke esteems far more wonderful, than the pyramids of Egypt. Malonet describes black-ant hills in Guyana twenty feet high; and Smeathman white-ant hills in Africa of an equal size. Whether these ants bear much affinity, in respect to habits and manners, with those of Europe, sufficient

with another of its species, and one of the young, being sequestered in like manner, produced a new generation; so that Bonnet obtained no less than five successive generations, without the aid of a male, in the short space of five weeks. He went on and got a seventh, and even a ninth, generation in the course of the summer. He concluded, that these successive generations were produced in the first mother by the male, which had impregnated in autumn the egg, from which she came forth in the following spring: for it is very remarkable, that the vine-fretter, which is viviparous in summer, becomes oviparous in autumn.”—*St. Pierre, Harmonies*, ii. 167.

¹ Vide Philo. Trans. vol. xi. Art. 22.

data has not yet been furnished. But of their destructive powers we have many well authenticated accounts ; and of these powers we may have no very inadequate idea when we are assured, that “ no anatomist can strip a skeleton so completely as they ; and that no animal, however strong, when they have once seized upon it, has power to resist them ¹.” In Surat the Hindoos ² frequently feed them with flour, out of charity ; placing a handful, whenever they appear.

Upon the banks of the Amazon, spiders, which are solitary in Europe and Asia, live in congregated societies of several thousands. Taking possession of a tree, they unite in forming a net entirely over it. When this net is completed, they take their separate stations : each secures its own prey without disturbance ; each labours for itself ; but in case of damage to their net, they labour to repair it for the general good. Don Felix d’Azara first described these remarkable insects ; and gives a lively description of their manners, properties, and instincts.

II.

You, my friend, surrounded by all the luxuries of polished life, in the midst of a circle, the chief praise of which, in my estimation, is the esteem it entertains for you, may, possibly, smile at the enthusiasm, I have always expressed for ants, and that royal and illustrious insect, which fed St. John the Baptist in the wilderness. And yet, let me remind you of the pleasure you derived from the picture of Domenichino, which represented Samson offering the honey-comb ; as well as of the three cars, you

¹ Buffon, vol. ii. 370.

² Thevenot. Trav. in Indies, Part iii. p. 26.

saw among the ruins of Herculaneum. One drawn by a parrot, having a grasshopper for its charioteer : the second by Sirens ; and the third by two bees, guided by a butterfly.

When, too, I remind you of the fine system of morals, they exhibit ; of the instances they afford of industry and perseverance ; of fidelity and obedience ; of sagacity and ingenuity ; and when I remind you, that, like the beaver, they “ build like an architect, and rule like a citizen,” you will at least not hesitate in joining with me, in admiring the greatness and wisdom of that awful Power, whose strength is as conspicuously observed in the smallest, as in the most gigantic of his wondrous works. Those insects indicate the most astonishing proofs of mind ; while the genus in zoology, known by the name of the corallina, endowed, as some one has remarked, with sensation scarcely sufficient to distinguish them from plants, from the bottom of immeasurable seas, elevate to the surface of the water the coral rocks of the vast Pacific.

These insects exhibit one of the greatest miracles in Nature. It is one of the feeblest and most imperfect of animated beings. Yet Nature avails herself of them to construct some of the most durable of all her edifices. From the bottom of vast oceans they build rocks, extending even with the surface ; where by increasing their dominion, they extend their numbers beyond all power of calculation. Of these insects some resemble snails ; others are like small lobsters : they are of various shapes, sizes, and lengths ; some as fine as thread, and several feet long. The most common are formed like stars, with arms from four to six inches long, which they move about with

great rapidity; in order, it is supposed, to catch food. Some are sluggish; others exceedingly active. Some are of a dark colour; others are blue; and others bright yellow: those of the Mediterranean are more frequently red, white, or vermilion.

On the coast of Austral Asia, where their numbers are prodigious, Captain Flinders¹ saw them of all colours; glowing with vivid tints of every shade; equalling in beauty the best flower-garden in Europe.

These insects Nature has employed to form islands, and to build marine continents. Nature has, therefore, been detected in one of her deeds of creation; though the substance with which the corallina forms its cell has not been ascertained. Possibly, like the honey of the bee, and the nest of the edible swallow, with its own calcareous secretions.

Coral decreases, as latitudes extend to the North and South Poles; and it ceases to grow when the worm, that forms it, is not exposed to the washing of the sea. Coral rocks, therefore, never exceed the highest tide; when the tide subsides, they appear firm and compact, exceedingly hard and rugged. But no sooner does the water return, than these insects are observed peeping out of holes, which were before invisible; and their reefs rise perpendicularly from the very bed of the ocean to the surface.

III.

As to the impregnation of bees, it requires little knowledge to be able to assert, that men will never see a bee

¹ Voy. to Terra Australis, ii. p. 88.

impregnate, till Nature has changed the organs or the habits of one of the two species of animals. Little more, therefore, is certainly known of them, than was discovered two thousand years ago. It is curious, however, to remark, that, as the bee secretes wax, out of which it forms its cell, so the only land animal, bearing any analogy to it, is the Java edible swallow. This bird forms its nest of its own secretions¹. It lives in caves, and never emigrates; and its glands are formed in a manner peculiar to its species. A membranous tube surrounds the duct of each gastric gland, which, after projecting a little way into the gullet, splits into separate portions like the petals of a flower. The nest, which it forms, has, from time immemorial, been an article of commerce between Java and China. It is esteemed a great luxury; and is supposed to possess an aphrodisiac virtue. These swallows give principally on flies, gnats, musquitoes, and other insects²: they are found in Java, Borneo, and Nicobar; on the coast of Malacca, the isles of Andaman, and in Cochin-China.

Bees bear an analogy with beavers, and the genus in ornithology, called *Crotophaga*, which unite to form one nest, and labour for the general benefit of the whole tribe. It has some analogy, also, with the *loxia*. These birds form nests on a species of mimosa, from which issues a gum, on which the Namaiguas of South Africa

¹ Kæmpfer believed this nest to be composed of sea worms; Dalrymple of sea weeds; Linnæus of jelly blubber; and Le Poivre and Willoughby of fishes' spawn. Seventy-two of them weigh about one pound and three quarters, and are found adhering to each other in regular rows.

² Raffles, i. p. 51.

principally live¹. This gum is transparent, and resembles gum arabic. The leaves of the mimosa afford food for the camelopard; and its boughs shelter the loxia: the smoothness of its rind preventing their eggs from being sucked by snakes. Of this bird, there are from 800 to 1000 nests under the same roof. These collections are sometimes so large, that the trees bow down by the weight of them²: and they are covered like the roofs of houses; to which there are many entrances, each of which forms a street; nests being on each side.

CHAPTER XI.

BEEES bear a striking analogy, as we have before observed, to the corallina. By the silent labours of this small worm have immense marine continents been formed. Reefs extend upon the coast of Abyssinia; in the Red Sea; in the Mediterranean; on the Gold Coast of Guinea³; on those of China, Japan, Corea⁴, and in the Straits of Sunda; while they extend along the whole eastern coasts of Austral Asia; and are found in almost

¹ Vid. Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 125. ed. 1790. ² Ib. p. 134.

³ On this coast are two species of coral; one of which in Bosman's* time was called Conta de Terra; the other was of a blue colour. The latter was valued at its equal weight in gold; the former at four times its weight.

⁴ Vid. Captain Hall's Voyage of Discovery to the west Coast of Corea and Loo-choo Islands, 4to. p. 107, 8, 9. The Loo-choos call coral oòroo.—Vid. Clifford's Vocabulary.

* Guinea Coast, p. 103. ed. 1721.

every part of the Pacific, covering not only detached parts, but extending several thousand square leagues.

Thus islands are formed. The corallina, with gradual, but incessant, labour, raise their foundations from the bed of the ocean: on these reefs¹, after an interval, the high tides deposit sand, shells, pumice, pebbles, mud, weeds; pieces of coral, roots, wood, and other soil. Birds then begin to settle upon them; salt plants take root upon them; tropical trees, vegetables, seeds, and shells, are washed upon them; and birds deposit their exuvia. In this manner islands are formed into groups and archipelagos; and become enriched with soil: and in a few years they are clothed with the prurient vegetation of tropical climates. Man then takes possession: and Nature has rewarded herself for her labours: but she does not cease to extend her operations. Her work of marine creation still goes on; and the time may, one day, come, when the existence of the Pacific, as an entire ocean, will be esteemed as fabulous, as the ancient Atlantis. Islands are increasing almost every year; in size every hour. They rise in archipelagos; and archipelagos, in future ages, will associate into continents. Some have even supposed, that all marbles, limestones, and calcareous rocks, were originally formed by analogous animated beings.

II.

We may read the manner, in which Alluvial Islands² are constituted, by that in which Edmonstone Island

¹ Vid. Flinders' Voy. to Terra Australis, ii. p. 115. Peron's Voy. to Austral Asia, p. 183.

² For observations on the alluvial land of the Danish islands in the Baltic, and on the coast of Sleswick, vid. Jameson on Cuvier, p. 202.

has been formed. A few years since and it was not in existence. It is now situated in the upper part of the bay of Bengal; between the mouths of the Hoogly and Channel Creek. It is two miles long, and about half a mile in breadth: a mere sand-bank¹; but it is rapidly acquiring a much higher character.

From the manner in which this island is proceeding, we may also form no very erroneous idea of the method, with which Nature has secured the gradual extension of her vegetable productions; and the peopling remote islands with flowers and plants. This island, having gradually accumulated by the soil of two rivers, trunks of trees, with branches containing pods and seeds, were deposited upon them. Plants, too, of various kinds were washed upon its sides. Some of these decomposed; and with the excrement of birds assisted in the formation of a fruitful soil. Seeds, too, have taken root upon the higher beach; these when afterwards in seed were scattered by the birds and winds: and some of the branches of trees cast ashore, being gradually covered with soil by succeeding tides, took root.

No human hand has yet planted one tree, shrub, flower, plant, or even seed upon this island: and yet the central part has a strong verdure, formed by the *ipomea pes capræ*, and the *salsola*: and several tufts of the *saccharum spontaneum* have lately been observed in a flourishing condition. A few trees and plants are, also, growing up; amongst which are the manby date and morinda; a species of bean; and no inconsiderable quantity of purslane. The northern part of the beach is occupied

¹ Vid. Journal of a Voyage to Sangor—Asiat. Journ. vii. 355.

by a large quantity of small sea crabs: and turtles are frequently seen upon the southern part.

In the north of Siberia, two islands, between the mouths of the Lena and the Indigerka, have been formed by the bones of animals, carried down, like trees, from the interior. These bones, having accumulated during the progress of ages, were at length cemented with sand and ice, till they formed two complete islands: affording a curious instance of the art, with which Nature sometimes avails herself of animal materials.

III.

Some islands have been formed by the mud of large rivers, which has gradually risen above the utmost reach of the tide. Some derive existence from the accumulation of sea weeds and trees upon rocks, but slightly buried under the waves. These substances being cast higher and higher every spring tide, become a substratum for future decompositions. Sands, blown upon each other by high winds, when left by the tide, accumulate into large banks, and alter and shift their positions at the discretion of the winds, until they acquire permanency from vegetation. The Baltic, near Kronolung, on the Swedish side, becomes shallower every year, on account of the great accumulation of sand, grass, wrack, and sea-weed.

Some islands are composed almost entirely of alluvial soil: The group at the mouth of the Orinoco were formed by an accumulation of trees, weeds, sand and mud, during the various inundations of that river. Some of these islands abound in palms and cocoa trees; upon the tops of which live in huts an Indian tribe, called

Guaroïus. These aërial habitations are covered with palm-leaves; and cocoa trees furnish their inhabitants with wood for fuel; food and beverage. The Guaroïus are social and hospitable; and are at peace, even with the Spanish settlers. Secured by their height from the inundations of the river, they live in peaceful enjoyment; are passionately fond of dancing; and derive no little profit from trading in various species of fish; which their dogs assist them to catch, in nets, in hammocks, and in baskets. They are frequently called the Palm-tree Nation: and their numbers vary from 10 to 12,000.

The African Atlantic islands are of basaltic formation, and of submarine volcanic origin¹. Amsterdam Island had a similar formation; and the eruptions of the several different periods were observed by Dr. Gillan, to be distinctly marked in regular divisions by different layers. 1st. A layer of vegetable mould; 2d, volcanic ashes; 3d, celula lava; 4th, compact lava; and 5th, glassy lava².

It is many ages before a coral rock becomes so deeply covered with soil, as to bear the bread-fruit tree. In Amsterdam and some other islands of the Pacific, pandangs, sago-palms, casuarinas, and the Barringtonia, will grow to a great size; but the bread-fruit will not;

¹ Professor Smith. Tuckey, p. 29. 4to.

² This island is about 2,000 miles from shore, and lies midway between New Holland and Madagascar. It is eight square miles in surface. Zeolite, obsidian, and pumice are seen in every part of the coast. There are many boiling springs; and whenever the ear is applied to the earth, a noise is heard like the bubbling of water. There is not one quadruped, nor one land-bird; and, if we except flies, not one visible insect. There are mosses, sow-thistles, garden parsley, procumbent pearlwort; polypody, spleenwort, and a few other plants: and what is extremely curious, they are all British. The gardeners of the Lion, on their voyage to China, planted potatoes here.

and this, not because it is unadapted to the climate, but because it has not the power of insinuating its roots into the coral rocks; of which those islands are, in a great measure, composed.

Palmerstone Island is of still more recent formation¹. It is a mile only in circumference; and it is composed of coral sand, mixed with blacker earth. Upon it grows scurvy-grass and cocoa trees; and though the soil is poor, there are a great many shrubs and trees. That it possesses men of war and tropic birds, with crabs crawling among the bushes, is not much a subject for wonder; but that in one part of the reef there should be a lake, full of blue, black, red, and yellow fishes, is a phenomenon, for which it is now, perhaps, almost impossible to account.

IV.

Sponges in Italy are found rooted on hard flints²; and on the amphitheatre near Albano, several trees have insinuated large roots between the best cemented stones. The lichen calcareum even vegetates on the naked rock;

¹ Captain Colebrooke, in his account of Barren Island, has the following remark:—"From the singular appearance of this island, it might be conjectured, that it has been thrown up entirely from the sea, by the action of subterranean fire. Perhaps, but a few centuries ago, it had not reared itself above the waves; but might have been gradually emerging from the bottom of the ocean, long before it became visible; till at length it reached the surface, when the air would naturally assist the operation of the fire, that had been struggling for ages to get vent, and it would then burst forth. The cone or volcano would rapidly increase in bulk, from the continual discharge of lava and combustible matter; and the more violent eruptions, which might have ensued at times, when it would throw up its contents to a greater elevation and distance, might have produced that circular and nearly equidistant ridge of land we see around it."—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. p. 413, 4.

² Misson, ii. p. 399.

and draws its chief nourishment from the air. This, decaying, furnishes a bed and a little moisture to maintain a moss. The moss yields to the course of Nature, decomposes, and adds to the previous soil. Seeds of other vegetables are wafted by the winds, or dropt by birds; and thus the bare rock, after a series of ages, becomes green with vegetation.

Christmas Island, in the South Seas, is composed of sand, rotten vegetables, dung of birds, decayed shells, broken coral stones, and other marine productions. There is no fresh water; and therefore no inhabitants: but there are marine birds, land crabs, and lizards. The two clusters of islands, lately discovered (May 17th, 1819—long. $180^{\circ} 54'$ W. lat. $8^{\circ} 29'$ S.—long. $181^{\circ} 43'$ W. lat. $8^{\circ} 5'$ S.) are but now emerging, as it were, into visible existence. They are so low, that they can be seen from the deck, even in the daytime, only when ships are very near. They were discovered by De Peyster, while sailing from Valparaiso to the East Indies. To the former cluster he gave the name of Ellice's Group; to the latter, that of De Peyster's Islands. They appeared to be totally uninhabited. Byron and Wallis had previously borne down near these islands; but, from their lowness, they did not discover them.

Some suppose, that land is entirely derived from the exuviae of marine animals. That the earth possesses a renovating power is certain. Islands expand, and become elevated by the combined influence of heat and water. The power, which heat possesses, of dilating bodies, arises out of its faculty of forcing itself between their separate particles. This, as a natural consequence, causes them to occupy a larger space than before.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE we enter upon the subject, to which the preceding observations naturally lead, viz.—the emigration of plants and animals,—it may be proper to make a few remarks on the subject of mineral positions.

Aërolites have fallen in Saxony, Bohemia, Alsace, Moravia, and in Italy: in Spain, France, England, and Ireland: in Senegal: at Benares; and at Connecticut in North America. All these have fallen from the atmosphere; where they are supposed to have been generated¹, though in what manner still remains to be explained.

Minerals have no power of voluntary emigration; and yet we find resembling specimens in widely distant

¹ Some believe them to be projected from the moon or volcanoes; others that they are of an earthy matter, fused by lightning. Their constituents are siliceous matter, iron, nickel, sulphur, and oxide of iron. All have these ingredients; only differing in proportions. No mineral substance has yet been found, combining the same materials. They move from east to west; and not from west to east.

In addition to the meteorolites, mentioned in the various encyclopedias, we may add two others, of comparatively recent visitation. One fell February 18, 1819, at the village of Dooralla, in the East Indies. It was seen moving in the air with great velocity*. The day was serene, without a cloud in the sky. Temperature of the air as usual. The Bramins conveyed it to the village, and covered it with wreaths of flowers. It weighed 25lbs.

“ST. PETERSBURGH.—A meteoric stone, weighing 40lbs. fell from the air during a violent thunder-storm, at six o'clock in the evening, on the 12th July 1820, in the village of Listen, in the circle of Dunaburgh. It penetrated a foot and a half in the ground, whence it was dug up by the peasants, and

* Bird's Letter to Major Pennington, April 15, 1819.

latitudes and longitudes. Coals form a vast body; and seem in some places to constitute one great basis of the globe. No wonder, therefore, is excited by its strata nearly encircling temperate regions; from England, France, and Germany, to Siberia, and the northern parts of China; and thence to Canada, and the coast of Newfoundland. Mines of gold, silver, and platina, are however parted by wide longitudes, though not by equally wide latitudes. Precious stones are more arbitrary. Diamonds are found not only in Golconda and Bengal, but in Borneo, and the Brazils: jargoon, in Ceylon, and some parts of Europe: adamantine spar in China and India: topaz in Siberia, in America, and in an island of the Red Sea. Jasper in Germany, Sicily, and Canada; and the heliotrope, in longitudes and latitudes, so widely distant, as Iceland and Persia. It would be useless¹ to endeavour to discover the cause of these dispositions; but it is curious to remark them. It is, also, curious to observe, in what situations. other substances have been found, imbedded in chemically analyzed by Dr. Eichler. The Imperial Academy of Sciences commissioned one of its members to examine it, who found the specific gravity of the stone to be 3.718. In the air it weighed 6 oz. 5 dr. 50 gr.* and lost in water, of the temperature of 13.4 Reaumur, 1 oz. 6 dr. 18 gr. in weight; consequently the cubic content of this aerolite was 3.4 English cubic inches, if a cubic inch of water is taken at 253 gr. Notwithstanding the small size, and the few pores that could be perceived, its weight in the water, after it had been well dried, had increased 68 gr. A magnetic needle was pretty quickly attracted, as well in an horizontal as in a vertical direction, by all points of its surface, but it did not at all attract iron filings."

¹ In the Scandinavian mythology it is fabled, that in the rencontre between Thor and Hrugner, the latter had a lance, made entirely of whetstone. This

* "There appears to be some omission here: probably a piece of stone of the weight here specified may have been knocked off, and sent to St. Petersburg for examination.—En."

materials, entirely foreign to their characters. Thus nodules including water have been discovered in Monte Berico, near Vicenza; olivine in the cells of Siberian meteoric iron; mesotype in Iceland spar; and liver-opal in beds of adhesive slate near Paris. A beautiful variety of calcedony in a green silicious substance in Siberia; amazon stone in fragments of quartz in Siberia; amber in sandstone and limestone¹; and vesuvian in a steatitic rock in Kamschatka. Green sand has, also, been found in a small river, watering the desert of Atacama, between Chili and Peru.

CHAPTER XIII.

MANY vegetables are so attached to climates and soils², that, if transplanted without peculiar attention to their relative natures, they die. In this they associate with certain animals. But when they have once

lance Thor broke into a multitude of pieces with his mallet; the pieces flew into all quarters of the world; and every whetstone, wherever it is found, is a part of it.

¹ Count Borkowsky discovered amber imbedded in sandstone; and a mass of yellow amber, too, was discovered on the sea-shore in the Spanish province of Santander, imbedded in limestone. In Greenland amber has been found in pit-coal.

² M. Humboldt has observed, that "certain forms become more common from the equator to the pole; like ferns, glumaceæ, and rhododendrons, &c. Other forms increase from the poles to the equator; as the rubiaceæ, malvaceæ, and the composite plants; others attain their maximum in the temperate zone, and diminish both towards the poles and the equator; as the amentaceæ, cruciferae, and umbelliferae."

become habituated to the change, both plants and subjugated animals improve under the care and industry of man, sometimes even more than under the influence of soil or climate. How much cultivation will effect is evident from the circumstance (among a thousand others), that (in 1820) a cowslip grew in a garden, at Heytesbury, the stem of which rose to the height of a foot; and, measuring an inch round, contained 150 pips.

Many islands have lost years of strength and labour from not sufficiently attending to the adaption of plant to climate, soil and phenomena. Thus, had St. Jago been planted with indigo, the fan-palm, and other exotics, it might, probably, have escaped the effects of many storms, to which it has been so fatally subjected. Previous to Lord Macartney's visit, little rain had fallen for three years; and the island, rendered almost as barren as a rock, was reduced to great privation and distress. In the midst of this devastation, palm-trees flourished in the sand; indigo plants were healthy; and the sugar maple in perfect verdure. The *asclepias gigantea* was in luxuriant flower; the physic nut, the *adansonia*, and the great fan-palm, also, flourished vigorously. The negligence in this particular is the less to be excused, since, poor as this island is in native productions, it has successfully adopted every plant, that has been introduced into it.

The laurel is supposed to be exempt from injury by storms. Pliny¹ even says, that it has a virtuous property against the effects of pestilence and venomous animals. Be these as they may, it is certain, that sycamores will grow by the sea-shore, where other trees have failed;

¹ Nat. Hist. lib. ix.

and it is no less certain, that camphor trees generally outlive the most violent hurricanes. In 1773, there was a violent monsoon in the Isle of France, when Mr. Poiare, who had the care of the botanic garden, observed, that though every other tree was rooted up, a young camphor was left, not only uninjured, but apparently untouched. This tree is indigenous in Borneo, China, and Japan; and is found in those countries to be little affected either by winds or monsoons.

II.

The first patron of vegetable importation in Europe was Cosmo I. of Tuscany. The cork-tree, unknown in Italy in the time of Pliny, had previously been introduced from Barbary: but he imported a multitude of exotics from America, Africa, and the Levant; from whose collection many of the botanic gardens of European princes were afterwards enriched.

Cunningham planted quinces, peaches, apricots, and acorns near Mount Aiton and Mount Brogden, in the interior of New South Wales¹, and Lord Seaforth introduced the palm and the cinnamon² into the Caribbee islands. All the more valuable productions of the West Indies came originally from the East. The Spaniards³ planted the olive in South America. They then inter-

¹ May 31, 1817.

² 1802.

³ Antonio de Ribera.—The olive was known in the time of Moses round Mount Ararat: but now it is found in no country less distant than from three to four hundred miles. The Morea abounds in this plant, more than any other country in the world. In ancient times it was dedicated to Minerva: because, producing oil of the best flavour, it was esteemed an act of wisdom to preserve it not only for domestic uses, but as a staple for exportation. In the time of Evander it was introduced into Italy.

dicted its culture¹; but afterwards rescinded the regulation. They also introduced many European fruits and plants. The vine being planted in Chili, its seeds were abundantly propagated by birds. When the rose was first planted in Peru, it shot so luxuriantly, that it would not blossom. Being, however, accidentally burnt to the ground, new shoots sprung up and succeeded. From Peru this exotic was transplanted to Chili, where it grows upon the hills, and flourishes without thorns.

M. D'Ogeron planted the cocoa in the French settlement of St. Domingo, in 1656. This had increased, in 1715, to 20,000, when they all perished. Being replanted, however, their number amounted, in 1754, to 98,946. At that time, there were also not less than six millions of banana trees. The Portuguese introduced the tobacco into Japan². The culture of this plant has lately been checked in China by royal edict, on the plea, that it is not necessary to human life. The sugar-cane was found by the Crusaders near Tripoli³, where it was cultivated with great care. It was afterwards planted in Madeira, whence it was carried to the Brazils, where, for some time, it was used only as a medicine. The quince, the apple, and the cherry, on being taken to that country, flourished so abundantly, that entire hedges are formed of them.

The only indigenous fruits at the Cape of Good Hope are the wild plum, the chestnut, and the wild almond. All others have been introduced at different times, by

¹ Brackenbridge, Voy. i. p. 263.

² Thunberg, vol. iii. p. 25.

³ Albert, p. 270.

different persons. The camphor tree from the East Indies; strawberries from Holland; and vines, mulberries, and peaches from France. The last of these fruits is indigenous in Japan. From Persia it emigrated through Asia Minor to Rhodes: and in the time of Claudius it was first planted in Italy.

The Emperor Bauber planted the first cherry-tree, and the first sugar-cane in Caubul. The former is now particularly abundant. Peter the Great introduced the vine to Astrakhan: and the Tartars the mulberry near Olavatoa Yerik; where it bears fruit of a white, black, and pale violet colour; and is found growing among poplars, alders, dwarf elms, and plane trees. Hence some travellers¹ have supposed it to be indigenous. Among the Caucasus wild fruit trees are abundantly scattered among shrubs and forest trees. Indeed, some believe the Caucasus to have been the original country of all the plants and animals, which Europe and Asia have in common; since all the separate climates and soils are combined there.

Hercules brought the orange into Spain; and the Moors the pistachio, the banana, and other tropical plants. Indigo was naturalised in the Municipality of Lille, in the department of Vaucluse, by M. Icard de Bataglini. Mons. Louis Dupoy, a colonist of St. Domingo, introduced seeds of the cotton plant: and near Dax they came to maturity. Baudin brought New Zealand flax² from Norfolk Island. Cook had previously discovered it; and it is peculiarly valuable, since it unites the useful qualities of both flax and hemp.

¹ Pallas, South Russ. i. 186.

² *Phormium textile* (tenax.)

III.

France furnished England with almost all her apples and pears, if not with vines ¹.

Two of the most active introducers of foreign seeds and plants, in England, were the excellent Peter Collinson, and Sir Joseph Banks. But even in England the adoption of plants has been comparatively slow. The Jerusalem artichoke, a native of Brazil ², has a valuable root, and is well worthy an extensive propagation. It was introduced to England in 1617: and yet it is now more known by name than use. In respect to pines, of those most known in Great Britain, the Scotch alone is indigenous. The common larch came from the Alps in 1629³; and from America the balm of Gilead in 1696; the Weymouth in 1705; and the frankincense in 1736. The Aleppo came from the Levant in 1732: the spruce from Norway; and the silver pine from the Alps in 1739; while the Jersey

¹ Tacitus * says, the British soil and climate were adapted to all kinds of fruit trees except the olive and vine. The latter was introduced in the reign of Probus †.

² Vid. Hortus Vindobonensis, 161.

³ The two first larches, ever seen in Scotland, still live at Dunkeld, in the park of his Grace the Duke of Athol. They were brought in two garden flower-pots from Switzerland, and put into a greenhouse. They were afterwards transplanted into the park. From these two patriarchs, introduced in 1738, have sprung all the larches now in Scotland. The first fig-trees ‡ are said to be still at Lambeth; the first lime-trees at Dartford; and the first mulberry-trees § at Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland.

* In Vit. Agricol. c. 12.

† Script. August. Hist. p. 942.

‡ 1562.

§ 1596.

came from North America even so lately as 1748. In respect to the relative value of these woods, it is only within these thirty years, that the larch has been known to be almost equal to the oak for internal uses.

IV.

Every soil would produce plants, if those, peculiar to its nature, were planted in it. Even the white sand of Eastern Louisiana produces cedars, pines, and ever-green oaks. The Tartarian box-thorn will grow in sandy soils, replete with nitre; and sycamores will grow among rocks on sea-coasts, where most other trees will wither and perish. In the great desert of Arabia, too, are found stalks of rosemary and lavender, shedding an agreeable perfume over a dreary wilderness, which the wild palm renders comparatively rich.

In Chili there are many medicinal plants, which are natural to France and Spain. Trefoil, mallows, and mint are, also, indigenous. In many parts of that country, the fruits of Europe flourish so well, that Frazier assures us they are in bud, in flower, green, and ripe, at the same time. In the Chilian deserts, white strawberries are as large as walnuts; and minerals have no effect whatever upon the life of vegetables.

The Madhuca has very peculiar flowers. They resemble berries, which look more like fruits than flowers. They hang in clusters, and never expand. Their seeds are replete with a thick oil, of the consistence of butter. The tree grows in barren soils, and seems to destroy all the brushwood and small trees near it. The fruit and flower are of great use to the poor, and as it yields equally

in a dry season, as in a wet one¹, it ought to be planted throughout the whole Continent of Asia.

Many valuable trees might be introduced to this country. Active as we have been to naturalise flowers and shrubs, for their beauty and variety, we have been remiss in this. Had our forefathers been equally so, we should have been destitute of some of our best fruits, and one of our best timber-trees¹. The laburnum is scarcely known, except for ornament; and yet so highly is it prized by cabinet-makers, that a considerable quantity was sold at Brechin Castle², at half-a-guinea a foot. Many trees from Van Dieman's Land, New Holland, and Terra del Fuego, might, doubtless, be introduced with advantage. At the limits of the arctic circle there is a breed of cows so small, as not to be larger than sucking calves. Their milk is almost all cream; sweet and delicious: and so thick, that it draws out in strings. This goodness in milk arises from the plant on which the cows feed, viz. the lichen rangeferinus. This lichen has a slight flavour

¹ Mr. Hamilton, speaking of this tree in the neighbourhood of Chatra Ramga, observes,—“Notwithstanding the utility of this tree, I have never myself observed, nor can I find any of my acquaintance, who have ever remarked one single tree in this neighbourhood, in its infant state. We can see, every where, full grown trees in great abundance; but we never meet with any young plants: and we are all at a loss to know how they came here. Neither can the country people themselves give any rational account of this, although it appears pretty evident, that numbers of them have been cultivated some time or other: every village having many of them. This sufficiently marks the character of the lower orders in their supine indolence. As to the Zemindars, speaking to one of that order, one day, upon the subject, he replied, ‘It is the food of poor people; how then should I know any thing about it?’”

² The larch.

³ November 1819, Sang's Planter's Calendar, p. 91.

⁴ Asiatic Researches, vol. i, p. 304, 5.

of turpentine; it eats something like a lettuce; and its inward part resembles endive, bleached as white as snow. It flourishes best where trees have been conflagrated¹; and the rein-deer dig for it in the snow. It is so highly nutritive and agreeable to their palate², that it is both meat and drink to them. This plant might be cultivated in other climates besides those immediately in the arctic circle.

V.

The vine of Cyprus, so effective in certain disorders, and so agreeable to the palate, as to have had the applause of ancient as well as of modern writers, should be planted in the south of France. Cloves, cinnamon, and nutmegs³ should be introduced to the Brazils; and the farinaceous palm of the Nicobar Islands, which yields a highly nutritive fruit, and weighs from 17 to 24lbs. might be easily naturalized in the Caribbees and Antilles. St. Lucia, one of the former, had, when first discovered, neither canes, cocoas, nor coffee-trees: but in 1772 it had 978 pieces of land in the cultivation of the cane; 367 plots of coffee; 1,321,600 cocoa plants; and 5,595,889 coffee trees.

The green orange of Arcot, unknown in Europe, and but partially distributed in India, should be planted in every part of that continent. But of all trees, the Mungustan⁴ deserves the most assiduous attention, in respect to propagation. The fruit of this tree is acknowledged by all persons⁵, who have tasted it,—let their partialities and antipathies be what they may,—to be the most exquisite of all fruits: and yet it has been but little pro-

¹ Flora Lapponica, p. 332.

² Clarke, Scandinavia, p. 566. 4to.

³ Brackenbridge, Voy. to South Americ. i. 154.

⁴ Garcinia, Mangostana.

⁵ Dampier, Voy. vol. iii. 124. Crawford, Hist. Ind. Archipel. vol. i. 417.

pagated. Indeed, it seems to resist almost every attempt of the kind. It was introduced to the Isle of France in 1754; but with little success. It was brought from Bantam to Java; and hence it has been particularly known and described. It bears fruit and blossoms at the same time. The fruit is round; purple; resting in a green calyx; and its top bears a corona. Its flavour has a little sweetness, with a mixture of acid: and it melts in the mouth like whipped cream.

If some plants ought to be largely propagated for their uses, others ought to be so for their beauty. In India, there are several flowers, that ought to be cultivated in every practicable region of the earth. Of these may be distinguished the pichula, and the camalata. The former blossoms during the rainy season; and, with the asclepias winding round it, forms one of the most lovely botanical pictures in all India. The latter is so beautiful in its colour and form, and has a scent so exquisite, that the eastern poets fable it to have scented paradise. The same compliment should be paid to the alimucta¹, the capitt'-ha², the d'urva³, and the cusa⁴.

¹ This was the favourite plant of Sacontala, which she very justly called the delight of the woods; for the beauty and fragrance of its flowers give them a title to all the praises, which Ca'lidas and Jayadeva bestow upon them. It is a gigantic climber; but when it meets with nothing to grasp, it assumes the form of a sturdy tree, the highest branches of which display, however, in the air, their natural flexibility and inclination to climb.—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. 291.

² Of this plant Sir William Jones says, "I cannot help mentioning a singular fact, which may indeed have been purely accidental: not a single flower, out of hundreds examined by me, had both perfect germs, and anthers visibly fertile; while others, on the same tree, and at the same time, had their anthers profusely covered with pollen, but scarce any styles, and germs to all appearance abortive."

(For notes 3 and 4, see next page.)

VI.

The cocoa tree of Brazil droops when planted in a rich soil. The red star-flower,—one of the finest of African plants,—grows luxuriantly among rocks and sand¹; and Scandinavian moss, which is scarcely susceptible of being

³ (See last page) The flowers of this plant, in their perfect state, are among the loveliest objects in the vegetable world, and appear through a lens like minute rubies and emeralds in a constant motion from the least breath of air. It is the sweetest and most nutritious pasture for cattle; and its usefulness, added to its beauty, induced the Hindûs, in their Ages, to believe that it was the mansion of a benevolent nymph. Even the Veda celebrates it.—“May d’urva, which rose from the water of life, which has a hundred roots and a hundred stems, efface a hundred of my sins, and prolong my existence on earth for a hundred years.”—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. p. 252.

⁴ (See last page.) Every law-book, and almost every poem in Sanscrit are said to contain allusions to this plant. In the fourth Veda is the following address.—“Thee, O cusa*, the learned proclaim a divinity, not subject to age or death. Thee they call the armour of Indra, the preserver of regions, the destroyer of enemies, a gem that gives increase to the field. At the time, when the ocean resounded, when the clouds murmured, and lightnings flashed, then was cusa produced, pure as a drop of fine gold.”

¹ Many plants have the greater virtue from the want of fluidical nourishment. There is a vine producing in Persia what is called the Royal Grape. It is of a gold colour; transparent; and about the size of an olive†. It makes the best wine in that country; and yet it is never watered: and it grows only upon the young branches.

Few annual roots possess medicinal properties; and it is curious, that the most effective of drugs are natives of hot countries. Some plants in arid soils have apparently sterile branches, with green leaves. The stems are brittle and dried up; but their leaves imbibe moisture from the dews at night. The pallasia has for its appropriate soil loose and drifted sand. It grows in Peru‡, and is known in some parts of Russia§.

* Darbha. *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. p. 253, 8vo.

† Chardin.

‡ Molina.

§ Pallas, i. p. 176. 4to.

burnt, grows frequently even on stones. Wheat grows best on light soils, well manured; and it will bear an equal severity of heat and cold. It grows therefore in wide latitudes. The pimento, on the other hand, mocks all the labours of man to extend, or even to improve, its growth; while the rose-tree of Jericho will flourish wherever it is planted, without any danger of degenerating.

The best mode of introducing tropical plants into more temperate climates, is to transplant them by degrees: so that the grandchild of an original plant may live and flourish, where the mother would have languished, and the grandmother have died. With this view, the Marquis de Villanueva del Prado formed a botanical establishment at Teneriffe, in order to habituate the plants of Lower Africa, New Holland, Mexico, and other tropical regions, to the cooler temperature of the south of Europe. Suit the plant to the soil, rather than the soil to the plant, should be the motto of every husbandman: but the botanist must vary his methods as circumstances require.

VII.

Some plants are common to equinoctial Asia, Africa, and America: others only to equinoctial America and Africa; some only to equinoctial Africa and India; some only to America and Asia; and others only to America and Africa¹: while others are equally common to Europe and New Holland.

¹ Humboldt, in a paper submitted to the French Institute, says, that "the oaks pines, yews, ranunculi, &c. of the Peruvian and Mexican Andes have nearly the same physiognomy with the species of the same genera of North America, Siberia, or Europe. But all alpine plants of the Cordilleras differ specifically from the analogous species of the temperate zone of the old continent."

To account for these singularities would perhaps be an impossible labour; but it may present no unprofitable result to the imagination, if we collect and contrast a few of these remarkable phenomena. The lily root, so common in Europe, is found in Newfoundland, the north-west coast of America, and in Kamschatka, as well as in the warmer parts of southern Asia. Heath, on the other hand, is not only unknown in the European latitudes of America, but throughout the whole of that continent;—a circumstance the more remarkable, since it is common in the opposite peninsula of Kamschatka. The papyrus, scarcely known except in Egypt, in Sicily, on the Congo, and in Madagascar, has never taken root on the opposite coasts. And of the thirteen species of African palm, the *alfonsia oleifera* is the only one, that has yet been discovered in America.

The blue-berried honeysuckle of Switzerland, Austria, and Siberia, is found in some of the American islands; and the pyrenean honeysuckle, introduced to England (1739) from the garden of the Duc d'Ayen, at St. Germain, is not only a native of the Pyrenees, but of Canada. The rhododendron is also found on the top of the Andes; as well as on the Caucasus. In North America is found the *lilium superbum* of Japan; and in a glen, near Hudson's Bay¹, *auriculas*, with leaves of a fine green, and flowers of purple. They have, however, no mealiness; but in other respects they differ little from those of Switzerland and Norway². Labradore, which exhibits, in the midst of its winds and storms, many fine instances of natural grandeur, has mosses, equal to any in

¹ M'Keevor's Voy. p. 69.

² *Integrifolia*. Flora Danica. 188.

point of beauty seen in any other quarter of the world: and there, also, grow wild currants, gooseberries, cranberries¹, and the raspberries and strawberries of Europe.

The mountains of Spitzbergen, however barren they may appear in the distance, afford moss, and other small plants, such as poppies, scurvy grass, and ranunculuses². The spurred violet³, though not a native of Britain, is indigenous in Iceland and in Switzerland; and yet Iceland plants are almost all British. In what manner could this violet be transported to Iceland, when Britain, lying between the two countries, knows it only as a guest?

Among the rocks of Sweden wild roses and geraniums add interest and splendour to one of the finest cataracts in that country⁴; while the elegant *pyrola uniflora*, having a fragrance equal to that of the lily of the valley, blossoms not only in Sweden and the Hebrides, but in the south of France, and north of Italy. In Sweden, too, grows the rare plant, *cypripedium bulbosum*⁵, which is a native of North America. It is seen in no part of Europe but near Kiemi; and to that town the professors of Upsal⁶ send for specimens. Near Christiana the *salix herbacea* grows; but so diminutively, that Dr. Clarke compressed twenty of them into two pages of a duodecimo volume. It is the smallest of trees.

How came ranunculi to grow on an island in the Polar regions, at the mouth of Waygat's Strait, where there are

¹ Chappel's Newfoundland and Labradore, 138.

² The same as in Lapland. "Caule unifolio et unifloro, foliis tripartitis." *Flora Lapponica*.

³ *Viola calcarata*.

⁴ Kaardisen nivas. Clarke, Scandinavia, p. 324.

⁵ Acerbi, p. 339. 4to.

⁶ Clarke, p. 476. 4to.

no species of vegetation but moss, sorrel, and scurvy grass? Whence does it arise, that the paper mulberry is found in the island of Lefooga, and in scarcely any other of the Pacific islands? Why is not the nutmeg,—so abundant in the Malaccas,—found in the other Indian islands? And why is the anana of Hindûstân, the flavour of which seems to be compounded of sugar, strawberries, claret, and rose-water, and therefore so peculiarly worthy of transplantation, almost entirely confined to that country?

The Portuguese¹ introduced the papaw into the Malay Islands; and yet they have neglected to introduce many fruits into Portugal, which would flourish as well in that country as in any of their tropical settlements. The columbo root, which Ceylon distributes all over India, came originally from America; and the cocoa is supposed to have been transported into the maritime parts of that continent from some desert islands of the Indian coast; and yet the cinnamon continues riveted to Ceylon.

VIII.

The soil, climate, and cultivation of Africa, and its islands, present many curious vegetable phenomena. Pine-apples, long supposed to be foreign to that continent, were found by Tuckey on the plains, where Europeans had never previously been. At the mouth of the Gambia, Park saw the orange and banana of the West Indies: and yet not a single indigenous species, or any of the principal genera of plants, at St. Helena, are found in any part of the coast of Congo. Nor does the vegetation of that coast bear any resemblance to that of more Southern

¹ Rumphius, *Herb. Amboin.* i. p. 147.

Africa; while the plants of Egypt and Abyssinia bear as little affinity to those of the Gambia, the Formosa, and the Senegal.

Chief of the plants, hitherto discovered on the Congo, are found to exist in the equinoctial parts of New Holland; in Van Dieman's Land; the South of Europe; and the North of Africa¹. Some few, however, there are, which have elsewhere been found only in Equinoctial America. The best plants on this coast are natives of other continents. From Asia² came the orange, the cane, the tamarind, and the plantain: from America the capicum, the maize, the papaw, the tobacco, the cassava, and the pine-apple. Some plants, as the begoniaceæ, are found in the Isles of France, Bourbon, Johanna, and Madagascar; and yet no research³ has discovered them on the neighbouring continent; nor are there any of the laurinae⁴, though they are found in Teneriffe and Madeira.

IX.

European science has searched the civilized world; but only a small portion of savage plants, if so they may be called, are yet known; for even the numerous species, growing in the new world, examined by Bonpland⁵ and Humboldt, form but a small portion of the vegetable wealth of that magnificent continent.

The coasts of New South Wales have yet been but

¹ Tuckey, p. 423, 4to.

² Ibid. 469.

³ A. D. 1818.

⁴ Brown's Observations on Prof. Smith's Collection from Congo.—Tuckey, p. 464. Appendix, 4to.

⁵ Vide Nova Genera et Species Plantarum, quas in peregrinatione orbis novi collegerunt.—Amat. Bonpland et Alex. de Humboldt, 1815, Parisiis.

superficially explored: the interior still less. But its vegetable wealth may, in some measure, be conceived from the circumstance, that it affords even to a superficial survey twelve species of the pultenea; fourteen of the eucalyptus; seventeen of the hakea; twenty-one of the banksia; and thirty-one of the melaleuca. While the Cape of Good Hope affords not only forty-nine species of aloe, and fifty-five of the oxalis; but seventy-four of the protea; and not less than 304 species of heath.

In 1763 Linnæus reckoned 7,500 species of plants. In 1784, Murray, 9,000. In 1806, Person, 27,000. In 1809, there were reckoned 44,000. And in 1816, M. Decandolle supposed them to amount to 50,000:—and as Spain, Dalmatia, Russia, Turkey, Brazil, the north-west coast of America, the centre of Africa, New Holland, Thibet, China, Cochin China, and other countries have been but imperfectly examined, he supposes the number to exceed even 100,000.

X.

Some plants are exceedingly scarce; and others are known only in particular places. Schomberg found in Caffraria a species of spotted ixia¹, which bears a cluster of green flowers, something like an ear of corn. Dr. Reynhaut, of Elmina Castle, found in the Aquapun country a new species of aloe, of which the natives make thread;—a citron with indented leaves;—and a tree of a new genus, bearing flowers like tulips. He found also many unknown trees and shrubs; and he expresses a belief, that not one twentieth of the native plants are to be found in any other part of the African coast.

¹ Maculata. Botan. Mag. 549. 789. 1285.

Pallas discovered a nondescript daffodil, having broad leaves, winged capsules, and a plurality of flowers, on the top of the mountainous ridge near Arsagar. Dr. Davy saw a tree, of the rhododendron genus, upon the peak of Adam, which is seen in no other part of the world. Upon the high mountains of the Caraccas, also, grows an extremely scarce and magnificent plant. It was named after the German poet, Freyherr Von der Lücke. It is esteemed sacred; and no one is permitted to take even a specimen of it. The Malabar camphor-tree¹ is found only in the islands of Borneo and Sumatra;—and Rumphius² observed, that those trees, which yield cassia, cinnamon, and clove bark, are seldom, if ever, found in the same countries.

Logwood is a native of the East and West Indies; but it grows nowhere so abundantly as in the Bay of Campeachy. The mahogany-tree, also, though entirely unknown to the ancients, is a native of the two Indian hemispheres. There are two species; the mahagoni, and the febrifuga³; the former peculiar to the West; the latter to the East:—and it would be difficult to ascertain with precision, which is the parent; though probability assigns that honour to the former.

XI.

In Mexico there is a tree, the flower of which, before it has expanded, resembles the closed hand of a monkey; when unfolded, the open hand. From this circumstance

¹ *Dryobalanops camphora*.—Crawford's Indian Archipelago, vol. i. 516.

² *Herbarium Amboinense*, tom. 2. p. 66.

³ Roxburgh's Plants of the Coast of Coromandel, 17.

it derived its name of *chiranthodeadron*. Not long since there existed only one specimen of this tree in the known world. It grows, and has flourished, for many ages, in Toluca, a city of Mexico; where it is esteemed sacred; and whither persons travel from great distances in order to procure its flowers. This tree has been fully described by Larretequi, a Mexican physician, whose work, written in Spanish, has been translated into French by Mons. Lescallier. Previous to the year 1787 this was the only tree of its genus known to be in existence: but some botanists having visited Toluca in that year, they took slips, and planted them in the royal garden in Mexico, where one of them took root, and had grown in 1804 to the height of forty-five feet. Humboldt and his friend Bonpland visited the parent tree. They knew of no other but that in Mexico;—but from some indistinct accounts, they thought it probable, that it might exist in some of the distant provinces of that country.

XII.

It is curious, that New South Wales should be so abundant in native vegetative beings; and Van Dieman's Land, its neighbour, so indigent of them¹. This island is

¹ The following works throw considerable light upon the subject of botanical geography:

Linné's *Coloniæ Plantarum*.

Stromager, *Tentamen Historiæ Geographicæ Vegetabilium*.

Humboldt, *De Distributione Geog. Plant.*

Humboldt, *des Lignes Isothermes et de la Distribution de la Chaleur sur le Globe*.

Wahlenberg's *Introductions to the Flora Lapponica*;—*Flora Carpathiæ*;—*Flora Helvetica*.—With their respective Maps.

so healthy that, at Hobart's town, sixteen months have been known to pass away without a single funeral. It has streams and extensive tracts, free from timber; exotic corn and fruits flourish abundantly; and yet not one native edible fruit or vegetable has been ever found in it.

In Nootka Sound, Cook saw wild rose-bushes, raspberries, strawberries, and wild gooseberries; all natives of Europe: and yet it would be in vain to search through the whole continent of America for a heath; and not only not the rock-rose, which blossoms for a day, and has its leaves of so many different figures and shades, and petals of so many opposite colours; but not a single rose tree has been found in the whole of South America. Nor is there a native honeysuckle in all Africa; though both the European rose and the American jasmine flourish on the Congo.

In Canada vines grow wild¹: in some parts of the Ohio state, they even run to the top of the largest maple-trees; and at the French settlements of Galiopolis there are vineyards, one² of which, in good seasons, produces not less than a thousand gallons of wine. It is curious to observe how distant the various species of the same genus vegetate

Parrot on the Distribution of Plants in the Caucasus.

Humboldt on the Distribution of Plants in the New World.

Brown's Observations on the Distribution of Plants.

Willdenow's Observations on the Differences between the Vegetation of Extratropical Regions in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres.

Decandolle's Memoir on the Geography of the Plants of France.

Boué's Thesis on the Geography of Plants, particularly those of Scotland.

¹ The *vitis vulpina*; *labrusca*: *arborea*.—Vide Forster's Northern Antiquities.

² Palmer's Travels in America, p. 62. 96.

from each other. A few instances will sufficiently illustrate this reflection. There are fourteen species of the psoralea at the Cape; one at Madeira; one in Peru; one in Italy; and one in the Levant. Of the eighteen species of elichrysum only one vegetates in New Holland; but of the starwort there are four; seven at the Cape; one among the Alps; one in Mount Caucasus; one respectively in France, Italy, and China; and not less than fifty-nine in America. Of the mesembryanthemum it is equally curious to observe, that, while one species has been found in Greece, and three in New Holland, only one should have been found peculiar to the North of Africa (Egypt); while there are no less than 170 peculiar to the South.

Some plants will naturalize in a primitive manner; that is, without culture; only in peculiar temperatures. The lopezia, the scarlet-flowered justicia, the pellucid pepper-plant, the tuberous commelina, and the purple shrub nycterum, indigenous to Mexico, will no more grow in Siberia, than the lily-leaved bell-flower, and the creeping-gypsophila of Siberia, will blossom at the Cape. The auricula of the Alps, and the rose-bay of Mount Caucasus, are never seen among the Andes or Cordilleras; any more than the crenated convolvulus, the trailing cherry, and the golden pancratium of Peru, are witnessed in Kamschatka.

In vain does a Japanese search among his woods, meadows, or gardens for the glaucous jasmine, the rose-coloured ixia, the mountain sword lily, and the blushing amaryllis. Still less will he find the fifty species of aloe; the fifty-nine species of stapella, or the three hundred

species of heath, which have emigrated from the South of Africa to the botanical houses of France and England.

If a botanist of Guiana should discover the marsh marica, or the scarlet manettia, blushing among those flowers of Lapland, which spring up so magically upon the breaking up of the frost, and the melting of the snow, he would be as much astonished, as the Laplander would be to hear, that his moss andromeda or his diapensia were common in Ethiopia. The orange-thorned nightshade, which is so beautiful in Madagascar, will never bloom near the Finmark primrose; nor will the various species of the banksia, hakea, or dryandria of New Holland, grow near the flexuous honeysuckle, spindle-tree, or three-leaved bumalda of Japan.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE manner, in which distant islands become planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, is exceedingly curious. The Pacific Islands afford instances, from which the various methods may be successfully developed. How European and American fruits came to be naturalized in some of those islands is sufficiently obvious. Some have been carried thither by accident; some for delight; and others for subsistence. Some have been mixed with other seeds; and thus been transported against the will and wish of the transporters; as darnel amongst rye, and melilot amongst wheat. Cook planted the pine-apple and melon in Eooa; on Christmas Island yams and cocoas;

on Lefooga melons, pumpkins, and Indian corn. Vancouver planted water-cresses and vine-cuttings in New Holland; on the Island of Cocos peas, beans, apples, melons, and peach-stones. Captain Colneth had previously left a variety of garden-seeds. On other islands he had also introduced the almond. Wilson planted the bread-fruit-tree on the Palmerstone Islands. This tree, so abundant in its useful qualities, is yet held in little esteem in the islands of India¹. In Otaheite successive navigators have introduced various species of plants and vegetables: and other islands have been benefited in a similar manner.

But the mode, in which these islands became rich in what we now call native plants, is a subject of some difficulty. Let us endeavour to explain it.

One of the circumstances, on which Columbus and his crew founded their hopes of being near land, was that of the Nigna taking up a branch, the red berries of which were as fresh, as if they had been taken immediately from the tree. Philips, also, in his voyage to Botany Bay, saw a great number of cocoa-nuts, floating at a great distance from shore². And Captain Tuckey³ found several floating patches of reeds and trees, forty leagues from the African coast. Near one of the Aleutian Islands Lieutenant Kotzebue picked up the log of a camphor-tree: and fell in with an iceberg, having a portion of its surface lined with earth; in which grew trees and other vegetable sub-

¹ Crawford's Indian Archipelago, i. p. 413.

² Near Cape Musseldom the Indians throw cocoa-nuts, flowers, fruits, and branches into the sea, in order to insure a quick passage, and a safe voyage.

³ Narrative, p. 55. 4to.

stances. There were, also, the large remains of an animal, which he supposed to have been the mammoth. The violence of the floods, too, frequently detach large pieces of land from the Sumatra shores, which, formed into islands, float to a great distance in the sea.

II.

The Canadians had formerly a custom of planting large trees on the ice. These remained the whole winter; and being evergreen, you frequently appear, says Aubery¹, to be travelling through an avenue of pines. These, on the melting of the snow, float down to the sea. From the western shores, also, of America pines float to the Pacific Islands. An instance of which is afforded by the circumstance of two large canoes having been made of pine at Mowee and Attowai. The pine, as a living tree, is unknown in those islands. Indeed the American rivers, both north and south, during the time of their respective inundations, carry an inconceivable quantity of logs, weeds, shrubs, and plants, down to the ocean. Large trees, too, of American growth are frequently picked up on the beach in the Azores. On the same coast, previous to the time of Columbus, a new continent and a new race of men were indicated by the appearance of a bamboo², and two dead bodies, having features and complexions widely differing from those of any men, at that time known. The rivers of Italy, in the same manner, discharge large quantities of chestnuts, acorns, and cypresses into the Adriatic; which are afterwards picked up

¹ Trav. i. p. 102.

² Munoz. Hist. del Nuevo Mundo, l. ii. ss. 14.

on the coasts of Greece and Africa ; and not unfrequently on the shores of Spain.

After violent storms ambergrease is picked up on the shores of Ireland ; and cocoa-nuts on the beach of the North Seas. On the Shetland and Orkney Islands are occasionally thrown up fruits, belonging to the torrid hemisphere of America ; on the shores of the Hebrides seeds from Jamaica ; and on those of Ferro and Gomera, plants from St. Domingo. Seeds, cast on the coasts of Ireland and Norway¹, will sometimes take root and flourish. This is one method, of which Nature avails herself, in propagating plants. But she has adopted other methods, not less effective, though more mysterious.

III.

Some plants float from one end of the globe to the other. The trumpet-grass, seen off the Cape, is torn, for the most part, from the South African shores ; but others are wafted from the American continent. The pistia straliotes float on pools, ditches, and rivers in Java. Its roots take but little or no hold of the ground. The marine weeds, that compose the grassy sea in the Atlantic, have neither roots nor fibres. They vegetate, as they float along, bearing green and red berries, harbouring a multitude of insects. There is also a plant in Chili², and a similar one in Japan, called the “flower of the air.” This appellation is given to it, because it has no root, and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree, or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three

¹ Linnæus.—*Colonizæ Plant.* p. 3. —*Amænitat. Academ.* l. viii.

² Molina. i. p. 316. in notis.

flowers like a lily ; white, transparent, and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported two or three hundred miles ; and it vegetates as it travels, suspended on a twig.

Many plants have a double faculty of propagation. The testuca ovina has this property. When it grows in a vale, or upon a plain, its seeds ripen, fall, and vegetate in the manner of other plants. But when it grows upon the tops of mountains, where it finds a difficulty in ripening its seeds, it becomes a viviparous plant. The germ shoots into blade in the cup ; falls to the ground ; takes root ; and becomes the mother of others, having the same remarkable property.

Some seeds are thrown by the force of the surf, which in some places rises even to the height of ten fathoms. Lifted so high in air, the winds separate them, as they descend, from the particles of water, with which they rose, and waft them to the internal parts of the island. Some plants in the Pacific islands were probably originally marine. Cast upon the shore, they have vegetated : these have produced seeds, which, being carried by winds or birds higher from the sea, have accommodated themselves to the soil, in which they were thus accidentally thrown ; and during a series of propagations have gradually assumed characters not originally belonging to them.

The nymphæa alba has, probably, been the patriarch of many plants, now differing in shape and habit from itself. This vegetable, like many other aquatic plants, at the time of flowering, rises to the surface of the water : in the morning it expands its blossoms, and towards evening closes them again.

Many trees, such as the oak, beech, and hazel, are planted by squirrels and ravens; and the cinnamon of Ceylon and Malabar are propagated by the Pompadour¹ pigeon; which drops the fruit, as it is carrying it to its young. Some weeds are disseminated by the winds; as mosses, fungi, and mucor. The leather cup has a seed so small, that it is almost imperceptible. This, and many seeds of similar minuteness, are conveyed in the leaves and trunks of trees. Some are fixed by the winds to the coats of animals; the feathers of birds; the sides of ships; and others to the backs of insects. Some seeds have species of feathers, which enable them to be sustained in the atmosphere to a great distance. The *roridula dentata* has leaves covered with fine hairs, and a glutinous substance, to which small insects adhere; and their eggs are in consequence wafted to wherever that plant is carried.

CHAPTER XV.

It has often been a subject for surprise, in what manner noxious plants and animals have been transported from one country to another; not only distant by land, but separated by vast oceans. The isle of Amsterdam, forming part of East Greenland, has neither insects nor

¹ Brown's *Illust.* tab. xix.

reptiles: but this may be accounted for by the circumstance, that it has neither springs nor rivers. The man of war bird soars in the air like a kite, to which it is similar in shape though not in colour; having a black body with a red neck. Its eye is so keen, that it can see fish on the surface of the ocean; it descends; and after seizing its prey, without scarcely touching the water with its bill, mounts as swiftly as it had descended. This bird can traverse the ocean from island to island; because it can not only fly, but maintain itself upon its voyage. The same observation applies to the petrel. This bird, named after St. Peter, because though it is actually upon the wing, it seems to walk upon the water, transports itself from one end of the ocean to the other. It has long legs; is about the size of a swallow; spouts oil from its nostrils; and mostly forebodes a storm. It is seen in almost every sea; alike insensible to storms; to the heat of the tropics, and the rigour not only of the Arctic but of the Antarctic Pole. But whence does it arise, that the house and garden spider of Europe,—an insect unknown in Ireland,—is yet found in the Loo-choo Islands? These insects are enabled by their circular membrane to walk upon walls and roofs; and the latter has the power of suspending itself from tree to tree, and across; but it has no power of flight, as many other insects have.

The boa constrictor is not only known in Ceylon, but in Java; and yet it is not amphibious. By what means could this dreadful animal find its way to islands, so distant? This is the more surprising, when we consider, that the rattlesnake of America is unknown in

the same latitudes in other countries: where the vapours they emit, and spread around them, and which affect animals in such a curious manner, would, in those climates, equally assist them in their plans of subsistence. Among the Hottentots, too, there is a snake, belted with black, red, and yellow colours, which, when seen in the night, becomes luminous and looks like fire. This animal would embellish the midnight landscapes of Austral Asia; and yet it is there nowhere to be found.

II.

In respect to poisonous plants. These vegetables propagate with still greater difficulty. It has been asserted, that no animal will eat food, that in its natural state is injurious to it. Instinct, they say, if not disrelish, will teach the animal to avoid it. In Europe we see frequent instances to the contrary. In Africa the fact is still more evident; for the cattle, north of the Cape, are extremely partial to the *amaryllis disticha*, which almost infallibly kills them. With the bulb of this plant the Boshmen poison their arrows. There, also, is a plant, called the *euphorbia*, which is of such a poisonous nature, that if some branches are thrown into the fountains, where the animals on the Orange River drink, it has so powerful an effect upon them, that they die in less than an hour afterwards. It is succulent, and grows to the height of fifteen feet. With this plant, also, the Hottentots¹ poison their arrows; its juice being mixed up with a species of caterpillar, that grows upon another plant.

¹ Paterson's Trav. in Africa, 4to. p. 62. 1790.

It is curious that the flesh¹ of those animals, which die of this poison, is not in the smallest degree injured.

In Java there are several vegetable poisons. From the sap of the oopas is prepared a substance, equal to the strongest animal poisons. There have been many fables relative to this tree. That it exists is certain; but shrubs and plants grow round it; and no barrenness is observed in its neighbourhood. When it is felled, there is, certainly, an effluvia from its juices, which mix with the atmosphere, and produce cutaneous eruptions. But the Dutch account is undoubtedly fabulous². The most poisonous of all trees, however, is the tshettik of the same island. It is far more fatal in its effects than the oopas³. It grows in deep black mould, in the midst of almost inaccessible forests. This tree has found no opportunity of propagating out of its own island.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT crocodiles should be found to exist in Egypt, in America, in Java, and many parts of the East, may be accounted for, since they are amphibious; but why is the shawl goat, so useful and so numerous north of

¹ Paterson's Trav. in Africa, 4to. p. 171.

² Vid. Transact. of Lit. and Philosoph. Society of Batavia, vol. vii. The reader may there see some curious experiments, in regard to the nature and strength of its poison on animals.—Vid. also Raffles' Hist. Java, vol. i. p. 43.

³ Horsfield Batavian Lit. and Phil. Transact. vol. vii.

the Himaylah mountains, known in no other country than in Tartary? Near the lake of Manasanawara they are used by the natives as beasts of burden. When laden, they will climb the most difficult places without hesitation; but they are timid, when descending steep precipices; they are short-legged, and of a compact form; and even over abrupt roads will travel five cos¹ a day. This animal would be exceedingly useful in other mountainous countries, as well as in those, behind the empire of Nepaul.

In the island of Pangesani² are thick forests of palms, in which are a great number of squirrels: and in Nutmeg Island are a vast multitude of glow-worms, and spiders of different forms and colours. Here, too, are large evergreens, the roots of which are buried in calcareous stones; several species of fig-trees; the beautiful *Barringtonia speciosa*; mosses; ferns; and many parasitical plants. Uniting, as it were, by its productions, Europe to Asia; and Africa to America. On the coast of California are found the most beautiful univalve shells in the world. Their lustre is even superior to mother of pearl; appearing through a transparent varnish of livid blue, like lapis lazuli. There are, also, fine shells found on the Papua and Molucca Islands. Off the coast of New Guinea are found shells³ 258 pounds in weight; and on that of Celebes are cockles so large, that they afford an ample meal for the satisfaction of seven or eight men. Thus though poisonous and noxious animals

¹ Vid. Moorcroft's Journey in Little Thibet.—*Asiat. Researches*, vol. xii.

² D'Entrecasteux's Voyage in Search of La Perouse, vol. ii. p. 316.

³ Vid. Dampier, vol. iii. part iii. p. 106. Vol. i. p. 449.

and plants find means to propagate themselves to countries, thousands of miles apart, shells and cockles like those, we have alluded to, beautiful and useful as they are, are unknown to islands even in their immediate neighbourhood.

II.

That pacos and lamas should not be found north of the Line, though the Cordilleras of the north have the same climate and temperature as those of the south, is not to be wondered at, since the herbage¹, on which they feed, is nowhere to be found north of the Line. The wonder would be, that the same herbage is not found in the same description of climate, did we not reflect, that though the atmosphere may have the same temperature, the soils of the two regions may be of a very different quality.

On the coast of Guinea asses² are found much larger than horses. In no other country are they so. The Dongola³ horses, on the same continent, are, on the contrary, the most perfect in the world; being beautiful and symmetrical in their parts; nervous and elastic in their movements; and docile and affectionate in their manners. One of these horses was sold, in 1816, at Grand Cairo, for a sum equivalent to a thousand pounds.

The coast of Guinea is remarkable for its animals: among which are porcupines, wild boars, jackals, tigers, elephants, crocodiles, large snakes, and ants of a prodigious

¹ Called Yeho and Xarava.—Present State of Peru, 4to. 1805. p. 50.

² Bosman. p. 228. ed. 1721.

³ In Nubia.

gious size. There were, also, at one time, not less than 100,000 apes of different species. Now in the midst of all these numerous and powerful enemies, we should fancy, that the most helpless of all animals could have no power of security or existence; and yet the Sloth has not only the power of living, but of propagating. On some parts of this coast, too, Nature seems to have inverted her plan, by making men woolly and the sheep hairy. On the Tartarian side of the Himaylah range she has, also, clothed the cow with an undercoat of wool or fur, as fine and soft as that of beavers.

The camelopard is not seen out of Africa: neither is the humming bird witnessed out of America; though some report it is to be seen in Java. Why has Nature denied this beautiful bird to other countries of the same latitude; when it has enabled the bee, which it so much resembles in outward appearance, to travel into almost all countries?

In one of the Philippine islands are an incredible number of bats; so large that their wings extend from six to seven feet from tip to tip. In the evening, as soon as the sun has set, vast numbers of them collect like bees, and direct their course to Mindanao. They return regularly every morning. As these bats are seen in few other places, we should almost be tempted to suppose, that Nature had resolved upon signalizing these islands with some of the most curious of her caprices: as she has, by the formation of so many unique animals, on the continent of New Holland,

III.

Monkeys, apes, elephants, camels, and tigers, are not able, generally, to propagate out of their natural latitudes; nor have the Mamelukes of the Caucasus power to propagate in Egypt; nor will Egyptian plants propagate in Tartary: Nature having adapted peculiar animals and plants to particular soils and latitudes. In hot countries, we are told, animals are more wild, more dreadful, bolder, and more ferocious, than in temperate ones. And yet in America, Nature, under the same sun, seems to have relaxed from the severity of this discipline. Remarkable for the majesty of its vegetable forms, the New World not only presents to an European a new climate, but new flowers and plants; new fossils, shells, and fishes; and new reptiles, insects, and zoophytes. It exhibits, also, to the stranger's astonishment, not only new birds and quadrupeds, but a new firmament. Another pole presents itself instead of the north: and shadows point to the south. Cassiopeia, the Bear, the Pleiades, and the northern constellations are no longer witnessed at night: and the soul sinks, as it were, in the contemplation of the vastness and magnificence of Nature.

On the small rock of St. Helena are plants nowhere else seen. In forming this island, did Nature forsake her general plan to adopt a peculiar one? or have these plants emerged from the womb of the sea, by which the island is surrounded, taken root on the shore, and their seeds carried by marine birds up to the cliffs?

The crow is truly and solely a citizen of the world. It flies in every zone; and feeds in almost every pro-

vince of the world: but plants are stationary; at least they can move only by imperceptible degrees. Birds may carry their seeds, and winds may waft their pollen: but though birds and winds can steal the seeds of flowers, plants, and certain trees, they cannot carry the cocoa-nut; nor can they waft the root either of the plantain or the palm.

IV.

Ten days journey from Lima, in the valley of Pampánico, there is a caterpillar, which the Indians call Sustillo¹. This insect has the power of weaving a web, five feet in length; a web, which is subsequently used for paper. It is a species of silk-worm, and is bred upon the pacae tree. The web is formed with the greatest regularity; and is remarkable for its lustre and consistency. Now as this insect is so useful in its web, it may naturally be inquired, why it has not been able to spread itself, as well as the caterpillar, which appears to have little use but that, involving destruction. How came mangoes, which grow in America; grapes, that luxuriate in Europe; parrots, that people the woods of Madagascar; and green turtle, that visit the shores of the West Indies, to be found in the isles of Condore, on the coast of Cochin-China? and why, since they have thus borrowed from the four quarters of the world, why have not those islands repaid the obligation, by propagating a tree, they possess, which exudes a juice, that if boiled becomes tar, and if boiled long becomes pitch?

¹ Vid. Father Calancha's Hist. of Peru, lib. i. p. 66.—State of Peru, 4to. p. 346. 1805.

That in the plains from the Oroonoko to the lake of Maracaybo there should be 90,000 mules, 180,000 horses, and 1,200,000 oxen, when, two hundred years ago, mules, horses, and oxen were entirely unknown in those plains; and that in the pampas of Buenos Ayres there should be also 3,000,000 of horses and 12,000,000 of cows, is no subject for surprise; because we know, that the Spaniards introduced those animals into those countries. Numerous as these herds are, the attentive investigator is not so much astonished at their number, as he is in reflecting, that, though many of the plants and animals of the old world are found in the new one, in South America an indigenous rose-tree is totally unknown: the omissions of Nature being, sometimes, even as wonderful as her propagations.

V.

If you inquire of a naturalist, why the turnip of Sweden should be indigenous to that country, he will answer, "because it is peculiarly adapted to the climate and the soil." If you inquire of him, why it was not originally planted by Nature on the continent of New South Wales, he will reply, "the soil is too arid and the climate too intense." But if you inquire of the cultivator of this very plant, at New South Wales, where it has recently been introduced, whether the seed has sprung up and prospered, he will inform you, that it has not only sprung up, but that its top grows to the height of six feet¹; and that its root has even arrived to the weight of thirty pounds.

¹ Sydney Gazette, April, 1816.

Thus we find, that some plants improve by being transplanted to a country and climate, which would appear to be naturally and decidedly unfitted for it.

The dragon-tree is not only a native of the East Indies, but there is one species in the South Sea Islands; several in those of France and Bourbon; one peculiar to the West Indies; one to the Cape; and another to China. Now all these species, doubtless, sprung from one original stock; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to point out which is the primeval plant; and which is the primeval country.

That swallows could, by degrees, be settled in Europe, and that they could be weaned, partially, if not entirely, from their emigrating habits, is not to be lightly objected to. That they will live throughout the winter in England is evident from the experiment of Pearson; who kept several of them in a cage. These birds sang their song regularly through the winter; and lived three or four years; moulting every season soon after Christmas; and were exhibited in 1786 to the Natural Society.

On the coast of Peru, particularly near the Isle of St. Clara, is the cat-fish; the fins of which are venomous: several Indians, having been pricked with them, lost the use of their limbs, and others lost their lives. It is found also in the Straits of Malacca, and it is far from being of a disagreeable flavour. This fish, then, is found at two places many thousand miles apart; and yet not in the neighbourhood of islands, east or west, by which it may be supposed to have originally directed its course. It is curious, too, that the medusa should be so rare in its latitudinal seas; since there is nothing to obstruct its

progress on the voyage ; for it is so poisonous, that none of the fish tribe will venture to attack it.

VI.

Pearls are discovered in several seas ; and, being found in the shell of an oyster, no one has yet been able to explain the manner, in which it is formed. The following circumstance may, however, one day perhaps lead to some probable conjecture, in respect to it. At Sydney¹ a party, while at supper, on opening an oyster, beheld a fish of about two inches, curled up, in the bed of the late inhabitant of the shell. It sprung upon the table, and was preserved alive several hours. This fish, which was found to be cartilaginous, had, no doubt, destroyed the oyster. When placed between the sun and the eye it appeared perfectly transparent ; and the body had stripes of brown and yellow, forming altogether a very beautiful little animal. That this fish, residing in a foreign shell, might, had the oyster been able to destroy it, instead of the fish destroying the oyster, have become a pearl, by some secret operation of Nature, is not probable ; but that some aqueous animal may intrude itself into the shell, and there crystallize, is not impossible. And here we may stop to observe some peculiarities of Nature in respect to fishes.

In the Lake Fakonie (Japan), which is surrounded by mountains, and was formed by an earthquake, are the salmon and the herring² of the Baltic. In what manner could they possibly come there ? In a stream³, which

¹ Sydney Gazette, 1817.

² Stroemings.—Kämpfer.

³ Burckhardt, Travels in Nubia, p. 498, 4to.

empties itself into the Nile in the Aloa country, is a fish without scales. It is not seen in the Nile; and yet a species of it is found in Asia Minor. The Caspian is insulated, as it were, in the bosom of a vast continent, and yet fishes are common to that sea and the Mediterranean. Seals, also, are in great numbers; and sturgeons are so plentiful, that they sell for 1,760,405 rubles every year.

VII.

The maize and the pine-apple, the papaw and the tobacco, of Africa, are said to have come originally from America: and the tamarind and sugar-cane from Asia. But in what manner they were introduced no probable conjecture has been formed. The cinnamon-tree, too, is very remarkable in its emigrations. This vegetable is found in Ceylon¹, Malabar, Sumatra, Tonquin, Cochin-China, Caubul, Borneo, Timor, the Loo-choo Archipelago, Floris, Tobago, and the Philippine Islands. It grows, also, in the Isles of Bourbon and Mauritius²: the Brazils; the Sichelle Islands; Jamaica, and Guadeloupe. In 1772 it was introduced from the Isle of France into Guiana; and since that time into the Antilles. Now it would not be very difficult to account for the appearance of this tree in so many distant longitudes; since, besides those, in which man is known to have had a share, birds might propagate its seed into some regions; and the tides might navigate its roots and even its trunk to the

¹ Vide Marshall, Descript. Larus Cinnamonum.

² The true spice-tree was not introduced into this island till Sir R. Farquhar procured a few plants from the botanical garden at Calcutta of the species cultivated in Ceylon for exportation, early in 1818.

shores of others. But why has heath been entirely denied to the western regions? For with the exception of a dwarf species, found in Baffin's Bay, it is totally unknown (in a native state) in both the continents. We shall be told by botanists, that there is no soil adapted for its culture; and by the naturalist, that there is no animal to feed upon its leaves. The traveller, however, will inform us, that there is in America the very climate, to which it is accustomed; and not only the climate but the soil in which it is accustomed to vegetate; and abundance of animals, that would delight in its herbage.

VIII.

Some animals are wafted by the drifting of canoes. In desert islands where there are no quadrupeds but rats, fragments of canoes have been observed, stranded on the shores. Those canoes were probably the media, by which those animals were conveyed. Many vegetables of the Friendly and Society adorn the Sandwich Islands; though many leagues distant. Islands, situate from the fiftieth to the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, have the same beasts, birds, fishes, and shells, that are found upon the Kurili Islands: and those, from the fifty-fifth to the sixtieth degree of latitude¹, have many animals, that are found on the peninsula of Kamschatka.

Bears, foxes, ermines², seals, and walruses; wild fowl;

¹ Stæhlius' Account of the New Northern Archipelago, p. 18.

² The elk, I believe, has never been seen on any one of these islands. In Europe it is found between the fifty-third and sixty-fourth degrees of north latitude; in America between the forty-fourth and fifty-third degrees; in Asia between the forty-fifth and sixty-first.

the spawn of river-fish, and the eggs of northern birds, are carried to distant longitudes and latitudes by ice islands. Of these islands there are two species;—one composed of sea water; the other of fresh water. The former kinds are white, and have little transparency: the latter blue, and so clear, that objects may be seen to a considerable depth. These are mostly formed on the sides of rocks, jutting over seas or large rivers. They melt in summer, at the lower extremities, by the influence of the sun, and the moisture of the waves below. Thus undermined, their bulk becomes too ponderous for their base: they break; and, falling into the river or sea, float; and being joined by others, unite and form themselves into islands of vast length, breadth, and height. And not unfrequently sail with the winds, currents, and tides, from the arctic circle to the utmost extremity of the temperate zone. Exhibiting, as they sail along, upon a minute survey, innumerable combinations—occasioned by the spray of the sea, the mists, and the snows,—of towns, cities, and villages; trees, and flowers; ruins, and palaces; and myriads of forms before unknown, even to the imagination.

The mountains of ice, which are composed of fresh water, are not unfrequently incorporated with soil, stones, and brushwood; and covered with the eggs of those birds, which frequent the coasts, from which they fall¹. The

¹ In one of the Dutch voyages to Nova Zembla, the captain ascended a large iceberg, on the top of which were a considerable quantity of earth, and forty birds' eggs*. It may here be remarked, that museums are very deficient in the eggs of birds. A complete collection of all the known species would be exceedingly curious.

* Voy. of Dutch to the North, vol. iii. p. 46.

salt water islands bear sea weeds; spawn; and not unfrequently bears, foxes, and ermine. In the north of Iceland¹, the cold splits the calcined mountains, from which large masses fall in detached pieces, and roll precipitately into the sea, like waterfalls. The approach of ice islands is indicated by the bluish lustre, which appears in the horizon. They are often covered, too, with an immense number of seals and sea calves; which are seen rolling and sporting in the snow, and seem by no means terrified at the approach of either men or ships: reminding the voyager of those lines of Cowper, which he puts into the mouth of Alexander Selkirk,

The beasts, that roam over the plain,

My form with indifference see:

They are so unacquainted with man,

Their tameness is shocking to me.

IX.

Professor Smith saw several islands, floating from the African rivers, which, upon inspection, he found to bear reeds, resembling the donax; a species of agrostis; and some branches of justicia, with the roots of mangrove and papyrus. There were, also, in the midst of them, several small animals²; which are found, also, floating on the Grassy Sea³.

Reptiles are probably propagated to distant regions by their eggs, or embryos, being casually dropt on the sea shore, at low ebb, and borne away by the returning tides. Some insects are transported on the backs, and in the intestines of animals: others in their skins. The hair-worm lives not only in the earth, on the leaves

¹ Freminville, Voyage to the North Pole, p. 12.

² Journal—Tuckey, p. 259.

³ Scyllæa Pelagica.—Cancer Minutus.—Lophius Histrio. &c. &c.

of trees, and in the water, but in the bodies of beetles: while large flies enter the ears of elks, in the Lapland forests; and take up their winter quarters in their heads.

Vipers are easy of transportation; since they possess such a faculty of abstinence, that some species will remain even six months without food. Canadian bears, also, frequently live without sustenance so long, that many persons believe, they can live by licking their own paws. It is exceedingly curious, that in Ireland there is neither a mole, a spider, nor any venomous reptile or insect. The weevil, in the same manner, will not live in Van Dieman's Land: in which island grows the cedar (huon pine), which has the property of repelling insects. The cochineal has been found extremely difficult to transplant. It is remarkable that though insects are the most liable to corruption of all animals, the cochineal never spoils. It has, therefore, been preserved for ages.

X.

The spawn of some fishes are propagated by aquatic birds: some of which even void the fishes, they have gorged, without any change in the fishes themselves. Eels are thus transported. Cranes swallow them alive; and void them alive¹; and thus fish-ponds are frequently

¹ This is not more extraordinary, than that worms should be capable of living not only in the intestines of the human body, but in those of quadrupeds, birds, seals*, and other fishes. The teeth of Laplanders† are corroded by worms; and a woman of Sweden‡ once bred a quantity of flies in her nose.

* Genus *Eschinorhyncs*.—Fremenville, p. 6.

† Acerbi, ii. p. 290. 4to.

‡ Memoirs of the Swedish Academy.

stocked in a manner very mysterious to their proprietors. The ostrich will eat wood, stones, glass, and pieces of iron; and void them whole. The polypus frequently swallows a polypus; which afterwards issues from its body, perfect and uninjured. The ocythoe polypus takes up its residence in the shell of a nautilus; and in this manner is conveyed from one coast to another.

If some plants have riveted partialities to peculiar soils, some insects have equal partialities to particular plants. The cochineal is wedded, as it were, to the fig-tree; the aphis to beans, peas, and rose-trees; the musk-beetle to willows; the papilio machaon to fennel; the phalæna grossulatriata to currant bushes; the phinx licustri to poplar, privet, and lilac leaves; and the sphinx atropos to jessamine and love apple. There is a small red insect, too, which seems to be almost entirely devoted to the violet. These insects emigrate with the plants, to which they are attached.

The teuthredo insects proceed from the galls of willow, beech, holly, hairy hawkweed, and ground ivy: while the leptura insect of Finland lies concealed in the corolla of the globe-flower. The caterpillar, which changes to the phalæna tortrix, and the hawkmoth, emigrate with the woodbine. The former curls itself up in its leaves; and the latter hovers over its blossoms of an evening, and extracts honey from the bottom of its nectarium. Most shrubs and trees have particular species of the aphis attached to them: all varying in size, structure, and manners; and were we to enumerate the whole, we should enumerate almost every species of tree and shrub, now in existence.

Some insects are propagated by the atmosphere: for the atmosphere is a temporary receptacle for many small aquatic and terrestrial seeds; and for the eggs of insects, and imperceptible animalcules, which, having surfaces resembling feathers, are easily wafted. Saussure saw two butterflies on Mont Blanc; and a lady-bird once flew against my face on the circular balustrade of St. Paul's cathedral.

Many insects, and even birds, are doubtless carried through the air by trade-winds. Others float upon the ocean; are picked up by marine birds; and afterwards discharged, entire, on the islands upon which they rest: as some birds do fish. It is curious here to remark, that the heat and strength of pepper are even qualified, and thought to be much better, from passing through the body of a toucan.

XI.

Bees were not originally natives of New England. The first planters never saw any: but the English having introduced them to Boston, in 1670, they have multiplied in the United States beyond all power of calculation.

There is no data to prove, that bees are known in the South Sea islands; but in Hammock, one of the Philippines, the chief subject for barter is bees' wax. Bees were introduced to New South Wales in 1809. Two hives were taken from England; but the bees in one of them were suffocated by the melting of the wax, in crossing the Line. They were introduced into Cuba by some families, who, after the peace of Versailles, came

from St. Augustine's, since 1784: and yet, in 1792, the settlers exported not less than 20,000 arrobs of wax. In 1796, there were 212 barrels of honey and 1854 arrobs of white wax exported from the Havannah¹ to Buenos Ayres.

The yellow butterfly, and the little black and white butterfly, came from China: the black species from the West Indies. About thirty-five years since, too, a mealy insect was introduced from America, which proved, for a time, extremely destructive to apple-trees. It propagated with great rapidity. But by the skill and industry of our gardeners, it is now almost eradicated. In March, 1819, there appeared near Sydney, in New South Wales, a vast number of full grown caterpillars in one night, during the rains. Most of them, however, disappeared on the next day; though no one could form the least probable conjecture, whence they came, or whither they went².

¹ Bees are domesticated in few parts of Asia. Those of the Indian Archipelago * hoard but little honey: owing to the multitude of flowers at almost all seasons of the year. But they make a great deal of wax, which the merchants export to China and Bengal. The Morea exports 14,000 ocques every year. An ocque is three pounds two ounces French.

² The manners, habits, instincts, and even numbers, of insects are but imperfectly known to the most practised of our naturalists. In M. Dufresne's collection of zoological specimens, recently purchased by the University of Edinburgh, there were 4,000 specimens of shells, and 13,500 specimens of insects. Of these 1,500 were from the Brazils. Prince Maximilian, traversing that country, collected specimens of 76 species of quadrupeds, 400 species of birds, 79 species of amphibi, 5,000 insects, and a great collection of seeds; the chief proportion of which are new to European science.

* Crawford's Hist. Ind. Archipel. iii. 438.

On the Lake Du Garda grows spontaneously the American aloe. In other parts of Italy is seen the *Menelaus* butterfly of Surinam; and in others the cerulean serpent of the Indies. The tortoise of the Antilles is occasionally found on the shores of the Hebrides; and the whale-tailed manati of the Aleutian Islands are not only known in Kamschatka, whither they are driven by storms, but in New Holland and Mindanao. The only spot, in which monkeys run wild in Europe, is the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, whither they were, doubtless, introduced from Barbary.

There are thousands of lizards among the ruins of Balbec; and though there are no venemous insects in the Madeiras, myriads of those reptiles are seen of a clear day, basking in the sun. These animals were, no doubt, in those islands previous to their separation from the African continent.

Insects and shell fish there are, which emigrate with the plants, on which they feed, and whence they have their being. Several species of the *lepas* cling to bamboo canes, and float to vast distances: when their shells are open, they look like full-blown flowers. The spotted toad fish¹, which keeps among sea weeds at the bottom of the water, has, no doubt, wandered in this manner from China to the Brazils, where it is almost equally abundant.

The caica, having a body of green, and wings and tail edged with blue, suddenly appeared in Cayenne in 1773; but no one knew whence it came. It was first seen by Sonini de Mononcour. Since that time, small flocks of

¹ *Lophius histrio*.

them annually resort thither, in the months of September and October; but they immediately disappear, on the commencement of stormy weather.

XII.

The ash-coloured parrot, now so common in Jamaica, and parts of America, came originally from Guinea. The blue-headed parakeet, which sleeps with its head downwards, was carried from Sumatra and Malacca to the Philippine islands; but it would be impossible to state, in what manner it went into Otaheite. The slave ships of Senegal, however, introduced the rose-ringed species into Guadaloupe, Martinico, and St. Domingo.

Lories, wherever they are found, were originally deported from New Guinea, or the Moluccas. That the double-ringed parakeet should be found in the isle of Bourbon, and not in Madagascar, is exceedingly curious. The circumstance proves, however, that it is a native of neither. The first parrot, ever seen in Europe, was brought from Ceylon by Alexander's admiral, Onesicritus. The Romans afterwards obtained them from an island of the Nile: and in the time of the earlier emperors, they were kept in cages of shells, ivory, and silver.

The Norman conquerors introduced the camel into the Canaries in the fifteenth century. The Spaniards introduced the horse upon the continent of America: and these increased in Chili, in the course of one hundred and eighty years, to so great an extent, that the Indians ate them for food. The Spaniards also planted the goat in America. That this animal should have

been previously entirely unknown, throughout that vast continent, is the more remarkable, since in the Old World it is a native, not only of the temperate and frigid zones, but of the plains, rocks, and mountains of the torrid. Juan Fernandez introduced goats upon the island, which he discovered, in his voyage from Lima to Baldivi. On his return to Lima, he endeavoured to obtain a patent for settling upon that island; but was unable to procure one.

The Balearic crane came into Europe from the Cape de Verd islands; and peacocks from Samos; where they were dedicated to Juno, and imprinted on the coins. Pheasants came from Asia Minor; the Guinea hen from that part of Africa, bearing its name; the canary of the Tyrol from the Canary Islands; and the domestic cock, lately found wild in the island of Tinian, and the woods of Malabar, had for its ancestor the jungle cock of India. The horse and the ass came from Arabia, whence they passed into Egypt and Greece: thence into Italy and all parts of Europe. Buffaloes were introduced into Italy in 595; silk-worms, much later, from China and Japan. The bearded titmouse was first brought to England from Denmark by the Countess of Albemarle. That lady kept several in a cage; from which some accidentally escaped, and thus became patriarchs of an English colony. The naturalization of this bird is a subject of no small interest; since, while sleeping, the male covers the female with one of his wings, entirely spread over her.

XIII.

Captain Cook left a buck and doe, with two rabbits, in Mooa; a bull and a cow, a Cape ram, and two ewes,

with a horse and mare, in Tongataboo; and various domestic animals in Otaheite and other islands. Captains Vancouver, Wilson, and other navigators, have followed the example:—in a few years, therefore, islands, which have a tropical vegetation, will abound in animals from the temperate zone.

It is curious, that when sheep were introduced to Van Dieman's Land, they acquired remarkable fertility. They bred twice a year, and, for the most part, had twins. In consequence of which, a few sheep had multiplied, seventeen years after their introduction, to the number of 127,883. In 1818, there were, also, in this island 264 horses; and 15,356 horned cattle. But to show how little mere climate has to do, in respect to the increase, we may observe, that ewes in Lapland¹ have frequently twins twice a year; and goats constantly two kids, and often three at a birth.

XIV.

The Spaniards have done great service to the western world in this manner. They introduced dogs, swine, horses, and horned cattle into St. Domingo, which, after exterminating the original inhabitants, they permitted to run wild in the woods and savannahs. They performed the same service for Chili. In that country horses became so numerous, that in Molina's time they sold for only 4s. a head; and in 1798 there were exported from Buenos Ayres not less than 43,752 skins of horses, and 874,593 untanned hides. Horned cattle have not im-

¹ Acerbi. ii. 222. 4to.

proved in Chili, or the Brazils ; but the horses are equal to the finest breeds of Europe. Mules are larger and more handsome ; and swine more prolific, but not so large.

The horse originally is native of Asia¹. Led in a domestic state into these vast regions, they have resumed the wild habits and manners of their forefathers ; but are subject to evils, to which those ancestors were entirely strangers. In the season of heat, they are tormented by musketoos and gadflies by day ; and in the night by large bats, which leave holes in their skins for insects to deposit their eggs. During the season of inundations, when the savannahs become lakes, they are seen running about in all directions, as if they were frantic ; surrounded by manatees, water serpents, and crocodiles. Upon the subsiding of the waters, however, the earth becomes enriched with an odoriferous herbage ; and they enjoy, till the season of heat comes on, the sweets of existence in large herds.

In Chili, too, are the hare and otter, with many varieties of European fowls, as well as in Peru, Mexico, and the South Sea Islands. Chili is happy in having no wolves, or tigers ; even the lion is harmless ; and men sleep in the forests in perfect security² : there being no poisonous reptile of any sort³ ; nor any wasps, gnats, or musketoos.

The rat was introduced to America by a ship from Antwerp⁴ ; and the first cat was presented to Almagro⁵ by Montenegro, who received for the present no less than 600 pieces. Some writers have asserted, that all animals

¹ Humboldt.

² Molina, i. 34.

³ Ulloa, iii. part ii.

⁴ Wallis.

⁵ Herera, Dec. v. c. 9.

degenerate in America. This idea has arisen chiefly from the unphilosophical rage for generalization, which prevailed so extensively, some years since; and which still partially remains to the discomfiture of true science. So far from this having been the case in Chili¹, all European animals, as before observed, have increased in size rather than diminished: particularly horses, asses, sheep, and goats. Ewes, indeed, have lost their horns; but rams have acquired four; and not unfrequently six.

British horses were so much admired by the Romans, that they imported great numbers of them, for the purpose of recruiting their cavalry. Of late years the horse, the ox, and the sheep have been much improved, both in size and symmetry, by crossing the respective breeds. The art of improving stock was carried to a curious height by the ancient natives of Spain and Egypt; who, depending much upon the efficacy of association, placed the handsomest oxen before their cows, when in conception. In modern Greece, where cows are not milked, many farmers entertain the same ideal impressions. In Britain, however, to such an extent has the art of breeding been carried, that 400 guineas have not unfrequently been given for a bull; and 100 guineas for the use of a ram for only one season.

There are many animals of Asia and America, which it would be wise to introduce into the south of Europe. A French writer recommends to this adoption the fowls of Chatigaon; the Cashmirian sheep; the musk deer of Thibet; the bulls of Berar; many kinds of birds, and several species of fish. The Indian camel would, assuredly,

¹ Molina, i. 267.

flourish in Italy, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, and Greece. It is true, the camel of the deserts can only be of use in level countries; since "uphill or downhill is equally the camel's curse." But the camels of Dera, which have frequently a white colour, and blue eyes, have a more various capacity of movement, and ascend hills with little comparative difficulty.

Of all Asia, the country, most resembling Europe, is Afghaunistaun. There is nearly the same general climate; similar animals; and a similar vegetation; most of our best fruits; and not a few of our most common, as well as of our most beautiful, flowers. These are mixed with turtles, tortoises, and plantains, with other instances of Asiatic zoology and vegetation.

Among the rocky mountains of North America is an animal, called the Rocky Mountain Sheep,—an intermediate genus between the goat and the antelope. It has fine white wool; and ought to be introduced into Great Britain. The gazelle, too, might embellish several districts of Spain and Italy. Mild, intelligent, active, and familiar with man, "the little four-eyed stag," (as the Ceylonese call it, from having two marks under the eyes, with eyelids arched with eye-lashes,) might feed on herbs and flowers, and milk and honey,—to all which it is particularly partial,—from the hands of Spanish and Italian beauty; and reward their attention with one look from its large and brilliant eyes.

XV.

An attempt has lately been made to people the desert mountains of Stavanger with domestic rein-deer. In the

winter of 1818, an inhabitant of that district purchased 200 in Sweden and Russia Lapland; some of which were of the white Siberian breed. The want of snow induced him to leave all his snow-shoes, furs, utensils, and tents, in Aamadt; and he killed more than twenty on the journey for food and beverage. They passed through Christiana on the 1st of January, and arrived at their place of destination in perfect safety.

Carp were brought into England by Leonard Maschel in 1514; gold-fish in 1691. Lobsters were introduced to the sea, near New York, by a boat from New England. This boat having split upon a rock, all the lobsters escaped; and casting their spawn, they became very plentiful. It is curious, however, to remark, that lobsters, some time afterwards, were unknown on that part of the coast. Some persons suppose, they were alarmed at the frequent sound of cannon on the shore, during the year 1781; and that they left the coast in consequence: but it is more probable they quitted it from a temporary deficiency of food.

Some animals are better protected, and increase more by being under the guardianship of man, than they would do, if left entirely to themselves. Hence the large flocks of bustards, that are seen in Chili, where they are frequently domesticated; and hence the decrease of the black cock in Wales and Scotland;—an animal which flies from cultivation, and prefers the birch forests of Lapland, Siberia, Finland, and some parts of Norway. They are decreasing every year. This rule, however, does not invariably apply; for though redbreasts and wrens in Europe, blue pigeons at Mecca, and storks in Germany,

Greece, and Africa, are piously protected, we do not find, that they increase to any considerable extent.

XVI.

Some animals are found in distant latitudes; and not in their intermediate spaces. Thus in Kodjak¹, of the Northern Archipelago, are found beautifully speckled mice; the same animal is found 300 leagues distant; and in no part of the intermediate countries: and the mountain sheep (argali) of Kamschatka, in the same manner, is known in Europe only in Corsica and Sardinia. The dog of the arctic regions, visited by Captain Ross, neither growled nor barked; its anger being signified simply by the erection of its hair. The same peculiarities marked those of New South Wales, which were presented to Mrs. Lascelles and the Marchioness of Salisbury. They probably derived their respective origins from the same animal.

The barby-roussa, though found in a small island², near Amboyna, is not found on the continents of either Africa or Asia; a circumstance the more remarkable, since, when hunted, it takes to the sea; and swims from one island to another. Some animals are confined to particular latitudes. Thus the sea-wolf, with teeth so sharp and strong, that it leaves marks of its bite even upon anchors, seems to be confined to the arctic and the higher latitudes of the temperate zones. But the phocus is occasionally seen in the Mediterranean: and from this animal, probably, the ancients conceived their notions, relative to Syrens and Tritons.

¹ Stæhlin's *Russian Discoveries*, p. 34.

² Bouro.

XVII.

Some animals, and also some minerals¹, are attached to particular countries. In Lapland there are many birds, known nowhere else. There is a species of egret peculiar to Cashmeer, the feathers of which are collected with great care; and a plume of them generally surmounts the turban of Cashmerian ladies, on the right side of which is an ornament of jewels. The balearic crane² is chiefly confined to Majorca, Ivica, and Minorca; and the red-legged crow³ is found in no part of England or Wales but Cornwall, Flintshire, Carnarvonshire, and the Isle of Anglesea. In Siberia there are bull-finches entirely white; and though they have been occasionally seen in Germany, they are only wanderers. Their song is far superior to that of the common bull-finch.

In New Holland and New South Wales there are some vegetables and animals entirely peculiar. It is true, the water-mole is known there; and eels, herons, widgeons, plovers, and pigeons: quails, wild turkies, bustards, and pelicans. But they have all distinguishing characteristics. In the interior, there is a species of pigeon⁴, seen nowhere else. On its head it wears a black plume; the back part of its head is of a flesh colour; its wings are streaked with black; the breast is fawn-coloured; its eyes are red; and its downy feathers golden, edged with white. In that country, too, is the black swan, and the *ornithorynchus paradoxus*, the male of which has spurs like a cock;

¹ Tellurium has been hitherto found only in Transylvania, and in a Bismuth mine, at Huntingdon, Connecticut.

² Pavonia.

³ Graculus.

⁴ Oxley's Journey in Australia, p. 97. 4to.

situated over a cyst of venom, which, by a channel through the spur, inflicts wounds on those, in whom its spur sticks. It is oviparous: but it belongs properly neither to the class of birds, beasts, nor fishes. It is, also, worthy of observation, that while the dog of New Holland is unknown in Van Dieman's Land, the panther of Van Dieman's Land is unknown in New Holland. Van Dieman's Land, too, has the black-wood, the Huon-pine, and a peculiar species of yew: while New Holland has the cedar, the rosewood, and the mahogany.

Electrical eels are found only (or principally) in the rivers of Surinam, in Guiana; and in the rivers of Senegal, on the opposite continent. Electrical eels have no scales; but in their combats with the horses and mules, which the South American Indians make use of to catch them, they attack them at the heart, intestines, and the plexus cæliacus of the abdominal nerves. Eels, which have given the shock repeatedly, require a considerable time to regain their loss of galvanic force; and much nourishment. When roused by the horses' feet from the mud, they swim upon the surface of the water, and attack the horses' bellies with repeated discharges of their electric batteries. They are of a fine olive green, and appear like large aquatic serpents. The under part of the head is yellow, tinged with red: and from the head to the end of the tail, along the back, are rows of small yellow spots. Each spot, says Humboldt, contains an excretory aperture, whence issues a mucous matter, which Mons. Tolta has proved to have the power of conducting electricity, thirty times better than pure water.

XVIII.

If there are some animals attached to peculiar countries, there are others, known in many latitudes. One species of antelope emigrates from one end of Africa to another, as food presents itself; wild mules and horses do the same in Asia; and the pacos in South America. Some birds, as the *charadrius morinellus*, *apricarius*, and *pluvialis*, fly from country to country, in a direct latitudinal line, as insects abound: keeping for ever on the wing. Other birds visit latitudes so high north as Lapland and Sweden, solely for the purpose of living upon insects, which Linnæus paradoxically calls the “*calamitas felicissima*” of Lapland.

The chimney swallow is known from Norway to the Cape; from Kamschatka to Japan and India; in North America, and the West Indian islands. It is remarkable that, in the South Sea islands, few migratory birds have been observed; and those almost entirely confined to aquatic species. In latitude $42^{\circ} 30'$ north of the line, Cook found even fewer of these, than in the same latitude south; owing, he supposed, to a scarcity of resting-places¹.

It was observed by Barentz², when he and his forlorn

¹ The progress of marine birds emigration may, in some measure, be calculated by the following fact.—The captain of the *Conway* caught a booby, which had a piece of leather tied to one of its legs, on which was written *Henry de Nantes*. He took this off, and tied a piece of silver round, with the name of his own ship inscribed upon it. Upon arriving at Rio Janeiro, he found the ship, *Henry de Nantes*, loading for France; and comparing the latitudes and longitudes of each ship, it appeared from the log-book, that the bird had traversed 600 miles of ocean between the times of being caught.

² Three voyages made by the Dutch into the Northern Seas. Philip, Ed. 1609.

companions passed the winter, on the western side of Ice-haven, that when the sun left them, the bears left them too; and were succeeded by white foxes: and that when the sun reappeared, the foxes fled, and the bears returned.

XIX.

The Scythian antelope migrates, every autumn, from the northern to the southern deserts; and returns in the spring. The springer antelope migrates in small herds, from the interior of Africa to the neighbourhood of the Cape. There they remain for about two months: when they return in bodies to the amount of many thousands. When rain has not fallen for two or three years, they travel through Caffraria, and destroy chief of the vegetation: but lions, hyænas, and panthers, destroy them in return.

Lapland marmots travel, once or twice in twenty years, from the mountainous parts of Lapland and Norway, in large bodies; destroying all the grain and vegetables in their way; and, being deterred neither by water nor by fire, travel with their young either in their mouths, or upon their backs, till ruin overtakes them. None ever return;—for they are either drowned, killed by the inhabitants of the districts, through which they migrate, or eaten by foxes, lynxes, ermines, and other animals. Wild asses, also, collect in autumn to the east and north of the lake of Aral, in thousands; and thence effect a gradual retreat into the northern parts of Persia and India. Similar migrations are observed in land crabs, locusts, and various species of birds and fishes. In 1758 so large a number of fishes assembled on the coast of Goree, that Lindsay says, he saw the fishermen take, in two hours,

as many as would satisfy a thousand men¹; some exceedingly good, and others remarkably beautiful. Such a number of porpoises and sword fishes, too, entered Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope², that it seemed, as if a person could walk upon their backs from one horn of the bay to the other.

Writers of credit inform us, that, during the eruptions of Vesuvius, fish pour into the bay of Naples so abundantly, that the market is glutted with them. Fishes emigrate in the greatest numbers, and to the greatest distance: nor is it less remarkable, that while most birds emigrate to warmer climates, to pass the winter, and not to breed; most fishes do so, only to deposit spawn. Their winter rendezvous is the arctic circle. Birds emigrate when the winter begins; fishes after it has ceased.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEN, in all civilized countries, offer rewards for the destruction of wild beasts. They are, indeed, outlaws in every country. In Wales the tribute to the English kings was paid in the heads of wolves. At the Cape of Good Hope sixteen rix-dollars were given for a lion; and ten gilders for a tiger. In the Orkneys every person, who kills a golden eagle, is entitled to the best hen from every house of the parish, in which it is destroyed. In Asiatic Turkey,

¹ Keppel's *Voy. to Coast of Africa*, 4to. p. 57. Ed. 1759.

² Paterson's *Trav. in Africa*, 4to. p. 5. Ed. 1790.

however, the nobles have succeeded in taming leopards, as the Chinese have tigers. They ride upon them, as we do upon horses. It is curious, that in Lapland and Sweden wolves have, of late years, very much increased. Sixty years since they were scarce. Now the forests are infested with them.

But discretion must be used in the destruction of rapacious animals; lest in ridding ourselves of one evil, we entail upon ourselves a greater. Rooks, for many years, were regarded as nuisances to farmers;—they are now esteemed beneficial from the grubs, which they destroy. The Pennsylvanian blackbird¹ feeding on maize, the farmers destroyed them in great numbers. The worms, on which they fed, multiplied, in consequence, so abundantly, that they became immeasurably more destructive, than the birds. The birds, therefore, soon returned into favour.

All animals, that cannot be tamed for human use, will one day be extinct. The eagerness, with which they fly from the progress of man, is fully instanced in the back settlements of America. The Ohio country, not many years since, contained only a few savages, and a multitude of wild animals. Now (1818) it has upwards of 500,000 inhabitants; and, as a natural consequence, few wild animals are to be seen.

II.

It is curious, that in tropical islands (except those in the immediate neighbourhood of continents), there are neither lions, leopards, tigers, nor elephants. Lions were more frequent in ancient than in modern times: and they infested countries, to which they are now totally strangers.

¹ Quiscula.

For even as lately as the time of Aristotle, they not only infested Thrace and Macedon, but Thessaly. And it could have been no easy service to eradicate them from the recesses of Pindus, Othrys, Ossa, and Olympus¹. Lions were not uncommon in Palestine, in the time of Samson, Joshua, and David: and Godfrey of Boulogne² destroyed one near Antioch. The lions of Asia, where the population is great, are less ferocious, and more obsequious to men, than in the interior of Africa, where the population is small. The presence of man alters the characters, and awes the propensities of animals. Sylla exhibited a hundred lions; Cesar four hundred; and Pompey no less than from five hundred and fifty to six hundred. Neither is the hippopotamus so numerous as in ancient times. The egrel was formerly common in Britain; it is now supposed to be confined to Asia, and some parts of South America. The lanner, a species of falcon, is now so scarce, that a naturalist must almost voyage to Sweden, Iceland, or Tartary, before he can procure a living specimen for description. The condor, once known in Lapland, Russia, Germany, and Switzerland, is now known only in Peru, Mexico, Brazil, and

¹ Euripides describes lions in Cithæron.—

We from the mountains bring a new-slain prize,
A glorious capture to this royal house.
I caught him without toils, without a troop
Of hunters, this young lion.
'Tis but a whelp:—beneath his shaggy head
The hair yet soft begins to clothe his cheeks;
This brinded mane is the rough grace, that marks
The mountain savage.

Bacchæ.

² William of Malmesbury, p. 448.

some of the South Sea Islands ; in Madagascar and in Senegal. The bustard is common in Chili ; but it will, at no very distant period, be entirely unknown in Europe. Its numbers are decreasing every year.

III.

Beasts of prey hide themselves in forests ; serpents in deserts. These animals had once a far more extensive range, than at present. Nor does the strength of lions, panthers, or eagles, avail them much : for they have little or no courage ; and will never attack superior force, unless impelled by irritation or want. In the early historical eras of Nineveh and Babylon, beasts were so numerous, that to hunt them with success was to acquire the most valuable species of distinction. Nimrod founded his authority on this species of warfare.

Amyclæ in Laconia was, at one time, so much infested with serpents, that the inhabitants were compelled to abandon not only their houses, but their lands. The Island of Ophiusa (Fermentera) derived its name from the number of its serpents. It is only forty or fifty miles from Majorca, and yet is still uninhabited.

Wholly unmolested,—serpents grew to a prodigious size, and once existed in vast numbers : but the march of civilization has abridged their food, their numbers, and their growth. Even the Molucca serpent was not unknown in the higher parts of Asia. Pliny mentions one, that was three-and-thirty feet in length ; and another, that had the capacity of swallowing an entire stag : while the allegory of the Python and Apollo seems to favour the supposition, that it was at one time not unknown even in Greece.

A man may encounter a lion with success : but numbers are required to subdue serpents of such vast dimensions. For, before a serpent all the faculties of the human soul are suspended :—even the most ferocious of quadrupeds bend before them in an agony of horror.

IV.

In some ancient countries ¹, it was capital to kill an ox for food ; it being esteemed so useful an animal : while in modern Hindostan, to exact labour from a bullock when it is hungry, thirsty, or fatigued ; or to oblige it to labour out of season, is to incur a fine of two hundred and fifty ² puns of cowries.

Previous to the Norman conquest, every freeholder ³ had a right to hunt and destroy wild animals, except in royal forests. This right was acknowledged, also, in Scandinavia ⁴. By an edict of William the First, however, all bucks, does, hares, rabbits, martins, foxes, partridges, rails, and quails, became the property of the sovereign : also mallards, herons, pheasants, woodcocks, and swans. The right of killing these animals was, however, fre-

¹ *Ælian. Var. Hist. lib. xii. c. 34.*

² *Code of Gentoo Laws, p. 299, 4to.*

³ *Leges Edw. Confess. c. 36.*

⁴ *Stiernhook de Jure Sueon. lib. ii. c. 8.*

In a sporting party of the Emperor Francis the First, in 1755, there were killed in the space of eighteen days, ten foxes, nineteen stags, seventy-seven roebucks, and 18,243 hares :—114 larks ; 353 quails ; 9,499 pheasants ; and 19,545 partridges *. There were twenty-three persons of the party ; three of whom were ladies ; and the number of shots fired were 116,209. Of which the emperor fired 9,798 ; and the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine 9,010.

* Dutens.

quently delegated to others, who had chases, parks, and free warrens. The exclusive right of fishing in public rivers, too, once belonged to all those monarchs in Europe, whose authority was founded on the feudal system.

The right of fishing in England was first granted in the reign of King John; and it was still further extended in those of Henry the Third, and Richard the First. The laws, respecting animals, have been modified from time to time; but they are still in many points exceedingly oppressive, and a never-failing source of altercation and disquiet. That a possessor of land should have no property in the animal, he feeds, is surely an anomaly in the science of legislation! In England, where game is preserved with so much care, expense, litigation, and angry feeling, privileged birds are comparatively scarce; whereas in Bohemia, where the peasantry are less restricted, they are very abundant.

V.

Whether the elephant was ever known in America was, for some time, a subject for reasonable doubt: the fossil bones, dug up in Peru and the Brazils, being in too imperfect a state of preservation for the comparative anatomist decidedly to identify them with the bones of the elephant of Africa and Asia. But whatever may be the fact, certain it is, that since Europe has succeeded in planting America with exotic seeds, and in peopling it with exotic animals, it would be one of the best returns, that Spain and Portugal could make for past frauds, pillages, and murders, were they to introduce the elephant and the camel into such points of soil and latitude, as to ensure the ultimate

naturalization of animals, still more useful in tropical countries, than even the lama or the pacos.

Seals are becoming scarce in New Holland; whales are decreasing in Greenland; and sea elephants, once so numerous near Juan Fernandez, are decreasing every year. There is a peculiar species of perch, too, once generally known, but now scarcely ever seen, except near Fahlun in Sweden, and in the Lake of Raithlyn in Merioneth.

In the time of Polybius¹, there were no wild animals in Corsica. In that island the cattle, which grazed in the woods, quitted them at the call of the shepherd; and even swine were trained to such obedience, that they would separate from any drove, which they chanced to mingle with, at the sound of a horn. In the Isle of Cyprus², deer, wild boars, roebucks, and a beautiful species of pheasant, were once extremely abundant. They are now nowhere to be seen in that island. The white pelican formerly inhabited Russia; and the flamingo, once familiar to the shores of Europe, are now seldom seen, except in America. That black swans were formerly seen in Europe or Asia is evident from a line in Ovid, declaring their unfrequency: for had he never heard of one, he would no more have thought of mentioning a black swan, than a yellow nightingale.

The Canary³ Islands derived their ancient name from the multitude of their dogs: and the Spaniards⁴ named the Azores from the number of their hawks. Both animals are now greatly diminished. Grouse are not so common

¹ Lib. xii, Extr. i.

² Mariti. vol. i. 26.

³ Plin. lib. vi. c. 32.

⁴ A. D. 1450.

in Europe as formerly : and the cock of the wood seldom delights the sportsman, even in the highlands of Scotland. The stag has been extirpated in Russia : and the cruelties of Edward the First in Wales were almost atoned for by the entire extirpation of wolves. The beaver was known in Wales during the reign of Howel Dhâ ; but, that it was even then rare, may be inferred from its skin being valued at a hundred-and-twenty pence. Eagles were once frequent inhabitants of Snowdon and Cader Idris. On the latter it is now never seen ; and on the former not once in twenty years. Deer, too, were so numerous in the forests of Snowdonia, that they were extirpated by royal authority, for the injury they did to the trees and corn.

VI.

Bears, wolves, foxes, stags, weasels, and bush-cats, are said to be the only animals, that strictly belong to the two continents of America and Africa ; while the hare, fox, bear, wolf, elk, and roebuck, are equal inhabitants of the northern parts of America, Europe, and Asia. Buffon has observed, that not one animal is common to the torrid zone of the old and new continents ; and M. Latreille and M. Cuvier assert, that no quadruped, no terrestrial bird, no reptile, and no insect, are common to the equatorial regions of the two worlds. This can be allowed only with exceptions. It is true the king of vultures and the armadillo are peculiar to Southern America ; and the zebra is equally unknown out of Africa, where it is seen to frequent districts, so widely apart as Congo, Ethiopia, and the neighbourhood of the Cape. It is true, also, that the antelope is a stranger in America, and that the hum-

ming-bird is never seen in Africa: but the bush-cat of Whyda is the agouti of Brazil: and the plaintive note of whip-poor-will charms the wanderer on the banks of the Congo, as well as on those of the Oronoco.

The African antelope will never naturalize in Denmark; the rein-deer and the elk, so common in the higher latitudes of Europe, Asia, and America, would languish even in Scotland; while the roe, so frequent in Guiana and Brazil, would expire with cold among the plains of Poland, or the forests of Germany and Italy.

The noira lory, called for its beauty "the brilliant," was with great difficulty made to sustain a voyage from Java to Amsterdam; the white-headed amazon, so common in Mexico, will not naturalize even in Guiana; the Abyssinian hornbill will not fly into Egypt; and the maipouri,—occupying the chain between parrakeets and popinjays,—rejects every kind of food, when caught; and will consent to try no climate but its own.

Sea birds take astonishing voyages. The petrel roves from sea to sea; and, not long since, a large marine bird was shot near the harbour of Kilkenny, in Ireland, which had an arrow in its neck, similar to those described by Cook, as being used by the islanders of the Pacific Ocean.

Voyagers find king's-fishers in Africa and the South Seas; grasshoppers in the Cape de Verd Islands; hares and black-birds on the Congo; and trout not only in Newfoundland¹, but in the uninhabited Bear Islands² of the Polar Seas. In the Ohio territory woodpeckers and wood pigeons are as numerous as rooks and crows

¹ Barrow's Polar Regions.—Append. 22.

² Coxe's Russian Discoveries.

in Europe. The chatterer of England sings in Norton Sound; and in Nootka Sound the common wren and humble-bee fly near the same bush, which the humming-bird associates with South America. The meadow mouse, which subsists chiefly on nuts and acorns, is found in still greater numbers in Newfoundland than in Europe; but cows are not seen beyond Egypt and Barbary in Africa; nor in Asia beyond Armenia and Persia; though they are said to be in a wild state in Borneo and Madagascar.

It was remarked by the discoverers of Spitzbergen, that though, in Nova Zembla, there were neither leaves nor grass; yet in Spitzbergen there were both, though in a much higher latitude. Nature, therefore, with her usual wisdom, has peopled Spitzbergen with herbivorous deer, and Nova Zembla with carnivorous beings only.

The pholas tribe, a marine insect, which exhibits almost the last stage of animal motion, is not only found in the South Seas, but along the shores of Normandy; near Ancona in Italy; and even on the coast of Scotland.

In some islands, that of Lord Howe for instance, there are no quadrupeds: but parrots, a small bird resembling the American humming-bird, and even European magpies, with ants and earthworms, are seen in abundance.

In Otakootaia, in the South Seas, various moths and butterflies propagate in abundance. As this island produces no water, it would have been difficult to account for this remarkable circumstance, as no unmarine animals can exist on salt water; did we not know, that rain and dews frequently fall; and as the cocoa palm flourishes

there, probably water may yet be discovered, at some depth under its roots.

VII.

A few observations may be here introduced, relative to fabulous and extinct animals. Of the former are the centaur¹, the minotaur, the phœnix, the griffin², the pegasus, the chimæra, and other monsters engraved upon the

¹ Pliny believed in the existence of this monster.—(Nat. Hist. vii. c. 3.)—He says he actually saw one embalmed in honey. And another is said to have been found on a mountain in Arabia, which the king sent to Cesar, when in Egypt. It died from change of climate. Cesar had it embalmed; and it was sent to Rome and exhibited.

² Thus described by Servius: “Gryphes autem, genus ferarum, in hyperboreis nascitur montibus. Omni parte, leones sunt, alis, et facie, aquilis similes, Apolloni consecrati.”—This animal was supposed to have been generated between a lion and an eagle. Some have affirmed, that the dromedary was originally the offspring of a hog and a camel. Anciently it was supposed, that the leopard sprang from a lion and a panther; the quacha from an ass and a zebra; the camelopard from a panther and a leopard, or a leopard and a camel. An origin, equally illegitimate, has been attributed to the llama, since it unites the sheep, the hog, the camel, and the stag.

What a mass of fable would have descended to us, had the ancients known the bonassus of the Apalachian mountains! This animal has horns resembling those of an antelope; the head and eye of an elephant; the beard of a goat; the fore parts of a bison; the hind parts of a lion. It has a flowing mane; is cloven-footed; and chews the cud. It is active, strong, and savage; but is said to emit no sound, even when irritated.

Ducks have certainly been known to be impregnated by toads. There are two instances on record. One as occurring at Thorne's Lane, near Wakefield; and another at a village near Grantham*. The Japanese† believe their ancestors to have sprung from the wow-wow monkey!

* Literary Panorama, 1807, p. 1083.

† Barrow, Voy. Cochin-China, p. 199, 4to.

monuments of Egypt, and on the temples of Persia¹, India, Ethiopia, Arabia, and many parts of China, Japan, Mexico, and Peru². Of the latter we may, in the first instance, allude to the behemoth, the leviathan, the flying serpent, the roc, and the unicorn.

The existence of these has been doubted for many ages; yet surely with no sufficient reason. The behemoth³ was a species of hippopotamos; and the leviathan⁴ a crocodile whale. That flying serpents once existed there surely can be little doubt, since they are mentioned by Isaiah⁵, Pliny, and Marcellinus: while Herodotus expressly states, that he saw the bones of winged serpents on a plain in Africa. Strabo⁶, Elian⁷, and

¹ As the martichore; having the tail of a scorpion, the body of a lion, and the head of a wren.

² Imaginary animals are not unknown in the Highlands of Scotland. Of these one of the most remarkable is the water-bull. Dr. Maccullough thus describes it:—"This animal is supposed to reside in several of the lakes, in Loch Rannoch and Loch Awe, for example; combining powers and properties, worthy of the pen of Spenser. He is occasionally angled for with a sheep, made fast to a cable, secured round an oak; but as yet no tackle has been found sufficiently strong to hold him."—*Descript. West. Islands of Scot.* vol. ii. p. 185.

³ Job xl. v. 15.

⁴ Job xli. v. 1.—Some have supposed the leviathan to be the great sea-serpent. Isaiah says, that "the Lord shall punish leviathan, that piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon, that is in the sea."—Ch. xxvii. v. 1. The sea-serpent has been seen on the coast of Norway, on that of Coll, among the Orkney Islands, and on the coast of North America. The authorities for the existence of this animal on the Norwegian coast are De Ferry of Bergen; Olaus Magnus, lib. xxi. c. 27.; Ramus, *Descript. Norway*; Happelius, *Mundus Mirabilis*; Peter Undalinus, cap. vii.; Pontoppidan, vol. ii. p. 203.

⁵ Ch. xiv. v. 29. Ch. xxx. v. 6.

⁶ Lib. xv.

⁷ Lib. xvi. c. 42.

Pausanias¹, also allude to them. Æschylus has a fine passage in his description of Clytemnestra's dream.

She fancied she had given a dragon birth.
This new-born dragon, like an infant child,
Laid in the cradle, seemed in want of food;
And in her dream she held it to her breast.
The milk he drew was mix'd with clotted blood.
She cried out in her sleep with the affright.

Æschylus—The Choephæ. —Potter.

That the roc once existed is rendered probable by the circumstance of Mr. Henderson² having found in Siberia the claws of a bird, which measured a yard in length: and he was assured by the Yakuts, that skeletons and feathers of this bird were often seen in their hunting excursions. The quills are of a size so large, that they will admit a man's arm into their interior.

The unicorn still exists in the interior of Thibet. It is there called the one-horned tso po. Its hoofs are divided, about twelve or thirteen hands high; it is extremely wild and fierce, yet associating in large herds. Its tail is shaped like that of a boar; and its horn, which is curved, grows out of its forehead. It is seldom caught alive; but the Tartars frequently shoot it, and use its flesh for food³. An account of the existence of this

¹ Lib. ix.

² Philosoph. Mag. vol. lv. p. 75.

³ Quarterly Review, No. xlvii. p. 120, 1.—Ancient writers mention three animals, with horns growing out of the middle of the forehead. The cartazonon *, or wild Indian ass; the African oryx †; and the monoceros ‡.

* Solid hoof.

† Cloven hoof; tall as a rhinoceros, and form like that of a deer. Elian mentions some with four horns.

‡ Divided feet.

animal was communicated by Major Lattar, commander of the territories of the rajah of Sikkim in the mountainous country east of Nepaul, to Adjutant-General Nicol, who transmitted the account to the Marquis of Hastings.

VIII.

Of extinct animals, the remains of which have been found in various parts of the globe, Cuvier reckons forty-nine species of quadrupeds; of which twenty-seven are referrible to seven new genera:—the others to known ones. Of these are “a tapir as large as an elephant; a species of sloth, as large as a rhinoceros; and a minotaur, possessing the magnitude of a crocodile¹.”—For a more particular account of these antediluvian animals, the reader is referred to the abstract below², as affording curious data in respect to the evidence,

¹ Jameson.

² ABSTRACT OF THE FOSSIL ORGANIC REMAINS, DESCRIBED BY CUVIER.

I. CLASS. MAMMALIA.—ORDER;—DIGITATA.

Cavia.—In the quarries of slaty limestone of Aeningen.

Mus.—In the slaty limestone rocks at Walsch in Bohemia.

Ursus Spelæus.—Extinct.

Ursus Arctoideus.—In the limestone caves of Germany and Hungary. Bones of this animal occur in an extent of upwards of two hundred leagues. Three fourths belong to species of bears now extinct.

Canis.—*Felis*.—One allied to the jaguar;—and another to the tiger. In the above-mentioned caves.

Viverra.—One species allied to the pole-cat; one to the zorille; in the German and Hungarian caves:—and one to the ichneumon species, found in the quarries near Paris.

Megalonix.—A species of sloth. In the limestone caves of Virginia.

Megatherium.—A species of sloth. In alluvial soil, on the banks of

they present, of an order of things, previous to the one, now prevailing on the surface of the globe. In regard to the mammoth, remains of which are found in

the Luxan, near Buenos Ayres;—a second near Lima;—and a third in Paraguay.

ORDER;—MARSUPIALIA.

Didelphis.—In the gypsum quarries near Paris.—Extinct.

ORDER;—SOLIDUNGULA.

Equus.—In alluvial soil.

ORDER;—BISULCA.

Cervus.—1. Fossil elk of Ireland. In shell marl and peat bogs:—found also in alluvial soil in England, France, and Germany.—Extinct.

2. Fossil deer of Scania. In peat moss.—Extinct.

3. Fossil deer of Somme. In loose sand.

4. Fossil deer of Etampes. In sand.—Extinct.

5. Fossil roe of Orleans. In limestone with the bones of the palæotherium.—This is the only specimen of a living species, found among those of extinct species.

6. Fossil roe of Somme. In peat.

7. Fossil red deer or stag. In peat bogs and sand pits.

Bos.—1. Aurochs. In alluvial soil. England, Scotland, France, Germany, and America.

2. Common ox. In alluvial soil. Europe.

3. Large buffalo of Siberia.—Extinct.

4. Ox, resembling the musk-ox of Canada. In Siberia.

ORDER;—MULTUNGULA.

Rhinoceros.—Distinct from the three species now known. In alluvial soil near Canterbury; Germany, France, Italy. This animal has been found in Siberia with its bones, skull, flesh, and skin.

Hippopotamus.—Two species. One found in alluvial soil in France and Italy:—the second, not larger than a hog.—Extinct.

Tapir.—Two species. In France, Germany, Italy.

Mammoth, or Fossil Elephant.—England, Ireland, Sweden, Iceland, Russia,

various countries, at wide distances from each other, it may be proper to remark, that Fischer discovered the skull of one, near Moscow, which measured five feet in length; and that one has been recently found in a state of

Poland, Germany, France, Holland, Hungary, Asiatic Russia, and in North and South America.—Extinct: but a carcass has been found in Siberia.

Sus.—In peat moss: and occasionally in new alluvial soil.

Mastodon.—Allied to the elephant:—five species;—all extinct.

1. Great Mastodon.—On the Ohio; and in Siberia.

2. Mastodon with narrow grinders.—In several places in Europe and America.

3. Little Mastodon with small grinders.—In Saxony and Montabusard.

4. Mastodon of the Cordilleras.—South America.

5. Humboldtian Mastodon.—South America.

All the above were found in the alluvial soil, which covers the bottoms of valleys, or is spread over the surface of plains:—consequently near the earth's surface.

Palæotherium.—Five species found in the gypsum quarries round Paris:—and five other species in alluvial soil, or in fresh-water limestone.—Extinct.

Anoplotherium.—Five species.—Extinct.

ORDER:—PALMATA.

Castor. Two species; one in France; the other on the shores of the sea of Azof. Both in alluvial strata.

Phoca. Two species in coarse marine limestone in the department of the Maine and Loire.

Lamantin. Two species, found as above.

CLASS:—AVES.

Sturnus. In the formations round Paris.

Coturnix. In the strata near Paris.

Sterna. Found with the above.

Grallæ. Inclosed in solid rocks near Paris.

Pelicanus. Nearly resembling. Found in the Paris formations.

CLASS AMPHIBIA.—ORDER:—REPTILES.

Testudo. Species unknown. Found distributed, near Brussels and Maestricht,

great preservation by a Tungus chief at Schoumachoff, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean, imbedded in ice, where it must have remained a vast multitude of years. It still retained its flesh, its skin, and its hair. The

through the masses of the rock, along with different marine productions, and bones of the gigantic monitor.

An unknown species, also, found in the limestone slate of Glaris; near Paris; and in the vicinity of Aix. Fresh water species in the gypsum quarries, near Paris.

Crocodylus.—Two extinct species; found in pyritical bluish-grey compact limestone, at the bottom of the cliffs of Honfleur and Havre; and other parts of France: also near Whitby. Two or three other species have been found in other places.

Sir Everard Home has described the fossil remains of an animal, possessing characters partly of the crocodile, and partly of the species of the class of fishes, found in blue-coloured clayey limestone, named *Lyas*, between Lyme and Charmouth.—*Jameson*.

Monitor. In the quarries near Maestricht; in soft limestone, containing flint. This animal appears to have formed an intermediate genus between those animals of the lizard tribe, “which have long and forked tongues, and those, which have a short tongue, and the palate armed with teeth. A probable inhabitant of the ocean.”

Salamander. In calcareous slate, rich in petrifications; near Aichsted and Pappenheim, and at Aeningen.

Bufo. In slaty limestone at Aeningen. Cuvier refers this specimen to a species allied to the *bufo calamita*: Dr. Karg to that of a common toad.

Saurus. Some naturalists take this for a bird; others for a bat: Cuvier refers it to the class amphibia; Jameson to that of mammalia.

CLASS.—PISCES.

Cuvier mentions five species.—First, A fresh-water species; allied to the genus *amia*. Second, allied to two fresh-water genera, viz. the *mormyrus* of La Cepide, and the *pæcilia* of Bloch. Third, an unknown species of *sparus*. Fourth and fifth dubious.

M. Cuvier’s account of fishes and shells is remarkably defective. May I presume to request this celebrated naturalist’s future attention to this very important department of science?

skeleton is now in the Museum Academy at St. Petersburg.

THE MAMMOTH.

On India's shores my dwelling lay.
Gigantic as I roam'd for prey,
All Nature took to flight!
At my approach, the lofty woods
Submissive bow'd; the trembling floods
Drew backward with affright.

Creation felt a general shock;
The screaming eagle sought the rock;
The elephant was slain:—
Affrighted men to caves retreat;
Tigers and leopards lick'd my feet,
And own'd my lordly reign.

Thus many moons my course I ran,
The gen'ral foe of beast and man;
Till on one fatal day,
The lion led the bestial train,
And I, alas! was quickly slain,
As gorged with food I lay.

With lightning's speed the rumour spread;
“ Rejoice! rejoice! the Mammoth's dead!”
Resounds from shore to shore.

Pomona, Ceres, thrive again,
And, laughing, join the choral strain;
“ The Mammoth is no more!”

In earth's deep caverns long immured,
My skeleton from view secured,
In dull Oblivion lay:
Till late, with industry and toil,
A youth subdued the stubborn soil,
And dragg'd me forth to day.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAVING, in a former chapter, endeavoured to explain in what manner islands are formed; and after what method they become green with vegetation, and enlivened with animals, it remains to show in what probable manner, they become peopled with the human race.

That America was peopled from Africa, there is scarcely one argument for inducing the belief. No similarity is there in colour, language, manners, customs, or religion; by which a single proof of a common origin may be traced. Nor is there even an association, on which we might build a conjecture, that, prior to the age of Columbus, even an intercourse subsisted between them by the means of navigation.

That America was peopled from Asia, on the north-west, there are so many reasons, arising out of a great variety of evidence, strengthened by the fact, that in one point the two continents are separated by a distance of only thirty-nine miles, that the problem may be said almost certainly to be solved. In fact, the continents are so contiguous (and future research may even prove them to be actually joined), that hares, elks, roebucks, foxes, wolves, and bears, belong as well to North America as to Northern Asia.

There is also some reason to believe, that the Japanese and Chinese traded, in former ages, to the western continent¹, many coincidences having been observed among the Chilians and Chinese.

¹ Horne. *De Origine Americ.* 1652.

Whence, and in what manner, the Pacific Islands became inhabited, is a question much more complicated and difficult. Their very existence was unknown to European research, a long time after the discoveries of Columbus, Vesputius, Magellan, and other navigators. They were equally unknown to Western America, and to Eastern Asia: and, with the exception of those islands, which are disposed in clusters, they were equally unknown to each other.

II.

One object of modern inquiry has been to discover a north-east, a north-west, or a Polar passage to Cathay: and while the Russians were making efforts in the North Pacific, the English and French, steering through the vast bosom of the Southern Ocean, gave to the knowledge of Europe, Asia, and America, new manners, new customs, new religions, and even new creations; both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Semi-barbarous nations mingle so many fables with their traditions, that it is difficult, and indeed frequently impossible to separate the one from the other. But barbarians have not even traditions, on which to build the structure of hypothesis. The inquirer into the origin of nations can, therefore, only reason from the best evidence that analogy affords. In the present instance these evidences are few; but they are striking: and lead to the probable conclusion, that most of the islanders, in the Pacific, sprang from one original stock.

What the Tartars still continue to do by land, the natives of the islands on the south Asian coasts were accustomed to do by sea. They voyaged from one island

to another¹; and settled in those, they found the most agreeable and the best provided. The chief points of resemblance among these islanders may be reduced to the knowledge, which many of them traditionally possessed of the use of iron: to the circumstance, that the natives of Maugeca, and of the Caroline islands, although distant 1500 leagues, saluted strangers in the same manner, viz. by taking the hand and joining noses: to the similarity, observable in their features and complexions; to the coincidence of many of their manners and opinions; to the shapes of their musical instruments; and, above all, to the harmony, which subsists between their respective languages.

In respect to the manner in which some other of these islands were peopled, some idea may be formed from the circumstance of two Esquimaux savages having been driven by the currents in canoes upon the coast of the Orcades; a circumstance which is attested by Wallace, in his *History of the Orkney Islands*². Baron de Humboldt³, who alludes to this fact, relates, also, that in the year 1770, a small vessel, laden with corn at the island of Lancerotte, and bound to Santa Cruz, was, in the absence of its crew, driven out to sea: where, crossing the vast expanse of

¹ Stæhlin's *Disc. of New North Archipelago*, p. 25. The Biajus of Borneo * live in covered boats, and subsist by the art of fishing; float from one island to another with the variations of the monsoons, and thereby enjoy perpetual summer.

² Page 60. Ed. 1700.

³ Humboldt's *Voy. to Equinoctial Regions*, i. p. 57. Originally in Viera. *Hist. Gen. de las Islas Canarias*, iii. p. 167.

* Leyden on the Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.

the Atlantic, it ran ashore at La Guayra near the Caraccas. Some have, doubtless, been peopled by men and women, who, while fishing along their native coasts, lost their oars and paddles, and were drifted by the winds and tides. A circumstance rendered the more probable by its being ascertained, that women are employed in fishing, on some parts of the west American coasts, as well as men.

Whence New Holland derived its inhabitants, it is difficult to determine; but that the natives of Van Dieman's Land were originally African, is evident from their heads being covered with wool; and from their countenances exhibiting, in a very striking manner, the African physiognomy.

Many islands, on the American coasts, were, when first discovered, totally destitute of inhabitants. The Bermudas, for instance, 400 in number, lying in the form of a shepherd's crook, and situate between 200 and 300 leagues from the continent. The manner in which they have been successively peopled, it is not necessary to state; as they are well known to have derived their inhabitants from modern industry and enterprise.

III.

In 1681 a Mosquito Indian was accidentally left on the island of Juan Fernandez by Captain Watling. For three years he lived upon fish, goats, seals, rock-fish, snappers, cabbage-tree, and a variety of herbs. He built himself a hut, and made his bed with goat-skins. Upon Captain Watling's revisiting the island, the Indian saw the ship at a distance; and, knowing it to be an English

one, killed three goats; dressed them with leaves of the cabbage-tree; and brought them down to the shore. The ship anchored, and a Musquito Indian, who was on board, with other sailors, landed. Running to his brother Indian, he threw himself upon his face at his feet. The islander lifted him up; and then fell at his feet in the same manner. He was afterwards hailed by the crew, when his joy was signified in every action.

Not long after the departure of this Indian, Alexander Selkirk was thrown upon the same island, and passed upon it several years. His history is well known. It was he that planted the oats, which Commodore Anson saw growing, some years afterwards. The island rises high out of the water, and has a steep shore, fine woods and savannahs. The soil in the vales consists of a black and fruitful earth; and there is good water in almost every part. It has been peopled by the Spaniards; and there is a regular garrison and a governor. From this account we learn, that Juan Fernandez was peopled with goats by the discoverer; and first planted with oats by a man, who was unfortunate enough to be cast upon it.

In recurring to the fate of Alexander Selkirk, the imagination reverts to the distress of Philoctetes, on the desert island of Lemnos.

As, wearied with the tossing of the waves,
They saw me sleeping on the shore, beneath
This rock's rude covering, with malignant joy
They left me, and sail'd hence.——

Think from that sleep, my son, how I awoke,
When they were gone! Think on my tears, my groans.—
Such ills lamenting, when I saw my ships,
With which I hither sail'd, all out at sea,
And steering hence; no mortal in the place;

Not one to succour me;—not one to lend
 His lenient hand to mitigate my wound!
 On every side I roll'd my eyes, and saw
 Nothing but wretchedness.

The manner in which this unfortunate formed his cave, and administered to his daily wants, is also exceedingly interesting.

Time after time roiled on; this narrow cave
 I made my mansion; and these hands alone
 Supplied my wants.—My bow procured me food.
 —— Fire was not here;—I struck
 Flint against flint, and raised the latent spark
 With pain:—thus cherish'd life has been preserved.

Euripides.—Potter.

IV.

Upon a rock, twenty-nine miles north-west of Nooah-eevah, in the South Seas, an American passed three years. With three companions (who died soon after their landing), he had quitted his ship for the purpose of procuring feathers. The rock, upon which they were cast, was barren and desolate; but he contrived to live upon the flesh and blood of birds. The skulls of his companions were his only drinking vessels. In 1818 the crew of the Queen Charlotte discovered a fire on the rock, made of dried sea-weeds. Knowing the rock to be barren, their curiosity was excited; and the captain sending off a boat, they discovered the forlorn seaman, and took him to Bombay. This man had a few seeds in his pocket; and he planted them; but they refused to propagate.

In the year 1808 or 1809, a sailor, named Jeffery, on board the Recruit, having stolen a little spruce beer, his

commander, Captain Lake, set him on shore on the uninhabited island of Sombrero, in the Atlantic archipelago. Two months after this, the Recruit returning to the same latitude, the captain sent a boat, with several seamen, in order to retake the man on board; but he was nowhere to be seen:—and the crew concluded, that he had been devoured by the large birds, which frequent that barren rock in vast numbers. Jeffery, in the meantime, having been landed by two officers, with only the clothes he had on, was left helpless and hopeless, to endure all the agony of the apprehension of being devoured by birds, or of dying of want. There was no shelter, and the heat of a tropical sun almost drove the unfortunate man to madness. The island being a low rock, after searching for some time, he discovered water in some of the hollows, and a considerable quantity of birds' eggs, and a few limpets. On these he lived for nine days; during which time he observed several ships pass in the distance, to which he made signals, but without effect; until he was discovered by the master of an American schooner, who took him on board, and landed him at Marblehead, in the county of Essex, in the province of Massachusetts.

In the meantime, the conduct of Captain Lake having been reported to the commander-in-chief of the West-India station, he was tried before a court-martial, and sentenced to be dismissed his Majesty's service. The Parliament of Great Britain, too, having, at the instance of Sir Francis Burdett, recommended a search for the unfortunate seaman, he was brought to England, and arrived in London in the month of October, 1809. When I first saw him, I was particularly struck with the mo-

desty of his manners, and the grave simplicity of his conversation. Deeply impressed with gratitude to Heaven for his preservation, there was a solemnity of tone in the artlessness of his remarks, that struck me with no small degree of admiration. He was about one-and-twenty years of age.

Captain Lake's family having rewarded him for the sufferings, he had experienced, Jeffery left London for Cornwall, where he was born, in order to visit his mother. He was met near Polperro by his father-in-law, who, soon after their first greeting, returned to apprise his mother of his arrival. The whole village now came forth to meet him ; and nothing could exceed the joy with which he was welcomed. The meeting between him and his mother was affecting in the highest degree. She gazed upon him with bewildered anxiety, as if she could scarcely believe what she saw ; but, recovering herself, they rushed into each other's arms, and, for some moments, were lost in sobs and tears. Nothing but the arrival of Jeffery was talked of ; while the joy of the villagers, and the tumultuous endearments of the mother and son, consecrated an evening, that will for many years be remembered in that village with the liveliest satisfaction.

Those tears are thine, which gem the eye,
And all her tears and anguish smother ;
First when an infant's feeble cry
Proclaims the lovely fair " a mother."
And when that infant,—grown a man,—
O'er seas beset with wild alarms,
(Contracting space into a span,)
Shall spring into that mother's arms,
Who, that e'er felt as mothers feel,
Would her soft, trickling, tears forego

Not all the gold, that burnished steel
E'er won upon the field of woe,
Could tempt the mother, father, wife,
To check the rapturous, throbs and tears,
Which quicken into instant life,
When that delighted son appears.

Ode to the Nymph of the Fountain of Tears.

V.

The Gallipagos islands are of volcanic origin; and every hill retains evidence of being the crater of an extinguished volcano. The only one, ever inhabited, was taken possession of by a native of Ireland (Watkins), who quitted his ship; and taking up his abode there, built a hovel, planted potatoes and pumpkins, and lived a miserable life, for several years, on tortoises and other marine animals; bartering vegetables for rum, and other necessities.

The island of Tristan da Cunna is an entire mass of lava. It rises 5000 feet above the sea, in the form of a cone. With the exception of a plain, six miles in length, and two furlongs in breadth, this island is entirely covered with copse wood. Not a day passes without rain. The common thistle, the lichen, a species of goosefoot, and storksbill, are found there. There, too, are found two or three species of seal, of which the leonine is so little alarmed at the presence of men, that persons may get on their backs, and be carried into the water. The black albatross breed there in a gregarious manner; and upon being touched, throw out a deluge of foetid oil fluid. Wild goats and hogs, too, are seen among the bushes, a few having been left by early navigators. In 1814, this

island was inhabited by three men; an American, a Portuguese, and a German. They lived upon fish and birds' eggs, and covered their huts of straw with seal-skins.

VI.

The peopling of Pitcairn's Islands has excited much interest in Europe, and in all the British Asiatic settlements. Captain Bligh having sailed, in 1790, in order to plant the bread fruit-tree in one of the South Sea islands, his crew mutinied, and putting him in a boat, they sailed for Otaheite, where each sailor took a wife. With these women, and six Otaheitan men-servants, the mutineers again set sail; and after passing a Lagoon island, which they called Vivini, and where they procured birds' eggs and cocoa nuts, they ran their ship ashore on Pitcairn's Island, situate $25^{\circ} 2'$ south latitude, $130^{\circ} 0'$ west longitude.

Finding the island small, having but one mountain, and that adapted for cultivation, they put up temporary houses, made of the leaves of the tea-tree, until they were able to cover them with palms. In this island they found yams, taro, plantains, the bread-fruit-tree, and ante, of which they made cloth. They climbed the precipices, and procured eggs and birds in abundance: they made small canoes, and fished; and they distilled spirits from the roots of tea. In this manner the whole party lived four years: during which time there were born to them several sons and daughters. But a jealousy arising between the English and their Otaheitan servants, the latter revolted, and murdered all the former, except one,—Adam Smith;—whom they severely wounded with a

pistol-ball. The women, upon thus losing their husbands, to whom they had become exceedingly attached, rose in the night, and, stealing silently to the place where their countrymen lay, murdered them. By this act there remained upon the island only one Englishman (Smith), the Otaheitian women, and the children.

Thus left to their own exertions, Smith and the women applied themselves to tilling the ground; in which they cultivated plantains, nuts, bananas, yams, and cocoas. Their animals consisted of pigs and fowls; but having no boilers, they dressed their food after the manner of Otaheite. They made cloth, and clothed themselves also like the Otaheitians. Thus situated, they were at length discovered by an American captain, who chanced to sail that way. At this time the children had grown to be men and women; and the population amounted to thirty-nine. They looked upon Smith as their patriarch; they spoke English; and they were brought up under his tuition, in a moral and religious manner.

Since the time, in which they were discovered, their population has increased considerably; they have parted with their still, and obtained a boat. Their ceremonies of marriage, baptism, and funerals, are plain and simple; none of them have learnt to read; but great strictness is observed in respect to religious duty. Many ships have since visited them: and in September, 1819, a subscription was entered into, at Calcutta, to supply them with ploughs and other useful articles. These were sent by Captain Henderson, who undertook to land them in the *Hercules*, on his voyage to Chili. In 1819, not a quarrel had taken place among the inhabitants for eighteen years!

VII.

The manner in which cities have been founded, and states organised, is another interesting subject for remark. Colonies have been formed, as checks on conquered countries; as media of extending particular branches of commerce; or in order to discharge a superabundant population. Some by persons, labouring under civil or military inconveniences; others by martyrs in the cause of their faith. Some derived their origin from contagious disorders, ambition of chiefs, vows, or commands of oracles. The Greeks established theirs for all of these causes; but chiefly in order to relieve their cities from a redundancy of inhabitants. The Tartars, Huns, Goths, and Vandals, emigrated with similar views: the Romans formed colonies as checks on the countries they had conquered: the Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, French, and English, chiefly for the purposes of commerce.

The most celebrated of colonial establishments in ancient times, were those of the Italians in Sicily, before Christ 1294; of Evander, who led a colony of Greeks into Italy in 1243; of the Phenicians to Carthage, 1235; of the Ionian colonies in 1044; of the Messenians to Rhegium in 723; and of the Athenians to Byzantium in 670. Miletus, the Athens of Ionia, sent many colonies along the shores of the Euxine, Propontis, and Hellespont. The Cretans, previous to the time of Agamemnon, had made settlements on many coasts of Europe and Asia: while the Samians sent a colony even to Upper Egypt. Samos itself, after many revolutions, was colonized by the Athenians, and partitioned into two thousand parts; one part being apportioned to one colonist.

The Lydians colonized Tuscany¹; the Rhodians founded Naples, and some cities in Iberia; while the Phocians sent a colony to Marseilles. This settlement was highly important for the harmony, which, for so many ages, it preserved; and for the benefits which resulted to the country, in which it was established. Marseilles being the Athens, Oxford, and Cambridge, for the youths of Gaul, and no inconsiderable portion of Spain, Germany, and Britain. And yet though Marseilles was eminent for so many ages, it is curious to remark, that not one author, residing within its walls, has survived the wreck of learning and science.

VIII.

The most remarkable emigration, in modern times, is that of 500,000 Tour-Goths, from the shores of the Caspian to the Chinese frontiers. Nor did ever a government receive a greater insult, than that of Russia in the resolution of those emigrants to encounter so long and so difficult a journey, in order to throw themselves under the protection of a foreign prince, rather than submit to the insults of an unprincipled conquest.

But history presents no colonization, so agreeable to the imagination as that of Pennsylvania by the immortal Penn; whose enlightened philosophy; private and public difficulties; faith with the native Americans; the urbanity of his companions; their order, purity, and precision; present a combined picture, whether relating to manners or to circumstances, which throw into the shade

¹ Propert. lib. iii. Hor. Sat. vi. v. 1, 2.

the whole history of empires:—deformed, as it is, with every variety, arising out of sacrilege, robbery, treachery, assassination, and public murder;—sanctioned by custom, dignified by law, and hallowed into glory.

The United States of America are chiefly indebted for their population, civilization, and consequent power, to the impolicy of European administrations. Factions, civil wars, difficulties in procuring subsistence, or the hope of bettering their condition, having induced a great number of Swiss, German, French, Irish, Scotch, and English emigrants to quit their native soils, and seek in a distant country subsistence and repose.

The origin of new tribes in solitudinous countries has frequently arisen from certain men and women having retired from the justice or the persecution of their countrymen. In others, from children having been wilfully, or accidentally, left by their parents. This has been exemplified even in Europe. The Tartars and Russians, in their excursions into Poland, were accustomed to take women with them. These having by accident, or design, left their children in the solitudes, those children found foster-mothers in those wild animals, among which they were afterwards found. Many of these beings have been discovered in Poland, and even in some parts of Germany.

One observation, in respect to colonists, it is very important to remark. They are mere merchants: seeming to have no conception beyond the vulgar wants and passions of life. What have the colonists either of Spain, Portugal, France, or England, done for the imagination or the judgment of superior men? Those settled in

Africa, nothing; in America, nothing; and in Asia, comparatively nothing;—if we except a few translations, and a few treatises on local antiquities.

In Greece it was otherwise. Nor is it possible to contemplate, without the liveliest admiration, the gems both of history and of poetry, that the Greek colonists of Sicily, Doria, and Ionia, have left for the instruction and delight of mankind. Scarcely a city of those countries, but has recommended itself to the gratitude of posterity! Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus;—but the list were multitudinous.

IX.

Liberty came from the North; the sciences and the arts from Egypt, Arabia, and other parts of the East. These we have imported with safety; since we have had sufficient grace to perceive, that despotism was unworthy of importation. But as a drawback on these advantages, Europe owes some of its disorders to her intercourse with Asia. It is remarkable that in the year, which gave birth to Mahomet, the measles, the small-pox, and the hydrophobia, were first known in Arabia. The two former emigrated from Ethiopia. These disorders have subsequently been transplanted into Europe.

As Europe, in this particular, has suffered by an intercourse with the East,—Africa and the Pacific are under a similar disobligation to Europe. The Portuguese introduced the gonorrhea and the elephantiasis into the Congo country: and other Europeans left the small pox and the lues in the South Sea Islands. The natives complain, that the Spaniards left them the swelled throat; Cook the intermittent fever; Vancouver the dysentery;

and Bligh the scrophula. Europe has also introduced to them a new method of making war.

The diffusion of knowledge, by creating a vibration of interests from one end of the globe to the other, has annihilated space; by bringing countries, the most remote, into contact with each other. This has led to a juster equilibrium in respect to civilization. For commerce is one of the greatest and most profound of all instruments, for effecting the result, nature has instituted, by establishing a community of wants. The second instrument of civilization arises out of the greatest of all moral calamities—war. For savage countries and corrupt nations, as an elegant writer remarks, gain essential and lasting advantages, by being conquered by a people, governed by wiser laws, and distinguished by more humane institutions than themselves. The effects of Roman conquests yielded, in point of interest to those who were conquered, only to the advantages, which have been the constant results of British conquests;—whether in America, Africa, or in Asia.

Such are the advantages arising from war, from commerce, and from colonization. But those, who emigrate, seldom cease to lament the country, they have quitted; and they are at all times ready to address that country in imagination, as a lover addresses the mistress, he has left behind.

Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.—
Still to my country turns with ceaseless pain,
And draws, at each remove, a lengthened chain!

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

SCENERY, among its other beneficial results, never fails to increase the regard, which is entertained by every one for his native country. Even the nabob, who forsook his country after wealth, and marked a foreign soil with rapine, purchases comparative ease from his reflections in the groves of his native village.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,

 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he has turn'd,

 From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self—
Living—shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Lay of the last Minstrel, cant. vi.

Inhabitants of wild and desolate regions, of long extended plains, of heaths, of moors, and of the busy city, can transport themselves into the most distant

regions of the globe, and still find fields, and plains, and moors, and streets, resembling those, they have quitted, to awaken, at intervals, all the agreeable associations, which are connected with their native land. These associations are ardent; but they never exalt to that wild and ungovernable transport, which animates the mountaineer, and the inhabitants of a sequestered valley, at the mention, or even the recollection of their glens, rocks, rivers and mountains. Hence we find that the natives of Wales, of Scotland, of Arcadia, and of Switzerland, have been, in every period of their history, remarkable for an attachment, not only to their native country, but to their native village. Speaking by a figure,—they esteem no flowers beautiful, that do not grow among their vallies: in their imagination a foreign mineral is no better than a fossil; and an exotic gem of no more value than a paste. Their water is almost equal to wine; the speed of their horses surpasses that of the antelope; and their daughters are more beautiful than the daughters of Cashmire!

This passion, however, is so general, that no country, even if it were a desert, but is remembered with pleasure, provided it is our own. The Cretans called it by a name, indicating a mother's love for her children. The negroes of the *Windward Islands* are the proudest and most vain of all the western coast: the *Ethiopian* imagines, that God made his sands and deserts, while angels were employed in forming the rest of the globe¹!

¹ From the lotus was anciently distilled a wine, so luscious, that it was said to have the power of making strangers, who visited the ancient Loto-phagi, forget their native country.

The Arabian tribe of *Ouadelin* imagine, that the sun, moon, and stars rise only for them. A similar belief is indulged, in western Africa, by a tribe, called the *Labdesseba*.—"Behold yon luminary," said they to M. de Brisson¹, who was shipwrecked on their coast; "it is unknown in your country: and, during the night, you are never enlightened, as we are, by the stars, which are his children!"

The *Persians* were so enamoured of Shiraz, that they imagined, that if Mahomet had but once tasted the pleasures of Shiraz, he would have prayed to have been made immortal in Shiraz, rather than in heaven. The *Maltese*, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World²;" and while the Greenlander, wild and stupid as he is, has a sovereign contempt for a stranger, the *Caribbees* esteem their country a paradise, and themselves alone entitled to the name of man! A feeling of this nature animated Becarrus, when, in grave discourse, he insisted, that the language of Paradise was a Teutonic dialect.

OMAI, though he was delighted with every thing, he saw in this country, and had every temptation to stay in it, was yet delighted even to rapture, when he entered the ship, which was to convey him to his native country. The Abbé de Lille relates an affecting anecdote of an Indian, who, amid the splendour of Paris, beholding a banana tree in the Jardin des Plantes, bathed it with his tears, and, for a moment, seemed to be transported to his own land. And when an European ad-

¹ Leyden's Discov. in Africa, vol. i. p. 285.

² Flore del Mundo.

vised some American Indians to emigrate to another district, "What!" said they; "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise, and follow us to a foreign country?"

II.

The Kamscatcadales believe themselves the happiest of all human beings; and their country superior to every other in the world. The inhabitants of Ormus were accustomed to boast, that the world was a ring; and their city a gem situated in its centre. The soil produces scarcely any thing; and there is so little water, that travellers have wondered how the gazelles, the partridges, and the turtle-doves, find water to drink.

The Abbé Raynal, in his Philosophical and Political History of the East and West India Settlements, relates a curious circumstance. A Hot-tentot boy, taken from his cradle, and bred up in the manners of the French colonists, voyaged to India; where he engaged in trade for many years. In the course of his mercantile transactions, he visited the Cape of Good Hope; and, naturally desirous of seeing the spot, in which he was born, as well as of visiting his relatives, he went to their huts; beheld them clad in sheep-skins; and disfigured with oil: and after staying a short time with them, became so attached to the spot, and so charmed with the simplicity of their lives and manners, that he resolved to quit the society, to which he had been accustomed, and to adopt the more barbarous language, manners, and habits of his relatives. With this view, he returned to the Cape; and, obtaining an audience of the governor, addressed

him after the following manner:—"I have returned from the huts of my relatives, in order to inform you, that I have resolved to renounce the mode of life, you have taught me to embrace. I will follow the manners and religion of my ancestors, to the day of my death; I will keep this collar and sword, which you have given me, as a mark of my affection; but all the rest of my habiliments and property I shall leave behind me." Saying this, says Raynal¹, he ran out of the chamber, and was never seen or heard of after.

III.

The *Mandingoes* of Africa consider their province the most delightful², and themselves the happiest people upon earth. The *Laplander* loves his snows and the aurora borealis better, than all the flowers and sunshine of the south.—The *Japanese* imagine themselves to be immediately descended from the sun, the moon and the stars; and the *Chinese* believe their language to have been vernacular in paradise.

This people have a beautiful sentiment. "He, who sincerely loves his country, leaves the fragrance of a good name to a hundred ages³." The Chinese emigrate very frequently to the island of Borneo. This island is one of the richest on the globe. Susceptible of producing every species of spice, it is also one of

¹ Raynal appears to have taken this curious anecdote from *Histoire des Voyages*, tom. v. p. 175.—Rousseau has also made use of it, in his Essay on the Inequality among Mankind.—*In notis*, xvi.

² Park's Travels, p. 407.—Aurelius Victor calls Africa, his native country, "*decus terrarum*."

³ Pekin Gazette; Kea-King, 19th year, 10th moon, second day. (November 13th, 1814.)

the most productive in gold and diamonds. The diamonds are not inferior to those of Golconda, either in size, shape, or water. The soil, in which they are found, is recognized by its colour; which is in some instances white, and in others black, green, orange, and red. The largest diamond, discovered in this island, is that, now in possession of the Sultan of Sùkadâna; and it is said¹ to be the only appendage of royalty, that remains to him. So profitable are the mines, that 32,000 Chinese are employed in them; and nearly 500 return every year with a competence to their native towns and villages.

The love of country binds equally the Arab to the desert, and the Baffin Esquimaux to the Arctic circle. Captain Ross found the latter not only content; but proud of their barren rocks, and vast ice-islands: nor could he tempt one of them to visit Europe. The natives of Dârfur are alike devoted to their plains and deserts. They esteemed Browne, who first introduced them to the knowledge of Europe, to be far inferior to themselves; and they believed his colour to be the effect of disease, or of divine displeasure.

Bosman² relates an almost incredible circumstance. He says, that the negroes of the Gold Coast of Africa are so desirous of being buried in their own country, that if a man die at some distance from it, and his friends are not able to take his entire body to his native spot, they cut off his head, one arm, and one leg; cleanse them, boil them, and then carry them to

¹ Raffles' Hist. of Java, vol. i. p. 239, 4to. It is uncut; resembles an egg; and weighs 367 carats.

² Coast of Guinea, p. 223-4, ed. 1721

the desired spot, where they inter them with great solemnity.

IV.

The Javanese esteem all men their inferiors, and have such a conscious pride in their nature, that rather than carry a burthen upon their heads¹ they will almost suffer death. They have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that no advantages can induce the agricultural tribes, in particular, to quit the tombs of their fathers. To remove them, says Crawford,² is literally tearing them from the soil. One of their poems commemorates the endeavour of a Javan to return to his country ; but was denied the consolation.³

When the ambassadors of the King of Johannah were at Calcutta, to invite the assistance of the Governor General, they expressed the greatest admiration at

¹ Raffles' Java, Introd. p. xxvi.—Diego de Conto Decad. vol. iv. b. iii.

² Hist. Indian Archipel : vol. i. p. 84.

³ When he had passed the road

He ascended the mountains ;

And moved on slowly,

Ascending and descending,

Proceeding,

In search of his country,

Named Sahàlsa ;

Which he desried ;—

But here he was opposed by the will of Providence !*

* Hist. Java, vol. i. p. 410.

the splendour of the city, and the riches, which were every where displayed ; but they still testified a lively desire to terminate their mission¹ in order, that they might return to their own country.² The English quit their's with satisfaction, when any commercial advantage is to arise from it. The French, too, leave their's with levity and alacrity, when military preferment is the perspective reward. This seems to have been one of their distinguishing characteristics in ancient times, as well as in the modern ; for Annæus Florus² remarks, that no army was embodied in his time without having some Gallic soldiers amongst them. And yet no people dwell upon the charms of their country in a distant land, more than the French and the English.

The inhabitants of Beziers even believe, that were the Deity to reside upon earth, he would select Beziers for his habitation.⁴ A curious instance of scenerial nationality is recorded by Mr. Wraxall. Dining one day with a gentleman of Zealand, and asking him whether the country were pleasant and agreeable? "Sir!" replied his host, "on this isle, there is neither moun-

¹ Gazette Calcutta, Aug. 21, 1817.

² "To a native of a free and happy government his country is always dear; while the subject of a TYRANT has no country. He is, therefore, selfish and base-minded; he has no family, no posterity, no desire of fame:—or if he has, of one that turns not to its proper object."

³ Nullum bellum sine milite Gallo.

⁴ Si Deus in terris, vellet habitare Biterris.

tain nor river; but as to lakes, thank God! we have plenty of them."

When a native of St. Kilda was at Glasgow, though he was astonished at every thing he saw, he desired nothing so much, as to return to the rock rising in the midst of a tremendous ocean.

The Norwegians proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix-dollars, "spirit, loyalty, valour, and whatever is honourable, let the whole world learn among the rocks of Norway." The Noquais, inhabiting a barren country, through which run muddy rivulets, imagine no spot of the earth equal to their own. "You have travelled a great distance," said one of them to Baron de Tott, "but did you ever see a country equal to this?" Much more pardonable is the pride of a Neapolitan, when he exclaims, "see the Bay of Naples, and die!"

It is an ingenious remark of a writer upon the Atlantis of Plato, that the golden age is nothing but the remembrance of a country, abandoned; but still the object of fond affection. An English woman, living at Cherson, seeing an English peeress unexpectedly in that town, was so overjoyed at the sight, that, disregarding all ceremony, she ran up to her, flung her arms around her neck, and kissed her. And De Lille, in his poem *Les Jardins*, beautifully apostrophises Potivera, a native of Otaheite, brought to

¹ "Vedi Napoli e po' mori." The natives of Cairo call their most disgusting city, "Mìsr without an equal;" "Mìsr the mother of the world!"—*Legh's Trav. beyond the Cataracts*, p. 62.

France by Bougainville, who, seeing a tree resembling those, that grew in his own island, embraced it, and called it "*Otaheite*." When, however, our young friend, Claude, the son of Helvidius, was admiring the beauties of that blooming island, he felt his heart sink within him, when he reverted to the tranquil smiles of his father's house, and contrasted them with the cheerless countenances of inhabitants, among whom there was not one to bless him ! The African, torn from his country, and from all the endearments of social life, in a clime far over the western ocean, never ceases to sigh for the shore, he has been compelled to quit : and his affection induces him to believe, that, after death, he will return to his native scenes, the delights of his family, and the theatre of his former occupations. His hopes and his wishes are frequent causes for suicide ! Actuated by the same belief, a Greenland boy on board an English ship after proceeding some way on the voyage, was seized with such a violent desire to return to his native snows, that he leaped into the sea, and was drowned ; fully persuaded, that he should, after death, be conveyed to the haunts of his infancy, and the arms of his parents.

The wandering Koreki imagine themselves to be happier, than those of any other country under heaven : proud and arrogantly vain, they esteem the accounts, which travellers give them of other countries, entirely fabulous. The Kamtschadales believe themselves to be the happiest people on earth : and

for the Russians entertain the most extravagant contempt. The Samoides, who live in caves, are so attached to their deep recesses, that their deputies told the Czar of Russia, that if he did but know the comfort of their climate and country, he would quit his palace and his court, and go and reside with them. They were astonished that he should prefer St. Petersburg and Moscow !

V.

The negroes of Goree, black as ebony, fancy themselves the finest among men; and their country the most beautiful under heaven. When they observe benevolence in a christian, they enquire why a black soul has been implanted in a white body. Indeed a love of country produces in all instances a national pride. The Mohawks believe themselves superior to the whole human race: and the natives of the Canary Islands entertain a similar belief.

The mountains, near Shiraz, in Persia, are desolate and dreary; yet so attached are the Persian shepherds to them, that when the British secretary of embassy was observing their height and sterility, one of them enquired, with an air of exultation, whether his country could boast of any thing like them ! And when Mirza Abul Hassan, the Persian ambassador, was in England, he replied to an argument, relative to the comparative beauty of England and Persia, " it is true, we have not such fine houses, adorned with looking-glasses, as you have; no carriages; nor are we so rich: but

we have better fruit, and we see the sun almost every day.”

As Colonna was one day walking on the ramparts at Portsmouth, he met a Savoyard, who earned a scanty subsistence by exhibiting a male and female marmot. These Colonna offered to purchase; but the savoyard refused to sell them on three accounts; first, because they enabled him to live;—secondly, because he brought them from his own country;—and thirdly, because, as he was neither married, nor had father, mother, sister or other relation, he could not resolve to part with the only friends, he had in the world. Like the rest of his countrymen, he had left Savoy for the purpose, not so much of seeing the world, as of improving his condition; but finding himself disappointed in that expectation, he had resolved to return to the village, in which he was born: and if his marmots died before himself, he declared it to be his intention to bury them by the sides of his father and mother; leaving the middle place as a grave for himself.

In the historical introduction to a volume of Hans Egede is related an account of several Greenlanders,¹ who were imported into Denmark. The king desired, that particular attention might be paid to them. Milk, cheese, butter, raw flesh, and raw fish, were served up to them in abundance; and every thing was done, that was esteemed likely to captivate them.

¹ The Greenlanders says, “I am a Greenlander” with as proud a satisfaction as a Roman was accustomed to say, “I am a Roman citizen.”—*Egede*, p. 41.

But nothing was able to divert their melancholy. Their country was ever uppermost in their minds; and they were observed continually to turn a wistful and desponding look towards the north. Three of them fell sick, and died; two pined away with regret; and one of them was observed frequently to shed tears, whenever he saw a child at the breast of its mother. They made several attempts to escape; but without success. At length one of them succeeded; and it is supposed was overwhelmed by the sea in his little boat, as he was never heard of afterwards.¹

¹ "Many attempts having been made to open a friendly intercourse with the irascible Indians of Newfoundland, the Government at length offered a reward of £50. to any person, who should bring one alive to St. John's. A fisherman contrived to seize a young female, who was paddling in her canoe to procure bird's eggs from an inlet, at a short distance from the main land. This woman was conveyed to the capital; the fisherman received his reward; and the captive was treated with great humanity, kindness and attention. The principal merchants and ladies of St. John's vied with each other, in cultivating her good graces; and presents poured in upon her from all quarters. She seemed tolerably contented with her situation, when surrounded by a company of female visitors; but became outrageous, if any man approached, excepting the person, who had deprived her of her liberty. To him she was ever gentle and affectionate.

When this singular female had remained long enough at St. John's to be made sensible of the kindness and good intentions of the Europeans, the fisherman, who brought her, was employed to reconduct her to the spot, whence he had dragged her away. The sequel of this history is scarcely to be credited: yet it is entirely worthy of implicit credit. The villain, who had deprived this poor savage of her relations, friends, and liberty, conceived the plan of murdering her on her voyage back, in order to possess himself of the baubles, which had been presented to her by the inhabitants of St. John's. By this dreadful act, the assassin ob-

It is a remark of the celebrated Burke,¹ that to make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely. To confirm this we may refer to Boccacini. That celebrated writer fables, that all the princes of the world elected an ambassador; whom they deputed to the court of Apollo to complain, that their people committed every kind of extravagance and excess; all which they attributed to the circumstance, that men loved their country much less than in former times; praying him, at the same time, to induce men to resume that natural affection, which all honest men ought to entertain. Apollo replied, that he was not so able to effect this, as the princes themselves. For if they would observe good government; cause justice to be equally distributed; be liberal, and shed abundance; the object, they sought, would be effectually accomplished. Men, said he,² by a natural instinct, love that country, in which they are born; and nothing can eradicate that feeling so completely, as to render it odious to them, by making the living in it dangerous, incommodious, or difficult.

VI.

An Italian poet has signalized his love of Rome:—
 “Eternal Gods! may that day be the last, on which
 I forget the happiness of Rome³!”—Pinelli of Naples,

tained articles to the value of nearly an hundred pounds; and subsequently retired to England, to enjoy the plunder of his unfortunate victim.”—Chappel’s Voy. Newfoundland and Labradore, p. 182.

¹ Reflections, p. 116.

² Adv. Parnass. xc. viii.

³ La Clemenza di Tito, act ii. sc. 13.

the celebrated collector of fragments and MSS., was so partial to Padua, that he never went out of it but twice during forty years. Sannazarius, whose eclogues have been so universally admired for their elegance of expression and beauty of sentiment, was so strongly attached to his villa at Mergillina, that when during the subsequent wars in Italy it was demolished by the imperial troops, commanded by Aurentio, the event is said to have hastened his end. And Dante, though he was proscribed Florence, for so many years, and wasted his manhood in exile from an ungrateful country, still desired to have his bones rest in that country, which had cherished him up to manhood. With this impression we read, with double sympathy, that passage in his *Inferno*, where he alludes to the superior comforts of those times, when peace prevailed in the city; when no mother mourned a husband or a son; and when none were reduced to exclaim, while wandering on a foreign shore ;

O fortunate, O cias-cuna era certa
Dela sua sepoltura.—

O happy they ! —————
Certain of burial in their native land!

A wish to be buried in the country of our nativity seems to be implanted in the people of all climates.¹

¹ The Abbé Chaulieu, also, esteems it a happiness to close life, where it first began :—

Fontenay, lieu délicieux,
Où je vis d'abord la lumière,
Bientôt, au bout de ma carrière,
Chez toi je joindrai mes yeux.

It prevailed in the age of Homer,¹ as it had previously done in that of the patriarchs. The Jews still retain the passion: and to meet the probability of its accomplishment, they believe, that at the coming of their Messiah, every Jew shall rise in Palestine!—Those, who die in foreign countries, will pass through the bowels of the earth, from the tombs, in which they are first deposited, to Jerusalem.² This they call by the name of *Gilgul Hammethin*, the passing of the dead. Their love for their city, and particularly their temple, was extremely remarkable. Pompey having injured the latter, the Jews in Rome became so zealously attached to Cesar,³ that, for some time after his death, they were accustomed to assemble every night at his tomb, to signalize their veneration for his memory.

The Turks of Constantinople regard Asia as their patriarchal country. Most of them, therefore, in a respectable sphere of life, are carried, when dead, to Scutari; and they are even said⁴ to derive consolation, in their last moments, from the privilege of being buried on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The ancient Nasamones testified their love of their ancestors by touching their tombs, whenever they made an oath. The Tartars of the south have an equal affection for their fathers' monuments. One of the Persian kings, having resolved upon a war with their wander-

¹ Il., book xvi. line 551.

² “And it shall come to pass, that after I have plucked them out of their land, I will return, and have compassion on them: and will bring them every man to his own heritage, and every man to his land.”—Jeremiah, xii. 15.

³ Suetonius.

⁴ Travels in the Crimea.

ing tribes, penetrated a long way into their plains ; and being, at length, weary of pursuit, sent a messenger to his fugitive enemies to enquire how much farther they intended to retreat ; and when they meant to signalize their courage. To this message the Tartars replied, that they had no towns, villages, or houses to fight for : but that as they intended to retreat to their father's monuments, if the king wished to know, how well they could fight, it was only to march after them ; and he would soon have an opportunity of judging of their skill, as well as of their valour.

VII.

Even the honour of Ostracism,¹—the wisest law that was ever enacted for the preservation of a republic, —could never reconcile its martyr to its severity : While the Petalism of Syracuse,—a law similar to that of Ostracism at Athens, but productive of different results,—was frequently found too oppressive for the mind to sustain. In Rome, banishment consisted of three kinds. First ; a person, banished from Italy, might go whither he pleased. Second ; perpetual banishment to a particular place, and deprivation of fortune. Third ; temporary banishment to a particular place, without being deprived either of fortune or rights. Nothing was more dreaded than banish-

¹ Ostracism was established at Argos, as well as at Athens ; where it was exercised every fifth year. Valerius Maximus,* and other writers, have condemned this law ; but they judged superficially.

ment; which was esteemed little better than a state of solitary wretchedness. In modern times, the punishment is seldom inflicted on eminent men, except in Russia. In England it is confined to criminals of the worst description.

Plutarch, Seneca, and Erasmus, have written on this compulsory law of quitting a native soil. Rutilius Rufus, the celebrated Roman consul, wrote an history of Rome, in Greek, in his exile; and during the operation of a similar punishment, Bolingbroke wrote his "Patriot King." Ovid betrayed the weakness of his nature during his exile; and though Cicero's punishment was honourable, yet he betrayed more imbecility, during that period, than in any other of his misfortunes. The best picture of a patriot in exile is presented in that of Marcellus, at Mytelene. He was the friend of Cicero and mankind; an ardent lover of his country; proud of the glory of integrity; and finding the ruin of his country involved in the usurpation of Cesar, he retired to Mytelene; and in the society of several men of learning, seemed so perfectly master of himself, that "when I quitted him," says Brutus, "on my return to Italy, I seemed, as if I were myself going into exile, rather than that I left Marcellus in it." Even Phalaris, the tyrant, was a lover of his country. He was of Crete; and never failed to lament his exile; even when exercising a tyranny on the throne of Sicily. "Unskilled in the management of a multitude," said he, in an epistle to Autonas,¹ "I was driven out of my own country, and assuredly

¹ Ep. xcv.

the pleasures of a tyranny can never compensate for the pains of exile."

I remember to have heard Madame de Stael say, that no scene, she had ever beheld, affected her with so much admiration as a view from her father's house, at Copet; when she returned from the tumults and agitations of Paris. Nature seemed to make up to her for all she had suffered, by a beauty, which, after a long absence, associating with her earlier years, had all the charms of an old friendship, and all the freshness and vigour of youth and novelty.

VIII.

The Greeks were ardently attached to their soil; from natural affection; education; the beauty of the country; the amenity of its climate; the praises of their poets; the ceremonies of their religion; and the preference, which they gave to their own laws, customs, and manners. The Athenians even believed, that they originated out of the earth, on which their city stood. This made them preeminently proud. "Our origin," said Socrates, "is so beautiful, that none of the Greeks can give such pure appellations to their country, as we can. We can truly style the earth, on which we tread, our nurse, our mother, our father." The Greek writers, who affected to esteem every beloved spot as standing in the middle of the world,¹ seldom failed to allude to this hallowed sympathy. The *Odyssey* derives many of its charms from a

¹ Euripides—*Orestes*.

display of it. Ulysses is miserable in the bower of Calypso ; and he soothes the anguish of his heart by wandering,—desolate and in tears,—along the sea-shore. Many passages in the Greek tragic poets are equally affecting. In a tragedy of Æschylus, Cassandra pathetically mourns the future fate of her country :—

Ah ! my poor country, my poor bleeding country,
Fall'n, fall'n for ever !—and you, sacred altars,
That blaz'd before my father's tower'd palace,
Not all your victims could avert your doom.

Æschylus.—Agamemnon.

In the *Electra* of Sophocles, that transcendent heroine, in mourning over the urn of her brother, laments, with all a Grecian bitterness of soul, that he should have died in a distant country.

————— By a stranger's hands
Those duties paid, thou com'st, a little dust
Clos'd in a little urn.
Oh, hadst thou died, e'er by these hands preserv'd,
And snatch'd from slaughter, to a foreign land
I sent thee. Hadst thou died in that sad day,
Some little portion of thy father's tomb
Thou would'st have shar'd ; but thou hast perish'd now,
Far from thy house, and from thy country far,
A wand'ring exile ! ———

Sophocles ;—Electra ;—Potter.

Many scenes are endeared to our feelings, also, when we are about to quit them, or after an absence of many years. Some captives have wept at leaving the prisons, in which they have been confined ; and Phi-

loctetes gave an affectionate farewell to the desolate island, in which he had lingered out ten years of solitude and wretchedness.

Ye jutting rocks, and you, ye dashing waves,
Ye fountains, waters, fields, and azure hills,
That have so often echoed with my sorrows,
And now endear'd by their remembrances,
Farewell!—I leave you to return no more.

Euripides ;—Philoctetes.

The modern Greeks, too, speak of their country with joy and affectionate admiration. The very mention of Greece is said¹ to soften, to animate them, and even to inspire them with eloquence. When the Greeks were expelled from Belgrade, in 1739,² the women were forced from the tombs of their children, parents, and husbands, with great difficulty. They clung to them with the greatest affection and agony ; but, being at length exhausted by their miseries, they could no longer contend against their enemies ; and were dragged forcibly away.

No man loved his country better than Lucian. “ Why do we study the sciences,” says he, “ but that we may be useful to the country, in which we live? We have neither property nor talent, that is not essentially her’s. Let her complexion be ever so coarse, yet we dread to be banished : and desire to return to her, even after we are dead. Bury me, therefore, in my own country.”

Virgil represents Helenus and Andromache indicating the same affection, by giving the name of Troy

¹ De Guys, vol. iii. p. 108.

² De Guys, vol. ii. p. 76.

to a river in Epirus¹: and in the celebrated storm scene he makes his hero lament, even with tears, that he was not fated to die in the sight of his parents, and under the walls of his native town.² How natural!—how pathetic!—how beautiful! And yet, this is the passage, which French critics—of all critics in the world, except some few leading ones of our own, the most presumptuous and superficial,—have presumed so frequently to ridicule!

Ceylon, a Cingalese will tell us, was part of the terrestrial paradise; Hamadel, the mountain, on which Adam was created; and the lake, which lies near its summit, formed by the tears, which Eve wept at the death of Abel.

The inhabitants of Tinian, being removed to Guam, in order to recruit the exhausted population of that island, pined for their country, and died of grief! The Portuguese Jews have an ardent affection for the kingdom of Portugal. For Lisbon they sigh, when called by business or necessity into other countries; and when settled far from their dear Portugal, they order a quantity of earth to be sent over, that, when they die, they may be buried in their native soil. The Doorraunes are so ardently attached to their country, that the bodies of their chiefs are always carried thither, when any of them die in Sind, Cashmeer, or any other empire. Nothing can exceed the reverence, they bear to the spots, which contain the ashes of their fathers.

¹ En. iii. p. 302.

² En. i. p. 98.

IX.

Henry the Fourth of France had always a peculiar regard for Pau; a small town in the province of Gascoigny, abounding in beautiful prospects: and it would be difficult to describe the pleasure, he received during the siege of Laon, from revisiting the forest of Folambray; where in his youth he had been accustomed to regale himself with milk, new cheese, and various kinds of fruit; and wandering about frequently without either bonnet or shoes.¹

The late Lord Fife entertained a similar regard for Scotland. The house, in which his lordship resided, at Westminster, was built by himself. The earth, the stone, the timber, and the shrubs, were all brought from Scotland. So, though his lordship resided in England, his house stood on Scottish ground!

Castro, of Portugal, had a lively affection for Cintra. This was known to his master, the infant Don Lewis²; who, in a letter desiring him to continue his government of Goa, concluded with a hope, that, after he had performed the royal will, he would cover the rocks of Cintra with trophies and chapels, and long enjoy them in tranquillity.

¹ Mem. Sully, vol. ii. p. 381. His chateau remains at this day as he left it: his furniture, family portraits, library, &c. being all preserved. The revolution, which scarcely respected any thing, respected them.

The Duc de Biron retained so lively a regard for the chateau, in which he was born, situated in one of the most agreeable provinces of France, that the last words of regret, which escaped him, before he was led for execution, were expressive of his fear, that his park and woods would be confiscated and given to a stranger.

² Dissert. Portugueze Asia, p. clxv.

Equally lively was the love of General Fraser for the country of his nativity. This officer, who was killed at Sarratoga, in the memorable expedition of General Burgoyne, was so warmly attached to his native village, Glendoe, situated two miles from Fort Augustus, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Highlands, that, some little time previous to his fall, he declared to a friend, that he would rather be buried in one of the groves of the mountain, looking towards Loch Ness, than in Westminster Abbey!

The Swiss boasts of his lakes and his mountains; the Cambrian of his vales and his valleys; while the Scot mentally beholds with admiration and affection, even at the most distant region of the Antipodes, the windings of the Forth, the waterfalls of the Clyde, and the environs of Perth; the ruins of Iona, the crags of the Hebrides, the romantic scenes of Loch Lomond, and the heaths and glens of the Grampians.

Highly affecting is that passage in holy writ, where Jerusalem is represented, as remembering, in the days of her affliction, and of her misery, all the pleasant things, that she had in the days of old.¹ And still more affecting is that poem of David,² where he represents

¹ Lamentations, i, v. 7.

² This poem, which is inserted among the Psalms of David, was in fact written by one of the captive Jews, when in exile at Babylon; and it beautifully paints the affection, which he and his countrymen entertained for Jerusalem.

“ By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hung our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they, that carried us away captive, required of us a song ; and they, that wasted us, required of us mirth ; saying, sing us

the natives of Jerusalem banished, and sitting on the banks of the river of Babylon. Their masters desire them to play some airs for their pleasure: the exiles return—"How shall we sing the song of the Lord, in a strange land?" An instance of a similar nature is recorded, by Athenæus, of the Sybarites, who, being enslaved by the Romans, and not only constrained to adopt manners, foreign to their Grecian origin, but even to speak the language of their conquerors, assembled every year, on a particular day, to bewail their condition; and by shedding tears, and uttering lamentations in their original language, endeavoured to keep alive their affection and respect for their unfortunate country.

How beautifully has Virgil alluded to this affection, in that fine passage of the tenth *Æneid*, where he describes the last moments of the dying Argive! None of the translators have preserved the force, the simplicity, and the pathos, of this admirable passage:

Sternitur, infelix, alieno vulnere, cælum
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.¹

These lines naturally remind us of the cruelty of Verres.—One of the charges against this governor was,

one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." *Psalms* cxxxvii.

¹ Virg. *En.*—Quintilian, lib. iv, c. 2.

that he had caused a native of Italy to be scourged, in the market-place of Messina, and then to be nailed to a cross, on the sea-shore: aggravating the treatment, by ordering the sufferer's face to be turned towards Italy; that he might have the additional torture of dying in sight of his own home. This circumstance gave ample opportunity for the eloquence of Tully.¹

X.

The Swedes were so charmed, at having a native of their own country for a king,—an indulgence which, before the accession of Gustavus III., they had not, for a long time, enjoyed,—that they struck a medal in commemoration of the happy event, on the reverse of which was this inscription: *Fadern's land et*, “It is my native land.” De Pages assures us, that the Japanese have a law, which forbids every subject to sail out of the sight of land, under penalty of death. Those, therefore, who are driven by a storm to a foreign shore, are obliged to renounce every idea of returning to their native soil. Thus does a law, the most amiable in its origin, operate in its application, in a manner, the most gigantically oppressive, on one of the best feelings of the human heart. The Chinese, also, esteem it a crime to quit their country; and are, therefore, much prejudiced against Europeans, who settle there; because, in doing so, they seem to have abandoned the tombs of their ancestors.

Has any one succeeded in the world of commerce, upon the ocean, or in a distant country? with what

¹ Cic. in Verr.

pleasure does he retire to his native village, to spend the remainder of his days in peaceful retirement !

Cling to thy home !—if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head ;

* * * * *

For e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose, than all the world beside.

Leonidas.

Are we miserable & With what melancholy delight do we recall to mind the few short and happy moments, we have spent, by the side of a cataract, on the banks of a torrent, or beneath the shade of a ruin, in the society of those, we have loved, esteemed, or admired ! How grateful is it, too, in those moments of comparative sorrow, when weariness has superseded curiosity, and travelling become irksome or dangerous, to charm away the hours of disgust by recalling, with pensive enthusiasm, the favourite haunts of our youth, or those scenes, to which we are by association peculiarly attached. And how delightful is it, when, journeying in a foreign country, we come unexpectedly to a spot, resembling those, which are so indelibly impressed upon the mind, as never to be forgotten ! With what rapture did the army of Agricola behold the plain of Perth, and the Tay winding through the midst of it ! All those associations, which are so agreeable in a distant land, instantly rising to their memories, they exclaimed with transport, “ Behold the Tyber !—Behold the Campus Martius ! ”

XI.

That book of the *Pharsalia*, where Cæsar, in the palace of the Ptolemies, enquires of Achoreus, the high priest, the source, direction, increase and decrease of the Nile, with their respective causes, is, assuredly, one of the most interesting in all Lucan. Replying to the enquiries of Cæsar, Achoreus enumerates the various opinions, which the most enlightened travellers and philosophers had entertained of the source and causes of the overflow of that river¹; which the Egyptians, even of the present day, call *holy*, *blessed*, and *sacred*; and on the opening of the canals of which, mothers are seen plunging their children into its stream, from a belief, that the waters have a purifying and divine quality.²

Memnon consecrated his hair to the Nile; and the Egyptians formerly were accustomed to sacrifice a virgin in its honour every year.³ There is a fine statue of this river⁴ in the Vatican, holding a cornucopia, out of

¹ Lib. x.—Pompon. Mela. de Situ Orbis, lib. i. c. ix. l. 35, &c.—Diodorus Siculus, lib. xi.—Senec. Nat. Quæst, b. iv. l. 1, 2.—Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.—Consult, also, D'Herbelot's Bibliothèque Orientale: art. Nile, and Niebuhr, Voyage en Arabie, tom. i. p. 100. Some writers have pointed out some resemblances, between this river and the Danube: the idea originated with Herodotus; vide Euterpe, xxxiii. 4.

² Travels in Egypt and Syria, vol. i. p. 19.

³ Moreri Hist. Dict., vol. vii.—Vossius de Idolatria, lib. ii.

⁴ Of the worship of this river see Plut. de Isis et Osiris; also Libanius, pro Templis. The gods were fabled to have been born upon its banks (Diod. Sic.); and priests were consecrated to it in all the cities of Egypt (Herodot.).

which rises a pyramid, with its feet resting on a crocodile.¹ Some have attributed its overflowing to the pressure of the planet Mercury upon the fountains; some to the prevalence of the Etesian winds²; some to the melting of the snows³; and others conceived the waters to run from the mountains of Ethiopia.⁴ Some imagined, that spacious channels of water rolled under the soil; that the sea insinuated its waves through the pores of the earth; or that the river was fed by the exhalations, which were returned to the ocean, through the medium of the Nile.⁵ The causes are now universally known to be the tropical rains.⁶ Grey has a fine description of this river in his *Frag-*

¹ For a fine print of this admirable work of art, vide Statue del Museo Pio Clementino, folio, tom. iii. pl. 47; and for a still more characteristic one, tom. i. pl. 88. The water of this river was in such high esteem, that, as Atheneus relates, Berenice, the daughter of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and wife to Antiochus, king of Syria, would drink no other.

² Lucret., lib. vi. p 712.—Aulus Gellius says, the Etesian winds blew from several points of the compass. “Etesiaë et prodromi appellantur, qui certo tempore anni quam canis oritur, ex aliâ, atque aliâ parte cæli spirant.”*

³ ——— Nilo quo crescat in Arva
Ethiopum prodesse nives.

Lucan x.

Upon this passage Grotius remarks, “Hac sententia nihil verius, si modo pro nivibus ponas imbres Æthiopæ.” Imbres, however, give but a feeble idea of a monsoon.

⁴ Strabo, lib. xvii.

⁵ The peasantry of Egypt believed the overflowings to be tears, shed by Isis for the loss of Osiris.†

⁶ Eustathius also attributed them to the rains falling in Ethiopia.

* Noctes Atticæ, lib. ii. c. 22.

† Plut. de Isis et Osiris.

ment on Education and Government; and Thomson in his Summer.¹

Dr. Clarke has observed a curious analogy between the Don and the Nile, in regard to their respective inundations; their aquatic plants; their lapse into the sea by many mouths; their being boundaries to two quarters of the globe; and the variety of their insects. Strabo compares the Po to the Nile, much after the same manner; and Barrow has remarked several coincidences, in regard to latitude, climate, soil, plants, and animals, between the Nile in the north of Africa, and the Orange River in the south.²

The abovementioned were the causes, assigned for the increase and diminution of a river, to discover the fountains of which Sesostris and Cambyzes sacrificed innumerable men. What those monarchs, with Alexander,³ Cyrus, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Cæsar, and Germanicus, so long and so ardently desired, was at length accomplished by a single man! After encountering innumerable difficulties and dangers, Bruce stood upon the spot, which had, for thirty centuries, been considered beyond the reach of

¹ L. 802.

² The Tigris and Euphrates, too, overflow annually; caused by the melting of the snows in Armenia. Also the rivers of Cochin China, and Tonquin: and the Menam of Siam (the mother of waters) inundates in March, and fertilizes an extent of country one hundred and twenty miles in circuit.

³ Maximus Tyrius, *Dissert.* xxv. Arrian and Justin attribute his journey into Africa to other causes. *Arrian*, lib. iii. c. 3. *Justin*, lib. xi. c. 11. Apollonius of Tyana is said to have visited the source of the Nile. Vide Philostratus in *vit. Apoll. Tyan.* v. c. 37.—But it does not appear, that he proceeded farther than the Cataracts.

enterprize. At the source of the most celebrated of rivers, the thoughts of the traveller, by virtue of that association which governs and delights us all, reverted to the landscapes of his native soil! “I was now,” says he, “in possession of what had, for many years, been the principal object of my ambition, and wishes. Indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene, in my own country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan rise in one hill:—three rivers I now thought not inferior to the Nile in beauty; preferable to it in the cultivation of those countries, through which they flow; superior, vastly superior to it, in the virtues and qualities of the inhabitants; and in the beauties of its flocks, crowding its pastures in peace, without fear of violence from man or beast. I had seen the rise of the Rhone and the Rhine, and the more magnificent sources of the Soane; and I began, in my sorrow, to treat the enquiry about the source of the Nile, as a violent effort of a distempered fancy!” Such were the

1 At the source of the Ganges, Frazer seems to have indulged reflections at once natural, and affecting. “It is difficult to convey an idea of the stern and rugged majesty of some scenes; to paint their lonely desertness, or describe the undefinable sensation of reverence and dread, that steals over the mind, while contemplating the death-like calm, that is shed over them.—And when at such a moment we remember our homes, our friends, our fire-sides, and all social intercourse with

thoughts and feelings of this enterprising traveller : feelings, the natural consequence of our organization, and exhibiting, in a striking manner, the vanity of all earthly wishes, and the comparative vanity of all earthly pursuits ! And yet was the circumstance of having succeeded in the object of his adventurous journey, the pride, the glory, and elevation of his life.

XII.

In the bosom of the unfortunate BURNS—that splendid but eccentric meteor!—the love of country burned with a force, equal to that of a Cicero or a Chatham.—“The appellation of a Scotch bard,” says he, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, “is by far my highest pride. To continue to deserve it, my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the themes, I should wish to sing. I have no dearer wish, than to have it in my power, unplagued by routine of business, (for which, heaven knows, I am unfit enough), to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia ! To sit on the fields of her battles ; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers ; and

our fellows, and feel our present solitude, and far distance from all these dear ties, how vain is it to strive at description ! Surely such a scene is Gungotree. Nor is it, independent of the nature of the surrounding scenery, a spot, which lightly calls forth powerful feelings. We were now in the centre of the stupendous Himala, the loftiest, and, perhaps, most rugged range of mountains in the world. We were at the acknowledged source of that noble river, equally an object of veneration and a source of fertility, plenty, and opulence to Hindostan ; and we had now reached the holiest shrine of Hindoo worship, which these holy hills contain.”—*Frazer's Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himala*, p. 469, 4to.

to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes.”—This was denied.—Oh ! my Lelius, if you have pleasure in shedding tears over the tombs of the good, the brave, or exalted in intellect, spare a few to the memory of this unfortunate victim to strong, indignant, and energetic feeling. To the memory of a genius, resembling the wild and magnificent landscapes of his native land :—a man as much superior to the herd of reptiles, that robbed him of his flashes of merriment, in a little country town ; as he was to those more dignified associates, who drew him from his native wilds by their applauses ; chained him to their tables in an expensive city ; and, having satisfied their love of notoriety, “ cast him, like a loathsome weed, away !” Oh ! Scotland—Scotland—the fate of Burns sits heavy on thy conscience !—Never—No ! never shalt thou wrong another Burns again !

Equally enamoured of Scottish scenery was the unfortunate Michael Bruce. The lake of Loch Leven will be ever dear to our imagination, as being an object of attachment to that amiable poet. This lake abounds in the most lovely scenery. On the side next Kinross, it is bounded by a plain ; on the other are mountains ; in the centre is the island of St. Serfs, in which formerly stood an ancient priory, dedicated to St. Servanus ; and another, on which are the ruins of Douglas Castle. To the impressions, made on the elegant mind of Bruce, by the recollection of these objects, are we indebted

for the poem of Loch Leven :—a poem, which does equal honour to the heart of the poet, and the muse of Scotland.

XIII.

The name of our country, heard in a foreign land, never fails to give rise to feelings and associations of pleasure and regret. ST. PIERRE, when in the Isle of France, often amid the sighs, which issued from a Frenchman sitting under the shade of a banana, has heard him exclaim, “If I could but see one violet, I should be happy.” But in that ill-starred island, there was neither a flower in the meadows, nor a plant of an agreeable odour in the fields. Denon relates how delightful an association visited the French army, when in Egypt, near the Pyramids, by recalling to the memories of the soldiers the climate of France. When Helvidius observed a planet emerging from behind the moon, during his journey in Greece, with what satisfaction did he remember a similar circumstance, which occurred, some years before, as he was standing among the fragments of Glastonbury Abbey. He turned his wishes to the north-west with as much enthusiasm, as a Musselman, in the hour of prayer, turns his face to Mecca. And when Elphinstone was in Caubul, a dandalion gave him more real pleasure, than all the flowers of the garden. Many,—even of those who have emigrated to India in their youth to acquire fortunes, which they intend to dissipate in luxurious banquets on their return,—have attempted to naturalize the

apple on the shores of Bengal, and the Carnatic, in order to enjoy the fruits of their own country: and others have desired to transplant the pear into the south of Africa. The Dutch were ambitious of raising the pine-tree at the Cape; and we are told, that, in the Mauritius, many were the ineffectual attempts to introduce the lavender, the daisy, and the violet. I had a friend,—now sleeping under a bed of sand in the empire of Thibet,—who bore such an affection to the common heart's-ease, (no doubt from some association, the origin of which he had ceased to remember), that, previous to his voyage to Java, he procured a few pots of that species of violet, with an intention of planting it on his arrival at Batavia, as a native memento. By watering them every day, he managed to preserve them, till the ship crossed the Line; when they withered gradually away.

In the gay, as well as in the gloomy scenes of life, these associations are indulged by elegant and accomplished minds. Vespasian went every year to pass the summer at a small country house, in which he was born. To this he was so much attached, that he would never embellish it. His son Titus, too, had such veneration for this spot,—where doubtless he had passed many of his early years,—that in his last illness he caused himself to be carried thither.¹

Pertinax would never alter the cottage, in which he was born: and when he erected several magnificent buildings, he left it untouched: as a monument, says the historian, of his low birth and greatness of soul.

¹ Sueton. in Vit. Tit. c. 11.

XIV.

These early attachments are confined neither to age, station, nor climate. We are told² that a Russian ambassador, enquiring one day of the Crown Prince of Persia, why a projecting corner of an old wall, which disfigured his garden, was not pulled down, the Prince replied; "I have bought this garden from several proprietors, in order to make something magnificent; but the proprietor of the place, where the wall projects, is an old peasant. He refuses to sell me his small plot of ground, though I have offered a large price for it. He says, it belonged to his forefathers, and therefore he will not part with it. He is old, and I am young: so I must wait to see if the son is not more reasonable than the father."—This reminds us of the History of Naboth's vineyard. This vineyard being Naboth's paternal inheritance, he refused to sell it to Ahab. Ahab fell sick upon this disappointment:—and Jezebel demanding, and in consequence learning, the reason of his melancholy, caused Naboth to be tried for blaspheming God and the king. When Elijah heard of the tragical death of Naboth in his way from Samaria, he upbraided Ahab, and prophesied, that, "where the blood of Naboth had been licked by dogs, there should they also lick the blood of Jezebel and Ahab:—and the crime, which had been committed, should be expiated by the extermination of their whole race."—The prophesy was fulfilled.

² Moritz Von Kotzebue.

Hastings, the saviour of India, purchased an estate at Dalesford, in the county of Worcester. "In this house, said he, in a letter to Sir Stephen Lushington, "in this house I live, because it is the house, in which I passed much of my infancy; and I feel for it an affection, of which an alien could not be susceptible. I see in it, too, attractions, which that stage of life imprinted on my mind, and my memory still retains." There is something exceedingly affecting in the following lines, written by this celebrated character, on his return from India;—particularly if we associate with them his succeeding persecutions.

Short is our span; then why engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by fate design'd?
Why slight the gift of Nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

* * * * *

For me, O Shore, I only claim
To merit, not to seek for fame:
The good and just to please.
A state above the fear of want,
Domestic love,—Heav'n's choicest grant,—
Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

XV.

When Bruce was in Abyssinia, he was charmed to hear the song of a sky-lark. When Adanson was in Senegal, no bird delighted him so much as the swallow: and when our friend Warburton was pausing over the Castalian spring, with what pride did he connect the

poets of England with the poets of Greece, from the simple circumstance of seeing on its surface a few water-cresses. When, too, the British army was in Nepaul, many of the officers and soldiers were charmed to see, in exchange for the fruits of India, the apples, pears, raspberries, grapes, peaches, and nuts of Europe.

Even the sound of an animal will awaken many of these affecting associations. Humboldt¹ alludes to them. He was resting, a few days, under the roof of a Spaniard on the Plateau of Cocollar: "Nothing," says he, "can be compared with the sense of that majestic stillness, produced by the appearance of the sky in this solitary spot. At night the tree, under which we sat; the luminous insects fluttering in the air; the constellations glittering in the south; every thing seemed to say, that we were far from our native land. If, in the midst of this exotic Nature, our ears caught from the bottom of a valley the tinkling of a cow-bell, the remembrance of our country was forthwith awakened. It was like the echo of distant sounds from beyond the seas; transporting us by its magic power from one hemisphere to the other. Strange wandering of the human imagination! Endless source of pleasure and of pain!"

Some men live strangers in their own country; others are at home every where. Two persons, also, may live near neighbours without exchanging twenty words in twenty years! But should they chance to meet each other in a foreign country, they imme-

¹ Personal Narrative, vol. ii. p. 398.

diately associate ; and seem, as if they could love each other like brothers.

————— To sail in unknown seas,
'To land in countries hitherto unseen,¹

seem as if they brought the power of converting every object, that reminds us of our country, into an object of attachment. In China, nothing in Nature pleased Harmodius so much, as the recognition of several species of chrysanthemums ; and the rose, he most delighted to pluck, was the muy-guy, the only one he saw, that had the perfume of European roses. And when Moorcroft was on his journey to the lake Manasana-wara, on the Tartarian side of the Himalah mountains, he sat with delight under two poplars, in which goldfinches regaled him with their songs.

When Graham, Lord Lyndock, was in Spain, actively engaged in military operations, none of his moments of leisure were so delightful, as those, passed in the recollection of his Scottish mountains. The modern Minstrel of the north beautifully alludes to these elegant associations of the high-minded, chivalrous, and romantic Graham.

Nor be his praise o'erpast, who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's, best affection's wound,
Whose wish, heav'n for his country's weal denied,
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpet sound,
The wanderer went ;—yet, Caledonia, still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground.
He dream'd, mid Alpine cliffs, of Athole's Hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndock's lovely rill.

Scott.

¹ Alfieri.

One of the most beautiful passages of Lalla Rookh is that, in which the poet describes Zelica, in the midst of many seductive graces, turning at the sight of a few flowers, that reminded her of her native wells, her camels, and her father's tent.

XVI.

Xavier, surnamed the Apostle of the Indies, when at Goa, on the coast of Comorin, the Molucca Islands, and in Japan, where he succeeded in converting a vast number of barbarians to the apostolic faith, always remembered with melancholy pleasure the castle of Xavier, at the foot of the Pyrenees, where he was born, and spent his early years.

Hard fate enough ! Lone, friendless, exile, flung
On lands unconscious of his native tongue,
Unknowing and unknown, wild, heathen hordes among !

Wieland, Oberon, cant. i. st. 12.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, on the contrary, seems to have despised her own country. She resigned her throne, therefore, and quitted it. When she came to the river, that separates the Swedish dominions from Denmark, she jumped out of her carriage, and exclaimed in a transport of joy, "Now I am free ! I am out of Sweden, and trust in heaven that I never shall return."

If you wish to know the value of your own home,—travel.¹ The Welch and Irish peasants know the value of Wales and Ireland by travelling in harvest

¹ Delicatus ille est adhuc cui Patria dulcis est ;
Fortis autem jam, cui omne solum Patria est ;
Perfectus vero, cui mundus exilium est.

Hug. de S. Victor.

time. The Savoyards make similar periodical migrations. The Valencians, too, leave their homes in summer, and traverse many provinces of Spain with the juice of the chufa ; which, mixed with sugar, water, and cinnamon, becomes orgeat. During their journey they amuse themselves with singing songs, celebrating their native province.

When Sonnini was questioned by an emir, why Europeans were so desirous of seeing the ruins of Tentyris and other cities of Africa, he told him, that the Franks having once been masters of Egypt, they were desirous of thus signalizing their love for the ancient seats of their ancestors. This was a reason the emir could perfectly understand ; and Sonnini was, therefore, permitted to proceed.

SPENSER gave renown to the mountains and rivers in the neighbourhood of his residence¹; ARMSTRONG celebrated the Liddal²; LANGHORNE pays tribute to his native landscapes³; and AKENSIDE, amid the luxury of London, remembered the romantic scenery of Northumberland with the liveliest pleasure :

O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement, and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wausbeck's limped stream ;
How gladly I recal your well known seats,
Beloved of old ; and that delightful time,
When all alone for many a summer's day,
I wandered through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.

Pleasures of Imagination.

¹ Colin Clout's come home again.—*Fairy Queen*, b. vii. c. 7.

² *Art of Health*, b. iii. l. 76,

Odes to the river Eden, and to the Genius of Westmorland.

XVII.

“I have beheld all Persia and India, Georgia, Tartary and Belochestaun,” said a native of a wild valley, in Speiga, “but in all my travels, no place have I seen like Speiga.¹” And Khooshaul, the Afghaun poet, after encountering many misfortunes, wrote a poem, in the prison of Aurenzebe,² which he concluded by thanking heaven, that, in all his misfortunes, he had still the satisfaction of being born in Afghaun.

During the period of his exaltation, Cardinal Ximenes visited the village, in which he was born; and derived much pleasure in contrasting his former life with his then present condition. One of his attendants having argued the probability of the philosopher’s stone from a passage in David, where he says, “he draws from the dust those, who are in indigence; and raises the poor above the dunghill, that he may place them above the first of his people.” “No!” returned the Cardinal. “That verse applies to men like myself. It exhibits to me my present state, and places before my eyes my former meanness. What have I done in the service of God, that he should have raised me from the dust to the post, which I now so unworthily occupy?”

Many writers have extended this feeling not only to native cities, but even to cities of adoption. David had a great affection for Jerusalem³; Lysippus for

¹ Elphinstone, p. 251.

² Elphinstone, Caubul, p. 195.

³ Psalm xlviii. v. 2.

Athens¹; Pliny to Como²; Ausonius to Milan³; Cotta to Verona;⁴ Sannazaro to Venice⁵; a Spanish poet to the city of Seville⁶; and others to Benares, the Athens of India. What an affection, too, did Haller⁷ bear to the city of Berne; and Zimmerman to that of Zurich; on the banks of whose lake resided, in the village of Richerswhyll, that physician, of whom he has left

¹ Si nunquam Athenas vidisti, Stipes es;
Si vidisti, nec captus es, Asinus;
Si captus abis, Cantherius.

² Meæ Deliciæ.

³ Et Mediolani mira omnia; copia rerum,
Innumeræ multæque domus, facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti.

⁴ Verona, qui te viderit,
Et non amarit, &c. &c.

⁵ Lux et Decus Ausoniæ.—Lib. iii. ecl. 1. lib. ii. ecl. 1. *et epig.*

⁶ Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla.

⁷ The Portuguese, also, exhibit a similar instance of vanity: "*Quem nao ha visto Lisboa nao ha visto cosa boa.*"

⁷ Of this eminent philosopher Lavater gives the following portrait.—"A luminous mind; order, precision, and clearness of ideas; the talent of displaying them in the fairest light, and an imagination inexhaustible, and capable of conveying a great deal in a few words; a memory vast, and strictly retentive; an energy uniformly supported, and the intimate perception of that energy; universal erudition, equally profound and solid; an application, that has no example; equally remote from confusion and restlessness; prudence blended with dexterity; a spirit of calculation, extending to every thing with an accuracy to excite astonishment, and perfectly clear of pedantry; and with so many great qualities, the highest degree of sensibility and attachment to all, that is beautiful, noble, true, and divine.—These are some of the admitted traits in the character of this celebrated man."—Lavater's Physiognomy, vol. ii. p. 178.

such an amiable and enchanting portrait. And you, my Lelius, well remember the affectionate delight, with which La Fontaine always spoke of Heidelberg: its society; its ranges of mountains; its ruins and its gardens, overlooking a valley of enchanting beauty, watered by the Neckar and the Rhine.

If in peaceful moments, these associations are indulged with pleasure; in moments of sorrow and despair, they are, not unfrequently, the only nepenthes to a wounded heart.—*LUIS DE CAMÖENS*,—that great pride and reproach of Portugal, whose genius was equalled only by his misfortunes,—had few other consolations for a long series of years. For when tortured in a distant land by fatigue and discipline; wretched with poverty; and sinking under innumerable misfortunes; the only throbs of rapture he enjoyed, were in those moments, when his fancy painted the towers of Lisbon, the groves of Cintra, or the rocks of Coimbra! The grief of Gama, at quitting his native soil, was the grief of Camöens:

To weigh our anchors from our Native shore :
To dare new oceans, never dared before ;
Perhaps to see our native soil no more.¹

XVII.

Homer in the *Iliad* describes Phoenix, in the midst of his earnest address to Achilles, as pausing to add a note of affection to Greece.²

Highly pathetic, too, is the passage in Sophocles, where that poet represents *Œdipus*, blind and miser-

¹ Canto iv.

² Il. b. ix. v. 575.

able, desiring to be led to Cithæron, that he might die on the spot, where he had been exposed in his infancy. In another tragedy he makes Ajax call upon the sun, the palace of his ancestors, the rivers and the fountains, near which he was born, to receive his last farewell. There is not a more affecting poem in Catullus, than that, in which he paints Atys, casting his eyes upon the ocean, and frantic with sorrow and remorse, addressing his complaints, his regrets, and wishes to his native soil.¹ The best picture in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, too, is that, where he describes the anguish of Abraham, at the thought of leaving Chaldaea :—and no language can paint more decidedly to the heart, than the exquisite lament of Alexander Selkirk !

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of the land, I shall visit no more.
My friends,—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me, I yet have a friend,
Though that friend I am never to see !

Cowper.

And here I cannot refrain from remarking, that of all the cemeteries round London, there is none so affecting, as that of St. Pancras : since it contains the ashes of a multitude of foreigners (many of illustrious rank), who have had the misfortune to die in a foreign

¹ *Patria ô mea Creatrix, patria ô mea Genetrix,
Ego quam miser relinquens, &c. &c.*

² *Days and Weeks, W. ii. n. iii.*

country.—Among these are the ashes of the excellent Countess de Villiers.—

*Elle fut humble et généreuse
Dans la Prospérité;
Et sa piété constante en fit un
Modèle de Resignation
Dans l'Adversité.*

X.

If a native of Switzerland, the inhabitants of which, as Lord Bolingbroke observes, appear to have been made for their mountains, hear the wild and simple notes of the Rans-des-Vaches,¹ which, played upon the Alpine horn, had charmed him in his infancy; an ardent and ungovernable passion is excited, once more to climb the cliffs, and navigate the waters of his native canton.

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain cliffs no more;
If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
Which on those hills his infant hours beguiled;
Melts at the long lost scenes, that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Rogers;—Pleasures of Memory.

Lingering along the battlements of a foreign fortress, while the moon, rising behind a cloud, throws her solemn mantle over those mountains, which screen him from his native Switzerland, his eyes are filled with tears; his breast heaves with sighs; and he turns from the impressive landscape in silence and in agony. He quits the ramparts; and wandering along the fosse, that little stream, recalling to his recollection

¹ Air kühreigen or kühreicken,—meaning “rows of cows.”

the beautiful lakes of Constance, Zurich, or of Lucerne, he flies to his companion, to drown his sorrow in their wild and boisterous revelry. A fellow countryman, who has heard the same air and felt the same emotion, meets him; they know by each other's looks, the nature of their mutual feelings; and grasping each other's hands, with all the energy of grief, they shed the tear of sympathy and sorrow. The air, which had first thrilled their souls, is again heard at a distance; no word is spoken; they point towards the east; they quit the duties of their post; and the thought of their country alone occupying their hearts, they escape the guard, and the next morning surprises them on the road to Switzerland!

An effect, in some measure, similar to that, which a Swiss experiences on hearing the *Rans-des-Vaches*, is recorded of an air, sung by the Moors. Nothing could surpass the affection of the Moors for Spain. In the midst of great calamities, Aben Humaya wrote to his brethren of Grenada:—"though you are surrounded by evils of almost every kind, in one thing you are happy;—you behold the fields, which were the native spots of our common forefathers." In the middle of the fifteenth century, a prohibition was made in Grenada, relative to the fine ballad, written by a Moorish poet on the conquest of the Alhama;¹ at the taking of which city, upwards of three thousand Moors were sold to slavery. When this ballad was sung, there was not a Moor, that heard it, who did not burst into an agony of tears.

¹ For a most affecting description of this event, vide Anquetil, vol. vii, 68-9.

It was, in consequence, forbidden to be played on pain of death. For the same reason, the Rans-des-Vaches was interdicted, under heavy penalties, in all those countries, in which the Swiss were engaged as auxiliaries in war. This passion is called by the French *la maladie du pays*. The air of the Rans-des-Vaches is usually sung by the Swiss milkmaids, as they drive their cows to pasture. Its influence on the Swiss soldiers, therefore, arises from the association, which it produces; and not from any intrinsic merit of its own:—for to foreign ears it is far from possessing any attractive powers: being as wild and as barren (if we may be allowed the comparison), as the most bleak of all the Swiss mountains.

XIX.

With what delight did Rousseau repose upon the memory of Switzerland! And with what rapture did Petrarch behold his native country, from the sides of Mount Genevre; when, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he vowed, that he would never quit it again. One of the most touching passages, in Dante, is that, in which he represents Count Guido Montefeltro,—suffering the punishment of those, who had misapplied their talents,—as, on suddenly hearing the voice of a newly arrived spirit speak in the Tuscan language, hailing amid sighs and tears the sweet accents of his native dialect.¹ In another passage the very name of Mantua awakes the flame of love and concord, in the midst of faction and civil outrage, in the bosom of Sordello.²

¹ Inferno ; cant. xxvii. st. 4.

² Inferno ; cant. st. vi. 24-5-6.

This native affection is not confined to men: beasts, birds, and even fishes, having frequently been observed to present instances of it. The lion loses much of his strength, when taken from his native haunts: and Josephus relates, that Abgarus took several foreign beasts into the arena at Rome, and placed earths, which were brought from their native soils, in detached places; when every beast ran to the earth, that belonged to his country. Pliny, the naturalist, does not mention this instance; and it would, therefore, not be unwise to pause, before its truth is admitted; but it would be still more presumptuous to entirely deny the fact. There is a species of lobster, also, which has a remarkable affection for the rocks of its nativity; and when carried several miles out to sea, will, if thrown into the water, seldom fail to return to the place, in which it was spawned.

The rook, the blackbird, and the red breast are extremely partial to their early haunts; and swallows frequently return to the very nests, they had constructed the year before. The ciconia of the ardea genus, a bird of passage which subsists on snakes, toads and other reptiles, return in spring like swallows, not only to the same country, but frequently to the same house. The pigeon has a still more extraordinary quality. When let loose, it rises to a vast height: and being, like the bee and the wasp, endued with an instinct, of which man knows nothing, reaches its home; though, when carried thence, it had no means of ascertaining the route for its return. It is said to fly forty miles in an hour and a half: and Thevenot assures us, that pigeons of this breed fly from Aleppo to Alexandria in six hours.

Of all ages of society, the hunting age is that, which enjoys the love of country least. This is illustrated by the examples of the Goths, the Vandals, the Huns, and the Heruli. The next is that of commerce;—enterprize frequently leading men to forsake a country, to which they are seldom permitted to return. “England! “with all thy faults, I love thee still.” Yes! Thou art “the greatest and the best of all the main!” A country, whose peasantry are free men, and entitled to the benefit of wise laws;—whose merchants are princes; and whose nobles,—with all their consequence and privilege—surpass all the nobles of the world. The country of freedom, industry, science, and of virtue. The land of Alfred, Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton;—of Hampden, of Sidney, and of Russel;—of Newton, Boyle, Lancaster, and Herschel. Yes!

“Thou art the greatest, and the best of all the main!”

And may those, who would by force, by influence, or by craft, convert thy free men into slaves, be the brothers of slaves, the companions of slaves, the servants of slaves! the outcasts of their country; the derision of those, they serve; the scorn of their sons and of their daughters; and companions to sloths, to tigers, and to rattlesnakes.

Converting this great, glorious, and transcendant nation into a nation of men, having,—as rewards for sacrificing the honours of their ancestors, and the birthrights of their children,—the dreams, wishes, jealousies, and tortures of

Creeping, crawling, sycophantic, Peers;—

They’ll knell for mercy e’en a thousand years!

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

BUT we have ventured on these subjects too widely and too long. Nature is so captivating; her methods so various; her laws so mysterious; her similitudes so beautiful; and her contrasts so magnificent; that we are led so insensibly from plants to insects; from insects to fishes, birds, and quadrupeds; thence to the subject of emigration; and lastly, to the love of the country, which gave us birth, that though we become enriched by the various transitions, we become embarrassed also.

In drawing similitudes, and making contrasts, the mind, though spiritualized, as it were, by the contemplation, is able to look into nature only in parts. Nature, as a whole, it has no power to approach. Men, in whom the energy of spontaneous ambition excites no appetite for the investigation of phenomena, are satisfied that effects cannot always be elicited from causes¹, and that

¹ Cuvier has a beautiful remark.—“It could not be expected,” says he, “that those Phœnician sailors, who saw the sands of Bœtica transformed by fire into a transparent glass, should have at once foreseen, that this new substance would prolong the pleasures of sight to the old; that it would, one day, assist the astronomer in penetrating the depths of the heavens; and in numbering the stars of the milky way;—that it would lay open to the naturalist a miniature world, as populous and as rich in wonders, as that which alone seemed to have been granted to his senses and his contemplations:—in fine, that the most simple and direct use of it would enable the inhabitants of the Baltic Sea to cultivate, although under the frost of the polar circle, the most delicious fruit of the torrid zone.”

causes cannot always be traced from results. And because Nature is stupendous in her works, and mysterious in her operations, they are unwilling, and indeed almost afraid, to exercise the powers, she has delegated. But they cannot always resist the majesty of their Creator ! For no pleasures are so bland in their qualities, or so pure in their sources ; and none are there so worthy the vast capacities of the human intellect. And though nothing is entirely certain, but that space is infinite, yet, as things present bear presumptive evidence to things unseen, the mind delights in the endeavour to trace the beauties, the harmonies, and the sublimities of Nature up to “ Nature’s God.”

II.

When the waves break upon the distant shore with a wild, solemn, melancholy, yet delightful, murmur ;—when we observe the regular succession of the seasons ;—the rising of the sun from behind rocks lifting their spires, as it were, to the clouds ;—when we behold splendid meteors ; comets ; planets ; the blue vault ; and the uniform reproduction of animal and vegetable life ; we feel, that sublimity dwells in beauty, beauty in order, and order in sublimity. A homage, at once pure and ardent, meditative and reflective, diffuses the cheek of manly virtue with delicious tears ; and, turning with disgust and impatience from the cold spectacle of real life, light is beheld, where others see only mystery ; clemency and benevolence are observed to proceed out of apparent cruelty ; truth springs even out of optical and mental delusions ; and out of apparently frigid commentaries are elicited the benefits of justice and wisdom. The INFINITE is every where, and speaks

in all things.—And while bigotry associates with their contemplation the terrible graces of Dante and Schiller; and the indignation, terror, and astonishment, of Æschylus;—the man of science sees all the proportion and harmony of Sophocles; and the man of an elegant mind and an affectionate heart feels, with redoubled sensibility, all the tenderness and pathos of Euripides.

III.

As our sensual enjoyments acquire a zest from an union with the mental, so each of them derive additional goût from those objects, which flatter the senses of both. A fine day, therefore, as Sir William Temple has observed, is as much a sensual, as it is a mental enjoyment. “It is a banquet given by Heaven to earth.” It unites the character of luxury and temperance.

The Italians live in the air. Walking under piazzas; sitting in porticos; and reclining under bowers, many of their domestic banquets are peculiarly agreeable¹. How much more pleasure some of us derive from the simplest of collations, under the shade of a tree, than from the most luxurious banquet in a dining-room, every person of taste is ready to acknowledge. When we are enjoying the society of ladies, of a fine summer’s evening, in a drawing-room, opening into a green-house, who will not confess, that the effects of their conversation are far more flattering to the mind, than at those moments, when, dressed in all the splendour of decoration, their persons derive additional lustre from the blaze of Grecian lamps, the heat of fires,

¹ Cur non sub alta vel platana, vel hac
Piu jacentes, &c. &c.

Hor. Carm. lib. ii. 2.

and the reflection of mirrors? How agreeable to our palate are our grapes, pines, and nectarines, when partaken in a bower, formed of roses and honey-suckles, which seem to vie with each other in imparting their fragrance to our peaches and our melons! If these are not the “*Cœnæ deorum*” of Horace, they are at least the “*epulæ deorum*.” Sherry becomes burgundy, water nectar, honey manna, and bread ambrosia. While the flageolet, which merely pleases in the odeum, enchants us among rocks; and seems even to articulate, if it be sounded in a narrow valley, or a glen, where the music of its echoes charm even more, than the modulations of the instrument itself.

IV.

No slumber is more delightful than that, which is brought on by the mingled sounds of natural music. Dryden alludes to this lulling power, in his poem of *Cymon and Iphigenia*. The lovely nymph lies sleeping on the banks of a river:—

“ The fanning wind upon her bosom blows;
To meet the fanning wind her bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling stream, continue her repose.”

Virgil speaks of “*Molles sub arbore Somni*”¹; Lucretius has a similar passage²: while the power of natural objects to lull the senses of the elegant is beautifully insinuated by Horace³; and more particularly alluded to by Spenser, in his *Bower of Bliss*. One of the archbishops of Saltzburgh frequently dined in his garden and his aviary: and Leopold, emperor of Germany, twice took a collation under the shade of the hazel tree, growing

¹ *Georg.* ii. l. 470.² *Lib.* ii.³ *Lib.* v. *Ep.* ii. 23, 27.

in the city of Frankfort. “I had rather dine under this tree,” said he, “than in the finest palace in Germany.” And here, my Lelius, you must excuse me, for quoting one of your own letters, written from Villeneuve, situated in the bosom of the Savoy mountains.—“When I arrived at the bridge, crossing the Doron, I sat myself down upon the grass, took out my wallet, and regaled myself with a few dates and oranges, I had brought with me in my fishing bag, with great satisfaction. Perceiving a cottage, at some distance, I walked thither; and, procuring some milk and a little honey, I enjoyed a repast, of which the patriarchs would not have disdained to have partaken. I then laid myself down upon the grass, and gazed for some time upon the clear, autumnal sky above; and sent my imagination among those innumerable globes, that invisibly fill the vast regions of space, till sleep overtaking me in the excursion, I fell into a dream; and having partaken of an agreeable repast myself, I fancied that I saw Camöens and Tasso reclining under orange trees; and satisfying their hunger with the fruits above them, which they were not always capable of doing, when in this world of trouble and misfortune. On the other hand, Voltaire,—the companion of kings,—was weaving a crown of laurel for them; and the kings, in whose reigns Tasso was a prey to melancholy, and Camöens died of hunger in the streets, were eating wild leaks, and drinking water from a fountain, in which were a vast number of crawling reptiles.”

IV.

As a contrast to the simple enjoyments of moderate appetites, I shall present you with an account of the

banquets of princes. Diodorus Siculus relates, that an Agrigentine, on the marriage of his daughter, feasted upwards of 20,000 persons. The brother of the Emperor Vitellius once treated him with 2000 fishes, and 7000 birds, all “scarce and exquisite.” Had Vitellius lived, says Josephus, not even the whole revenue of the Roman empire could have maintained his table! Heliogabalus, who was the first Roman that ever clad himself in silk, never ate fish when he resided near the sea; nor any fowls, or meat, but what came from a great distance¹. His horses he fed with grapes; his lions and tigers with partridges, quails, pheasants, and wood-cocks; and his dogs with the livers of ducks, geese, and turkeys; while he ate for his daily food the brains of thrushes, the heads of parrots and peacocks, the combs of cocks, and the brains of nightingales. To these banquets, which appear to have suggested an important hint to Ben Jonson², he would frequently invite eight old men, blind of one eye; eight bald; eight deaf; eight lame with the gout; eight

¹ In respect to his appetite, Ælius Lampridius says, “Comedit sæpius ad imitationem Apicii calcania camelorum, et cristas vivis gallinaceis deruptas, linguas pavonum et lusciniarum: quod qui ederet ab Epilepsia tutus diceretur.” Anthony had once eight boars roasted for his supper. Cleopatra dissolved a pearl, worth 125,000 Italian ducats (600,000,000 sesterces), and drank it. Claudius Esop also swallowed a pearl, dissolved in vinegar, worth one million of sesterces.

Caligula frequently dissolved pearls in vinegar, and served them up to his guests. In the reign of Aurelian, a Centurion, named Phagon, ate, in one day, a pig, a sheep, 100 loaves, and a wild boar. And Albinus is said to have consumed 40 dozen oysters; 100 woodpeckers; 20lb. grapes; 10 melons, and 100 peaches. The largest drinkers were the Thracians, who were said to drink wine without water, without perfumes, without ice, and without measure.

² Fox, act iii. sc. 5.

blacks; eight exceedingly thin; and eight, so fat, that they could scarcely enter the room; and who, when they had eaten as much as they desired, were obliged to be taken out of the apartment on the shoulders of several soldiers¹.

V.

It may not be unamusing to collect a few instances, illustrative of the manners and customs of different eras. Abraham tended his own cattle, and Rachel drew water from the well: while Achilles in Greece, and Scipio in Italy, cooked their own food. The latter frequently supped on herbs and roots².

The Spaniards had once a proverb, that radishes, salad and oil, constituted a dinner for a gentleman: now—the poor and the rich have nothing but the three fluids,—air, light, and water,—in common with each other. In France the greatest man now gives the greatest feast. But Sully was plain and economical on similar occasions; and when his friends reproached him for it, he replied, “If my guests are men of sense and ability, there is sufficient; if they are not, their company is more than enough for me.”

Difference in food frequently gives rise to national disgusts. The English peasantry dislike the French, because they eat frogs and snails; and Baretti once heard a Frenchman swear, that he hated the English, because

¹ Spartian relates, that Geta was accustomed at his feast to have the dishes served up, according to the first letters of their names; as peas, pork, veal, venison, &c. &c.

² Hor. lib. ii. sat. 1.

they poured hot melted butter over their veal ! When water was not at hand, the Scythians used to draw blood from their horses, and drink it : and the dukes of Muscovy¹, for nearly 260 years, presented Tartar ambassadors with the milk of mares. If any of this milk fell upon the manes of their horses, the dukes by custom were bound to lick it off.

The Parthians and Arabians, in the time of Pliny, ate locusts ; and Leibnitz² speaks of them as being a food so delicious, that if princes of Europe knew how much so it was, they would send to the East for them. The Booshuana Africans eat not only wolves and ant-eaters, but leopards, tiger-cats, and camelopards ; and these too in a country abounding in grouse, bustards, partridges, and guinea-fowls. The Malabarese eat jackals, and call them delicate food. The Abyssinians esteem raw flesh a luxury ; the Hindoos use assafœtida³ ; and the Esquimaux Indians have a great dislike to sugar⁴.

In some parts of America⁵ the natives eat the flesh of rattlesnakes. Its flavour is said to be superior to that of eels⁶, and to produce excellent soup. On the Congo the

¹ Chronicle of Muscovy. Peter Petreius, part ii. 159. Montaigne, vol. i. ch. 48.

² Letter to Magliabechi.

³ Elphinstone, Caubul, p. 303, 4to.

⁴ M'Keevor's Voy. p. 96.

⁵ Auburey's Travels, i. p. 343.

⁶ Animals will eat fish. The sheep of Persia, in the time of Alexander, were observed to eat the small fish cast upon the shore of the Red Sea.—“ At the western extremity of the island of Lismore are some rocks separated at low water, where the cattle may be daily observed resorting ; quitting the fertile pastures to feed on sea-weed.—It has erroneously been supposed, that this practice, as well as the eating of fish, was the result of hunger. It ap-

Africans¹ eat the skin of sheep, with the wool singed over a smoky fire. In the time of Davis (1586) the Greenlanders not only lived on raw fish; but they drank sea water, and esteemed ice and grass luxuries².

The Romans esteemed the flesh of wild asses a delicacy. It is now eaten by the Arabs and Tartars; while the Tongusi and Mongalians eat wild mules.

Sea-weeds, dried and formed into cakes, are used by the natives of Chiloe; also at Lima. In some countries the Awa Nori sea-weed is dried, roasted, rubbed into powder, and mixed with soup. North of the Cape they esteem water-lilies great dainties, and the candle-berry myrtle is

pears, on the contrary, to be the effect of choice, in cattle as well as sheep, that have once found access to this diet. The accuracy with which they attended to the diurnal variations of the tide is very remarkable; calculating the times of the ebb with such nicety, that they are seldom mistaken even when they have some miles to walk to the beach. In the same way they always secure their retreat from these chosen spots in such a manner, as never to be surprised and drowned by the returning tide.—With respect to fish, it is equally certain, that they often prefer it to their best pastures. It is not less remarkable, that the horses of Shetland eat fish from choice, and that the dogs brought up on these shores continue to prefer it to all other diet, even after a long absence. The feeding of cattle with fish is a practice well known in Canada.”

¹ Tuckey, p. 360. 4to.

² The Greenlanders eat the flesh of reindeer; but they never use them as the Laplanders do, for domestic purposes; they regard them only as beasts of chase. Of all feeders, perhaps the Greenlanders are the most offensive! They not only eat the entrails of the smaller animals*, but lice. The former they devour after only squeezing them through their fingers: and what comes out of the reindeer's stomach they esteem a luxury. As to lice, “they bite,” say they, “and therefore must be bitten in return †.”

* Egede, p. 15.

† Saabage, p. 255.

eaten by the Hottentots like bread. The *fucus saccharinus*¹ is detached from the island of Matsinai, and thrown with great violence on the shores of Japan; where it is dried, cleansed, boiled, and eaten by the Japanese, when they make entertainments, and drink sakki; also by Icelanders², boiled in milk.

Batavia affords every luxury. Barrow³, observing to a gentleman at Batavia, what bounty Nature had bestowed upon its environs, "It is true," replied he, "we have every thing in abundance; and yet it is an accursed country, to say the least of it; for we eat poison, and drink pestilence at every meal;" alluding to their intemperate method of living⁴.

VI.

The Jews were commanded by Moses⁵ to eat whatever parted the hoof, was cloven-footed, or that chewed the cud; except swine, hares, rabbits, and camels: they might eat fishes, too, that had fins and scales; but no others. They were commanded, also, not to eat birds, or beasts of prey; nor cuckoos, nor swans, pelicans, storks, nor lapwings. Yet they were allowed to eat locusts, beetles, and grasshoppers: but neither blood nor fat. The Mahometans eat nothing, reckoned impure in the Old Testament. The

¹ Thunberg, iii. p. 150.

² Freminville's *Voy. toward N. Pole*, p. 16.

³ *Voy. to Cochin China*, p. 205, 4to.

⁴ "When I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence," says Addison, "I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes."

⁵ *Levit. ch. xi.*

Jews were not expensive at their entertainments. Nehemiah, while governor of Judah¹, had, however, prepared for his household one ox, six sheep, several fowls, and once in ten days store of all sorts of wine. Ahasuerus is said to have entertained all the governors of his kingdom for six months: and for seven days he kept open table for all the inhabitants of Susa.

Though Persia abounded in excellent fruits, yet, in the time of Cyrus, Xenophon² relates, that the most agreeable meal to a Persian consisted of bread and water-cresses. Porphyry says³ that the more ancient Greeks and Syrians abstained entirely from the flesh of animals; in which they resembled the ancient and modern Hindoos, the Gaures, and Macassars.

In the time of Boadicea the British lived upon vegetables. "One great advantage," said she to her army, "is, that we live upon herbs and roots: water supplies the place of wine; and every tree is to us as a house." But Arcammes, a Prince of Gaul, gave a great feast, which lasted an entire year: every one that came was welcome; even the strangers that travelled through the country⁴.

VII.

Among the Tartars mare's milk was preferred; in Arabia camel's; in Lapland reindeer's; in Peru lama's; in Poitou the French prefer the milk of sheep. In many parts of North and South Wales the sheep are as regularly milked as cows. In the Tyrol goat's milk is in frequent

¹ Nehemiah, ch. v. 18.

² Cyroped. lib. i. c. 8. 11.

³ Lib. iv. par. ii. xv.

⁴ Athenæus, lib. iv. c. 13.

use; and in the part of France, in which Montaigne¹ lived, mothers, who had no milk of their own, frequently permitted goats to suckle their children. In England the mother, who should permit such a thing, had better never have been born; such an outcry would be raised against her by all her neighbours.

Cannibalism is said once to have prevailed in Ireland, the natives of which esteemed it honourable even to eat the bodies of their parents². The Gauls, too, ate human flesh³; St. Jerome⁴ says, that he saw several of the Attacolti, a tribe of Britain, then in Gaul, eat the flesh of men; and that they esteemed the breasts of women great dainties.

During the famine, which desolated Egypt A.D. 1199, in consequence of the Nile not overflowing its banks, many women⁵ were executed at Cairo for killing and eating their own children: and at the siege of Antioch by the Crusaders⁶, in 1097, a famine existing in the Christian camp, thistles were boiled and eaten, and human flesh eagerly devoured. At the siege of Marra, too, the Crusaders ate bodies, taken from the graves of their adversaries: and one of the historians⁷, who record the fact, even expresses surprise, that they should prefer the flesh of dogs to that of Saracens and Christians.

Cannibalism has been, and still is, practised in many parts of the world. As this subject engages another portion of this work⁸, I shall only adduce one or two in-

¹ *Essays* B. ii. c. 8.

² *Strabo*, iv. p. 201.

³ *Diod. Sic.* v. c. 32. p. 355.

⁴ *Adv. Jovent.* lib. ii.

⁵ *Abdallatiphus*, *Hist. Egypt*, lib. ii. c. 2.

⁶ *Avidissime devorabant.*—*William of Malmesbury*, 433.—*Bernardus*, p. 691.

⁷ *Albert.*

⁸ See vol. iii. p. 126.

stances. That the Indians of Hudson's Bay have this dreadful propensity is attested by Mr. Swaine, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Hearne¹. The first of these gentlemen assured Dr. M'Keevor², that he knew an Indian woman, who dug up one of her own relatives, and fed upon the body for several days. And Mr. Ellis says, that an Indian, in his route to Hudson's Bay, with his wife and family, finding but little game on the way, subsisted for some time on two of their children. Lambert³ and M'Keevor⁴ also assure us, that the North American Indians frequently drink the blood of their wives, and the wives of their husbands, when they are weak, or seriously indisposed. They open a vein and quaff the blood, warm from the wound.

VIII.

At the installation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Edward IV., the Right Reverend Primate gave a feast, in which were consumed⁵ 104 oxen, 304 calves, 306 swine, 1000 sheep, and 2000 pigs; 104 peacocks, 400 swans, 1000 capons, 2000 geese, 5500 venison pasties, and 5000 custards. There were also consumed 300 quarters of wheat, 300 tons of ale, and 100 tons of wine.

At the coming of age of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1751, an entertainment was given at Wentworth house, in the county of York, in which were consumed 40 dishes of chickens, 48 hams, 53 dishes of mutton, 55 dishes of

¹ Voy. to Hudson's Bay, p. 65.

² Voy. up the Copper-Mine River, p. 85.

³ Trav. through United States of America.

⁴ Voy. to Hudson's Bay, p. 61.

⁵ Leland, Collectanea.

lamb; seventy meat pies; seventy dishes of veal; 104 dishes of fish; 110 dishes of roast beef; and forty loads of wheat-flour were baked into pies and bread. The liquors drank were four hogsheads of wine; eight hogsheads of punch; thirteen hogsheads of ale; and twenty hogsheads of strong beer.

At the dinner, given by Henry of Winchester, at the nuptials of his sister-in-law, Cincia, with Prince Richard, celebrated at Westminster, Nov. 23, 1243, there were no less than 30,000 dishes. In the reign of Edward the Fourth, the Earl of Warwick's brother entertained a large portion of the nobility and clergy upon being installed Archbishop of York. At this feast were consumed eighty fat oxen; six wild bulls; 200 kids; 300 hogs; 300 calves; 300 pigs; 1,004 wethers; and 4,000 rabbits: 100 peacocks; 200 cranes; 200 pheasants; 400 plovers; 500 partridges; 2,000 chickens; 2,000 woodcocks; 3,000 geese; 3,000 capons; 4,000 ducks, and 4,000 pigeons: 400 bucks, does, and roebucks; 1,506 hot venison pasties, and 4,000 cold ones; 300 pikes; 300 breams; four porpuses, and eight seals: 400 tarts; 1,000 dishes of jelly parted; 4,000 dishes of plain jelly; and 6,000 custards. There were also consumed 300 quarters of wheat; a pipe of spiced wine; 350 tons of ale; and 104 pipes of wine.

In the time of William of Rosenberg, the annual revenue of a small state was frequently expended at a marriage. This nobleman, being one of the richest in Bohemia, married Mary, Margravine of Baden. At this marriage were drank forty tons of Spanish wine; 1,100 setiers of Austrian, Rhenian, and Tyrolian wine; besides vast quantities of liquors. The festivities began on the

26th January, 1378, and closed on the first of May : during which time there were consumed 150 oxen ; 450 sheep ; 546 calves ; and 634 hogs : thirty heath-cocks ; 240 pheasants ; 2,050 partridges ; and not less than 2,130 hares. Besides these, there were 120 pieces of other game, and forty stags. Of poultry there were 3,106 capons and pullets, with 5,135 geese, garnished and attended with 30,997 eggs. The quantity of fish consumed was equally surprising ; as most of them were river fish : 675 lampreys ; 6,080 trout ; 1,820 carp ; and 10,209 pikes ; besides 350 tails of stock-fish ; 2,600 lobsters ; and 7,096 dried fish of different descriptions.

IX.

As a companion to this we may enumerate the quantity of provisions, consumed at the festival, given by the Duke of Orleans, at his chateau of Villers Cotterets, to Louis the Fifteenth, after his coronation.

There were consumed 3,071lbs. of ham ; 10,550lbs. of bacon and hog's lard ; 29,045 heads of poultry and game ; 100,809lbs. of butcher's meat ; £580 worth of sea and fresh-water fish ; 150,096 lbs. of bread ; 36,464 eggs, and 6,660lbs. of butter : 800 bottles of old hock ; 200 hogsheads of common wine ; 80,000 bottles of Champagne and Burgundy ; and 3,000 bottles of liqueurs : 800 pomegranates ; 2,000lbs. of sugar-plums ; 15,000lbs. of sweetmeats ; 65,000 oranges and lemons ; and 150,000lbs. of apples and pears : 1,500lbs. of chocolate ; 2,000lbs. of coffee, besides tea ; and 8,000lbs. of sugar.

It is said, that where Nature furnishes a guest, she seldom fails to furnish a banquet ; but profusion like this

must have caused many a father to pine for the misery of his unfortunate infants.

The wealth of the entertainer, and the magnificence of the fête, may be still further illustrated by an allusion to the linen ; the number of china dishes and plates ; and the gold and silver utensils. These were 900 dozens of napkins ; 2,000 dozens of aprons for the various cooks, and other persons employed ; with 3,300 table-cloths. There were, also, 20,000 pieces of crystal dishes, on which to serve sweetmeats, &c. ; 30,000 china plates and dishes for the dessert ; 115,000 glasses and decanters ; with 50,000 plates, dishes, tureens, and other pieces of silver and gilt silver.

Such were the feasts of princes !—The comforts of a social family—what are they to the vile raptures of a military people ? The Romans of the empire delighted in the shows of animals. In the days of the republic, Pompey was drawn in triumph by elephants¹ ; and Anthony by lions. Aurelian was drawn by deer ; Firmus by ostriches² : Heliogabalus was sometimes drawn by four lions ; then by four tigers ; now by four elephants ; then by four mastiffs ; not unfrequently by four camels ; and once—by four naked women ! At one time, he caused to be collected a thousand rats ; at another time a thousand weasels ; and at another ten thousand mice ;—all of which he exhibited to the Roman people. And, for the purpose of estimating the magnitude of the city,

¹ Bacchus seems to have set the example of being drawn by wild beasts ; as Pliny says, that he triumphed in India in a chariot, drawn by elephants.—*Nat. Hist.* viii. 2.

² *August. Hist.*

he caused to be collected such a number of spiders¹, as were never collected together before, nor have ever since been seen by human eye. They weighed upwards of ten thousand pounds! He would, also, give most curious presents to those, he called his friends. Ten bears to one; ten crickets to another; to some ten camels; to others ten flies; ten ostriches; and ten pelican's eggs. To some, dead dogs; to others dead bulls; and to some, vessels full of worms, of frogs, of toads, of serpents, or of scorpions: and frequently at his feasts, he would introduce bears and pards, lions and panthers, deprived of their teeth and claws.

X.

It may here be observed, that Probus², at the time of his triumph, gave the largest show of wild beasts, that was ever witnessed in Rome³. On the first day a thousand ostriches were exhibited; a thousand chamois; a thousand stags; a thousand fallow deer; and a thousand wild boars. These the people were permitted to kill, at their own discretion. On the second day, there were let loose, in the same capacious arena, a hundred

¹ Lampridius.² Vopiscus.

³ It may not be irrelevant here to relate, that when Pompey exhibited huntings of wild beasts, at Rome, in which five hundred lions were killed, and twenty elephants; the howling of the latter was so horrible to the ears of the people, who esteemed them in such use, and of a nature, so similar to man, that they wept largely, and heaped curses upon Pompey, for such an extraordinary instance of cruelty.—Vide Dio. Cass. lib. xxxix —Augustus* exhibited thirty-six crocodiles;—and Gordian and Philip† ten camelopards.

* Dion. Cass. lib. lv.

† Jul. Capitol. Gordian III. c. 23.

Lybian leopards; a hundred Syrian leopards; a hundred lions; a hundred lionesses; and three hundred bears! The united roar of these animals presented a savage concert, such as the world had never before heard; and such as the imagination of man has little power to conceive. Oh! lay me by the side of a waterfall; and let me listen to its murmur, rendered more sacred by the notes of a nightingale!

CHAPTER II.

RETIRED in the country at C——, or at L——, after unremitted toil in the senate, and desirous of varying your mode of life, my Lelius, send your servants into the fields. Let the collation be spread; and, surrounded by your family, and sheltered from the heat of the sun, enjoy the coolness of the wide-extending oak, and the rivulet, that waters its roots. Mount the highest of your mountains; lie down upon its mossy surface; and watch the course of the clouds; or observe the animals, bounding from one end of the hill to the other. Rise to the rock, and shudder with agreeable horror, as the goat bounds from precipice to precipice: or on the margin of a river or a lake, while every object seems to move, recline in peace within your boat, and drink in rapture, as you move along.

Nothing can be more delightful than the water parties of the Constantinopolitans, on the bosom of the Euxine, and the Marmora; or those of the inhabitants of Vevay

and Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva. And what traveller is not captivated, as he has observed the light boats, sailing with animated parties from Gerisáu to Lucerne¹; or on the two lakes,—one small and beautiful, the other extensive and picturesque,—on the east and west sides of the city of Constance? For my own part, my friend, never have I envied you more, than when you have described to me the pleasure you derived, in sailing down the Rhone from Lyons to Valence; and from Viers to Avignon. And, after tasting all the pleasure, which the mountains of Switzerland and the vales of Savoy could afford an imagination, so elegant as yours; after visiting the sources of the Aar and the Rhine, and climbing the summits of St. Gothard and St. Bernard, you confessed, that the happiest moments, you experienced among those astonishing regions, were those, in which you sailed with the captivating Julia along the Lake of Lucerne; and at the moment, in which, as the sun was shedding its rays upon the water, you landed at the chapel of William Tell!

Of all the amusements, which Rousseau partook, when at Geneva, none were so agreeable to his taste, as that of walking along the banks, or of sailing on the bosom of the lake, which stretches to the east of that celebrated city. In the society of Theresa, and the family of Le Luc, he spent seven of the most delightful days of his life, in coasting along the shores of that beautiful water; re-

¹ Sitting in the water at Cumana is a frequent amusement. Of a fine light night, says Humboldt, chairs are placed in the manzanares, and men and women, lightly clothed, assemble in the river, and pass many hours in familiar conversation, or in smoking segars.

ceiving rapture at every motion of the vessel; and imbibing with that rapture all the bewitching imagery, with which, after the expiration of several years, he embellished the *Nouvelle Heloise*. In his solitary excursions he digested the plan of his *Political Institutions*; formed the ground-work of the tragedy of *Lucretia*; translated a portion of *Tacitus*; and meditated a *History of the Valois*.

II.

The climate of Italy allowing hospitalities in the open air, the Romans frequently indulged themselves, in dining in woods and grottos. The nobles of Caubul also give entertainments in their gardens¹; and even Alaric delighted in stretching his huge figure under the shade of the plane-tree; beneath which he frequently took repasts. This tree Xerxes held in such high admiration², that whenever he saw one in his march, it was his custom to halt, that he might have the pleasure of sitting under its shade, with his army encamped around it. He adorned it with bracelets and jewels, and appointed a steward to guard it from accidents.

The Cashmerians are much devoted to the pleasure of sailing on the bosoms of their lakes and rivers³. In Venice excursions of this nature are even still more delightful. There the water is smooth, the sky cloudless, and as the enthusiast glided along in a gondola, the boatmen once were accustomed to sing, to the sound of their oars, the songs

¹ Elphinstone, Caubul, 279.

² Plut.—Also, Ælian. Var. Hist. B. ii c. 14.

³ Forster's Travels.—The natives of Kin-sai too.—Vide Marco Polo, B. ii. ch. lxviii. sect. 5.

and poems of Petrarch and Ariosto. Thus giving a fine play to the imagination, the faculty of thought was enlarged; the nerves delicately attuned; and the heart, vibrating in unison, felt itself susceptible of every elegant and virtuous impulse. “Oh! Petrarch—Ariosto—and sacred Tasso,” exclaimed Da Costa, when sailing on the Brenta; “how delightful must be your feelings, even in your present mansions of immortality, when you reflect on the charm, which your poesy imparts to the brilliant moonlights of Venetian skies!” But the stanzas of Tasso, the sonnets of Petrarch, and the distichs of Ariosto, are no longer heard upon the waters of Venice.

III.

Gondolas are introduced with much effect in the grand picture of the Laguno, painted by Canaletti, once belonging to the Elector of Saxony, and lately exhibited for sale in London. How often has Da Costa glided along the Brenta, having the towers of Venice to the east, and the Tyrolese Alps to the north, listening to the notes, which floated upon the water, from the balconies of the palaces, which rise on the borders of that celebrated river! As he has thus indulged the romantic character of his nature, every scene has seemed,

——— An entrance into Paradise;
And all beyond as Fancy's. And as there,
In the cool eventide,—so soft and still,—
The little boats glided their easy way,
Midst the reflections of the sunset, all
Seemed like a convoy of departed souls
Steering their course to Heaven¹.

¹ Altered from Rinaldo and Armida.

CHAPTER III.

IF the common taste of mankind lead man to derive pleasure from the representations of nature, how much more so must we suppose the influence of real scenes on the mind of the poet;—the primary qualities of whose genius, as some one has justly observed, being an eye, that can see; a heart, that can feel; and a resolution, that dares follow nature¹. Hence it is, that the first objects, which have charms for youthful genius, are those of landscape: and hence it arises, that all our more eminent poets have been strict observers of rural objects, and enthusiastic admirers of imposing scenery. For it was to primitive prospects, that the earlier writers were principally indebted, for the noble enthusiasm, by which they were distinguished. To an ardent love of Nature, therefore, may we refer their simplicity of language, chastity of sentiment, strength of thought, and beauty and sublimity of manner and conception.

Pastoral wafts us into fairy land. Reclining under the shades of thickets, we give ourselves up to the most agreeable delusions, and taste the pictures of imaginary felicity, with the more animated delight, since our palate is so seldom sated with those of reality. Plainness of language, gentleness and delicacy of expression, and a flowing and graceful cadence, ingender in our imagination

¹ Videantur omnia ex Naturâ verum hominumque fluere. Hoc opus, hic labor est; sine quo cætera nuda, jejuna, infirma, ingrata.—Quint. lib. vi. c. 2.

images of health and pictures of innocence; beautiful countries and delightful climates. All of which conspire to induce us to prefer a life of tranquillity; and to yield ourselves up to those enchanting emotions, which Nature, dressed to such a captivating advantage, seldom fails to excite. Hence it arises, that pastoral has been a favourite species of poetry in all ages:—from the time, in which Solomon wrote his exquisite song, to the days of Theocritus and Virgil; thence to Sannazarius; and lastly to Gessner.

II.

Many are the descriptions of pastoral life in the Scriptures; particularly in the histories of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joseph, of Ruth, and of David: and many are the allusions in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah. David was a shepherd, Amos a herdsman, and several of the apostles fishermen.

The first Greek pastoral poet was Daphnis¹, who invented the Idyllion; but as none of his works remain, Theocritus is generally esteemed the father of pastoral poetry. Blest with a lively genius, and born in a country enjoying serene skies, this poet is as much superior to Virgil in beauty, simplicity, and originality, as Virgil is superior to Ausonius, and the whole host of his literal imitators. Virgil's chief loss, in point of interest, arises out of his not having introduced some females, in the rural dramatic personæ.

The *Aminta* of Tasso is, with the exception of

¹ Vid. *Ælian. Var. Hist.* x. c. 18.

Milton's *Comus*, the most elegant pastoral drama in any language: and, with Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, and Bonarelli's *Filli di Sciro*¹, was frequently represented by the Italian nobility in gardens and groves, having no other scenery, than what the places, in which they were represented, naturally afforded².

Among the British, pastoral attained little of excellence from the days of Spenser, Drayton, and Browne, to the time, in which Bloomfield wrote his *Richard and Kate*, the poor Blacksmith, and the Miller's Maid. Affectation had long been substituted for passion; and delicacy and elegance for that exquisite simplicity of language and sentiment, which constitutes the charm of this delightful species of poetry. Phillips is but an awkward appropriator of Virgil's imagery; and an unsuccessful imitator of Spenser's phraseology. As a pastoral, Milton's *Lycidas*, too, notwithstanding the applause, that has been heaped upon it, is frigid and pedantic; while his *Epitaphium Damonis*, boasting many agreeable passages, merely denotes the elegance of an accomplished scholar. Pope is too refined; his versification too measured; and his ideas

¹ Du Bos calls Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds* an eclogue. The descriptions, says he, and images, drawn by the personages, are very suitable to the character of pastoral poetry: and among those images there are several, which Virgil himself would willingly have adopted.—*Vid. Crit. Reflex. i. c. 22.* That astronomy is a subject well adapted to pastoral is certain; since the first astronomers were shepherds.

² We are assured by Rosinus, that plays were acted under the shades of trees, long before they were performed in theatres. It is certain, that shepherds used to sing and recite their pastorals in those situations; and hence Cassiodorus derives the word *Scena*. In Greece they were frequently performed in the open air, and in the day-time.

little more than derivations from the more polished and courtly passages of his Mantuan and Sicilian masters. He addresses the genius of the Thames, rather than of the Avon; and adapts his sentiments, more to the meridians of Hagley and Stowe, than to the meadows of Gloucestershire, or the vales of Devon.

III.

The Gentle Shepherd of Fletcher, however, may be placed in competition with its prototype by Guarini: the pastoral songs of Burns, and other Scottish poets, are equal to those of any other age or nation: and the four pastorals of Shenstone are even superior to any in Pope, in Virgil or Theocritus. But none surpass the mild and captivating Gessner; whose simplicity and tenderness have power to animate the bosom of age, and to refine the passions of the young. Superior to the rural poets of France and Spain, of England, Scotland, and Italy, he united the elegance of Virgil to the simplicity of Theocritus; and decorated Nature, by adopting the manners of the golden age. His Death of Abel is almost worthy the pen of Moses; his First Navigator combines all the fancy of the poet, with the primeval simplicity of the patriarch; and his Idyls are captivating to all, but the pedant and the sensualist. It was his family, which rendered the genius of Gessner so irresistibly engaging. His wife and his children animated his heart; and he dipped his pen, as it were, in their bosoms. While we are reading, we seem to be gazing on the pictures of his imagination; but we are, in reality, witnessing passages in his life. One of his daughters chances to visit a poor woman out of charity. Gessner is

impressed with her intention, and immediately writes an idyl, in which one Zephyr says to another, "Why flutterest thou here, so idly among the rose bushes?"—"A maiden will soon pass along the path: she is as lovely as the youngest of the Graces. At peep of dawn, she repairs with a well-filled basket to the cot, which stands on yonder hill. See! That is the cot; the mossy roof of which is now gilded by the rays of the sun. In that cot dwells a female, afflicted with sickness and poverty. She has two infants, both of whom would weep with hunger by the side of her bed, did not Daphne afford them relief and consolation, every day. She will return by this very path; her cheeks glowing with pleasure, and tears of sympathy gemming her eyes. In this rose bush I wait till I perceive her coming. When she issues from the cottage, I fly to meet her, laden with perfumes. I fan her cheeks, and kiss the dewy pearls from her eyes. This is my employment."

IV.

In this manner, Gessner rendered all the more agreeable incidents of domestic life subservient to his genius. Upon recovering from a fit of illness, he composed his idyl of Daphnis and Chloë; in which, depicting the anxiety of children, at the dread of losing their father, they indicate their affection, by offering a sacrifice of all they possess; accompanying their offers with language the most innocent and engaging.

Something analogous occurring in the canton of Zurich, Gessner wrote that history of the wooden leg, which he calls a Swiss Idyl; but which is infinitely superior to any idyl in Theocritus, or any bucolic in Virgil.

What was Gessner's wish? All that a delicate imagination might desire to possess! A cottage overhung by walnut trees; doves flying among the boughs; a bee garden, hedged with hazels; and, at each corner, a bower formed of vines. Behind the garden a meadow; and before it a grove of fruit-trees: in the midst of which a small lake, in the centre of which an island, containing an harbour. On the south side of the orchard a vineyard; and on the north a field waving with corn. "With such an habitation," says the poet, "the richest of monarchs, when compared with myself, would be comparatively poor."

V.

The first pastoral poem, exhibited on the stage, was the *Arethusa*, by Lollo; the second, the *Sacrificio*, by Beccari; the third was *Lo Sfortunato*, by Arienti; the fourth the *Aminta*; and the fifth *Il Pastor Fido*. So much was the *Aminta* admired, that, within a few years after its first appearance, Italy had no less than eighty dramatic pastorals; few of which, however, possessed merit; except Bonarelli's *Filli di Sciro*, and Ongaro's *Alceo*. The first pastoral comedy is said by some to have been written by Tansillo; by others the honour is given to Politian.

Fontenelle considered pastoral the oldest species of poetry; because the occupation of a shepherd was the oldest employment. Hence Boileau personified it, as a nymph at a feast of shepherds, adorned with ornaments, gathered from the fields and meadows. Much more plausible is the idea of Fontenelle, than that of Rapin; who fancifully endeavours to trace the origin of the pastoral drama to the Cyclops of Euripides!

"Nothing," says a celebrated traveller, "delights me

so much as the inside of a Swiss cottage. All those I have visited convey the liveliest images of cleanliness, ease, and simplicity; and cannot but strongly impress on the observer a most pleasing conviction of the peasant's happiness." With such models constantly before him, it is no subject for astonishment, that Gessner should be capable of painting such exquisite companion pieces. But for a man, bred in the school of dulness, as a country town invariably is; associating with players; and residing, for the principal part of his life, in all the dust and poison of a city, how much is our wonder and admiration excited, when we read the delineations of pastoral manners, drawn in several dramas of that creator of worlds, and delineator of passions,—Shakespeare. That a master, so skilled in the minute anatomy of the heart, should be capable of divesting himself of all that fatal knowledge to sound "wild wood notes," worthy of the reed of Tasso, is, of itself, a singular phenomenon; and proves our English bard to be superior to Euripides.

As Colonna was walking, one day, in Mecklenburgh Square, he met the poet Bloomfield. They had not seen each other for two or three years; and Colonna engaged him to breakfast the next day. As they were talking over their coffee, Colonna inquired of his guest, whether he had been engaged lately in any literary pursuit? "No," returned Bloomfield, "my health has been declining; and my anxieties have prevented me from attending to literary labour of any sort. To write," continued he, "we must be tranquil!"—"Ah!" returned Colonna, "to write, with any degree of effect, we must, indeed, be tranquil. And yet, after all, it is misfortune, which gives that solemn tone to the feelings, which impresses the mind so

deeply.”—“To paint the manners and occupations of rural life,” said he again, “the mind, or at least my mind, must enjoy tranquillity.” Bloomfield pines;—and General Delancey enjoys two thousand a year!

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is no occupation so fascinating to the imagination, as that of the shepherd. This chiefly arises from the simplicity with which shepherds are introduced as actors on the theatre of scripture; where allusions to patriarchal manners are so frequently occurring. It is a mode of life, which, in some climates, must indeed be highly delightful.

Come hither, come hither,—by night and by day,
We revel in pleasures, that never are gone:
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.

Moore.

Job had 7000 sheep; 3000 camels; 500 yoke of oxen; and 500 she-asses¹: and these were doubled at the end of his trial². He was the greatest proprietor in all the East. Jacob, too, must have had large flocks and herds³; since he sent to his brother Esau, as a peace-offering, no less than 200 she-goats and 20 he-goats; 200 ewes and 20 rams; 30 milch camels, with their colts; 40 cows; 10 bulls; 20 she-asses, and 10 foals.

Moses kept sheep on Mount Horeb: he had fled

¹ Ch. i. v. 3.

² Ch. xlii. v. 12.

³ Gen. xxxii. v. 14.

from before Pharaoh, and was sitting by the side of a well, when the daughters of Midian came to draw water for their father's flock. When they arrived at the well, the neighbouring shepherds came to drive them away: but Moses stood up and assisted them. When these young maids returned to their father's house, they told him of the assistance they had received from Moses. Upon hearing this, Jethro invited the Egyptian exile to his board; married him to his daughter Zipporah; and gave him charge of all his flocks. These flocks Moses kept on Mount Horeb; where the God of the Israelites appeared to him in a burning bush; and where he received the command to deliver the children of Israel from the bondage, beneath which they laboured in the land of Egypt.

II.

Homer calls kings shepherds of the people; and the Messiah is represented as the shepherd of the human race. "Tell me, oh thou, whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest; where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon? If thou know not, thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents¹." In Isaiah², "Jehovah in his goodness shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm; carry them in his bosom; and gently lead those that are with young." In the Psalms³, the royal poet exclaims, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want: he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

¹ Song of Solomon, ch. i. v. 7, 8.

² Ch. xl. v. 11.

³ Ps. xxiii. 1, 2.

He restoreth my soul." In Ezekiel the prophet reproves bad shepherds. These are represented as feeding themselves, and giving no food to their flocks: as clothing themselves with their wool; as neglecting the sick; neither binding up the wounds of those that are injured; nor searching for those that are lost. In St. Matthew¹, "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand; but the goats on his left."

The following passage, too, occurs in Mrs. Barbauld's admirable *Hymns for Children*. Thus the association begins in the earliest period of life.

"Behold the shepherd of the flock, he taketh care for his sheep, he leadeth them among clear brooks, he guideth them to fresh pasture; if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

"But who is the shepherd's Shepherd? who taketh care for him? who guideth him in the path he should go? and, if he wander, who shall bring him back?"

"God is the shepherd's Shepherd. He is the Shepherd over all; he taketh care for all; the whole earth is his fold; we are all his flock; and every herb, and every green field is the pasture, which he hath prepared for us.

"God is our Shepherd, therefore we will follow him; God is our father, therefore we will love him; God is our king, therefore we will obey him."

¹ Ch. xxv. 31.

III.

In the earlier ages of Greece, shepherds were held in great esteem. Their names were given to Mounts Cithæron and the Caucasus: and in Egypt that of the shepherd, Philistis, was given to one of the pyramids. Homer has many allusions to this agreeable life. In one place he compares a general marshalling his army, to a shepherd gathering his flock¹: in another, the clamour of a multitude to the bleating of sheep, standing to be milked²: and in a third passage a general, surveying his troops, to the delight of a shepherd leading his flock to the mountains³. Similar passages occur in Tasso, in Ariosto, and in Camöens.

Boccalini has frequently illustrated his subjects by references to flocks and herds. In one instance he makes sheep and shepherds illustrate the maxim, that the best means to make nations quiet, humble, and obedient, is to afford them all possible opportunities of becoming rich⁴. In another he draws a moral from the circumstance of the sheep having sent ambassadors to Apollo to request being allowed long horns and sharp teeth⁵. And in a third advertisement he makes Apollo declare, that he loved husbandmen and shepherds far better than nobility⁶.

The Afghauns are stated to be extremely partial to a pastoral life. They enter upon it, says an accomplished traveller⁷, with pleasure, and abandon it with regret.

¹ Il. book ii.² Il. book iv.³ Il. book xiii.⁴ Adv. from Parnassus, lxvii. E. of Monmouth, p. 84. Ed. 1674.⁵ Adv. lxxxviii.⁶ Adv. xcij.⁷ Elphinstone.

The shepherds are emancipated from control; a few families, closely connected by blood and interest, associate together; and they require no magistrate. Feeling the charms of independence, they lead a life of ease. Their flocks supply them with almost every thing they want; and the frequent change of scene, with hunting and guarding their flocks, gives variety to their lives, and affords relief from the listlessness of monotony.

IV.

The Guanchos of the Canary Islands have a curious opinion, in respect to the efficacy of the bleating of lambs and sheep¹: when they want rain, therefore, they collect their flocks into one spot. Then they separate the lambs from the ewes; upon which both set up a violent bleating, which the Guanchos imagine will induce the Deity to favour them with rain.

The Murtats of the Crimea keep numerous flocks of goats; while the Coriacs, wandering along the north-east sea of Okotska, devote themselves to the pasturing and breeding of deer. Some chiefs have not less than 5000. The sheep of Zaara, in the states of Tunis, are as large as fallow deer: in Zetland and in Zealand the shepherds pull the wool from them, instead of shearing; believing that practice to be the better method of making it grow of a fine quality. In Japan there is neither a sheep nor a goat. In the Taurida, they are, on the contrary, so numerous, that flocks extend even to 50,000: and he is but a common proprietor, who has a flock of only 1000.

¹ Astley's Voy. vol. i. p. 549.

In Iceland they are not numerous; but every flock has a trained ram, which, let the night be ever so dark and tempestuous, leads the sheep to their fold. In many countries shepherds know the countenances of every sheep; and among the Peruvian mountains, they not only observe their increase and decrease, but keep a strict account of the day on which every lamb is ewed; and on which every sheep dies.

Pales, the Roman goddess of shepherds, and whose annual festival was on the 21st April, was unknown to the Greeks; whose chief rural deity was PAN;—a name synonymous with universal nature. When the Tuscan and other Italian peasants wanted a good crop of corn, they offered ears of corn; and when a good vintage, branches of grapes: but if they desired a good lambing season, they offered large pails of milk.

In the early ages of mankind, says Porphyry, every man was a priest in his own family; and the only sacrifices were fruits and vegetables. A few vestiges of this patriarchal mode of life still remain. They are found in Java; in some parts of America; and even in Greenland; where examples are occasionally presented of the manners and customs of ancient times.

It is curious, however, to remark, that countries, once occupied chiefly by shepherds, are in the present age occupied in the same manner. It is not thus with the other pursuits of life. The Dutch now live like gardeners, and fishermen; their Batavian ancestors like herdsmen: and the Britons, once living like hunters and hewers of wood, are now merchants, manufacturers, and agriculturists.

V.

It is also curious to remark, that the hunting and shepherd states¹ were never known to exist in any quarter of the torrid zone. But in Tartary they have prevailed from the earliest ages: and it is said, that when Ghengis Khan conquered China, there was a deliberation in his council, as to the propriety of destroying all the Chinese; in order that the whole of that immense empire might be converted into pastures for flocks and herds.

So agreeable is the shepherd's life, that even Jews have taken to it. In the government of Cherson² there is a body of them, consisting of four thousand; who, having left their native trades in Poland, cultivate the soil, given them by Alexander, emperor of Russia; and live in the patriarchal manner of former ages.

Spenser seems to have taken great pleasure in painting this mode of life.

The time was once, in my first prime of years,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdained amongst mine equal peers
To follow sheep and shepherd's base attire.
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And leaving home, to royal court I sought,
Where I did sell myself for yearly hire,
And in the prince's garden daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainness, as I never thought!

¹ Kaïms, i. p. 103. Second Ed.

² Solomon, the converted Polish rabbi, Letter to the Rev. C. S. Hawtrey, dated Kremenchug, May 24, O. S. 1819.

With sight whereof soon cloy'd, and long deluded
 With idle hopes, which them do entertain,
 After I had ten years myself excluded
 From native home, and spent my youth in vain,
 I gan my follies to myself to plain,
 And this sweet peace, whose lack did then appear.
 Though back returning to my sheep again,
 I from thenceforth have learned to love more dear
 This lowly quiet life, which I inherit here.

Faerie Queene, B. vi. Cant. ix. St. 24, 25.

VI.

In Spain the country has received great injury, not so much from the number of Merino flocks, as from the custom, which has prevailed, for many centuries, of traversing every year the plains and mountains of the two Castiles, Biscay, and Arragon; Leon, Estremadura, and Andalusia. In these peregrinations, they do so much injury, that in one province (Estremadura), there are only 200,000 inhabitants; when it is capable of maintaining upwards of two millions. In 1778 there were seven flocks, which amounted in number to no less than 220,000¹. Of these the Duke of Infantado had one flock, consisting of forty thousand; the six remaining flocks consisted of thirty thousand each; belonging to the Countess of Campo Negretti; the Marquis Perales; the Duke of Bejar; and the convents of Guadaloupe, Paular, and the Escorial.

The mesta seems to have obtained, also, in ancient Italy; for the shepherds used to drive their flocks into Calabria in summer, and into Lucania in winter. This

¹ Dillon, Trav. Spain, p. 47, 4to.

is what Horace probably alludes to, when he says that his sheep fed in *agris longinquis*¹. In ancient Britain, too, the shepherds, called *Ceangi*, traversed the plains with their flocks and herds; and vestiges of them² remain even to the present day.

CHAPTER V.

ZENO³ was accustomed to call the vine, “the flower of beauty.” The painter says, “open thine eyes, and I will delight thee;” the philosopher, “attend, and I will instruct thee;” the musician, “listen, and I will subdue thee.” The passions of the soul, assuredly, are more obsequious to music than to any other art. This power to subdue has procured music, it must be confessed, too much attention in this age of flippancy and refinement. Young ladies play airs, as spiders spin cobwebs—to catch flies. The flies are caught. But Crabbe shall tell us the result. “Full well,” says he,

“Full well we know, that many a favourite air,
That charms a party, fails to charm a pair.
And as Augusta play’d, she look’d around,
To see if one was dying at the sound.
But all were gone—a husband, wrapt in gloom,
Stalk’d careless, listless, up and down the room!

Music gives an ambrosial character to every thing. But of all instruments the Eolian harp, for a time, gives the

¹ Epist. viii. l. 6.

² Baxter, Gloss. Britt. p. 75.

³ Diog. Laert. lib. vii. sec. 23.

greatest play to the imagination of the poet¹. Nature operates upon this instrument invisibly; and the soul seems at one moment to be wafted to the empyrean; at another it is hushed into the melody of tranquillity;—sounds become, as it were, embodied; and the soul almost visible.

It has been justly observed, that of all relaxations for the poor, the most delightful would be that of music. This art it is, that gives such a charm to the winter evenings of the French and German peasantry. A taste of this kind it would be wise in masters and magistrates to encourage; since it would tend to soften their hearts, and civilize their manners. The German with his flute, the Frenchman with his violin, the Spaniard with his guitar, and the Italian with his mandolino, are far more graceful to the imagination, than whole groupes of English boxers and wrestlers. One day, it may be hoped, English lands may be more equally divided; small farmers again be known; the peasantry again smile; have

¹ The Javanese* have a tradition, that their first idea of music arose from the circumstance of some one of their ancestors having heard the air make a melodious sound, as it passed through a bamboo tube, which hung accidentally on a tree, and was induced to imitate it. Thus they fable that music came from Heaven. In some of the Austral Asian Islands they have a curious species of Eolian instrument, formed of bamboo. Mons. Labillardiere listened to one hanging vertically by the sea-shore. It elicited some fine cadences, intermixed with discordant notes. "I cannot convey a better idea of this instrument," says he†, "than by comparing its notes to those of the Harmonica."

* Raffles' Hist. Java, i. p. 472.

† Voy. in Search of La Perouse, by D'Entrecasteaux. Vol. i. 349—350.

cottages, resembling those of Java¹: and that each cottage may have a garden, a well, a few fruit-trees, three or four hives of bees, and a right of cutting fuel on heaths and commons. These,—added to the pleasure of hearing

¹ “The cottages in Java are never found detached or solitary; they always unite to form villages of greater or less extent, according to the fertility of the neighbouring plain, abundance of a stream, or other accidental circumstances. In some provinces, the usual number of inhabitants in a village is about two hundred, in others less than fifty. In the first establishment of a village on new ground, the intended settlers take care to provide themselves with sufficient garden ground round their huts for their stock, and to supply the ordinary wants of their families. The produce of this plantation is the exclusive property of the peasant, and exempted from burden; and such is their number and extent in some regencies, that they constitute perhaps a tenth part of the area of the whole district. The spot surrounding his simple habitation the cottager considers his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables, that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees, which may at once yield him their fruit and their shade; nor does he waste his efforts on a thankless soil. The assemblage of cottages, that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grove, or clump of evergreens. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the interest, which such detached masses of verdure, scattered over the face of the country, and indicating each the abode of a collection of happy peasantry, add to scenery otherwise rich; whether viewed on the sides of the mountains, in the narrow vales, or on the extensive plains. In the last case, before the grain is planted, and during the season of irrigation, when the rice fields are inundated, they appear like so many small islands, rising out of the water. As the young plant advances, their deep rich foliage contrasts pleasingly with its lighter tints; and when the full-eared grain, with a luxuriance that exceeds an European harvest, invests the earth with its richest yellow, they give a variety to the prospect, and afford a most refreshing relief to the eye. The clumps of trees, with which art attempts to diversify and adorn the most skillfully arranged park, can bear no comparison with them in rural beauty, or in picturesque effect.”—*Raffles’ Java*, vol. i. p. 81, 82. 4to.

their children modulate¹ on some rustic instrument,—it would rejoice my heart to see, and please my soul to hear².

But many of our country gentlemen,—I do not speak in wantonness,—seem to be afraid to let a poor man read ; they seem to wish to make him a beast of burthen ; they

¹ Whatever a musician has to do is comprised in the simple word “ modulation.”—Augustine de Music, lib. i. Macrobius sums up the beneficial effects of music in a single passage. “ Dat somnos adimitque, nec non curas immitit at retrahit, iram suggerit, clementiam suadet. Corporumque quoque morbis medetur.”—In Somn. Scipionis. lib. ii. c. 2.

² I presume to take the liberty of warning the gentry of this country to beware of the arguments, employed by some superficial economists of the present day. In the whole history of human imperfection, throughout the entire body of political ignorance, and in all the works, ancient or modern, which have the smallest reference to the happiness of nations, there is no passage so entirely heartless, so completely offensive in a moral view, and so diametrically opposite to the benevolent spirit of the Christian code, as the following canon. It is, in fact, one of the most atheistical and detestable doctrines ever broached: and it is a passage which Mr. Malthus ought immediately to cancel.—“ A man, who is born into a world, already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if the society do not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food ; and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. At Nature’s mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he does not work upon the compassion of some of the guests. If these guests get up, and make room for him, the order and harmony of the feast is disturbed.”—If this system is to be adopted, adieu to all the comforts of the poor ; and an equal adieu to all the respectability of the rich.

A few words as to mendicants ;—but, a paper has lately appeared on modern improvements, which anticipates, in a great measure, all I would say : and as it is written with great elegance, and true Christian feeling, I shall quote it.

“ The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity is another boasted institution of these cold-hearted days. It would annihilate the race of beggars, and remove from the delicate eye the very form and aspect of misery. Strange infatuation ! as if an old class of the great family of man might be cut off without harm ! ‘ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,’ bound

hate to see him smile ; and then they call him lazy, insolent, and ungrateful.—Ungrateful for what?—Surely every man ought to be able to live by his labour : nor ought he to receive that in charity, which is his right by birth. Of all the wretches upon English ground, there is not a more offensive nuisance to a neighbourhood, than a vain, heartless, arrogant, consequential, country squire !

II.

In some parts of North Wales the women used to assemble at each other's houses, or under some large tree, in summer, and spin their woollen yarn, having a harper to amuse and delight them. The harp is still in frequent use in that country, though in South Wales it is almost unknown : and no traveller of taste but remembers with together by ties of antique sympathy, of which the lowest and most despised are not without their uses. In striking from society a race, whom we have, from childhood, been accustomed to observe, a vast body of associations and gentle thoughts must necessarily be lost for ever. The poor mendicants, whom we banish from the earth, are the best sinecurists to whose sustenance we contribute. In the great science,—the science of humanity,—they not rarely are our first teachers : they affectingly remind us of our own state of mutual dependence ; bring sorrow palpably before the eyes of the prosperous and the vain ; and prevent the hearts of many from ‘utterly losing their nature.’ They give, at least, a salutary disturbance to gross selfishness, and hinder it from entirely forming an ossified crust about the soul. We see them, too, with gentle interest, because we have always seen them, and were accustomed to relieve them in the spring-time of our days. And if some of them are what the world calls impostors, and literally do ‘beguile us of our tears,’ and our alms, those tears are not shed, nor those alms given, in vain. If they have even their occasional revellings and hidden luxuries, we should rather rejoice to believe, that happiness has every where its nooks and corners, which we do not see ; that there is more gladness in the earth, than meets the politician's gaze ; and that Fortune has her favours, ‘secret, sweet, and precious,’ even for those, on whom she seems most bitterly to frown.”

pleasure the national tunes, he has heard at the various inns, at which he has been entertained ¹.

The Scotch peasantry are attached to their bagpipes; and the superior orders are so delighted with music, that it is said alone to have the power of making them enthusiasts. Previous to the rebellion in 1745, the Highlanders used to assemble at each other's cottages, and listen with delight, of a winter's evening, to those fragments of Gaelic poetry, from which Macpherson composed those poems, now dignified by the name of Ossian. These

¹ The British bards * sung the brave actions of their chiefs to the sound of the lyre; and the Scythians † to those of the harp, which they are supposed to have invented.

At the time of Archbishop Baldwin's itinerary through Wales, there was a harp in every house of respectability throughout the principality. The utmost hospitality prevailed; the dishes, plain and simple, were placed on mats; their platters were full of herbs; the family waited while the guests were served; universal good humour prevailed; and the art of playing on the harp was preferred to all other descriptions of learning ‡. In the art of singing, these artless sons of nature seem to have had even a knowledge of counterpoint, for they sung in as many different parts as there were voices, which united in one consonance in organic melody §: a custom which prevailed at the same period in Britain beyond the Humber.

Blackstone || informs us, that in some manors copyholders were bound to hedge the lord's grounds, to top his trees, and reap his corn: in return for which he gave them meat and drink, and not unfrequently engaged a minstrel for their diversion. He quotes also an instance of the same kind in the kingdom of Whidah ¶, in South Western Africa, where the people in the king's field are entertained with music during all the time of their labour. In many parts of England, and Wales too, farmers employ fiddlers to play in the field, while men are reaping wheat or mowing barley.

* Ammian. Marcellinus, lib. xv. c. 9. Diod. Sic. v. 31.

† Pelloutier Hist. des Celtes, c. 9. p. 360. in notis.

‡ Girald. Camb. ii. 293. Hoare. § Giral. Camb. p. 320.

|| B. ii. c. 6.

¶ Mod. Univ. Hist. xvi. 429.

fragments were, not unfrequently, sung to national airs. Genuine Scotch music owes the peculiarity, by which it is distinguished, to its containing the fourth and the seventh of the modern diatonic scale of music. The same system of intervals¹ is said to distinguish the music of Japan and China.

If—as ancient sages ween,—
 Departed spirits, half unseen,
 Can mingle with the mortal throng;
 'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
 The deep-ton'd music of the soul,
 That warbles in our Scottish song.

Leyden.

III.

The Dervises of the East hold the flute to be the most sacred of instruments; because the shepherds of the Old Testament sung hymns to it. The Turks and Moors are partial to their cymbals and dulcimers; and the Greeks are still delighted with their lyres and flutes. They are indeed so partial to music², that they seldom hear a nightingale, but they stop to listen to it.

How delightful, too, in former times, was it to hear the violins of the peasantry in France; and not unfrequently to hear them sing anthems in the open air at the doors of their cottages! The Russian airs resemble Italian ones so much, that when Kotzebue heard an Italian, at any time, sing in the fields, he almost imagined himself transported into Russia. This similitude has been attributed to the airs of both countries having been originally derived from the ancient Greeks.

¹ Macculloch.

² De Guys, vol. iii. 83.

Even the Americans begin to relish music. In the time of Brissot they were accustomed to sit with their families on benches in the front of their houses, enjoying the placidity of the summer's evenings:—a patriarchal picture now seldom witnessed in that land of sordid impulses. But the back-settler, in the midst of boundless forests, cheers the hours of leisure and of winter frequently with an old violin: and the boatmen, plying from La Prairie to Montreal, amuse themselves and their passengers, across the Saint Laurence, singing, in full chorus, songs in French¹: keeping time with their oars; and pausing at the end of each stanza; when the thread of the song is resumed by the steersman.

IV.

How far superior are those pictures by Italian masters, which represent peasants, dancing by the light of the moon, to the merry-makings of a Dutch painter, or even Wilkie's Penny-wedding! Claude frequently embellishes the most lovely of his landscapes with similar groups. The vintage in France is a season sacred to the poet and the painter; it was equally so in ancient Greece; and few of its pictures were more agreeable to the imagination than those, describing the young of both sexes dancing; while a youth in the midst of them was tuning the fate of Linus. After dancing a short time, the whole circle suddenly stopped, took up the melody, and answered in chorus.

Lucian informs us, that in his time a shepherd was

¹ Palmer's Trav. Amer. p. 210.

accustomed to place himself in the midst of his companions, who danced round him, while he played upon the flute. At length the shepherd began to dance as well as to play, and then the whole party exhibited the most elegant positions; and the evening passed as if it were consecrated to Apollo. Maximus Tyrius¹ even ascribes the origin of the drama to the songs and dances of husbandmen, at the close of their harvests: and one of the most beautiful subjects, found at Herculaneum, represents a young villager, leaning on a pitcher near the margin of a fountain. A shepherd, passing with his flock, stops and plays an air on his pipe; while the villager seems to listen with timid and breathless rapture.

But, for the most part, the simple words “my own” have more charms for mankind, than all the pieces of Mozart or Handel; a gold cup than a statue of Canova; and men give more honour to a peer, than to a poet of the first order. These errors will, one day, pass away.

Strabo relates, that as a musician was employing his talents, in the streets of Lassus, a town chiefly inhabited by fishermen, a crowd collected around him, and seemed to enjoy his music with no little delight. At length the signal being given, that the fish-market was open, all the fishermen left him but one, who was deaf. When the musician saw only one remaining, he began praising his taste, and admiring the pleasure with which he seemed to listen to the piece he had played; when the rest of his companions had precipitately left him, upon hearing the first bell. “What!” said the fisherman, “has the bell rung?”

¹ Dissertat. p. 437.

By Jupiter, I did not hear it!" and off he ran after his brother fishermen.

V.

Haydn always spoke of those solitary hours, he had passed in his garden, and in musical application, as the happiest of his life. Mozart, to his other qualifications, loved Nature in her most beautiful aspects. Gifted with talents, equalled only by Haydn, and surpassed only by Handel, he lived in a garden, in the suburbs of Vienna; where he enjoyed every fine evening of summer: attending to his flowers and shrubs; enjoying the delicious coolness of the air; in the society of his wife and friends, whom he frequently delighted with playing over to them the pieces of music, he had recently composed

Pergolesi died in 1733; Metastasio in 1782; Mozart in 1792; Cimarosa in 1801; and Haydn, the creator of symphony, in 1809. Cimarosa composed best, when surrounded by his friends; Paesiello in bed; Sacchini in the society of his mistress; but Haydn in the solitude of his chamber. While listening to the harmonies and melodies of these composers, we seem to realize the sentiments of those Hindoos, who explain their love of music, by asserting, that it recalls to mind the music of paradise, which they had heard in a pre-existent state.

A taste for melody is almost universal; a taste for harmony is but slowly acquired. Melody delights us in youth; harmony gratifies us in manhood; but age recurs to melody, because it associates the spring of life with the winter of age. Bombet¹ distinguishes the several eminent

¹ P. 301.

composers of Germany and Italy, by associating them with painters. Haydn he calls the Tintoret of Music; Pergolese he associates with Raphael; Sacchini with Corregio; Hesse with Rubens; Paesiello with Guido; Piccini with Titian; and Mozart with Domenichino. Durante has been styled the Leonardo da Vinci, and Handel the Michael Angelo of music.

VI.

The musical instruments, now in use in Greece, are the lyre, lute, bagpipe, tamboura, monochord, pipe, pipe of Pan, and cymbals¹. The pipe of Pan is generally the instrument of the peasants. In some of the valleys in Sweden, the pipe, resembling the old English flute, is used: among the Finlanders the harpu, with five strings. Their national melody is the Runa; and no inconsiderable number of Runic songs² are the production of Finnish female peasants. The Laplanders, on the contrary, are such entire strangers to music³, that they have not a single instrument.

There is not a finer collection of objects in the whole circle of visible nature, than a view of the ocean on one side, and of the harvest moon, rising from among purple clouds over the summit of a gigantic range of mountains and rocks, on the other. And yet how much solemnity does this assemblage acquire from the murmuring of the waves, softly laving the beach in autumn, or of the

¹ Dodwell's Greece, vol. ii. p. 493, 4to.

² Acerbi.

³ Clarke Scandinav. p. 440.

billows, rudely rushing against the rocks in winter. The former of these scenes, too, is magically improved by that interest, which can be lent to it by the flute, the pipe, the flageolet, or the shepherd's reed. As Barrow¹ was ascending Mount Teneriffe, the impressive scene was heightened by the presence of a storm, during the intervals of which were heard the sounds of the guides and muleteers, singing in full chorus the midnight hymn to the virgin.

CHAPTER VI.

THE concord of sounds is not more grateful to the genuine lover of music, than Nature, exhibited in all its grace of drapery, is to the generality of mankind. So common is this propensity,—particularly with that part of the community, who are young and of good dispositions,—that there is scarcely a writer of romance, who does not attempt to gratify it. Hence our romance writers frequently select, as the theatres of action, the forests of Germany, the vales of Languedoc, the mountains of Switzerland, the plains of Tuscany, or the delightful environs of Rome, Naples, and Palermo. For elegance of taste and sentiment, for the variety and strength, the beauty and force of her descriptions, Mrs. Ratcliffe,—bred

¹ Voy. to Cochin China, p. 43, 4to.

in the schools of Dante and Ariosto, and whom the Muses recognise as the sister of Salvator Rosa,—stands unrivalled in her department of romance. It is impossible to read this enchanting writer, without following her in all her magic windings. If she traverse the tops of the Pyrenees, along the romantic plains of Gascoigny, or coast the odoriferous shores of Languedoc ; up the mountains of Switzerland, or down the vales of Savoy ; we are never weary of the journey. If she lead us through a forest, at morning, evening, or in the gloom of night, still are we enchained, as with a magic girdle, and follow from scene to scene, unsatiated and untired.

II.

Rousseau confesses, that when he was forming the plan of his *New Heloise*, he was anxious to select a country, which should be worthy of his characters. He was, in consequence, some time before he could finally determine upon the province, in which he should lay the scene of that celebrated romance. He successively called to mind the most delightful spots that he had seen ; but he remembered no grove sufficiently charming ; no glen sufficiently beautiful. The valleys of Thessaly would have fixed his wavering thought ; but those valleys he had never seen : and, fatigued with invention, he desired a landscape of reality, to elicit his descriptive powers, and to operate, as a point, on which he might occasionally repose a strong, vivid, and excursive imagination. At length, weary of selection, he fixed upon those vales, and upon that lake, which in early life had charmed his

fancy, and formed his taste. Who has not beheld the pictures of his youth, in the first part of his Confessions? and who has not been captivated with the description, he has given, of Geneva and Vevay, the Lake of Lausanne, and the orchard of Clarens? While the remembrance of his journey from Annecy to Turin; the wild and picturesque landscapes of Vevay; the torrents, dark woods, and mountains of Chamberry; with the hermitage of Montmorency, were, at all seasons of his life, the most flattering to his imagination.

III.

In general description Homer was as great a master, as in the sublime departments of his art. What can be more admirable, than the scenes of harvest and the vintage, with which he has embellished the eighteenth book of the Iliad? As to his gardens of Alcinous, I must take the liberty of observing, that, as they seem to have exhibited an union of the modern kitchen garden of Italy, and the ancient orchard of Greece, they are no more to be compared with Milton's Garden of Eden, than a Dutch landscape is to an Italian one.

Hesiod has many descriptions of rural scenery; sketched with all the truth and simplicity of Nature. He deserves the elegant encomia of Heinsius. There are also some fine specimens of landscape painting in Apollonius Rhodius; particularly in those terrific scenes, which announce the approach to Tartarus. It is curious, however, that though Greece had so many poets, and so many objects, which conspire to form the poet, yet none

of them, except Hesiod and Aratus, have left any particular indication of their having derived any vivid satisfaction from them. Nor have they left any poem, that can vie with the *Fleece of Dyer* ; the *Cyder of Phillips* ; *Drayton's Polyolbion* ; *Grongar Hill* ; *Beattie's Hermit* ; *Pope's Windsor Forest* ; or *Thomson's Seasons*.

IV.

Among the Latins, Virgil excels in the delineation of particular, and Lucretius in that of general landscape. What a passage is the following !

Inque dies magis in montem succedere sylvas
Cogebant, infraque locum concedere cultis :
Prata, lacus, rivos, segetes, vinetaque læta
Collibus, et campis ut haberent, atque olearum
Cœrula distinguens inter plaga currere posset
Per tumulos, et convalleis camposque profusa :
Ut nunc esse vides vario distincta lepore
Omnia, quæ pomis intersita dulcibus ornant :
Arbustisque tenent felicibus obsita circum.

Lucretius, lib. v. l. 1370.

In that part, too, where he sings the praises of Empedocles, beautiful is the picture, which he draws of the coast of Sicily, and the wonders of Etna and Charybdis. And no finer contrast is exhibited by any of the poets, ancient or modern, than the one, in which he compares the pleasure of being stretched beneath the shade of a tree, or on the banks of a river, with the more costly raptures of a splendid banquet. It has all the feeling of Nature, and all the denial of philosophy: the versification, with the exception of the last line, is flowing ;

the sentiments are golden sentiments ; and, to speak after the manner of painters, the composition is correct, and the colours “ dipt in heaven.”

Si non aurea sunt juvenum simulachra per ædis
 Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
 Lumina nocturnis epulis ut suppeditentur,
 Nec domus argento fulget, auroque renidet ;
 Nec citharis reboant laqueata aurataque templa :
 Attamen inter se prostrati in gramine molli
 Propter aquæ rivum, sub ramis arboris altæ,
 Non magnis opibus jucundè corpora curant :
 Præsertim cum tempestas arridet, et anni
 Tempora conspergunt viridanteis floribus herbas,
 Nec calidæ citùs decedunt corpore febres
 Textilibus si in picturis, ostroque rubenti
 Jactaris, quam si plebia in veste cubandum est.

Lucretius, lib. ii.

V.

Virgil,—that great master of the passions, and the best of all the Latin descriptive poets, if we except Lucretius,—was an ardent lover of picturesque imagery. Hence he is, at all times, on the watch to inquire into, and explain the phenomena of Nature ; to boast the number of flocks and herds of Italy ; the beauty of its groves ; the fineness of its olives ; the virility of its spring, and the mildness of its climate. In his *Pastorals*, and his *Georgics*, we find him sketching with graceful exuberance ; while, in the *Eneid*, many of his individual scenes are drawn with the pencil of a finished painter. The picture of Claude, in the collection of Welbore Ellis, exhibits not more clearly to the imagination, than

the language of the Mantuan poet, describing the spot, where Eneas landed in Italy.

Crebrescunt optatæ auræ; portusque patescit
Jam propior, templumque apparet in arce Minervæ.
Vela legunt socii, et proras ad litora torquent.
Portus ab Eoo fluctu curvatur in arcum;
Objectæ salsâ spumant aspergine cautes;
Ipse latet; gemino demittunt brachia muro
Turriti scopuli, refugitque a litore templum.

En. lib. iii. l. 530.

A view at the dawn of day is delineated with all the fidelity of actual observation.

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare, et æthere ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis:
Cum venti posuere, omnisque repente resedit
Flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsæ.
Atque hic Eneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tyberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.

En. lib. vii. l. 25.

Nor is it possible to draw for the eye a more agreeable picture, than that in the first Eneid, which has so often been esteemed a sketch, in miniature, of the bay of Naples.

Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geniniquæ minantur
In cælum scopuli: quorum sub vertice late
Æquora tuta silent; tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.

En. lib. i. l. 163.

VI.

Among the Latin descriptive poets, Lucretius occupies the first rank; Virgil the second; Italicus the third; Statius the fourth; and Lucan the fifth. Some of the French writers, too, indicate a lively sense of natural beauty. Fontaine affords some highly animated scenes; particularly in the fable of the Oak and the Reed. He adds, indeed, a landscape to every fable. What fine passages are there in *De Lille*! How beautiful are the descriptions of Fenelon and St. Pierre! While those of Rousseau combine the richness of Claude, with the grace, splendour, and magnificence of Titian.

But to confine ourselves to British writers. Chaucer, active, ardent, and gay; a lover of wine, fond of society, and well qualified to charm, by the elasticity of his spirits, the agreeableness of his manners, and the native goodness of his heart, was a lover of that kind of cheerful scenery, which amuses in the fields, or delights us in the garden. The rising sun, the song of the sky-lark, and a clear day, had peculiar charms for him. His descriptions, therefore, are animated and gay, full of richness, and evidently the result of having studied for himself. Spenser,—the wild, the fascinating Spenser,—delineates, with force and simplicity, the romantic and enchanting. Milton,—born, as Richardson finely observes, two thousand years after his time,—was a lover of the beautiful in Nature, as he was of the sublime in poetry. For, though his *Il Penseroso* abounds in those images, which excite the most sombre reflections, the general character of his delineations is of an animated cast. In his minor

poems,—which afforded him an opportunity of consulting his natural taste, unconnected with epic gravity,—we find him, almost universally, sketching with a light, elegant, and animated pencil. What can be more cheerful, than his song on May morning; or his Latin poem, on the coming of Spring? And can any thing be more rich, than the scenery of Comus; or more abounding in all, that renders imagery delightful, than his lyric of *L'Allegro*? And beyond all this, what shall we compare with his garden of Eden? Nothing in the *Odyssey*; nothing in the descriptions, we have received, of the Groves of Antioch¹, or the Valley of Tempé; neither the Gardens of Armida², or the Hesperides; the Paradise of Ariosto³; Claudian's Garden of Venus⁴; the Elysium of Virgil and Ovid; or the Cyprus of Marino; neither the enchanted Garden of Boyardo; the Island of Camöens⁵; or Spenser's Garden of Adonis⁶, have any thing to compare with it. Rousseau's *Verger de Clarens* is alone superior!

¹ Alluded to in *P. L.* b. 4. 272 and in Julian; and described by Strabo, lib. xvi.

² Tasso, cant. xvi. 9. The best principles of a garden are comprised in the following line:—

Arte che tutto fa, nulla se scopre.

³ *Orl. Fur.* xxxiv. Garden of Alcina, b. vi.

⁴ *Nupt. Hon. et Mariæ*, v. 49.

⁵ *Cant.* ix.

⁶ *Faerie Queene*, b. iii. c. 6. Chaucer and Sylvester have curious and not inelegant descriptions: the former in his *Assembly of Fowles*; and the latter in his translation of *Du Bartas*.—*W.* ii. D. i.

VII.

The poet's province is to copy Nature; such, also, is the province of the historian; and it is a subject of regret, that ancient historical writers had not been more observant of the rule. How far more interesting had their pages been, for instance, had they enlivened the progress of their armies, with descriptions of the countries, through which they marched, rather than have encumbered them with so much military detail! Something of this kind may be observed in Xenophon, Quintus Curtius, and Cesar's Commentaries: yet they are but sketches: strongly lined, in some instances, it is true; yet still sketches, and most of them imperfect.

But, however well a scene may be described, every landscape, so exhibited, does not necessarily become a subject for the pallet of the painter. Some descriptions embrace objects too minute; some are too humble and familiar; others too general; and some there are too faithful to be engaging. This poet delights in the familiar; that in the beautiful; some in the picturesque; and others in the sublime. These may be styled the four orders of landscape. In the first we may class Cowper; in the second Pope; in the third Thomson; in the fourth Ossian. The descriptions of Cowper are principally from humble and domestic life; including objects, seen every day and in every country. The gipsy group is almost the only picturesque sketch, he affords. Highly as this has been extolled, how much more interesting had the subject become, in the hands of a Dyer, a Thomson, or a Beattie!—Pope excels in the beautiful; yet he

is so general, that his vales and plains flit before the imagination, leaving on the memory few traces of existence. Thomson's pictures are principally adapted to the latitude of Richmond. Some, however, are sublime to the last degree. They present themselves to the eye in strong and well-defined characters; the keeping is well preserved, and the outlines boldly marked.

Dyer tinted like Ruysdale; and Ossian with the force and majesty of Salvator Rosa. In describing wild tracks, pathless solitudes, dreary and craggy wildernesses, with all the horrors of savage deserts, partially peopled with a hardy, but not inelegant race of men, Ossian is unequalled. In night-scenery he is above all imitation, for truth, solemnity, and pathos; since no one more contrasts the varied aspects of Nature with the mingled emotions of the heart. What can be more admirable, than his address to the evening star, in the songs of Selma; to the moon in Darthula; or that fine address to the sun in his poem of Carthon?—passages almost worthy the sacred pen of the prophet Isaiah.

The uniformity, that has been observed in the imagery of Ossian, is not the uniformity of dulness. Local description only aids the memory; for a scene must be actually observed by the eye, before the mind can form a just and adequate idea of it. No epicure can judge a ragout by the palate of another;—a musician must hear the concert, he presumes to criticise;—and the reader will gain but a very imperfect idea of the finest landscape in the universe, by reading or hearing it described. For we can neither taste, hear, smell, feel, nor see by proxy.

Thus, when Ossian describes vales, rocks, mountains,

and glens, the words he uses are the same ; and the images, they respectively suggest, would appear to be the same ; but the scenes themselves are dressed in an infinite variety of drapery. It is not that the poet is poor, but that language is indigent. A superficial reader, possessing no play of fancy, when the sun is represented as going down, and the moon as rising ; when a cataract is said to roar, and the ocean to roll ; can only figure to himself the actual representations of those objects, without any combinations. A man of an enlarged and elegant mind, however, immediately paints to himself the lovely tints, that captivate his fancy in the rising and setting of those glorious luminaries ; he already sees the tremendous rock, whence the cataract thunders down ; and thrills with agreeable horror, at the distant heavings of an angry ocean. Possessing a mind, that fancy never taught to soar, the one perceives no graces in a tint ; a broad and unfinished outline only spreads upon his canvas ; while, by the creating impulses of genius, the outline is marked by many a matchless shade, and the foreground occupied by many a bold, or interesting group.

CHAPTER VII.

GIFTED with an accomplished mind, the poet walks at large, amid the fair creations of the material world ; and, imbibing images, at every step, to form his subjects and illustrate his positions, he turns every object into an in-

telligible hieroglyphic. For there is an analogy between external appearances and particular affections of the soul, strikingly exemplificative of that general harmony, which subsists in all the universe. For infinite are the relations and analogies, which objects bear to each other. Harmonies, which would give ample scope for the satisfaction and rapidity of the liveliest imagination! It is from these analogies, that the heavenly bodies have been considered as symbols of majesty; and the oak as an emblem of strength: the olive of peace; and the willow of sorrow. One of the Psalms of David, pursuing this analogy, represents the Jews, hanging their harps upon the willows of Babylon, bewailing their exile from their native country.

The yellow-green, which is the colour Nature assumes at the falling of the leaf, was worn in chivalry, as an emblem of despair. Red is considered as indicative of anger, sometimes of guilt¹; green of tranquillity²; and brown of melancholy. The lotos³ was regarded in Egypt as an

¹ Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet; they shall be as wool.—Isaiah, i. v. 18.—That is—as white as wool.—When Moorcroft was about to take leave of the Lama of Nàràyan, on his journey to the Lake of Mánasanawara, the Lama took his friend's white garment in his hand, and said, “I pray you, let me live in your recollection, as white as this cloth.”

² Green in heraldry is used to express liberty, love, youth, and beauty: and all acts and letters of grace were, at one time, signed with green wax.

³ Because it vegetates from its own matrice. The lotos is a species of water-lily. It is esteemed sacred in Thibet, Nepaul, and Hindostan*. On its bosom Bramah was supposed to have been born; and on its petals Osiris delighted to float†. This flower is very common along the countries bordering the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger‡.

* Asiat. Research. vol. i. p. 243.

† Indian Antiq. iii. p. 232.

‡ Park's Trav. 4to. p. 100.

emblem of the creating power : and the cypress has long been acknowledged an emblem of mourning ; the swan of graceful dignity ; the violet of modesty ; the myrtle of love ; the tulip of vanity ; the aloe of constancy ; the mulberry of prudence ; the lily of the valley of innocence ; the rose of beauty ; the fuschia of magnificence ; and the palm and laurel of honour and victory ¹.

Branches of palms were, in ancient times, esteemed emblems of mental and bodily vigour² ; and the white violet of love³ ; as a blush was the emblem of modesty and virtue. The amaranth was an emblem of immortality. St. Peter promises an amaranthine crown ; and Milton says, the amaranth bloomed in Paradise ; but for man's offence was removed to Heaven ; where it still grows, shading the fountain of life, near which the river of bliss rolls in streams of amber : while every angel is supposed to be bound with crowns and wreaths of amaranth. The yew ! Many reasons have been assigned for the custom of planting yew-trees in the yards of churches ; and because they were, in ancient times, used for bows ⁴, some

¹ Cui geminæ florent vatumque ducumque

———— Certatim laurus. ———

Statius. Achill. i. 15.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,

Honor d' imperadori et di poeti, &c.

Petrarca.

The ancient rhapsodists always recited the verses of the poets, with laurel rods in their hands. And when Castro entered in triumph into Goa, he walked upon silk, holding a laurel bough ; while the ladies showered flowers upon him, as he passed.

² Plut. Symp. lib. viii. Quest. 4.

³ Hor. iii. od. 10. 14.

⁴ Georg. lib. ii. l. 439.

of the scholiasts have sanctioned the belief, that they were planted, in order to be used for those weapons. This opinion, with many others equally absurd, has been maintained with rigid pertinacity by several writers, whose gigantic genius enables them to correct a date, and whose erudition extends, even to the antiquarian pomp of provincial research ! The fact is, the yew-tree has been considered an emblem of mourning from the earliest times. The more ancient Greeks planted round their tombs such trees only, as bore no fruit ; as the elm, the cypress, and the yew. This practice they imported from the Egyptians ; the Romans adopted it from the Greeks ; and the Britons from the Romans. From long habits of association, the yew acquired a sacred character ; and therefore was considered as the best and most appropriate ornament for consecrated ground. The custom of placing them singly is equally ancient. Statius calls it the solitary yew : and it was, at one time, as common in the churchyards of Italy as it is now in North and South Wales. In many villages of those two provinces the yew-tree and the church are coeval with each other.

II.

The palm, the plantain, the olive¹, and the pepper-plant, seem to have been instinctively used as emblems of

¹ Olive wreaths were annually worn by the soldiers of Rome, on the day on which they were reviewed by their generals ; when every soldier appeared decorated with the ornaments, he had received as rewards of his valour. This review, says Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who describes the whole ceremony, formed a most magnificent sight ; worthy the grandeur and majesty of Rome. —*Lib. vi.* — Cesar first adopted the laurel wreath ; and the Germans and Gauls

peace, by many nations. Hence Tasso calls the former “le sacre palme¹.” The natives of Australia del Espiritu Santo invited the friendship of the discoverers by holding boughs of palm-trees in their hands². When Vancouver was at the Island of Otaheite, the messenger, whom he had sent to inform the king of his arrival, returned with a present of plantain, as a peace-offering³: and when a misunderstanding had occurred between Krusenstern and the king of Nukahiwa⁴, the king sent him a pepper-plant, as a token of reconciliation. Branches of trees seem, in all ages and countries, to be used as emblems of peace; from the time of Noah⁵ to that of Hannibal⁶, when the inhabitants of one of the Alpine towns met him with garlands and branches⁷. “We have planted the tree of peace,” said an American Indian, “and we have buried the axe under its roots; we will henceforth repose under its shade; and we will join to brighten the chain, which binds our nation together.”

used branches of trees in various ceremonies.—*Lucan*, lib. iii. *Claudian*, in *Laud. Stilich*.

¹ Jer. Del. B. iii. St. 75.

² Fernand. de Quiro's *Voy. to Polynesia*, &c. 156—Ed. 1606.—In several islands of the South Sea, chiefs present the fruits of their orchards, as peace-offerings to strangers.

³ *Voy. Discov.* i. 254.—An old man in the Great Loo-choo Island approached Mr. Clifford with a green bough in his hand; which Mr. C. observing, broke one from a tree, and exchanged boughs with him.—*Hall*, p. 145, 4to.

⁴ Krusenstern's *Voy.* vol. i. p. 160. ⁵ Gen. ch. viii. ver. 11.

⁶ Vide Polyb. iii. 50—52.

⁷ When Dampier was off the shores of New Guinea, the natives made signs of friendship by pouring water on their heads with one hand, which they dip in the sea.—*Voy.* vol. iii. part ii. p. 97.

III.

Nearly through all the empires, countries, and islands of Eastern Asia, peace, friendship, and benevolence are signified by the presentation of a betel leaf. In Africa it is still a leaf or a bough. When Captain Tuckey, in his expedition to the Congo, appeared at a feast given by the chenoo of Embomma, the chief seemed to be dubious as to the real motive of his voyage. At length an old man rose up hastily, and taking a leaf from a neighbouring tree, exclaimed, "If you come to trade with us, swear by your God, and break this leaf." This Captain Tuckey refused to do. Then said the old man, "If you come with no design of making war upon us, swear by your God, and break this leaf." Captain Tuckey immediately took the oath, and broke the leaf. Upon which the whole party rose up, and danced for a considerable time; and all was cheerfulness and satisfaction.

Palms were worn, as emblems, by those, who had made pilgrimages to the Holy Land: and the custom of carrying branches of palms, on Palm-Sunday, is said to have been derived from the worshippers of Serapis. It was introduced into the service of Christianity by Origen;—that Origen, who taught the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, and who illustrated Christianity by the Alexandrian system of philosophy; who esteemed gods, angels, and the souls of men, to be of one substance; who believed that the soul had a pre-existent state; and that those of good men advanced in regular gradation to a higher state of perfection.

Garlands of olives are also of high antiquity. It was with a garland of this plant that the women of Jerusalem

crowned Judith, when she returned from the camp of Holofernes¹. They met her on the way, and blessed her; and leading her in triumph to Jerusalem, carried olive branches in their hands, and sang songs in honour of her. The Greeks, too, when they would allegorize a love of wisdom², represented Love, as pulling a branch from an olive-tree, on which sat a nightingale.

IV.

By analogy, we associate good fortune with a fine morning; ignorance with darkness; youth with spring; manhood with summer; and autumn with that season of life, when, as Shakespeare observes in a fine vein of melancholy, we are fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf."—Winter we associate with age.

It is this striking analogy, which enables Thomson and Young so intimately to connect the seasons with each other³. We associate summer and winter, too, with good

¹ Judith, xv. 12, 13.

² Beger. Theod. Brand. T. 1. 82.

³ ——— Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
Thy flowery spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age;
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene!

Dante metaphorically compares the dispensations of Fortune to the progress of the seasons. Vide *Inferno*, Canto vii. St. 14.—Thus Ford:

——— Here in this mirror,
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes.
The season of the spring dawns like the morning,
Bedewing childhood with unrelished beauties
Of gaudy sights. The summer, as the noon,
Shines in delight of youth, and ripens strength,

and ill fortune; an instance of which occurs in *Cymbeline*¹:—a play, which will live, till “time shall throw a dart at death,” though it has been so wantonly depreciated by Johnson. Even the art of war has some analogies with natural objects; hence in gunnery, when ordnance, from being ill-cast, is spongy, it is called honey-comb: and hence among generals, it is no unfrequent practice, to encamp forces in a form, which they descriptively call the rose-bud;” the works flanking and covering each other, like the lips of roses².

Pythagoras was the first, who compared the four ages of man to the four seasons:—other philosophers had divided them into three only; the green age; the ripe age; and the mellow age. Perhaps we may here be permitted to observe, that the colouring of Rubens has been likened to spring; that of Claude to summer; Titian’s to autumn: and Vanderveldt’s to winter. The Four Seasons

To autumn’s manhood: here the evening grows,

And knits up all felicity in folly:

Winter at last draws on the night of age.

The Sun’s Darling.

The seasons were represented in Egypt by a rose, an ear of corn, and an apple: spring, summer, and winter. The Egyptians, like the ancient Germans, divided their year into three seasons only: autumn was unknown. Macrobius*, however, states the contrary; since he says, that the Egyptians drew the sun at the winter solstice as an infant; at the vernal equinox as a youth; at the summer solstice as a man in the highest state of vigour; and at the autumnal equinox as an old man. The analogy, therefore, between the seasons and human life may be traced to Egypt.

¹ *Cymbeline*, Act iii. sc. 6.—Also, *Richard III.* Act i. sc. 2.

² Cesar speaks of a military disposition, in the form of a lily.—*Lusiad* refers to the same allegory, book x.

* *Saturnalia*, lib. 1.

of Haydn exhibit more sublimity, in respect to music, than any of his works, if we except the Creation.

The poets associate wisdom and content with vales; philosophy with shades; and ambition with mountains. Availing ourselves of similar analogical licences, we may compare a dingle to a smiling infant; a glen to a beautiful girl; a valley to a captivating virgin; and when the valley opens into a vale, it may, not inelegantly, be associated with the idea of a well-formed, finished matron. In speaking of the sun, if we may be allowed to indulge in flowers of rhetoric, so excursive, we might almost be excused for saying, that it rises from behind rocks of coral, glides in a universe of sapphire over fields of emerald, mounts its meridian among seas of crystal; and, tinging every cloud with indigo, sinks to slumber among beds of amethysts.

V.

After the same manner, the three first periods of society were allegorically distinguished by different aspects of Nature, and fecundity of soil. Thus the iron age was deformed by clouds and storms; the bowels of the earth were searched for minerals; while its surface was utterly neglected; untilled by the husbandman, and ungrazed by the shepherd. Every morning was gloomy, and every night tempestuous. In the silver age, the year was divided into seasons. Then were first experienced the heat of summer, and the vicissitudes of winter. Serpents were then endued with poison¹; wolves began to prowl; and the sea to be agitated by storms. Honey was shaken

¹ Georg. i. l. 125.

from the leaves of trees ; and rivers, which, in the golden age, ran with wine, overflowed with water ; and then was invented the art of catching beasts in toils, birds with lime, and fish with nets. In the golden age, when men lived on fruits and vegetables, the seasons were distinguished by perpetual temperature ; the air shone with a light allied to purple ; the earth was profusely fertile ; and flowers, vines, olives, and every luxury of Nature, had consequent effects upon the minds, manners, and morals of mankind¹. In Nature all was blooming and captivating ; among men all was virtue, security, and happiness. The names of master and servant were unrecognized ; and every one, having Nature for his guide, love and friendship were inheritances, and law and property were alike unheard of and unknown. Grapes grew upon brambles ; oaks distilled honey ; alders bloomed with the narcissus ; and tamarisks oozed with amber. Wolves and sheep drank at the same stream ; owls rivalled swans ; and sheep dyed their own fleeces. Bees then first gained their intelligence ; trees produced fruits twice a year ; milk watered the plains, and rivers rolled with nectar ; while lilies covered the wilderness, and fountains fertilized the desert.

The golden period, in which the Christian Messiah first

¹ The Hindoos have also their golden age. It is called in Sanscrit *Setye Yug*. In honour of this age a feast was held among the ancient Latins (Macrob. Saturn. i. c. 7, &c.) ; and continued for many ages after by the Italians generally. On that day no offender was executed ; children had a holiday ; masters waited on their servants ; no war was permitted to be declared ; and friends sent presents to each other. All was harmony and happiness. This festival was instituted by Janus.

came upon earth, so finely foretold by Isaiah, and so admirably described in Virgil's *Pollio*, and in Pope's *Messiah*, is strikingly in character with the first coming of Buddha, the great god of the Cingalese. The golden age, however, has not always been rendered attractive by the poets. Juvenal's picture is neither elegant nor imposing; and that of Tasso in the *Aminta* is too metaphysical by far. The general impression on the imagination, however, is delightful in the fullest extent; and strongly associates the period with that happy age, in which our primeval parents¹ enjoyed the bounties of Paradise².

VI.

Hortensia, who, as you are well aware, is endowed with every quality of the heart, and with every accomplishment of the mind, whose eyes are more beautiful than the eyes of a stag or an antelope; and in whom are concentrated the polished breeding of France, the dignity of Spain, the modesty of England, and the grace of Italy, discerns the likenesses of her friends in the features of particular flowers. If, therefore, she wishes to indulge the pleasure of thinking of them, she contemplates with satisfaction, the flowers, which bear imaginary resemblances

¹ Burnet supposes, that in the time of the antediluvians there was a perpetual equinox, and one continued spring, all over the globe: the position of the earth to the sun being perpendicular, and not oblique, as in the present times. Hence the vigorous constitutions, the strong intellects, and the long lives of that, he infers, fortunate race.

² Compare *Georg.* i.—*Ecl.* iv. 6.—*En.* vii. 202.—*Met.* i. 15. A passage in *Catullus*, in *Nupt. Thet. et Pelæi*—*Strabo*, lib. xv.—With *Genesis*, and *Isaiah*, xi. 1.—*Vide Grotius de Verit. Relig. Christ.* i. sect. xvi.—*St. Jerom.*, lib. ii, adv. Jovinian.

to the objects of her reflections. When she waters them, therefore, she appears to caress them. Such is the delicacy and elegance of a woman, whose species of revenge can never be forgiven! For what can be more unpardonable, than that species of impertinence, which will never take offence; and which, for malice of all kinds, active and passive, gives nothing but smiles and graces in return? This idea of Hortensia has often reminded me of a passage in one of the poets, where he inquires the title of that happy land, where the names of its kings, and ladies, are engraven on the flowers. It reminds us, too, of that book of the Jerusalem Delivered, where Tasso represents Erminia, when under the protection of the shepherd, driving her flock into the forest; and amusing her grief, with engraving on every tree the name of Tancred and the history of her misfortunes. In an Afghaun tale, too, Doorkhaunee is described, as deriving her only pleasure, during the long absence of her lover, from cultivating two flowers; to one of which she gave the name of her lover, and to the other that of her own. We are also reminded of two passages in Ovid; where, in reference to the hyacinth, he says,

Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscripsit, et ai ai¹
Flos habet inscriptum.

Met. lib. x. 215.

Litera communis mediis, pueroque, viroque
Inscripta est foliis; hæc nominis, ille querelæ.

Lib. xiii. 397.

¹ On the flower *Delphinium Ajacis* are the letters ΑΙΑΙΑ. Alluded to, also, by Camoens—Isle of Venus, B. ix.

The Princess Czartorinska signalised her love of poetry in a curious manner. This princess was one of a small party, who resided in a hamlet, in Poland, and who gave themselves up to every species of innocent amusement. Among these, they devoted a considerable portion of time to erecting a marble pyramid; on each side of which were inscribed the names of those writers, who had contributed to their pleasure, or instruction. Each side was ornamented with appropriate emblems. On the compartment, which recorded the names of Anacreon, Petrarch, Metastasio, and La Fontaine, was a myrtle: the cypress, the yew, and the weeping willow, encircled Shakspeare, Milton, Racine, Young, and Rousseau: the laurel adorned Tasso: other emblems characterized Virgil, Gessner, and De Lille: while lilies, roses, jessamines, and beds of violets, encircled the names of Madame de Sevigné, Madame Riccobine, Madame de la Fayette, and Madame des Houlières. On this pyramid was placed the following inscription, written by De Lille:

LES DIEUX DES CHAMPS AUX DIEUX DES ARTS.

VII.

In conformity to the analogy we have alluded to, the poets not only illustrate intellectual subjects, by references and allusions to familiar objects and appearances in Nature, but they draw from the intellectual to embellish the material. This faculty of itself is almost sufficient to prove the soul to be of ethereal origin¹. These allusions are,

¹ How beautiful is the following passage! There is nothing in Plato superior, or even equal to it. "Were men animated," says M. Neker, "with sublime thoughts; did they respect the intellectual power with which they are

however, the more pleasing, when they glance from the former to the latter; because, as Gilpin has remarked, material objects, being fixed in their appearances, strike

adorned; and take an interest in the dignity of their nature; they would embrace with transport that sense of religion, which ennobles their faculties, keeps their minds in full strength, and unites them in idea with Him, whose immensity overwhelms them with astonishment. Considering themselves as an emanation from that infinite Being, the source and cause of all things, they would then disdain to be misled by a gloomy and false philosophy, and would cherish the idea of a God, who created, who regenerates, who preserves this universe by invariable laws, and by a continued chain of similar causes producing similar effects; who pervades all Nature with his Divine Spirit, as an universal soul, which moves, directs, and restrains the wonderful fabric of this world. The blissful idea of a God sweetens every moment of our time, and embellishes before us the path of life; unites us delightfully to all the beauties of Nature; and associates us with every thing that lives or moves. Yes; the whisper of the gales, the murmur of waters, the peaceful agitation of trees and shrubs, would concur to engage our minds, and affect our souls with tenderness, if our thoughts were elevated to one Universal Cause; if we recognized on all sides the work of Him whom we love; if we marked the traces of his august steps and benignant intentions; if we believed ourselves actually present at the display of his boundless power, and the magnificent exertions of his unlimited goodness. Benevolence, among all the virtues, has a character more than human, and a certain amiable simplicity in its nature, which seems analogous to the first idea, the original intention of conferring delight, which we necessarily suppose in the Creator, when we presume to seek his motive in bestowing existence. Benevolence is that virtue, or, to speak more emphatically, that primordial beauty, which preceded all times and all worlds; and, when we reflect on it, there appears an analogy, obscure indeed at present, and to us imperfectly known, between our moral nature and a time yet very remote, when we shall satisfy our ardent wishes and lively hopes, which constitute perhaps a sixth, and (if the phrase may be used) a distant, sense. It may even be imagined, that love, the brightest ornament of our nature, love, enchanting and sublime, is a mysterious pledge for the assurance of those hopes; since love, by disengaging us from ourselves, by transporting us beyond the limits of our own being, is the first step in our progress to a joyful immortality: and, by affording both the notion and example of a cherished

every one in the same manner; whereas ideas, being different in most persons upon the same subjects, will seldom serve by way of illustration. Some instances, however, may be found in Shakspeare, and not a few in the metaphysic Cowley, where the contrary has been done with the happiest effect. A Welsh poet has an instance, too, in one of his pennillions—

To speak of Snowdon's head sublime
Is far more easy than to climb.
So he, that's free from pain and care,
May bid the sick a smile to wear.

But if the poets occasionally borrow from the intellectual to illustrate the material world, they repay with interest, when they borrow of the latter to adorn the former. When is the father of poetry weary of drawing similes from birds, insects, lions, and serpents; from the phenomena of the heavens, and the more evident appearances of the earth? And when Longinus would give dignity to Homer, speaking of his *Odyssey*, he

object, distinct from our own souls, may be considered as an interpreter to our hearts of something, which our intellects cannot conceive. We may seem even to hear the Supreme Intelligence, and Eternal Soul of all Nature, give his commission to the spirits, which emanated from Him: 'Go; admire a small portion of my works, and study them; make your first trial of happiness, and learn to love Him, who bestowed it; but seek not to remove the veil spread over the secret of your existence. Your nature is composed of those divine particles, which, at an infinite distance, constitute my own essence; but you would be too near me, were you permitted to penetrate the mystery of our separation and union. Wait the moment, ordained by my wisdom; and, until that moment come, hope to approach me only by adoration and gratitude.' * *

* On the mystical poetry of the Persians and Hindus.—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii. p. 358. 8vo.

compares him to the mild lustre of the setting sun : and when Homer would give force and velocity to the descent of Hector, he compares it to the fall of a rock from the top of a mountain. Nothing can be more admirable than this fine simile ; which is not only perfect, when applied to the subject, it would illustrate ; but is also a true and finished picture from Nature. This simile has been imitated by most of the epic poets ; particularly by Tasso and Milton :—that of Virgil is little less than a translation.

An Eastern poet says of the date-tree, that its head reclines languidly, like a beautiful woman, overcome with sleep. In Milton, what can be more pathetic, than where he compares blind Thamyris, Tiresias, and Meonides to the nightingale ? And is there a finer instance of the application of the works of Nature to illustrate moral reflection, than where he likens the progress of crime to the lengthening shadows of a setting sun ? What can be more grand, than where he simulates Satan to Mount Teneriffe, and the sun in eclipse ? When Blair says, that men see their friends drop off like “ leaves in autumn ; ”—when Shakspeare compares the unfortunate Richard to the evening sun ; and a man of high reputation to a tree, blushing with fruit ;—when he likens glory to a circle in the water ; and the fall of Wolsey to a falling meteor ;—how affecting, how instructive do the subjects become !

VIII.

The Epicureans illustrated their idea of happiness, by asserting, that a happy life was neither like a pool, nor a

torrent; but like a gentle stream, that “glides smoothly and silently along.” Rollin compares the temperate order of eloquence to a beautiful ruin, embosomed in wood; and the sublime order to an impetuous river, rolling with such violence, as to break down all that is opposed to it. One of the odes, written by Neyahualcojolt, king of Mexico,—the Howel Dha of that empire,—compares the tyrant Fezzomoe to a stately tree, which had extended itself into many countries, and spread the shade of its branches over them; but at last, being worm-eaten, wasted, fell to the earth, and never recovered its verdure.

Sometimes the poets draw similitudes from the phenomena of the heavens¹. Sophocles compares the changeableness of Menelaus’ fortune to the frequent waning of the moon²: and Heliodorus likens Chariclea, clad in a

¹ “In ancient hieroglyphic writing,” says the right reverend author of that stupendous monument of misapplied learning,—the Divine Legation of Moses,—“the sun and moon were used to represent states and empires, &c. &c.; insomuch, that in reality the prophetic style seems to be a speaking hieroglyphic.”—Vol. ii. b. iv. s. 4. “The Etaui rises upon a bad man,” said a New Zealand savage to Nicholas, “like a full moon; rushes upon him like a falling star; and passes him like a shot from a cannon’s mouth.”—Voy. to New Zealand, vol. i. 65.

² What a beautiful passage is that in the *Winter’s Tale*, where Polixenes, questioning the Shepherd respecting the love, which Florizel bears to Perdita, the Shepherd replies,—

————— Never did the moon
So gaze upon the waters, as he’ll stand
And read my daughter’s eyes.

Winter’s Tale.

Plutarch also compares the accessions of glory, and the eclipses of the fortune of Demetrius, his rises and his falls, to the frequent changes of the moon.—In Vit. Demet.

dress of poverty, to the same luminary, rising among the clouds. Dryden has a fine metaphor in his play of *All for Love*; where Anthony compares himself to a meteor;—an idea more than once adopted by Rowe and Congreve. Haller compares reason to the moon, and revelation to the sun. Horace affords innumerable instances.

No poets draw more frequently from Nature than the sacred writers¹. The fact is, there is scarcely a simile in the Scriptures, that has not an immediate reference to natural objects. How beautiful is that passage in St. John, where Christ says to the woman of Samaria, “Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water, that I shall give him, shall never thirst.”

Most of the similes and illustrations (if we may judge from translations) of Ferdousee, Hafiz, Sadi, and other oriental poets², are also drawn from the natural world. Tasso, too, has scarcely one that has not a similar derivation. Thus he compares Argantes to a comet; the

¹ See the parable of the wasted vine in Ezekiel *, and of the two eagles and a vine †. An admirable instance, too, occurs in Isaiah ‡. The parable of the trees and the bramble is well known §; as is the celebrated passage in Isaiah, where the glory of Assyria is compared to a cedar. In Numbers, Balaam, seeing the tents of Jacob pitched in the plains of Moab, bursts out—“How goodly are thy tents, oh Jacob, and thy tabernacles, oh Israel: as the valleys are spread forth; as gardens by the river side; as the trees of aloe, which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters ||.”

² This is abundantly shown in the Analysis of the Bráta Yûdha, a Javan

* Ch. xix. v. 10.

† Ch. xvii. v. 1.

‡ Ch. xv.

§ Judges, ch. ix. v. 8.

|| Ch. xxiv. v. 5, 6.

fury of Solyman to a stormy ocean, seen at intervals through the flashes of lightning; and the virtues of Rinaldo to a tree, bearing fruit and blossom at the same time. Armida, recovering from a swoon, to a rose restored by the dew; the Archangel Michael to a rainbow; the softening of Armida's anger to snows melting in the sun; and the sound of soldiers to the distant murmuring of the waves. Solyman to a rock, bidding defiance to every storm; and his retreat to a shepherd, retiring with his flock on the approach of a tempest.

IX.

Milton is equally abounding in references to natural objects; though, in his range, he likewise embraces almost every art and science. Thus he compares the legions of Satan to the autumnal leaves, that "strew the brooks of Vallambrosa;" the rising of Pandemonium to an exhalation; the applause of the darkened angels to the sound of winds, rushing from hollow rocks upon the billows of the sea; Satan to a comet; and the atoms of chaos to the unnumbered sands of Barce or Cyrene. The countenance of Eve he compares to the first smiles of morning; the combat of Michael and Satan to two planets, rushing from their orbits, and confounding the spheres; the songs of the angels to the sound of seas;

epic poem*. The following inscription was found at Surabawa†. "The devotion of a pure heart is like moonshine; not hot, but cool and delightful: the beauties you see in which the stars are scattered over as though in attendance on the moon, adding to the grandeur of the scene.

* Raffles' Java, vol. ii. p. 437. 4to.

† Hist. Java, ii. Appendix, ccxxiii.

and the descent of Michael to the gliding of an evening mist: Satan to Mount Teneriffe; his shield to the moon; his standard to a meteor; his frown to a thunder cloud; and his recoil from the force of Michael to a mountain, sinking in an earthquake!

In Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Shakspeare, references to the animal, the feathered, and the vegetable world, are perpetual. Those instances in the *Eneid*, where Virgil compares Orpheus to a nightingale; the love of Dido to the anguish of a wounded stag; and the engagement of Tarchon and Venulus to the combat of an eagle and a serpent, are admirable. The last is, assuredly, the finest simile in Virgil¹; as the one, where the ecstasy of a good man at the approach of death is compared to the music of a dying swan, is the most beautiful in Plato.

Father Brumoy compares *Æschylus* to a torrent, rolling over rocks and precipices; *Sophocles* to a rivulet flowing through a delightful garden; and *Euripides* to a river, winding among flowery meads. No illustration, however, do I remember, that so justly bears upon our subject, as that, where Addison contrasts the *Iliad* and the *Eneid* by the different aspects of grand and beautiful scenery; a passage which has been imitated by Pope and Johnson;—the former in his preface to *Homer*; the latter in his masterly preface to the immortal *Shakspeare*.

But of all writers, ancient or modern, *Ossian* is the poet, who may strictly be styled the Poet of Nature; since there is scarcely a single allusion, that does not

¹ Virg. lib. iv. l. 99. Georg. iv. l. 511. En. xi. 751.

expressly refer to the productions of Nature. To quote instances were to quote the whole of his poetry: but the following passage is so exquisite, that I assure myself, my dear Lelius, you will not only forgive its introduction, but hail it with pleasure. Homer has nothing to surpass it. “Ullin, Fingal’s bard, was there; the sweet tree of the Hill of Cona. He praised the Daughter of Snow, and Morven’s high descended chief. The Daughter of Snow overheard, and left the hall of her secret sigh. She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud in the east. Loveliness was around her, as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth,—and loved him.”

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

OF all departments of the pictorial art, none has so great a power to charm the lover of Nature, as the landscape. For though he is willing to give all due applause to portrait and historic painting, and would allow appropriate praise, even to the lodges of Raphael, the drolleries of Brewer, and the grotesque pieces of Mortuus Feltrensis and Leonardo de Vinci, he is far less charmed with any efforts of the painter, than with a full, a clear, and well delineated landscape. In this department of his art, the painter's subjects are unlimited. Every object having its varied and appropriate blending of colour, each tree, flower, and plant, give scope for his talents; his rocks are green with the living moss, and peopled with the bounding goat; his forests are clothed in the shade of summer, or in the varied foliage of autumn; his hills are capt with snow, and his vineyards bend beneath their purple wealth. An artist being of every country,—he translates the temples, theatres, and aqueducts of Rome, the pyramids of Egypt, and the pillars of Heliopolis and Palmyra, on an English wall. The Pays de Vaud glows with its soft and enchanting perspectives;—Engelberg frowns with its masses of rocks;—St. Gothard bends be-

neath the weight of its snows;—the bird of paradise hovers in enjoyment, far from her native Gilolo;—and the sensitive Melissa blooms upon a northern canvas. The vales of Savoy; the glens of Media; the savannahs of Africa; the rocks of Norway; the groves of Italy; the mountains of the west;—all quit their native soils, and hang suspended in a British palace¹.

II.

The landscapes of BLOEMEN of Antwerp were generally decorated with mutilated statues and basso-relievos; with ruins; and light and elegant specimens of architecture: objects, which contributed to give additional interest to figures, habited after oriental fashions, and remarkable for spirited lightness, and graceful inflection. MOLYN, in a peculiar manner, delighted in exhibiting the ocean, in all its sublime and terrible forms. In this he was imitated by APPEL. From this passion for tempests and shipwrecks Molyn acquired the appellation of *Tempesta*. In poetical delineation of marine landscape, Homer (Odyssey) among the Greeks, Virgil among the Latins, Camoens among the Portuguese, and Falconer among the English, bear the palm from all competitors.

¹ Ancient painters were not so rich in natural objects with which to exercise their genius as the modern. They knew nothing of China, of Japan, the Asiatic islands; Polynesia, Austral Asia, or America: and not much of the northern parts of Europe. They knew no flowers so beautiful as those of the Cape; no trees so magnificent as those of South America; nor any insects so splendid as the diamond beetle. They were almost entirely insensible also to the melancholy pleasure, derivable from the study of ruins: though Servius Sulpitius, Cicero, and Pliny the younger, seem, in some degree, to have been susceptible of that "divine sensation."

In every instance landscape painters should tell a striking history; and not only ought they to select a fine landscape for their study and admiration, but a proper time for exhibiting it: for man scarcely differs more from man, than one scene differs from itself. What is lovely in the morning is frequently dull and uninteresting, when the sun is in its meridian. For in the morning and evening the shades of separate objects act upon each other, as contrasts: whereas at noon, the sun shooting its rays perpendicularly rather than horizontally, even the shadow of Etna, which at intervals throws itself to the distance of two hundred and twenty miles, is a comparative dwarf.

III.

This taste for selection characterised LORENESSE; who, attending to the varied phenomena of the heavens, and aided by an Italian climate, produced the richest and most beautifully fringed horizons, it is possible to conceive. BERGHEM of Haerlem had the faculty of exhibiting great variety in his landscapes. With variety he united beauty, compass, and grandeur. Mathematically correct in his proportions, he was no less faithful in the essential requisites of light and shade, proximity and distance. His trees wave; his colours are luminous, almost to transparency; while his clouds suspend in so natural a manner, that they seem to float at the discretion of the winds.

CASTIGLIONE excelled principally in the drawing of castles, and abbeys; in which no master has surpassed him. His sketches of rural scenery are agreeable and faithful; but in real merit they are far inferior to the

bolder efforts of his pencil. SNEYDERS of Antwerp excelled every artist in the delineation of hunting pieces. He may be styled the Somerville of painting. EDEMA of Antwerp painted precipices and cataracts; and even voyaged to Norway and Newfoundland to collect subjects for his pencil. BAMBOCCIO studied at Rome; but derived more from the environs of that celebrated city, than from the works of its greatest masters. He was so minute an observer, that no scene, which struck him, was ever lost to his memory. His imagination was in the highest degree elastic; and, like Jordaens, his faculty in delineating was nearly as active, as his powers of combination. In looking at Bamboccio's pieces, the eye is completely deluded; for the distances being well preserved, each has its appropriate relief, and every shade its characteristic tint.

IV.

GIOVANNI DELLA VITE delighted, after the manner of Bamboccio, to diversify his pictures with hordes of beggars, groups of gypsies and hunters; and in exhibiting the agreeable variety of pastoral life. This painter is said to have once drawn the outlines of a picture in his sleep. The muse of Milton, in the same manner, dictated to him slumbering; while Maignanus of Toulouse perfected theorems; and Cædmon, the Saxon poet, wrote verses, while they slept. HOBBIEMA of Antwerp may be styled the "painter of solitude;" since he introduces but few figures into his landscapes. Like Claude, Nature was his mistress; and he copied her with precision. A perfect master of perspective, whether he exhibits the

head of a river or a lake, a temple, a grotto, or a ruin, the eye is deceived in a very agreeable manner.

In the knowledge of perspective, the Chinese, and the ancient masters, are said to have been strikingly deficient; and yet, though the knowledge of perspective is almost unknown in China, it has been asserted, by several intelligent travellers, that the art of delineating landscape is in higher perfection than that of history or of portrait painting. On the contrary, though many treatises on the subject were extant in the time of Tully, particularly those written by Agatharcus, Anaxagoras, Heliodorus, and Germinus of Rhodes, the Roman artists had made such little comparative progress, that their landscapes were greatly inferior to their portrait and historical designs. It has, however, been observed, that perspective was consulted in the coins of Tarsus. Quintilian, too, says, that Zeuxis understood light and shade; and Pliny mentions various subjects, which it would have been impossible to have delineated, had the ancient painters been so entirely ignorant of lineal and aerial perspective¹, as some writers suppose.

LOTEN painted in England and in Switzerland: his genius led to the delineation of storms and waterfalls.

¹ La Chausse, speaking of the perspective of the Thermæ of Titus, says, "Da questa pittura si cognosce che gli Antichi sono stati alfre tanto infelici nella prospettiva, ch' eruditi nel disegno."—*Pittur. Antich.* p. 13.

Several pictures, found at Herculaneum, place the knowledge of Roman artists in the science of perspective beyond a doubt. The curious reader may, however, consult with advantage Kircher's *Ars magna Lucis et Umbræ*. Rom. 1646, folio.

BREUGHEL studied his art among the mountains of the Tyrol: yet caprice attached him, principally, to the exhibition of the humorous and grotesque. His son, however, was so great a master in his art, that Reubens condescended to employ him, in touching his celebrated picture of the terrestrial paradise.

V.

Of the character of REUBENS, as a landscape painter, it is dangerous to say too much, and invidious to say too little. His merits have been overvalued by some, and underrated by others; according to the respective tastes and prejudices of his critics. He was, beyond all question, the most eminent of the Flemish school; and yet Algarotti is not wide of the truth, when he observes, that his compositions are not so rich, nor his touches so light, as those of Paul Veronese. Though more soft in his chiaro-oscuro than Caravaggio, he has less delicacy than Vandyke; and though more dazzling, yet has he less simplicity of design, and less truth and harmony of colouring, than Titian.

This artist was the favourite painter of the first Duke of Marlborough, who had eighteen of his best pieces. His largest picture exhibits a bird's eye view of an extensive country, which Walpole considers as containing in itself a perfect school for painters of landscape. It would form a pleasure of no common order, to compare his picture of the deluge with that by Antoine Carrache; and both with the descriptions of Milton. Compared with Poussin, Reubens had a decided advantage; and their two pictures of the deluge afford favourable occasions for comparison. He had a

bold style of pencilling peculiarly striking. He electrifies by his brilliancy ; by the violence of his bursts ; and by that powerful decision of contrast, which, distinguishing Rembrandt and Spagniolet in the departments of portrait and history, gave occasion to Sir Joshua Reynolds to declare, that a single picture of Reubens were sufficient to illumine the darkest gallery in Europe :—style, however, though more striking for the moment, yet far less permanently attractive than the magic wand of the mild and fascinating Claude. The one having all the captivating character of elegy ; the other all the fire, the strength, and transition of the lyric : Reubens being the Pindar of landscape,—Claude the Simonides.

RUYSDALE was an ardent lover of Nature, in her most beautiful and picturesque attitudes :—his woods, rivers, and waterfalls, cottages, mills, and torrents, being scenes of reality, that had charmed his taste during his rural rambles and extended journeys. GOYEN of Leyden excelled in rural and marine landscapes. Peasants at their labour animated the one ; fishermen drawing their nets enlivened the other. His subjects were well selected ; the perspective was well managed ; and the whole indicated a lightness and a freedom of touch, which never failed to captivate. Being, however, too rapid a painter to be always a master, some of his pieces would scarcely do honour to the best of his pupils. Many of this artist's pictures embody to the eye those forms in pastoral life, which Barthelemy describes so beautifully :—exhibiting “shepherds, seated on a turf, on the brow of a hill, or beneath the shade of a tree, who sometimes tune their pipes to the murmurs of the waters ; and sometimes sing

their loves, their innocent disputes, their flocks, and the enchanting objects by which they are surrounded.”

VI.

VAN OORT, frequently celebrated above his merits, derives his principal claim to the notice of posterity, from being the master of Jordaens and Reubens. He degraded his art by painting merely for wealth; and corrupted his taste by the affectation of aspiring to have a manner of his own. He was ungrateful to nature:—for though she had endowed him with a considerable share of talent, he presumed to neglect her; and would rather sketch from his own imagination, than take a lesson from the best study, she could any where present. A vanity of this sort is not less ridiculous than that, which prompts us to argue for victory, rather than for truth. To be an imitator of man shows a poverty of fancy, and serves to the degradation of genius; to imitate one's self is the essence of vanity, and the worst species of pedantry!

In the wild and awful scenes of Switzerland, MEYER of Winterthur studied his fascinating profession. He seldom walked without his pencil; and it were singular if the romantic scenes before him had not made him a master of his art. For, in a country, so profusely abounding in every requisite, the painter possesses none of the qualities of genius, who produces not for posterity.

MURANT of Amsterdam, being a disciple of WOUVERMANNs—who introduced into his pieces some admirable subjects of hunting—acquired that harmony and brilliancy of colouring, by which his master was so eminently distinguished. He was a minute painter;—minute even to

tediousness :—yet his ruins, and castles, and villages are beautifully conceived, and naturally executed.

VROOM was made a painter of sea pieces in a singular manner. He had finished several scripture pieces, and was on his voyage from Holland to Spain, when he was wrecked upon the coast of Portugal. In this distress, he was relieved by several monks, who resided among the rocks. Having obtained refreshment, he went to Lisbon ; where a brother artist engaged him to paint the storm, he described in so lively a manner. This picture was executed so well, that a Portuguese nobleman gave him a high price for it. This success flattered him so much, that, upon his return to Holland, he entirely devoted himself to marine landscape. BACKHUYSEN of Embden was, next to Vanderveldt, the most eminent painter of marine landscapes. His storms are admirable. It was his practice to hire resolute and undaunted seamen to take him out in the midst of a tempest ; or at a time, when he knew it was approaching :—and being tied to the mainmast, he would, like Lamanon, contemplate, at leisure, the most awful and magnificent scene it is possible to behold. In this perilous school he studied : the result was excellence. VANDERVELDT was so eminent in the delineation of marine perspectives, that he acquired the honour of being associated with Claude.

VII.

The paintings of ALBANI, as Malvasia says of him, breathe nothing but content and joy ! His beautiful and virtuous wife, Doralice, was his model for graces and nymphs ; and his children sate for his cherubs and

cupids¹; in the drawing of which he had all the grace and elegance of Corregio. Gifted with a force of mind, that conquered every uneasy feeling, his pencil wafted him from Paphos to Cithera; from the abodes of love and delight, to those of Apollo and the Muses. The following picture by this master, in a palace at Genoa, strongly characterises the pencil of Albani and the pen of Dupaty. “In the midst of a valley, crowned by rocks, and covered with various kinds of shrubs, we see, by the brink of a fountain, seated at the foot of a willow, a shepherd and a shepherdess. The shepherd is playing on his flute; one of the shepherdesses, holding in her hand a rose, looks at the shepherd, and is listening; while her hand is stretched out, to present him with a flower. In the meantime, her companion, younger than herself, neither looks at, nor listens to the shepherd, but is wrapt in thought, with her eyes fixed upon the fountain, at the distance of an hundred paces; a number of little children are playing with their lambs, and entwining them with flowers.”

A favourable opportunity occurs to the Parisian connoisseur, of comparing the relative merits of Albani, Breughel, and the Carraches, by examining the manner in which they have respectively treated the subject of the four elements, in their separate pictures, entitled *L’Air*, *La Terrè*, *L’Eau*, and *le Feu*.

BOURDON decorated his pieces with objects of Gothic architecture; *POUSSIN*, called the *Raphael of France*, with those of the Roman; *BOUWER* of Strasburg with

¹ *Felibien*, tom. iii. p. 524. His best pieces are at Bologna.

buildings near Frascati, Tivoli, and Albano. Loveliness prevailed in all the paintings of Gaspar Poussin: the scenes he delineates, therefore, are truly captivating in their effect. There is an air of lively tranquillity in some; an air of tranquil motion in others; and though the objects of architecture, he exhibits, are not equal to those of Bourdon, he compensates for their regularity, by shading them with woods and rocks; and by placing them on picturesque and agreeable elevations.

VIII.

MARIA HELENA PANZACCHIA, correct in her outline, fascinated by her colouring;—while DANDINI of Florence, like Antigenides, who could suit himself to every musical mode, had the power of imitating to perfection the style of every school, and the colouring of every master. Maria Helena had the faculty of exciting the imagination of her observers in no common degree. This is one of the most delightful effects, which the art of painting is capable of producing. For it is not the actual scenes, presented to the eye, that constitute the principal charm in landscape painting; it is the fine conceptions, which they awake in the mind; and which float, as it were, in the imagination, in endless variety of forms, and indescribable fascinations of colour.

GIACOMO BASSANO painted villages with happy peasants, pursuing their various occupations. Without elegance of manner, or grandeur of conception, his touch was waving, spirited, and free. A lover of Nature, he painted her as she generally chooses to exhibit herself,—in rural drapery: but his morning were not so faithful as his

evening pieces; since he painted with a violet tint. Some of those evening pieces characterize that lovely season of the day,

—When languid Nature droops her head,
And wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.

Helen Maria Williams.

IX.

WILSON, upon his arrival in Italy, choosing not to confine himself merely to the study of art, which would have made him an imitator, or a mannerist, studied Nature in her finest attitudes, and among her grandest forms: and, having examined a picture in the morning, would compare its fidelity with Nature in the evening. It was this that enabled him to acquire his bold and original style. On his return to his native country, the imagery of Italy still hovered in his imagination; and he could never, in the sketching of landscapes, so far forget the lofty character of that lovely country, as to content himself with delineating English scenes, merely as they were. The slopes were too tame and uninteresting for his classic pencil. The result of all this was, that though he never failed to finish a good picture, he always failed to give a faithful portrait of the scene, which he intended to portray.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS painted only four regular landscapes; but it was not unusual with him to decorate the back-grounds of his portraits with some masterly sketches of rural scenery. In general landscape, he was undoubtedly inferior to GAINSBOROUGH; and yet the rural decorations alluded to were far superior to any similar ornament of that excellent artist. In clear, well defined

landscape, and architectural embellishment, Gainsborough was, beyond all question, the first artist of his age. And so enamoured was he of his art, that on the bed of death he exclaimed, “we are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke will be of the party.”

In the exhibition of moonlight pieces, WRIGHT of Derby had no competitor, worthy of himself. His picture of the Lady in Comus is one of the finest specimens of modern art. And here we might indulge, in stating the merits of Ambrosio Lorenzetto, who first carried the art of landscape painting into repute in Italy; of Mignon of Frankfort, whose insects and drops of dew are so exquisitely natural; of Swaneveldt, Jordaens, Walteau, and Tintoret;—of Paul Brill; Herman of Italy; Vandermeulen, Vernot, Julio Romano, and Sebastian:—but we must close our observations with a consideration of the merits of those three masters, whom we may style the commanding spirits of landscape.

X.

SALVATOR ROSA loved rather to stand, as it were, upon the ruins of Nature, than to wander even among her most beautiful combinations: hence his imagination became bold and creative; and his pencil elevated and sublime: and hence over all his works

He throws
A savage grandeur, and sublime repose.

Residing, in the early period of his life, with a band of robbers, the rocks, caves, dens, and mountains, which they inhabited, gave a decided impulse to his taste. In

the delineation of savage grandeur; in magnificence of outline; and in the details of the wild and the terrible, he stands without a rival; his storms and tempests being the finest efforts of pictorial art. We behold with astonishment, with awe, with admiration: he was the SCHILLER of painting; as DANTE and SCHILLER were the ROSAS of poetry.

XI.

CLAUDE LE LORRAIN,—the greatest of all landscape painters, if we except Titian,—studied in the fields. Every variation of shade, formed by the different hours of the day, and at different seasons of the year, by the refraction of light, and the morning and evening vapours, he minutely observed. His distances are admirably preserved; and his designs broken into a variety of parts. And yet though thus divided, every group and every compartment forms a whole, on which the fancy loves to pause, and the judgment to linger. His skies, beautifully illuminated, are harmonized with what is now called the “Claude Lorrain tint.” His trees, particularly those he painted in fresco, are marked so admirably, that a judicious observer may distinguish the species of every tree. “An air of loveliness and content,” says Gessner, “pervades all the scenes which Lorrain’s pencil has created. They excite in us that rapture, and those tranquil emotions, with which we contemplate the beauties of Nature. They are rich without wildness and confusion; and though diversified, they every where breathe mildness and tranquillity. His landscapes are views of a happy land, that lavishes abundance on its inhabitants, under a sky, beneath which every thing flourishes in healthy luxuriance.”

Claude was an ideal painter, as Praxiteles was an ideal statuary; his pieces being compositions; for the most part, formed of detached scenes, which he had observed in Italy, uniting into one picture. We never see them but with enjoyment; we never think of them but with delight; and we never fail to turn to them with new pleasure, even after dwelling upon scenes in Nature's loveliest attitudes. Every piece tells a history;—he selects with grace, and with judgment;—and, being all poetry himself, he seems as if he were born to make poets, for a time, of all his beholders.

Dr. Beattie says of Corelli, that the harmonies of his *Pastorale* are so ravishingly sweet, that it is impossible not to think of heaven, when we hear them. A female servant, belonging to the Earl of Radnor, in the same manner, told a learned friend of mine, that she never looked at the pictures of *Morning* and *Evening*, in his lordship's collection, but she thought of *Paradise*!—A compliment even more grateful to the genius of Claude, than the celebrated exclamation of the old vicar, when he beheld *Grotius*.

POUSSIN formed his taste among the landscapes of *Tivoli*; CLAUDE among the *Apennines*, between *Rome* and *Naples*; SALVATOR ROSA among the rocks, ruins, forests, and excavations of *Calabria*. Poussin strikes the imagination; Salvator rushes upon it: Claude attracts, rivets, and fascinates it. Uniting the rich glow of *Ariosto* with the purity and chastity of *Tasso*, his pictures are now invaluable. Speaking to the heart and to the fancy with equal eloquence, every design indicates the richest taste and the most luxuriant imagination. The fancy of the spectator riots; and, while his heart is the abode of

contemplative tranquillity, (*il riposo di Claudio*), he feels almost tempted to make a pilgrimage to the palace of Colonna, at Rome, where so many of this great master's pieces are still to be seen. Recalling to our imagination images of innocence and simplicity, we compare them with passages of the wise and admirable Fenelon ; whose descriptions of the island of Calypso, of Betica, of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Crete, and of the Elysian Fields, are in the first style of excellence.

XII.

If the imperfections of the Madonnas of Carlo Maratt are only to be observed, by comparing them with those of Raphael, as we are taught to believe, the defects of Claude are only to be discovered by comparing his groups and his dispositions, with the groups and dispositions of the matchless TITIAN ;—the Sovereign of Landscape ; as Raphael was the Sovereign of graceful Attitudes. Studying Nature in detail, he finished for immortality, and exemplified the truth of that axiom, which teaches, that simplicity is the offspring of judgment and genius. Like the rose-tree of Jericho¹, which neither withers nor decays,—and, therefore, the best escutcheon for a painter's monument,—the pictures of Titian still continue to blush with all their golden tints² ; and are as beautiful, as first they were, when newly painted. In the union of force and softness of tint ; in lightness of touch ; in felicity of combination, and in harmony of colouring, he was unrivalled.

¹ *Anastatica hierochuntica.*

² *Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens cam vere suam denunciât.*

He was the Virgil of landscape :—and the back-ground to his picture of the Martyrdom¹ of St. Peter is said to be the finest landscape, ever issuing from a mortal's hand !

CHAPTER II.

BUT however beautiful the works of the most celebrated masters may be, when we would compare them with the productions of Nature, how comparatively poor and feeble do their efforts appear ! Insipid are the outlines of Salvator Rosa, the aerial tints of Claude, and the romantic groups of Ruysdale and Poussin. Thus, as in every other instance, how far inferior to Nature are the finest efforts of our best masters. No wonder ! since language itself has comparative poverty, when it would presume to describe the variety, which is observable in almost every prospect, that the eye beholds. Fields, vales,

¹ “ The picture of Titian,” says the Abbe Du Bos, “ which represents Peter Martyr, massacred by the Vaudois, is not perhaps the most valuable of his pieces for richness of colour ; and yet Ridolf* acknowledges that it is not only the most generally known, but the most universally applauded. The reason of which seems to be, that the action of this picture is more engaging ; and that Titian has treated it with a greater resemblance of truth, and with a more elaborate expression of the passions, than any of his other pieces.”—Critic. Reflect. on Painting, Poetry, and Music, vol. i. ch. x.

Guido has a small picture on the same subject. That of Titian is grand in every essential of magnificence ; that of Guido delicate, graceful, and exquisitely finished. The former was transported to the Louvre at Paris, where it remained till 1815 ; when it was replaced in the church of Giovanni e Paolo at Venice.

* P. 151.

glens, rivers, and mountains, even when described by the most powerful pen, do but glide before the imagination in mysterious confusion: if, therefore, one scene cannot be represented with precision, how shall we attempt to give even a faint idea of its numerous combinations? And how numerous those combinations are, may be, in some measure, conceived from the knowledge, we possess, of the almost infinite combinations of sound.

Winkelmann's antagonist was, assuredly, wrong, when he asserted, for the honour of the arts, that the mallows of Veerendal, and a rose of Van Huysum, bewitch us more than the best favourites of the botanists; and that a landscape of Dietrich is more agreeable to the fancy, than even the Thessalian Tempe. To the works of art we can give length, breadth, and thickness; we can also colour them with appropriate shades; but who can measure the productions of Nature? Who sketch with such enchanting skill? The painter may select individual objects,—an ivied bridge, a hanging tower, an embattled castle, and the larger creations of landscape;—these he may, by a judicious disposition of his materials, form into an entire whole: but the effort is one, and the effect is one: it changes not with the seasons; it knows none of the vicissitudes of winter; and, therefore, never glows with the renovation of spring.

This exhaustless variety produces in the mind a continual thirst after novelty. For were there but few combinations, and still fewer objects, the mind would recoil upon itself, and its powers be confined, as it were, in a prison. But as the variations of natural objects are unlimited, its faculties are proportionately enlarged; and, in

consequence, bearing an analogy with magnetical induction, the more it receives, the more capable is it of the powers of receiving. Thus, man's appetite for novelty is nothing, but the general result of Nature's unbounded power of gratifying his thirst.

II.

If the final cause of sublimity be to exalt the soul to a more intimate alliance with its Creator; and that of beauty to enable the mind to distinguish perfection and truth:—the love of novelty may, not unreasonably, be supposed to be planted in our nature, in order to stimulate the mental powers to that degree of activity, which enables them continually to feel the effects of beauty and sublimity.

The lover of landscape, therefore, is ever on the watch for new combinations. Having derived enjoyment from a mountainous country, he finds a sensible gratification in traversing extended plains, boundless heaths, and in permitting his eye to wander over an interminable track of ocean. Without darkness, even the brilliancy of the sun would be no longer splendid; without harmony, the most agreeable melody would fatigue the ear; and without the interchange of varied objects, even the finest landscape in Gascoigny, or Savoy, would pall upon the sight.

A general love of novelty, however, which is not indulged as a beneficial mean for improvement, resembles the rose of Florida, the bird of Paradise, or the cypress of Greece. The first, the most beautiful of flowers, emitting no fragrance:—the second, the most beautiful of birds, eliciting no song;—the third, the finest of trees, yielding no fruit. It has, not inaptly, been called a

species of “adultery.” It characterizes a weak and superficial mind; ill qualifies it for honourable exertion; and peculiarly unfits its possessor for selecting brilliant subjects to exercise his fancy; or from furnishing correct and sound materials to form and elevate the understanding.

To a judicious love of novelty, on the other hand, may we refer some of the pleasures, we derive from contrast; the various changes of climate and seasons; the observance of manners and customs of nations; the charms of science; and the delights of poetry. Since, by directing the attention to a diversity of objects, the mind roves, as it were, in an enchanted theatre; imbibing rich and comprehensive ideas, that administer, in a manner the most vivid and impressive, to the organs of perception and taste. Directed to its proper end,—the enlargement of the understanding, by the acquirement of knowledge,—it conduces to the improvement of every art, and contributes to the perfection of every science.

III.

As the passion of legitimate love is engendered and confirmed by intimacy of connexion, so, on the other hand, the passion of admiration is awakened by distance, and kept alive by continual novelty. For these two passions,—so often confounded with each other,—are not more different in their origin, than in their results. What we love becomes more endeared to us by repetition; what we admire ceases to please us, when it ceases to be new. Thus is it with scenery. The vine in our garden, the oak that shades our cottage, the woods, that shelter us from the north, are not more high, more shady, more neat, or more fruitful, than other oaks vines, cottages, and woods;

but, from long familiarity, they acquire a title to our preference, by the interesting associations, with which they are connected; and having acquired that title, we should be unwilling to exchange them for the most beautiful vale of the South, or the proudest mountain of the North. On the other hand, let us climb the triple Cader-Idris, Ben Lomond, or Ben Nevis; and, after viewing with admiration their several wonders, let us inquire of our own feelings, if we do not look around for other objects to gratify our desires. Novelty once satisfied, admiration ceases; and when we cease to admire, we become weary.

Such is the difference between love and admiration in scenery. The one, begetting tranquillity and content, requires no aliment; the other, continually searching for food, engenders restlessness. Hence the poet, wandering among the rocks of Pelion, and the vales of Olympus, hails with pleasure the plains of Larissa, decked with all the riches of a fertile soil. The traveller, who has long been indulging in the more elevated scenery of the Grisons, feels himself relieved, when he enters the green valleys of Piedmont, and the extended vales of Tuscany; and the white summits of St. Bernard, the glaciers of the Rhetian, and the wonders of the Pennine Alps, are exchanged, with satisfaction, for the calm and fertile meads of Novorese and Aosta.

IV.

Distance gives mysterious beauty to landscape, as it does to human greatness: and when we have quitted scenes, hallowed to our feelings by the moral treasures they possess, the greater the distance, the greater the pleasure we derive from a remembrance of them.

ODE'.

How sweet were the hours when the sun was declining,
 And Nature had lull'd every bird to repose;
 How sweet to repair to the rivulet, winding,
 In graceful cascades, through the Vale of Glenrose.
 The Vale of Glenrose? There the nightingale flies—
 How oft has she warbled to silence and me!
 'Tis there the dove-turtle deliciously sighs,
 And the wren builds her nest near the hive of the bee.

Oh, vale of my heart! when I think of thy beauties,
 What life to my soul recollection bestows!
 My Julia! my Julia! Reward of my duties!
 Ah! when shall we breathe the soft air of repose!
 Removed—far removed—from thine artless caressing,
 A martyr to fortune indignant I sigh!
 My children! my children! I send you “my blessing!”
 To serve you I leave you—to serve you I'd die.

Admiration requiring something ever new to gratify its appetite, those objects, which excite the wonder and admiration of strangers, are viewed with indifference, bordering on frigidity, by the natives of the country, in which they are situated. Humboldt relates, that at Schauffhausen he knew many persons, who had never seen the fall of the Rhine: and while at Santa Cruz, he could find only one person, who had ascended the Peak of Teneriffe.

Totally unconscious, and sometimes utterly unworthy the beautiful country, in which they live, men of this kind require some one to point out to them the lovely scenes, by which they are surrounded, in the same

¹ This ode has been beautifully set to music, by Josiah Ferdinand Reddie, under the title of “The Vale of Glenrose.”

manner, as many a nobleman of England, Germany, and Italy, know the value of their paintings and sculptures, only by the applause, bestowed on them by learned and enlightened strangers. They are the bodies of insects, buried in amber! Thus was it when Petrarch visited Rome, in the fourteenth century. While viewing the fragments of temples, the remnants of statues, the falling porticoes, the baths, the aqueducts, the tessellated pavements, and, above all, the gigantic ruins of the Coliseum, he was indignant to find, that the tribune Rienzi, and his friend Colonna, were alone conversant in the history, and appeared alone to sympathize with those noble and magnificent ruins. “No one,” said he, “were more ignorant of Rome, than the Romans themselves.”

V.

Some scenes there are, which acquire an increased interest, from being only partially revealed to us. Landscape has its secrets, as well as women. We must not see every thing at once; nor must we see every thing, there is to be seen. The rose, in full display of beauty, is not so captivating, as, when opening her paradise of leaves, she speaks to the fancy, rather than the sight. Thus the imagination, which so frequently borrows from Nature, repays her obligations, by giving additional grace and splendour to her beauties. In poetry, the light touches of Anacreon fire the fancy, in a much higher degree, than the minute descriptions of Ovid;—the nervous brevity of Lucretius defines more clearly to the mental eye, than all the profuse delineations of Cowley;—and the obscure image of death, in Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, is even more horrific, than the Ugolino of Dante.

The observation holds good in reference to landscape ; and hence arises the cause, why straight lines are so peculiarly offensive ; why landscape admits of no symmetry ; and why Alpine views are not so agreeable for any length of time, as those, that are observed from the sides, or at the feet of high and woody mountains. Lakes must wind, and trees must hide, or the beauties of the finest scene will pall upon the sight. Had we the Venus de Medicis always unveiled before us, we should soon cease to be moved by the whiteness of her bosom, and the symmetry of her contour.

VI.

From novelty springs the pleasure, which is ever attendant on judicious contrast. The earth, and “ all that it inhabits,” animals, birds, fishes, and insects ; flowers, plants, trees, and rivers ; the air, the clouds, the stars, nay, the whole universal region of infinity, are all one vast, one interminable tissue of decided contrasts. So also are the feelings, the opinions, and passions of man ; the form of his external frame, as well as the organic principles of his mind. In music and in painting ; in architecture and mechanics ; indeed, throughout the whole circle of the sciences and the arts, are the laws of contrast acknowledged and confirmed. Hence is it, that, as in the formation of beauty, the most opposite colours are frequently employed, so in the architecture of governments, those constitutions, which present the most nicely opposed contrasts or balances, have universally been found to be the best in theory, and the most reducible to practice. Thus even the contrasts of contending interests, in a state, contribute to the proper administration of a government.

It is not a little remarkable, that Ferdinand, king of Castile, should have been sensible, in some measure, of the truth of this remark ; as we may learn from his answer to those Castilians, who solicited him to deprive the states of Arragon of their independence. This he refused to do ; alleging as his reason, “ that the equilibrium of power, enjoyed by the king and people, contributed to public safety ; and that whenever the one preponderated over the other, ruin was the consequence to one, if not to both.”

And yet the benefits of these balances were neither observable to Tacitus nor Buonaparte. Tacitus was of opinion, that a constitution, consisting of three estates, could have no long duration¹ ; and when La Fayette went to return thanks to Buonaparte, for his liberation from the dungeon of Olmutz, the First Consul presumed to assert, that Mons. La Fayette had endeavoured to establish a solecism, in appointing a monarch, at the head of a republic².

¹ Annal. iv. c. 33.—Cicero, however, speaks of the three estates with approbation—*De Republica*, lib. ii.

² This is very well for a man, who began his career in the midst of anarchy, and finished by establishing a despotism. But the British constitution might have taught him better grace, and a wiser argument. This constitution, founded, in the first instance, upon a passage of only five lines *, it is our duty, not by words artfully adapted to the purpose of undermining its best

* It is difficult to say too much in praise of these lines ; and as language is scarcely able to express the admiration and the reverence, with which they ought to be regarded, it would be well if they were inscribed in large capitals on every church, chapel, and house throughout the empire.

“ Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut disseisiatur de libero tenemento suo vel libertatibus vel liberis consuetudinibus suis, aut utlagetur, aut exulet, aut aliquo modo destruatur, nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terræ :

VII.

Contrast adds to the beauty of landscape, as much as the garlands, which annually covered the temple of Delos, added to the lustre of the Parian marble. Thus Hafod derives many of its charms from the dreariness of Plinlimmon ; and Chatsworth, the noble domain of the Duke of Devonshire, becomes infinitely more agreeable to the traveller, who journeys from the north, than to him, who travels from the south. The poet, therefore, is justified in his observation, when he says, that Chatsworth is as delightful to him, who has approached it by the deserts of the north of Derbyshire, as are the towers of Venice to the weary eye of a sailor ¹.

principles, to protect :—each man in his sphere, and every man to the best of his ability. And should necessity require, each man, peer as well as peasant, and peasant as well as peer, is bound to fight for it. The cheapest and most effective method of preservation, however, is to elect discreet and enlightened men to represent the country in parliament, and to pay them for their services.

“ Of a constitution, so wisely constructed,” says Blackstone, “ so strongly raised, and so highly finished, it is hard to speak with that praise, which is justly and severely its due: the thorough and attentive contemplation of it will furnish its best panegyric. * * * To sustain, to repair, to beautify this noble pile, is a charge entrusted principally to the nobility, and such gentlemen of the kingdom, as are delegated by their country to parliament. The protection of the liberty of Britain is a duty, which they owe to themselves, who enjoy it ; to their ancestors, who transmitted it down ; and to their posterity, who will claim at their hands this, the best birthright, and noblest inheritance of mankind.”

¹ Qualiter in mediis, quam non speraverat, urbem
Attonitus Venetam navita ceruit aquis ;
Sic improviso emergens e montibus invis
Attollit sese Devoniana domus.

Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum vel justitiam.”—
Magna Charta, c. xxix.

VIII.

Aware of the results of contrast, epic, dramatic, and pastoral poets are in the constant habit of exercising their skill in exhibiting them.

Virgil and Sannazarius frequently contrast the labours of the mariner with the amusements of the husbandman and the shepherd. Claude understood this secret of affecting the heart; and the inscription of *Et in Arcadia ego*, "I too was once in Arcadia," in a picture of Poussin, has been alluded to by the Abbé Du Bos in his *Reflexions Critiques sur la Poesie, et sur la Peinture*¹, and described by De Lille in his "Man of the Fields." The original hint is from Virgil, who decorates one of his pastoral scenes with the rustic sepulchre of Bianor².

In a picture of horror, some beautiful object should invariably be exhibited, on which the eye may be delighted

Tasso has a similar, but more beautiful passage:—Jer. Deliv. b. iii. st. 4. where he compares the joy of the Christians, at beholding Jerusalem, to that of sailors at the first prospect of land. Vida has something not dissimilar: *De Art. Poet.* b. ii.

¹ "The sepulchral inscription," says Du Bos, "contains those few Latin words, *Et Ego in Arcadia*; but this short inscription draws the most serious reflections from two youths and two young virgins, decked with garlands, who seem to be struck with their having thus accidentally met with so melancholy a scene, in a place where one might naturally suppose they had not been in pursuit of an object of sorrow. One of them points with his finger to the inscription, to make the rest observe it; whilst the remains of an expiring joy may yet be discerned through the gloominess of grief, which begins to diffuse itself over their countenances."

Critical Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Music, vol. i. ch. vi.

² *Buc.* ix. l. 59.

to repose. Thus in a picture, painted by Moore, for the Earl of Breadalbane, at Rome, an eruption of Vesuvius is rendered peculiarly engaging by the introduction of the story of two brothers; one carrying his father, and the other his mother. And in Schidone's *Massacre of the Innocents*, the painter heightens the general effect of his picture by one of the simplest and most affecting of contrasts. Instead of representing the soldiers of Herod, in the actual commission of their horrible crime, he exhibits one of them, imparting the fatal tidings to a group of mothers; the terror and anguish in whose countenances and attitudes form a strong and heart-rending contrast to the exquisite serenity of the sleeping children. How much superior to the *Massacre des Innocens* even of Guido!—Poussin, also, has selected this subject for the exercise of his genius. In this picture he represents only one mother, and one child; and the shrieks of the mother are so violent as to frighten her friends away!

Some pictures have no resemblance in the figures, and yet have an unity of effect in the design; as Carraci's *Assumption of the Virgin*, and Raphael's *Transfiguration*. While others have a striking variety even in the expression of the same character: a quality for which Julio Romano's *Martyrdom of St. Stephen* has been much celebrated.

Rubens was a great master in this art; and Parrhasius appears to have attended so minutely to the subject of contrast, that he is said to have been able to delineate, in the countenance of one subject, firmness and fickleness; mildness and cruelty; bravery and timidity. In this,

however, there appears more of poetry than of truth. In respect to poetical contrasts, no instances more affecting are to be found, than in Virgil's imitation of Apollonius¹; in the Hypsipyle of Statius²; and the Danae of Simonides.

What a fine example, too, is that in Lucan, where he contrasts the fallen condition of his hero, after the battle of Pharsalia, with the happy state of his more prosperous fortune, when, at the head of the commonwealth, he was esteemed, by his party, the greatest general and the best citizen Rome had ever produced³.

IX.

A contrast, exceedingly well drawn, was exhibited in the British House of Commons on the memorable night in which the traffic in slaves was, by a vote of the House, declared to be for ever illegal, and the persons engaged in the trade for ever infamous. After many distinguished characters had delivered their opinions, the solicitor-general rose from his seat; and, after a long and argumentative speech, in which he took occasion to recapitulate, and to combat many of the objections, that had been urged to the measure, he concluded with an eloquent representation of the gratitude, the vote of the House would

¹ Argon. iii. 743.

² Theb. vi.

³ He, who had triumphed at three several times, says Paternulus, for conquests, in three different quarters of the world, and who had not only doubled the Roman revenue, but the Roman empire! The whole earth, continues he, which had been small sphere enough for his victories, could now scarcely afford him a grave. ii. 40.

call from posterity ; and of the happiness, which many of the younger members, who were present, would have in beholding, what they had anticipated with all the generous ardour of youth, expressed by some of them in a corresponding glow of language, the benign effects of this measure upon the negroes, the whole property of the colonies, and the prosperity of the country at large. “ When he looked to the man, now at the head of the French monarchy, surrounded, as he was, with all the pomp of power, and all the pride of victory ; distributing kingdoms to his family, and principalities to his followers ; seeming, when he sat upon his throne, to have reached the summit of human ambition, and the pinnacle of earthly happiness ; and when he followed that man into his closet, or to his bed ; and considered the pangs, with which his solitude must be tortured, and his repose banished, by the recollection of the blood he had spilled, and the oppressions he had committed ; and when he contrasted those pangs of remorse with the feelings, which must accompany his honourable friend, Mr. Wilberforce, from that House, to his home ; after the vote of the night should have confirmed the object of his humane and unceasing labours ;—when he should retire into the bosom of his happy and delighted family ;—when he should lay himself down in his bed, reflecting on the innumerable voices, that would be raised in every quarter of the globe to bless him ;—how much more pure and perfect felicity must he enjoy in the consciousness of having preserved so many of his fellow-creatures, than the man, with whom he had compared him, on the throne, to which he had waded through

crimes, through slaughter and oppression !"—No one, my friend, will be surprised, that the honourable member should sit down amid three distinct and universal cheers.

X.

At early morning, when we are observing images of rural happiness, and recalling to mind the pastoral and hunting ages, when the woods and glens echoed with the twang of the horn, or the reed of the shepherd, how melancholy do our reflections become, when, by virtue of association, we contrast them with a country, wasted by want, or depopulated by a successfully invading army ! Let us illustrate the subject of contrast, as it affects the human race, and as it serves to show the wide and lamentable difference between man and man, by exhibiting a CONTRAST OF SOVEREIGNS.

Nothing more dreadful can be conceived, than the horrors, which ensued during the conquest, and after the subjugation of the Crimea, by Catherine of Russia. Ah ! my friend, what a contrast do the consequences, arising from those fatal events, produce to the cheerful and happy scenes, we have the satisfaction of witnessing every day ! Of the conquest let us say nothing ; its consequences were too great for human sympathy to read without feelings of indignant horror. The fates of Ismael, of Warsaw, and of Prague, were scarcely less dreadful : and, as a suitable afterpiece to the fatal tragedy, after the desolation of towns and villages, without number, 75,000 Christians were expelled their country, of whom 50,000 perished in the deserts !

Catherine is said frequently to have dined in the apart-

ment of the Tauridan Palace, in which hung two pictures, executed by Canazova, in which were represented the Sacking of Prague and Ismael. Herodias, as it were, gazing with rapture on the sainted head of John the Baptist!—But

Although the waves of all the northern sea
Should flow, for ages, through thy guilty hands,
Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be!

Marston. Insatiate Countess.

Though such are the effects of war, upon the feelings and comforts of those persons, who are the most subject to its miseries, yet, by an unaccountable fatality, the people of almost every country have, in all ages, conspired, even without the apology of passion, to consider those their most inveterate enemies, who labour, through a long and tumultuous life, for their peace, prosperity, and happiness!

XI.

Now let us compare the conduct of the Empress Catherine, with that of the late Emperor of China. In the year 1782, the island of Formosa was visited by a dreadful calamity. A violent tempest raged for several hours; the sea rose in mountains, and covered the whole face of the island; sweeping away every moveable; and leaving the shops, houses, and out-buildings, a confused heap of ruins. The crops were entirely destroyed; and the unfortunate inhabitants reduced to beggary and want.

When this terrible event was signified to the emperor, he wrote to his minister, Tsong-tou, the following letter.—“ I command you to get the best information you can, of the different losses, sustained by the inhabitants of the

island; and to transmit the particulars to me, in order that I may give them every assistance to repair them. My intention is, that all the houses which have been thrown down shall be rebuilt, entirely at my expense; that those be repaired, which are only damaged; and that provisions, and every thing, which the people stand in immediate want of, be supplied them. I should feel much pain, were even one among them to be neglected. I, therefore, recommend the utmost diligence, and the strictest inquiry; as I am desirous, that none of my subjects should entertain the least doubt of the tender affection I have for them; and that they should know that they are all under my eyes, and that I will myself provide for their wants."

The former of these sovereigns is usually called the Great: the latter has received no peculiar appellation. Alas! what is the description of persons we dignify by the name of Great? For my own part, my Lelius, I have never insulted the virtues of William Penn, by admiring Alexander or Borgia; nor did I ever drop a tear of regret upon the tomb of the most celebrated warrior in Westminster Abbey. Those men, whom the generality of mankind call **HEROES**; and who have so often stained the hearths and the thresholds of palaces and cottages with native blood, fret a dangerous hour upon the public stage: thousands shout to them applauses; while the truly great, good, and illustrious, hide their faces with their robes, and wait a surer and a nobler recompense, than the honour or applause of man, in a distant but a better world!

Since we are upon the imposing subject of greatness, let us call to our recollection the names of a few of those men,

whom the writers of history designate GREAT. Doubtless they were the fathers of their country ; and it will give you pleasure to reflect on the memory of so many excellent men : for greatness, of course, has reference to goodness ; since the one and the other are the distinguishing characteristics of the ETERNAL himself. And it is not, for one moment, to be supposed, that historians are guilty of such impiety to the Deity, or are such traitors to the general welfare of mankind, as to call those great, who were only worthy of a public scaffold ! Every good man is not a great one, it is true ; but every great one must, of necessity, be a good one : and yet, who are the wretches, whom historians exalt to the admiration of the world ? Who are they, but Alexander, and Antiochus, and Mahomet, and Frederick, and Peter, and Catherine, and Charles XII., and Tamerlane, and a host of monsters equally base and equally detestable ? Shades of the immortal Phocion, Alfred, Piastus, and Stanislaus ; in what ignominious society are your honoured memories associated ! These—these, my friend, were men, who would have dignified the lowest condition of life ; and whose names form, of themselves, the noblest epitaphs for royal sepulchres. As to Frederick !—the following lines, written by that blood-stained hero of Sans-souci, prove too truly, that some kings are no more to be known by their poems, than they are by their proclamations.

See the world's victor mounts his car ;
Blood marks his progress wide and far ;
 Sure he shall reign while ages fly !
No ! vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
 To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations, heaped on nations, bled
 Beneath his chariot wheel;
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
 And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?
Yes! fortune, wearied with her play,
Her toy, this hero, cast away;
 And scarce the form of man is seen.
Awe chills my breast; my eyes o'erflow;
Around my brows no roses glow;
 The cypress mine, funereal green!

XII.

So much for the “serpent’s tongue and crocodile’s tears” of this detested monster; whose mother (of the pelican genus) seems to have fed him from her veins, instead of her bosom¹.

¹ Voltaire has given the true character of this far-famed warrior in a very few words.—“The king of Prussia is fond of music:—yet not of music, but of the flute;—neither of the flute, but of his own flute.” Perhaps the greatest virtue, this monarch possessed, was the perfect toleration, which he permitted throughout his dominions.

I am not prepared to enter into the subject, relative to the policy or im-policy of the conduct, adopted in this country towards the British and Irish Catholics: but there were five letters on the Grievances of the Catholics, written by a gentleman of Lincoln’s inn (Michael Quin, Esq.), privately circulated, two years since, among the members of the two houses of parliament, which contain so much wisdom, embodied in a manner so peculiarly modest and elegant, that, I think, the Catholics ought to take especial care, that those letters are neither lost to themselves nor to posterity.

By quoting a few passages, the general reader will, in some measure, perceive the spirit in which these letters were written.

“IF we examine, with strict impartiality, the Christian history, we shall find, through all its sanguinary pages, no records so humiliating to the reason

How different from the character of Simon, king of Judea! While Syria was desolated by wars, the Jews, in the reign of Simon, lived in ease and tranquillity: every

of man, so unworthy of his origin from a Being all benevolent, as those which unfold his variations of religious doctrine, and his disputes concerning them.

“We are taught to believe, that the new law was transmitted as a living light from Heaven, to illumine the nations, to cheer the face of the inhabited world, and to consecrate it as the noblest temple, that was ever raised in honour of the living God*.

“But how have these prospects been fulfilled? I do not except any of the Christian sects, when I ask, have they uniformly promoted the wise and gracious intentions of the Deity? As passion impelled and power supported them, have they not frequently wielded the Revelation rather as a firebrand of war, than as an ensign of purity and peace?

“The Pagan story shames our modern annals. Man, when a worshipper of images, when believing that a God raged in every tempest that came over the ocean, and that a Divinity existed in every passion which delighted or tortured his bosom, was still sensible enough to perceive, and honest enough to allow, that the religion of each individual was a matter peculiarly his own concern. Consisting, as it did, essentially in the secret communion of his own mind with that of his own God, resembling the mysterious, but ever-active feeling which binds a pious son to a beloved parent, under whose protecting look he grows from infancy to manhood, religion was deemed by the sages of former days too august to be subjected to human laws, and too sacred to be turned to secular purposes. Man—an idolator, was not only tolerant of different religious opinions, but he conducted himself towards them all with delicacy and respect. Man—a Christian, living under a dispensation full of benignity, imperative of kindness, has occasionally become not only intolerant of creeds varying from his own, but has treated the professors of them with violence and oppression. Thus, arguing upon the course of human conduct, it would seem as if Pagan idolatry were less opposed to concord among men, because it knew of no persecution, than the worship of the true and only God, because it has been misunderstood and perverted—a result which one shudders to contemplate.

* * *

“If the present settlement of property in Great Britain and Ireland be considered, it will be seen that it is not only improbable, but utterly im-

* This is one of the most harmonious paragraphs in the English language.

man enjoyed the fruit of his labours ; and every man, sitting under his own fig-tree¹, augmented his private felicity, by dwelling on the flourishing state of his country.

possible, that the Catholics, as a class in society, can ever acquire any considerable portion of political weight in this country. It is a maxim, universally admitted in theory, and seldom questioned in practice, that in a free commercial state, political power follows wealth. And justly and usefully has it been so ordained : for who shall be more faithful to the interests and honour of his country, than he whose own personal prosperity is identified with her safety? Now the wealth of England is almost exclusively in the hands of Protestants, as a slight glance at the revenues of the church, the rent-rolls of the landlords, the names of the fund-holders, and of the higher mercantile houses, will manifest. The permanent wealth of Ireland, arising from land, is nearly all—certainly, in the greatest proportion—in the possession of Protestants. If, therefore, the maxim be true, that power follows wealth, it is evident, that whether the penal laws be removed or continued, the preponderance in the state must still belong to those, who have the superiority in wealth :—and they are the Protestant people. The act of repeal could not take away from them their possessions, and therefore would have no more influence upon their political ascendancy than the passing of a common inclosure bill.

* * *

“ That the Catholics of this country have the ambition to be free—to be upon a perfect equality with their fellow-subjects, may not be doubted. And such a restlessness of mind as they evince, under their privation of this equality, may seem to many very honest persons nothing short of a crime. But happily it is a crime common to every Briton. The origin of it is in our soil, the nutriment of it is imbibed from our constitution, which says, that no man, even an alien, who touches the shores of England, shall be a slave. How then can they be contented with distinctions unfavourable to freedom, who are themselves born on these sacred shores, and from infancy to age prize them with the tender cordiality, which every man must feel for the land of his birth? To be unambitious of equal freedom is the fortune of those, who burn beneath an Indian or an African sun ; but there is something in this temperate zone in

¹ Maccabees.

As to the science of government, it is like that of astronomy,—still in its infancy! For the utmost, that governors have hitherto done for the major part of man-

which we live, that forbids us to bear servitude. Human laws are vain against such an instinct. It is as natural for a Briton to thirst after freedom, as it is for other men to love their offspring. You might as well endeavour by a statute to change the path of the sun in the high heavens, as to divert the innate energy of a Briton from the pursuit of freedom. He must gain it in the end, or perish in the attempt; and if he perish in such a cause, the genius of England has a garland for his grave, and a tear for his memory.

* * *

“The constitution was not made for you or for me—it commands that justice shall be done to all. The same principle, which authorizes you to punish the guilty, requires of you to protect the innocent. Now, the only guilt which has ever been supposed to distinguish those persons, professing the Roman Catholic religion, from those of any other faith from the days of Henry the Eighth down to the present moment, is the crime of popery. It was never said that there was any thing treasonable in their tenet of transubstantiation, or in their sacrament of penance, and these are the principal points, in which they differ from the established religion. It has been held, and justly held, that the doctrine of popery, which at one season they believed, or rather which they did not sufficiently disbelieve, was treasonable; and for this alone they were made to suffer. But if the Catholics of England now living disclaim that doctrine; if they agree with me in the firm and unchangeable conviction, that the doctrine of popery deserves every stigma, with which the statutes have branded it, then they are no longer papists; consequently no longer the objects, against whom the penal laws were ordained.

“The constitution, when threatened with danger, fled to the Protestants for safety, and it has flourished in their care. It is not, however, that vacillating, nervous, fearful creature, which demands protection from daggers of the imagination. Who can wish to wound her now? Formerly there was some motive, a false one undoubtedly, but still it was a motive. The pope was then a powerful potentate, and his alliance was courted to uphold the falling house of Stuart. The influence of the pope is now circumscribed within his own little territory—the inauspicious race of Stuart is all in the grave!

“I do not ask, that the exemplary virtues of the Howards shall be pleaded for

kind, has been to "form men for governments, rather than governments for men;" and being both priestly and military, the art of legislation, if it ever revive again, must rise out of the ruin of lawyers, petty magistrates, and time-serving statesmen.

XIII.

Unlimited power is the mental pestilence of many men's idolatry. It is one of the scrophulas of the human mind. In the place of that deep, sagacious, and combining mind, so necessary to constitute a great statesman, theirs prompts them to draw outlines of conquests, which at length finish in the acquirement of an empire in which to build the sepulchre of liberty. Such was the ambition of Rome in the time of the Cæsars. "When the enemy is rich," said Galgacus to the Caledonians, "the prize for which the Romans fight, is wealth:—when poor, it is ambition. Neither the east, nor the west, is sufficient for them. They covet the poverty, as well as the wealth of the world; and with equal appetite. Murder and pillage they dignify with the name of government; and where they have made a solitude, they proclaim to the world, that they have conquered peace." These very Romans, however, met the fate, they had, for so many ages, en-

that illustrious house. I do not enumerate the acknowledged merits of the Catholics of Great Britain, their devotion abroad, their tranquillity in times of agitation at home. Their retirement from society has been perhaps painful to our Catholic nobility, perhaps they have now and then suffered a complaint to escape them, when they have gazed upon their children rising around them, animated with all the blood of their ancestry—but animated in vain. I speak not of their virtues—show me their crimes. What have they done against the constitution that she should desert them?"

tailed upon the rest of the world. They were not like the Psylli of antiquity, who, presuming to make war upon the wind, because it had dried up their fountains, were overwhelmed in the sands, and perished; but they perished at home: leaving the glory of their republican forefathers to cover the ignominy of their disgrace.

And yet, perhaps, the cruelty of a conqueror is less to be admired, than his impudence and impertinence! Tamerlane, one of the greatest robbers the world ever saw, presumed to punish the smallest theft, that was committed in his own camp. Charles the Twelfth, too, practised the same rigour. A peasant one day having thrown himself at his feet, and complained of having been robbed by a grenadier; the king ordered the soldier into his presence. “And have you, indeed, robbed this poor man of a dinner, which he had provided for himself and his family?” sternly inquired the king. “I have,” returned the soldier. “But in doing so, I have not treated him so badly, as your majesty has treated Augustus: for while I have robbed this man only of a dinner, you have robbed Augustus of a whole kingdom.”

XIV.

Charles the Twelfth, Frederic of Prussia, Napoleon, and indeed all other warriors, seem to act upon the principle, lately allowed, of wager of battle¹. It were the

¹ Trial by wager of battle was common among the ancient Germans*, the Burgundi†, and the Swedes‡. William of Normandy introduced it into

* Paternus, Hist. lib. ii. c. 118.

† Selden.

‡ Stiernh. de jure Sueno. i. c. 7.

most difficult of all difficult conquests to charm such monsters into men! And what do they get by their tyranny, their rapine, and their extravagance? Read the letter of Phalaris, one of the worst tyrants, that Sicily, the nurse of tyrants, ever groaned under. “After no small pains to obtain a knowledge of mankind, I am of opinion, that the Lybian deserts, or the wild dens of Numidia, are infinitely preferable to an habitation among men. And I account it more safe to sleep among lions, and to crawl with the reptiles of the earth, than to live with them¹.”

And yet what a noble and dignified employment it would be to live in the exercise of a power, and a will, to administer to the comforts of an honourable people! To drop manna in their fields; to awaken a sense of charity and felicity, by uniting profound policy to genius; and thereby shedding the sunshine of glory over a useful life. Happy,—pre-eminently happy,—shall we account ourselves, when there shall arise up among the nations a prince, formed in the schools of Plato and Fenelon; who shall say to his family, his friends, his subjects, and the world, “Hitherto you have felt little of the comforts of

England: it was practised in the reign of Elizabeth §, and the law allowing its efficacy is still unrepealed. Our legislators, therefore, still countenance the plea of its first adoption;—viz. that Heaven will at all times protect the righteous, and give victory to him to whom victory is due. And that, too, in direct opposition to the Christian acknowledgment, that the race is not always to the swift, nor the victory to the strong.

¹ Phal. Epist. xxxiv.

§ 1631—1638. Comment. B. iii. ch. 22.—Dante allows its efficacy.—*De Monarchia*, p. 51.

life ! Your years have been full of trouble ; your youth was wasted in suffering ; your manhood in contentions ; but your age shall be spent in repose. The worst passions of the human heart have been too long in conspiracy against the nobler ones : you shall now have not only respite, but tranquillity. Feed your flocks and prune your vines : the corn you sow, no one but yourselves shall reap : give yourselves up, therefore, to the milder and far more manly occupations of life ; since I am a king, that idolize true glory ; and, therefore, love peace better than war.”

XV.

In the relative estimate of ability mere warriors are mere emmets. In an army of twenty thousand, not less than two thousand would make good generals ; if they had the opportunity. But, as to statesmen ! There is not one born in five centuries. “ The world is undone,” says Sir William Temple, “ by looking at things at a distance.” The virtues of statesmen are courage, disinterestedness, humanity, justice, magnanimity, and a love of their country. Warriors ! Let them die, and let them be forgotten. Holding up the head of Medusa, as it were, before the gaze of prostrate nations, they are unknown in the great volume of wisdom. Nature recognizes them, as she does the serpent and the alligator. They are discords in this world of harmony ; and, converting a land of prosperity into a land of tears, they are deformities in this universe of beauty. We will shed no tear in honour of their memories ; nor will we plant one rose, jessamine, or ivy, over their monuments.

History, as it is usually written, is, after all that can be said in its favour, a most disgusting tale for human patience! A mere recital of the origin of wars; their calamities; their progress; their boyish beginnings, and boyish terminations. When a Persian minister was advising his monarch not to wage war for the sake of a province, which would never be of any service to him, the king replied, "It certainly is of no use; but it is an ornament!" And when Nadir Shah, who was of low origin, claimed for his son a princess of the house of Delhi, he was required to give his pedigree for seven generations. Nadir said to his ambassador, "Tell them that my son is the son of Nadir Shah; the son of the Sword; the grandson of the sword; the great-grandson of the sword; and thus continue, till you have claimed a descent not only of seven generations, but seventy." As to modern wars! They are as pitiful in their origin as all the rest.

XVI.

Fascinating as Horace assuredly is, he has, nevertheless, some sentiments superlatively ridiculous. To this order belongs the following passage.

*Res gerere, et captos, ostendere civibus hostes,
Attingit solium Jovis, et cælestia tentat.*

Epist. xvii. l. 34.

Lord Kaims,—for the most part so wise and so intelligent,—has a reflection nearly as wild and as mischievous as this. "Perpetual war is bad," says his lordship; "because it converts men into beasts of prey. Perpetual peace is worse, because it converts them into beasts of burden." What a monstrous position is this! A position

to which his lordship seems to have been seduced merely for the sake of forming a sonorous climax. No! Bad as it is to be a beast of burden, it is better, far better, to be a beast of burden, than a beast of prey. At least such a beast of prey as man is, when he becomes such. But perpetual peace has no such crime to answer for. In Europe, perpetual peace has never yet been tried: where it has, as among the Loo-choos, the result has been not less fortunate to the inhabitants, than it is beautiful to the imaginations of those, who never have enjoyed it. But the time seems to be approaching, though in a spiral line, in which admiration for warlike enterprise will melt into vapour, like the bubble, which excited it. The world may yet constitute one great vineyard¹: and war-

¹ Even the interior of Africa may yet give laws to future generations. Who could have anticipated such a state paper as the following, even so lately as twenty years ago?

Literal Translation of a letter, sent from Almamy Ahàullah, Prince of Fouta Jallon, and the subordinate chiefs of that nation, to the governor of Sierra Leone.

To God alone belongs adoration and thanks. To his name be praise given through all the earth.

It is necessary that God alone be worshipped, and no distinction of men be thought of.

To all the blessed—This writing comes from the faithful Almamy Abdullah, Mori Ali, and the persons of note, good men of Teembo and Fouta, who love peace.

Abdullah offers the inhabitants of Sierra Leone his wishes for their happiness and peace.

Mohamadoo Ibrahima, of Nonbo, and the faithful of the more interior districts, wish peace and joy to the chieftain of Sierra Leone. Peace to all his good subjects!

The chiefs of Fouta being in health, wish health to all in the name of the most merciful God.—The thing of consequence and weight, which hath moved the faithful to thee and thine, shall be shown.

rriors may meditate with awe and repentance, when they reflect that Alva, after murdering many thousands, received his only sustenance, at the close of life, from the breast of a woman !

XVII.

In the estimate of the happiness, which attends others, we are too apt to judge of its effects by the standard of our own feelings ; and to consider that man happy or miserable, who dissents, or complies, with our tastes, our manners, and our opinions. Admirably was it observed

The Mandingo country is torn by a civil war, occasioned by the angry disputes of two young men. Why do the chiefs of the lands on the salt water allow it? Do not the advantages of that country belong to the Europeans as well as the Mandingoes? Why not force its inhabitants to be at peace, and not suffer two youths to desolate a fine country? Where will its inhabitants find shelter? Do they think Fouta, or Fouta's provinces, shall receive them? They shall not.

Therefore, in the name of God, his apostle, and Jesus Christ, we entreat you to make peace between them.

War desolates, brings hunger and distress, and in other respects is a great evil. Know ye who live in peace, that war is called waste and hunger.

Let, therefore, your good and learned men, in your name, proceed to bring this dispute to an end ; let peace by your means flourish among the true believers. Attend, we pray thee, to our desire. If you wish that the good things of Fouta and the interior should not be wanting for your pleasure and subsistence, make peace : how will you get the same if the Mandingo country is allowed to become a wilderness? We have heard of the old Mandingo war ; no nation was so powerful in ending that dispute as the Europeans.

Ye, also, the chiefs on the salt waters (among whom we would not forget Dalla Mahamadoo) the above is sent you.

Forget not that Kencorie, of Port Logo, troubled that country ; but at last, in vengeance, God visited him with a violent death.

We wish you all peace, health, and everlasting felicity.

by Epictetus, that we ought not to consider, who is prince, or who is mendicant, but who acts the prince or beggar best. To those, whose unbounded desires have never been curbed by prudence or virtue, how vain will appear the philosophic spirit of Adrian, who calculated those years, which he passed at the Villa Adriana, as only belonging to life; or that of Corcutus, son of Bajazet the Second. Upon the death of Mahomet, Corcutus was, by the unanimous consent of the army and nobility, elected, after various struggles, in preference to his father. Upon Bajazet's arrival at Constantinople, however, he resigned the imperial purple, and retired, with a yearly pension, to the government of the delightful provinces of Lycia, Caria, and Ionia, where he lived, free and content, in the quiet studies of philosophy. "I esteem it," says he, in an oration to his father, "unbecoming the resolution of a calm and settled mind, to pant for those worldly possessions; when, in the sweet meditations of heavenly things, my ravished mind is feasted with objects, of far more worth and majesty, than all the kingdoms and monarchies in the world."

ODE TO CLAUDE SPENCER, ESQ.

Written under the walls of Oxwich Castle.

I.

No! I'll not listen to the lore,
That has so oft beguiled before!
'Tis mine to sit on river's side,
And mark the flowing of its tide;
To wander up high mountains grey,
At early morn;—at close of day
To loiter near the mossy cell,
"Where Contemplation loves to dwell;"

Or where has knelt some snow-hair'd sage,
The tower, the convent, or the hermitage.

II.

No! I'll not listen to the lore,
That has so oft beguiled before!
No! now I'll sit near hive of bee,
And listen to its minstrelsy;
Or underneath the solemn shade,
By some torn rock o'erhanging made,
List, as the distant ocean hoar
Makes music with its solemn roar:
Or, as the abbey's solemn chime
Has awed the panic soul of crime
When, in the dark and lowering sky,
Are read rich volumes of theology.

III.

No! I'll not listen to thy lore!
It has beguiled so oft before!
For now 'tis mine, when every thrush
Sits mute upon its native bush;
When lowering mists invest the hill,
And every copse and glen is still:
Wrapt in solemn thought, 'tis mine,
At ease, as studious I recline,
At midnight's consecrated hour,
Beneath this shatter'd time-worn tower,
To point, where Luna's sacred ray
Illumes the wild, mysterious way;
Where fancy travels, wild and far,
Beyond each richly glowing star;
To where old Night, upon his ebon throne,
Rules sovereign lord, unknowing and unknown.

IV.

Away! I will not listen to thy lore!
Here will I sit, and hear the ocean roar.
I know the world too well, to wish to try it more!

XVIII.

And now, my Lelius, perhaps you will pardon a few remarks upon the comparative pretensions of those men, who have the power of acquiring for themselves a splendid immortality ;—statesmen, heroes, and literati ! Of these, the two first are dependent on the last for their eternity ; the last are dependent only on themselves. For who would have heard of Grecian, or of Roman heroes and statesmen, had such men as Herodotus and Thucydides never existed ; or if there had not been a Livy, a Polybius, a Sallust, or a Tacitus¹ ? Illustrious deeds lose half their value, unless they are recorded by men, who can give them life and remembrance. When we meditate on the memories of Charles of Spain and Frederic of Prussia ; or on the names of Suwarrow and Napoleon, with what disgust do we trace their routes by the stains of purple, which discolour the fields ! And with what horror do we recognize their effigies, by hearts cased with mail ; eyes prominent with military lust ; and ears, fingers, and bosoms, dropping with blood ! The outcast, who beheaded Mary of Scotland, was not so vile, so worthless, and detestable : even Chartres were a Wilberforce, and Ravilliac a deity.

Statesmen ! essenced warriors !—Men, who, gliding through an avenue of courtiers, palsy the energies of a

¹ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi : sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Hor. B. iv. od. 9. l. 25.

whole people ; and with all the cowardice of security, devote provinces to destruction with a stroke of the pen ; and depopulate whole nations without drawing a sword ! I speak not of such men as Solon, Sully, Bernstorff, Colbert, or Chatham ; men, who, having a beauty and a grandeur in all their sentiments, were the pride of their respective nations, and the glory of the whole earth !—But of * * of * * and of * * .

When we speak, or think, of such men as these, (for the weakness of human nature permits us not to guard our thoughts against sometimes thinking of such men, any more than our eyes are privileged against disgusting objects in the streets), our thoughts wear the character of disgraceful uniformity. The same moral disgust affects us, whether we speak of Catharine of Russia, or Catharine de Medicis ;—of John of England, Alva of Spain, or Philip of France. Associating Cesar with Borgia, * * * with Sejanus, and * * * with Alvarez de Luna¹, who would not prefer the silence of the most obscure hamlet of the Hebrides, to the ignominious immortality of such creatures as these ? Men and women, towards whom history will operate as a perpetual gallow-tree ! Men and women, who made all others “ beautiful to look upon.”

O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure ?

Shakespeare.—Julius Cæsar.

XIX.

Warfare of defence, my Lelius, alone is justifiable. The rest is infamy : and the man who urges it, proclaims

¹ Vide Mariana de Rebus Hispaniæ.—Lib. xix.

it, or assists in it, be he prince, minister, or counsellor, is entitled to the united hisses of an injured world.

But who are those, niched in the eternal amphitheatre, who live from age to age, and who, to the utmost limits of time, will charm and instruct, not only a nation, but a world? Who are those, of whom enlightened men are speaking every hour? Who are they, who walk with us, accompany us in long journies, advise us in secrecy, and reprove us without a frown? Who are they, who dry the tears of the widow, and cheer the bosoms of the wretched? Whose birth-places do we visit with sympathy and delight? Over whose tombs do we bend with all that fascinating awe, with which a Tasso would pause among the ruins of a venerable temple? Who teach us to derive happiness from ourselves; and thrill us with all those delicate emotions, of which our nature is susceptible? And to whom,—hear it ye military vulgar!—to whom do kings and warriors, and statesmen, look for consolation, when they are foiled, defeated, and disgraced? To whom, but to men of learning, talents, and genius:—men, who possess the power of imparting all the colours of the rainbow to the dull mosaic of a spider's web:—men, who glide through life unobserved and unknown; whose merits are only acknowledged in death; and whose coruscations are allowed only to emanate from the grave.—Men, whose memories live, not on pillars, on monuments, or on obelisks; but in the bosom of every amiable and enlightened man! Whose images are multiplied, in proportion to the extension of the human race; and whose honourable names are echoed with rapture, even through the universe!

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Fancy comes, at twilight grey,
To bless the turf, that wraps their clay ;
And Pity does a while repair,
To mourn, a weeping pilgrim, there.

XX.

And yet—many of these illustrious characters have been fated not only to want, but even to starve !

“ Those illustrious men,” says one of the most powerful and energetic writers of modern times¹, “ who, like torches, have consumed themselves, in order to enlighten others, have often lived unrewarded, and died unlamented. But the tongues of AFTER-TIMES have done them justice in one sense, but injustice in another. They have honoured them with their praise, but they have disgraced them with their pity. They pity them, forsooth, because they missed of present praise, and temporal emolument : things great to the little, but little to the great. Shall we pity a hero, because on the day of victory he had sacrificed a meal ? And those mighty minds, whom these Pigmies presume to commiserate, but whom they cannot comprehend, were contending for a far nobler prize than any, which those, who pity them, could either give or withhold. Wisdom was their object ; and that object they attained. She was their ‘ exceeding great reward.’ Let us, therefore, honour such men, if we can ; and imitate them, if we dare. But let us bestow our pity, not on them, but on ourselves, who have neither the merit to deserve renown, nor the magnanimity to despise it.”

¹ Colton.

After the expiration of several ages, the Portuguese have at length attempted to cover the ignominy of their forefathers, by erecting a monument over the ashes of Camöens. Illustrious shade ! rise from thy bed of earth ;—pulverize the monument ;—and strew it to the winds !

XXI.

Contrasts are the springs of our happiness. Without a knowledge of the muriatic, we should be ignorant of the sweet ; without the sweet, we should be incapable of the pungent. Had noon no excess, we should never enjoy the temperature of evening ; were there no darkness, we could never appreciate the value of light : without labour, who could be sensible of the enjoyments of rest ? and were we not sometimes visited by pain, where would be found the captivations of pleasure ? Such is the organization of man. That we could have been formed in a manner to have a continual appetite for enjoyment, without any of the contrasts arising from vicissitude, is as certain, as that we possess a general appetite for food, even though we feel no pain from partial hunger, or from temperate thirst. But it has pleased the Eternal thus to frame us. He has decreed, also, a temporary success to vice, and a temporary depression to virtue. Regardless of the means he employs, the VILLAIN prospers ! He rolls in wealth, and becomes the petty despot of his village ; the Napoleon of his neighbourhood. His will is his logic ; power is his mistress ; and money his god. He dies ! unpitied, unlamented, he is almost hissed and hooted into his grave. The hatred of his relatives is signified by the nettles growing over his monument ; and the joy of the poor is the best epitaph he deserves. He awakes !—another world

opens itself: the dream of his hopes, that death is an eternal sleep, has vanished!

The GOOD MAN, on the other hand, frequently pines from day to day. His efforts are unavailing: to him industry brings no harvest of profit: every object he touches crumbles into ashes! Weary and fainting, he droops into the midnight of the grave; after having borne, with meekness and resignation,

—— The strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd.

Blair.

His body consigned to the earth, his friends weep over his monument; and lament the hard destiny of a man, adorned with all the embellishments of education, and animated with all the impulses of virtue! They look at each other, in all the amiable ignorance of grief; and appear to anticipate the unanimous question, whether indeed there is an all-governing providence! In the meantime, the soul of their friend has separated from its teneament of clay; it has passed through its aurelia state; and has awakened to landscapes of matchless beauty, and to scenes of endless happiness.

XXII.

As a knowledge of the mechanism of the visual organ affords no conclusive explanation how visual sensation arises, so, though we are conscious of the goodness of our original, yet are we no more permitted to fathom the purposes of our Creator, than the meanest soldier of an army is permitted to know the secrets of his general. Continual movements are ordered without any visible design; long and weary marches are made in the dead of

night; fortresses of little apparent importance are invested; he breaks down bridges; moves along narrow defiles; animates his troops at one time, while he restrains their impatience at another. Wild and angry conjectures, ceaseless murmurs, and innumerable complaints, are echoed through the camp. The moment, however, at length arrives! The trumpet sounds; the signal is given; the charge is made. It is irresistible! The place, the time, and manner, having been well chosen. The ranks of the enemy are broken; thousands join in the pursuit; the notes of victory sound from hill to hill; murmurs and conjectures and complaints, all are at an end; the whole design is cleared up; every one gives himself to joy; every one resounds and celebrates the praises of his general.

INSCRIPTION.

SCENE;—VALE OF LLANDISILLIO.

Oh thou! who hither com'st from far,
 From peaceful vales, or fields of war;
 From WOLGA's fiercely rolling tide;
 Or ARAR's banks, whose tranquil side
 With thyme and moss is cover'd o'er;
 Here rest, and try the world no more!
 Here, where flowers of various hue,
 In modest pride, attract thy view;
 Where rills from mountain heights descend
 In gurgling streams, and wildly bend
 Their murmuring course adown the vale,
 Where peace and blooming health prevail;
 And where the birds their notes prolong,
 Charming the woods with warbling song.
 Oh! pilgrim! fly from every earthly woe,
 And taste those raptures, which these scenes bestow.
 Fly from the world,—beset with passions rude,
 And fix thy home in peaceful solitude.

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ON THE

BEAUTIES,

HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES

OF

N A T U R E:

WITH

OCCASIONAL REMARKS

ON THE

LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS

OF

VARIOUS NATIONS.

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THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
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N A T U R E.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

As there are in nature many contrasts, there are, also, many resemblances, though there are no likenesses. Some of these resemblances constitute the best media, by which the several portions of nature may be associated, or contrasted, with each other. The sciences become simplified by this method. Since illustrations of excursion, if the term may be allowed, impart beauty to strength; colour to form; variety to monotony; and render more evident Nature's unison of systematic accordance. The perfume of the citron may be imparted to less favoured fruits, by infusing its essence into the sap of their roots.

Plants claim some affinity with animals. The stalk of the former resembles the body of the latter;

the root the stomach ; the bark the skin ; the pith the marrow ; and the juice the blood. Like animals, too, plants are subject to a great variety of disorders. They imbibe air and moisture by their leaves ; and food by their roots ;—both being transubstantiated into their own substance : as theirs is afterwards employed in the structure of animals. For the entire frame of animated being derives its form and its consistence from vegetable organizations.

Some writers confound sensation with the power of motion : and if no motion is perceived, they cannot imagine the existence of sensation. Oysters have no more the locomotive power than thistles ; and they can no more forsake the beds, in which they are deposited by the tide, than fishes can swim without water, or birds and insects fly without air. Vegetable sensation, however, is not animal sensation ; and it is no superficial mode of supporting this argument to observe, that, as Nature has given compensations to all, she would never have ordained so cruel a result as animal sensation to plants, without giving in return the power of defence. A few plants, it is true, seem to be endued with this faculty : some by the noxiousness of their qualities ; and others by the peculiarity of their structures : as the nettle, the thistle, the noli me tangere, the thorn, the rose, the holly, the kamadu of Japan, with the deadly nightshade, and other poisonous plants. Yet these plants, armed as some of them are against attacks, and as others are against animal use, support innumerable insects. Some plants open their petals to receive rain : others

avoid it. Some contract on the approach of a storm; and others at the approach of night; while some expand and blossom only to the evening air. Near the Cape, certain flowers form a species of chronometer. The *Moræa unguiculata*¹ and *undulata* open at nine in the morning, and close at four; the *Ixia cinnamomea*² opens at the time the other closes; and sheds a delicious perfume during the night. The Mexican marvel of Peru³ also closes at four.

II.

The stamina of the flowers of sorrel thorn are so peculiarly irritable, that, when touched, they will incline almost two inches; and the upper joint of the leaf of the *Dionæa* is formed like a machine to catch food. When an insect, therefore, settles upon its glands, the tender parts become irritated; the two lobes rise up, grasp the insect, and crush it to death. The sensitive plant shrinks back and folds its leaves upon being touched, after the manner of a snail; and a species of the *hedysarum* of Bengal has its leaves during the day in continual motion; on the approach of night these leaves sink from their erect posture and seem to repose. Nor is this motion confined to the time of being in full perfection; for if a branch is cut off and placed in water, the leaves will, for the space of an entire day, continue the same motion;

¹ Bot. Mag. 712.

² *Hesperantha*, *ibid.* 1054.

³ *Mirabilis dichotoma*.

and if any thing is placed to stop it, no sooner is the obstacle removed, than the plant resumes its activity with greater velocity than it did before ; as if it endeavoured to recover the motion it had previously lost. Mons. Descernet¹ and other writers suppose, that this irritability is ordained by nature for promoting generation. As the motion is constant during the day, this reason is insufficient : unless we can suppose, that the organs of generation are in a constant state of irritable excitement. But these instances are exceptions to the general rule, and form links serving to connect the sensation of vegetables with those of animals ; for it is not unreasonable to suppose, that plants may differ in feelings as well as in appearance ; and that trees, shrubs, flowers, and roots, may have distinct gradations of sensation.

The plane-tree exhibits the power of exercising a sagacity for securing food, not unworthy of an animal. Lord Kaims relates, that among the ruins of New Abbey, in the county of Galway, there grew, in his time, on the top of one of its walls, a plane-tree, upwards of 20 feet in height. Thus situated, it became straightened for food and moisture, and, therefore, gradually directed its roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, at the distance of ten feet. When they had succeeded in this attempt, the upper roots no longer shot out fibres, but united in one ; and shoots vigorously sprung up from the root, that had succeeded in reaching the earth.

¹ Annales de Chimie, No. 86.

The island of St. Lucia¹ presents a still more curious phenomenon in the animal flower. This organization lives in a large bason, the water of which is brackish. It is more brilliant than the marygold, which it resembles. But when the hand is extended towards it, it recoils, and retires, like a snail, into the water. It is supposed to live upon the spawn of fish. Some caterpillars in China burrow in the ground, at the approach of winter, to the roots of plants, and fasten there. Hence for many ages² it was supposed, in that country, that it was a worm in summer and a plant in winter. Humboldt, in sounding the channel between Alegranga and Clara Montana³, brought up a substance, of which he was unable to determine whether it was a sea-weed or a zoophyte ; it exhibited no sign of irritability, even on the application of galvanic electricity. He supposed it, therefore, to occupy the space between the vegetable and zoophyte kingdoms.

Some years since, a lady resided in a small village in the county of Carmarthen, whose conversation was distinguished by an unusual degree of elegance. She was a little disordered in her mind ; a malady, which was supposed to have originated from an attachment to the late most admirable Sir W. Jones. This derangement, however, was partial ; being chiefly exhibited in her eating little or nothing but herbs ; in walking on high pattens in the midst of summer ; in

¹ Phil. Mag. vol. li. p. 152.

² Thunberg, vol. iii. p. 70.

³ Voy. Equinoct. Regions, vol. i. p. 85.

holding a rod, six feet high, in her hand by way of walking-stick ; and in fastening a large muff beneath her bosom with a leathern strap. “ I am convinced,” said she to me, one day, as we were walking on the borders of the Towy, “ I am convinced that these mosses, on which we are now walking, have sensation : for last night I put some of them into a glass among other flowers ; and this morning I find them much more lively in appearance, than when I plucked them from their parent roots. I have no doubt, they derived comfort from the delicious perfumes of the violets, which the glass contained ; as well as from the water, in which I put their stalks.”

This idea, extravagant as it may appear to some, does not appear equally so to me ; for that some flowers thrive or fade in proportion to the assimilation of plants, near which they grow, I have had many opportunities of observing ; at first with doubt, but at length with an assurance entirely amounting to conviction.

III.

Some of the ancients imagined vegetables to have souls, distinct from their bodies ; and the priests of Siam extended to them even the principle of transmigration and immortality. Some have even regarded them as deities. The Egyptians worshipped the lotus, and a veneration for plants prevailed formerly in Peru. Virgil¹, in the height of poetical excursion, has given

¹ Æn. iii.

plants the power even to speak ; a figure sufficiently extravagant ; and yet it has had the honour of captivating poets no less distinguished than Tasso¹, Ariosto, and Spenser². There is only one species of the tamarind-tree ; and that is a native, not only of Egypt, Arabia, and Hindostan, but of America. Of the *Barringtonia*, also, only one species has been yet discovered ; and that is equally indigenous in China and Otaheite. These, and other instances, would seem at first view to confirm an opinion, generated by Linnaeus, *viz.* :—that plants were originally created with a power of producing their own species only, without any admixture of kinds ; and that they will continue so to procreate to the end of time. Subsequent experience, however, has proved, that the farina of one plant, fecundating the pistillum of another, produces varieties, capable of procreating sons and daughters ; as well as the different plants of which they were themselves composed. New plants, also, are created by engrafting. The bergamot citron was produced by an Italian having accidentally engrafted a citron on the stock of a bergamot pear. From this plant is distilled the essence of bergamot.

Some animals have an analagous origin. Foxes will copulate with dogs ; horses with asses ; pheasants with turkies ; and the whole tribe of pigeons came originally from the stock dove. The cassican bears so great an affinity with the rollers, toucans, and orioles, that it is reasonable to suppose it to have originally

¹ Jer. Lib. xiii. st. 41.

² Faerie Queene, c. ii. st. 30.

sprung from an union between some of those birds. The lama proceeded from the guanaco, with which it is still observed to herd : and though some suppose the domestic goat to be descended from the ibex, or the caucasian, Buffon is perhaps justified in believing, that all the goat genus proceeded originally from the wild goat and chamois antelope.

Plants produce not only plants, but they are mothers, as it were, to innumerable insects ; almost equally invisible to us as to them. Myriads live and die upon the small capacity of a rose leaf ! In the flowers of thyme St. Pierre, through a small microscope, noted what he calls flagons, from which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. But had he put a few leaves of the same plant into a glass of pure water, he would have beheld, within the short space of five days, in a single globule millions of animalcules of infusion ; darting, turning, and swimming with a celerity, animation, and velocity, that baffles both the eye and the judgment. Almost equal results may be observed in the infusions of barley, oats, wheat, pepper, and bay-leaves. At Batavia, if a glass of water is taken out of the canal, in a few hours¹ a mass of animated matter is seen moving in endless divisions and subdivisions, and with a most astonishing celerity.

The arctic raspberry is so diminutive a plant², that a phial, capable of holding only six ounces of alcohol, will contain not only its fruit and its leaves, but its branches : The smallest of birds in Europe is the

¹ Barrow, Cochin China, 231, 4to.

² Clarke, Scandinavia, 459.

golden crested wren ; the smallest in America is the humming bird ; while the most diminutive of all quadrupeds is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. But the numbers of these animals is comparatively small. The astonishing increase of insects is caused by the short period, intervening between impregnation and parturition. In the human species the period is nine months ; and yet the power of progressive numbers is so great, that it has been calculated, and with truth¹, that at the distance of twenty generations, every man has not less than 1,048,576 ancestors ; and at the end of forty generations, even the square of that number ; viz. one million millions.

IV.

The fructification of plants is exceedingly curious. Among insects one female is married to a multitude of males ; among quadrupeds polygamy chiefly predominates ; but among plants the polyandrian system almost universally prevails ; one female having often more than twenty husbands, attended by two remarkable phenomena : 1st. that no plant, tree, shrub, or flower, has yet been discovered, in which the corolla has eleven males. The number eleven, indeed, seems to be totally unknown in botany. 2dly. That out of 11,500 species of plants, enumerated in the first thirteen classes of the Cambridge collection, there is not a single hermaphrodite plant, in which the females exceed the males. The females of some flowers depend upon the wind, others upon insects,

¹ Blackstone's Comment. b. ii. ch. 14. p. 204.

for their impregnation ; since the pollen of the male is wafted to the stigmata on the wings, the thorax, the abdomen, the proboscis, or the antennæ of those flies, wasps, and bees, that rob them of their nectar.

But some plants, even of the most general classes, produce seeds without receiving pollen from the male. Hens, in the same manner, lay eggs without being visited by the cock : but seeds, thus formed, will never fructify ; nor will eggs, thus laid, produce living animals. Some plants, too, grow upon other plants. The misseltree rises out of the oak and the apple ; and the mountain ash frequently springs from a berry, deposited by a bird in the chink of a yew-tree. The American loranthus climbs the coccoloba¹ grandiflora, and other high trees, in Jamaica, Hayti, Martinico, and Barbadoes ; and its roots, like ivy, fixing firmly to their bark, like other parasitical plants, they borrow nourishment from the trees to which they cling. There is a mushroom which grows on the upper extremities of the white pines of Canada ; and in the forest of Geltsdalo, the Earl of Carlisle has an ash, an alder, and a mountain ash growing out of the same solid trunk. Here, too, we may mark some resemblance with the manners of birds and insects. The cuckoo lays its eggs in the nest of a hedge-sparrow ; the long-eared owl lays its eggs in the old nest of a magpie ; and the hornet-fly deposits hers in the cells of an humblebee. Some birds, as the American goat-sucker, make no nest at all ; but drop their eggs, as many fishes shed

¹ Jacquin. *Flora Austriaca*, 73, 77.

their spawn, careless what becomes of them. Birds, however, are for the most part assiduous in their paternal duties. Some plants bear analogies even with these : the tamarind closes upon its fruit, when the sun has set, in order to preserve it from the dew ; and in Ceylon and in Java grows a plant¹ remarkable for having a small vegetable bag attached to the base of its leaves. This bag is covered with a lid, which moves on a strong fibre, answering the purpose of a hinge. When dews rise, or rains descend, this lid opens ; when the bag is saturated, the lid falls, and closes so tightly that no evaporation can take place. The moisture, thus imbibed, cherishes the seed, and is gradually absorbed into the body of the plant. Sharks permit their young ones to retreat, in times of danger, into their stomachs ; and there are some land animals, also, that possess the power of resisting the action of the gastric juice.

Some flowers are even viviparous ; but I know of none that bear even a distant relation to the toad ; which impregnates the eggs of the female as they issue from her anus. The potatoe, on the other hand, claims a peculiarity, on behalf of vegetables, not unworthy of observation. It produces more abundantly from a small portion of its fruit, than from the seed itself. There is nothing in animals associating with this. Some plants, too, have not even so much as a root. The *fucus natans* and the *conferva vagabundi* swim on the surface of the sea like a nautilus. They may, therefore, not inaptly be styled plants of

¹ The *Nepenthes distillatoria*. Voy. Cochin-China, 189, 4to.

passage. The former swims upon the grassy sea; and the latter among the estuaries of Carnarvon and Merioneth, and not unfrequently in Milford Haven. Some plants may, also, be propagated by being engrafted or inoculated. Thus by inoculating one tree with the buds of others, several fruits may be made to grow upon one tree. Engrafting is performed either by insinuating a bud or scion into the stock, into the rind, into the bark, between the rind and the bark, or into the root itself.

In general economy, the internal structure of viviparous and oviparous animals are different; but in serpents the conformation of both is the same. In the leech there seems to be no passage, by which it can eject the blood it has taken into its body. It will remain clotted, but not putrified, for months; and little altered either in texture or consistence. It probably exudes by medium of the pores. Insects have no bones:—their blood is not red:—their mouths open lengthwise:—they have no eyelids:—and their lungs open at their sides. They seem to have the capacity of hearing, but they have no ears. Lizards exhibit remarkable phenomena. They are neither beast, fish, bird, serpent, nor insect; and yet, in some measure, they share the natures of them all. Some are viviparous, like beasts, as the *Lophius piscatorius*; others oviparous, like birds: some shed spawn like fishes; some have teeth like serpents; and others none, like many insects.

Some plants bear fruit on the backs of their leaves: as spleenwort, maiden hair, fern, brake, pepper

grass, and many species of moss. After the same manner, the Lapland marmot, the spider, and the American scorpion, carry their young upon their backs, wherever they go, in case of alarm. The monocus insect carries its young on its back even in the water; but the Surinam toad exhibits a still more wonderful phenomenon:—its eggs are buried in the skin of its back. When the animals, enclosed in those eggs, burst from their shells, the mother is seen crawling, with her family riding on her person; some still in the egg; others just emerging out of it; and some clinging to various parts of her body.

V.

Affinities of electricity may be traced in marine substances, in insects, vegetable oils, and mineral essences. In $42^{\circ} 30'$ south of the Line¹ are seen a multitude of minute sea animals, emitting colours equal to those of the most brilliant sapphires and rubies. When observed by candle-light, they appear of a pale green. In the Gulf of Guinea, ships seem frequently to sail, at night, in a sea of milk²; a whiteness, which is occasioned by pellucid salpæ, and crustaceous animals of the scyllarus genus, attached to them. Other oceans contain a particular species of sea anemones, so brilliant, that the terms white, carmine, and ultra-marine, are³ insufficient to ex-

¹ Cook.

² Tuckey, p. 48, 4to.

³ Abbé Dieguemarre, Phil. Trans. for 1773, art. 37.

press their beauty. In the River St. Lawrence¹, luminous appearances are caused by a vast number of porpoises darting and crossing each other with great velocity. Star fishes, also, float on the surface of the sea in summer, and emit light like phosphorus. By land these luminous appearances are far from being unknown; though in instances more detached.

When Misson² was in Italy, he observed the hedges, bushes, fields, and trees, covered with innumerable flies (*lucicole*), which gave great splendour to the evening air. The *fulgoria candelaria*, and the *diadema*, give equal brilliancy to many parts of China and India. In the Torrid Zone, also, countless multitudes of phosphorescent insects³ fly in all directions, and give light to groves of palms and mimosas. The *elata noctilucus* of South America emits a light so brilliant, that ten of them are equal to the effulgence of a candle: while the Peruvian *fulgoria*, having a head nearly as large as its entire body, is so luminous, that four, tied to the branch of a tree, are carried, near Surinam, to guide travellers by night. Light is emitted, also, by dead plants, and rotten carcasses: while sulphuric acid, if mixed with water, emits a heat more violent than even boiling water.

Under the influence of fire, coal elicits a red flame; jet a green, and amber a white one. The Siberian topaz becomes white; the Brazilian topaz red; the

¹ Auberey's Travels in Amer. vol. i. p. 26.

² Misson's Travels, vol. ii. p. 324.

³ *Lampyrus Italica*, l. *noctiluca*.

chrysolite fades of its green ; and Oriental sapphire, from a deep blue, becomes so brilliant, that they are frequently taken for diamonds. At Ancliff, in Lancashire, there is a well, the vapour of which is so impregnated with sulphur, that, by applying a light to it, it burns like the flame of spirits. In the Grotto del Cane, on the road from Naples to Puzzuoli, carbonic acid gas exists in a state of purity, unmixed with the atmosphere. It rises, however, only three feet from the bottom of the grotto ; so that a man may enter the cave without danger. But if an animal is held to the floor, for a short space of time, it loses all appearance of life ; a state, however, from which it soon recovers if it be thrown into the adjoining lake. A torch, taken into this cave, blazes with brilliancy ; but if held within three feet of the floor, it becomes immediately extinguished. In Germany there is an odoriferous plant, belonging to the Decandria monogynia class and order, which blossoms in June and July ; and which, when approached of a calm night, with a candle, becomes luminous : this arises from the finer parts of its essential oil dissolving in the atmospherical air ; and impregnating it.

Kircher relates, that, near the village of Pietra Mala, in Tuscany, he observed the air frequently to sparkle in the night time. This fire was called *Fuogo del legno* : and probably proceeded, like the *ignis fatuus*, from phosphorated hydrogen gas : since that combination fires spontaneously at any temperature of the atmosphere. Salt produced from

a solution of copper in nitric acid, if sprinkled with water over tin foil, and wrapt up suddenly, will elicit sparks of fire from the tin foil: and filings of zinc, mixed with gunpowder, produce those stars and spangles, in artificial fireworks, which it is impossible not to admire.

VI.

If some vegetables exist without roots, there are animated beings, in return, which are propagated after the manner of plants. The earthworm may be divided into two parts; upon which each part becomes a perfect worm. The head portion acquires a tail; and the tail portion acquires a head. The starfish may be divided into many parts with similar effects: but the polypus may be divided and subdivided into 500; and thus by compulsion become the parent of 500 others. Indeed polypi exhibit the most wonderful phenomena, in respect to propagation, of any objects in nature; for they propagate like quadrupeds; like insects; like fishes; and like plants. Some are viviparous; and some issue from an egg; some are multiplied by cuttings, and others grow out of the bodies of their parent like buds out of trees: and from which they fall, much after the manner of the testuca ovina of northern latitudes. It may here be remarked, that, though in general plants are extremely regular in producing their relative and respective number of males and females, they do not do so always. In the flower called the Turk's cap

I have observed corollas containing seven, and even eight stamens, growing on the same branch with corollas having only their usual number of six.

Lizards, serpents, lobsters, and some insects, have no apparent organs of generation : they are, therefore, supposed to have the wonderful faculty of impregnating themselves. In this they bear some affinity with the attica-tree of Ceylon, which produces fruit from the trunk and branches without flowering. The cryptogamia class of plants, also, entirely conceal their fructification. Indeed it is impossible to determine where the separate species of life and being begin and terminate. I am persuaded that even the hairs of the head, and other parts of the frame, are animals distinct from, though growing out of the body. They have roots like the bulbs of plants ; and, being nourished by the blood vessels, as vegetables are nourished by the earth, they have sometimes grown, as Malpighi confesses, so thick and strong as to exude blood. The hair of the tails of horses even acquire voluntary motion, after being for some time emerged in water. I am persuaded, also, that every stamen, every pistyl, every petal, and every leaf, however small, and however large, are distinct beings from each other : though of the same nature. The corolla of a flower is a collection of petals, forming a house for the males and the females : they all rise and have their being from one seed ; but the seed, from which they rise, contains in its embryo the rudiments of every portion of the future plant.

VII.

Whether minerals grow and propagate has not been ascertained, either in the negative or in the affirmative. Signor di Gimbernati has discovered lately in the thermal waters of Baden and Ischia, a substance, similar to skin and flesh: he calls it *zoo-gène*; being a species of mineral animal matter. Future investigation will lead to some important results, in respect to the connection, which this substance has with the kingdom of nature. Indeed, wonderful discoveries are yet in store for learned men: since potash has been discovered in *gehlente*, needle stone, and *datolite*; all of which yield a transparent jelly, when acted upon by acids. Tournefort believed that minerals emanated from seeds, as plants do: and the Otaheitans once were so extravagant as to think, that rocks were male and female, and begat soil. Milton, in the range of his vivid imagination, imparts the sexual properties even to the particles of light¹. Globes, also, have been said to be animated bodies; whence have emanated planets and satellites, as stars issue out of rockets, when let off in a serene atmosphere. Upon this principle the sun itself is an animal. These ideas, however, must, for the present, be esteemed poetical. If minerals grow, they grow differently from plants; as well as from all other organized bodies.

If nature has her resemblances, she has also her anomalies. The naked eye can discern in truffles

¹ B. viii. l. 150.

neither root, stem, leaves, flower, nor fruit. The *osyris japonica*¹ has flowers upon the middle of its leaves: club-moss has two kinds of seeds growing on the same plant: and the same has been supposed to be the case in the genera *fucus* and *conferva*. These are wonderful phenomena! They were first observed by Dilleneius; and their separate germinations were afterwards described by Brotero. The parasitical *epidendrum monile*² lives years with only the imbibings of rain and dew. It does not fasten its roots in the ground; and is, therefore, frequently hung upon pegs. Some plants of the desert have been taken up, and kept without moisture even for three years; and yet have vegetated³. The phoke⁴ of the Caubul deserts has flowers, but no leaves; its branches are green, and run into twigs, terminating in branches; soft and full of sap. Camels are partial to it. It is remarkable, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish luxuriantly. In Australia, where vegetable and mineral productions run in veins nearly north and south⁵, timber degenerates as the land improves; and the most nourishing⁶ of all vegetables in the range of the Arctic circle grows best in sterile places. The "king of Candia"⁷ has red clusters of flowers, which grow close to the ground. Before these clusters unfold, the leaves wither, and do not

¹ Thunberg, vol. iii. 161.

² Ibid. p. 212.

³ Ibid. vol. iv. 269.

⁴ Elphinstone, p. 4, 4to.

⁵ Oxley, p. 268, 4to.

⁶ Lichen rangeferinus, Flor. Jap. 332

⁷ *Hœmanthus Coccineus*.

renew till the fruit falls. In all countries where the champaka¹ grows, its colour is yellow; except in Sumatra, where it is blue. This exception is so remarkable, that the Bramins believe that it once grew in Paradise. On the banks of the Ganges, near Hurdwar, is a grass², which, when trampled upon, diffuses a grateful perfume; and in the territory of Istakhar there is said to be an apple, one half of which is sour, and the other sweet. These instances are very remarkable; but in the olive and potatoe are peculiarities still more curious. The olive is propagated by cuttings, and by procuring wild plants from the woods. It will not grow from the seed, unless it first passes through the intestines of some bird, which divests it of those oily particles, which prevent water penetrating it and causing the kernel to expand. The same effect may, probably, be produced by macerating the seed in an alkaline lixivium. In respect to the potatoe, what can be more curious in fecundation, than the circumstance, that when this plant is propagated by cuttings, those cuttings will produce roots of the same quality; but when it is propagated by seed, scarcely two roots resemble each other in form, in size, colour, or flavour. In animated beings, too, it is not incurious to remark one or two of those peculiarities, which exemplify the boundless variety of Nature. The eggs of poultry, near Oojain in the Mahratta states, frequently contain two yolks: their bones, too, are black; while in Europe they are

¹ Marsden, Sumatra.

² Jones on the Ancient Spikenard.

white, and in Malabar red. In London may, at this moment, be seen a redbreast with red eyes, yellow bill and legs, white feathers, and white claws. The species of colymbus, known in Sweden by the name of the lomm¹, has feet; but as they are turned towards the tail², it is unable to walk. In the genus lytta, the Spanish female fly courts the male; and usurps the station in fecundation, which, in other animals, is usurped by the male. This is, I believe, the only instance of the kind, that has yet been observed in natural economy. In minerals many anomalies and resemblances have, also, been observed. The vinegar-stone attracts vinegar, yet cannot remain in it: and there is a stone which may be set on fire by water, and extinguished by oil: but as an analogy between vegetables and minerals is indicated by some remarkable coincidences, observable in the effects of metallic and vegetable galvanic batteries³, future experience will probably account for those remarkable peculiarities, which at present baffle the subtlety of the human mind.

How many species of sensation Nature has created, it were impossible even to conjecture: but, by all the rules of analogy, it is evident that there are at least three; the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal. These species are subdivided into orders; each of which are experienced in regular gradation, according to the body to which

¹ Clarke, Scandinavia, 310.

² Scheffer de Avibus, 349.

³ Proved by Baronio of Naples.

it belongs. Thus in the mineral world earths have a less perfect sensation than bitumen and sulphur; these yield to metals; metals to vitriols; vitriols to salts; salts to chrystallizations; and chrystallizations to what are called stones. The mineral is connected to the vegetable world by the amianthes and lytophites. Here a new species of sensation begins; a sensation partaking of the united qualities of mineral and vegetable; having the former in a much greater degree than the latter. Vegetable is more acute than mineral sensation; and, at the same time, more delicate. Its degrees and qualities aspire, in regular order, from the root to the moving plant. The polypus unites plants to insects; the tube-worm seems to connect insects with shells and reptiles; the sea-eel and the water-serpent connect reptiles with fishes; the flying-fish form the link between fishes and birds; bats and flying squirrels associate birds with quadrupeds; and the various gradations of monkeys and apes fill up the space between quadrupeds and men.

VIII.

It is curious, also, to observe the analogies of animals, in respect to their construction, capabilities, manners, and habits. Let us allude to a few of them. Wild horses live in communities, consisting of from ten to twenty, in the deserts of Western Tartary, and in the southern regions of Siberia. Each community is governed by a chief. The females bring forth one at a birth; which, if a male, is chased from the herd, when he

arrives at maturity; and wanders about till he has assembled a few mares, to establish an empire of his own. While feeding, or sleeping, the tribe place a sentinel, who is ever on the watch; and who, on all occasions for alarm, gives signals by neighing; on hearing which the whole party set off with a speed equal to that of the wind. Wild asses congregate in the same manner. Antelopes associate in bodies, frequently to the number of three thousand. The wild lamas of the Cordilleras herd, also, in large flocks; and appoint sentinels, who stand upon the summit of a precipice. In their habits they bear a great affinity with antelopes. The Arctic walrus sleeps with a herd, consisting of many hundreds, on the islands of ice along the coast of Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla; Hudson's Bay; the Gulph of St. Lawrence; and the Icy Sea. Ursine seals, too, are gregarious: each family consisting of from ten to fifty females, besides their young; commanded by the father, who exercises despotic authority.

Violet crabs live in communities among the mountains of the Caribbee Islands; whence they emigrate, in immense bodies, every year, to the sea shore, in order to deposit their eggs. Green turtles, too, are gregarious. On shore they prefer the mangrove and the black-wood tree: but in the sea they feed upon weeds, as land animals do upon grass. When the sun shines, they are seen, many fathoms deep, feeding in flocks, like deer. Bees, wasps, and ants, congregate together in a manner still more wonderful.

In some animals we observe a propensity to hoard, for the satisfaction of the next day's appetite : in others for the entire winter's supply. This useful instinct is possessed by the beaver; the striped dormouse; the earless marmot; and the Alpine mole. Some birds have the same foresight; as the nuthatch and the tanager of the Mississippi: the former hoarding nuts, the latter maize. Some animals there are, which take pleasure in hoarding what can never be of use to them; as the raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, and the nut-cracker of Lorraine. Some quadrupeds assimilate in the custom of sleeping by day, and being active by night; such as the Egyptian jerboa; the wandering mouse; the hedge-hog; the six-banded armadillo; the great ant-eater; the tapir; the Brazilian porcupine; the flying squirrel of North and South America; and the hippopotamus of the Nile and the Niger. This curious propensity is observed, also, among some birds, insects, and fishes; as the owl; the finch of Hudson's Bay; the white throat; the goat-sucker; the eel; the turtle; and the moth. With these we may associate those flowers, which expand their blossoms during the evening and the night; as the Pomeridian pink; nocturnal catchfly; several species of moss; the nightshade of Peru; the nightingale flower of the Cape; the *cereus grandiflorus*; and the tree of melancholy, growing in the Moluccas: the numerous family of the *confervæ*; charas; many kinds of *ranunculi*; and almost every species of aquatic plant. The Triste geranium, also,

(first brought into this country in 1632), has little or no scent in the middle of the day ; but in the night it sheds an exquisite perfume.

Many beautiful flowers have no scent ; many beautiful birds have no song ; and many animals of symmetrical shapes are of no use to mankind. Some plants will exist for months without water ; serpents are equally abstinent ; and sloths will live forty days without any description of food. Analogies may be traced even in contrasts. Thus the most medicinal roots, the best gums, and the most odoriferous spices, are from countries producing the most destructive of animals : as the condor, the dodo, the cassawary ; alligators, crocodiles, and serpents ; leopards, panthers, tigers, locusts, land-crabs, and rattlesnakes.

IX.

Few animals require habitations ; they being sufficiently protected by their wool, hair, or scales. The soldier-crab, however, clothes himself in the discarded shell of a lobster. On the banks of the Congo, the African ants erect mushroom-like habitations, sometimes forming whole villages. Beavers shew more intellect, in respect to their securities, than any other animal : and not only build in a manner more consonant with reason, than the savage by whom they are pursued from one rivulet to another, but are more than equal to him in providing against the intensity of cold and the vicissitudes of want. The huts of New Caledonia were nothing more than sticks, set up closely together ; on which were placed flags and

coarse grass. Their parallels may, occasionally, be seen in Gloucester and Monmouthshires; where wood is cut for charcoal. In the Manillas, trees budding, blossoming, and bearing fruit all the year, the inhabitants in past ages had only trees for their houses; and removed from one place to another, as they consumed the fruit.

Some insects form nests for their young; others have methods still more curious for their protection. The ichneumon fly deposits its eggs in the body of a caterpillar with the point of its sting. These become maggots, and feed upon the live body of the caterpillar, that matured them. The sphix genus of insects are less cruel: for they deposit their's only in spiders and caterpillars that are already dead. The oxfly lays its eggs in the skins of oxen: another species in the nostrils of sheep; and another upon the manes and hair of horses; which the horse, licking, takes into its stomach; where they become bots, and not unfrequently cause the horse's death. The chegoe of the West Indies lays its eggs even under the skin of men's legs; and unless the bag is removed, a mortification frequently ensues.

Animals of different genera resemble each other, not unfrequently, in the attitudes they respectively assume. The leech, when touched, rolls itself into a spherical form. The gally-worm, also, rolls itself up like a ball: so does the oniscus armadillo: and the domesticus dermestes, when alarmed in the least degree, draws its feet under its abdomen, and its head under its thorax, and seems to be dead.

Thus these insects have an affinity in manners with the hedge-hog and the three-banded armadillo. This latter animal, armed with a shell, is almost invulnerable: but, when pursued by hunters, it throws itself down; coils itself up; and rolls down precipices; leaving the hunter, while lamenting its escape, to admire its courage. The drum-fish of Peru, in the same manner, inflates itself, when alarmed, till it is round: when none of its enemies can either bite or swallow it. Its size prevents the latter, and its shape the former.

X.

Curious affinities may be traced, not only in the manners, but in the language of different animals. There are many points of resemblance between the eagle and the lion. The Hindûstan antelope chews the cud like a lama; lies down and rises up like a camel; croaks like a raven; and, at a certain time of the year, has a rattling in its throat, like a deer. The eared owl of Brazil sports and frolics like a monkey. The Leonine seals roar like angry bulls; the female lows like a calf, and the young ones bleat like sheep: while the raven fowls like a hawk; fetches and carries like a dog; steals like a jay; smells like a stork; whistles like a boy; speaks like a man; and sings like a woman. Similarities may be observed, too, in the separate parts of particular animals. Thus the camelopard has horns like a deer; and a neck, in some measure, like a camel: it is spotted like a leopard; and it has a tongue and ears like a

cow. The Nhu antelope has the mane of a horse ; the head of a heifer ; and its hind parts resemble those of a mule. The barbyrousa of Boura has the shape of a stag ; a nose and tail like a boar ; feet like those of a goat ; the legs of a roe-buck ; and hair like that of a greyhound. We might even trace resemblances not only in plants but in minerals. The coffee-plant resembles the orange in size, and the jessamine in flower ; and chrystals may be called the blossoms of stones.

Some animals bear resemblances to each other in having olfactory partialities and antipathies. The olfactory power of rein-deer is so great, that they can ascertain where the lichen rangiferinus lies buried under the snow. When they come to a spot where it is concealed, they smell it, and dig for it. The Polar bear has a great antipathy to the smell of burnt feathers. Several ostriches lay eggs in one nest. If they are touched by any one, they discover it on their return by the smell : they break the eggs ; and never again lay in the same nest. Even insects enjoy the olfactory sense. Bees and flies love the perfume of flowers ; ants hate cajeput oil ; and cock-roaches hate camphor. Some animals are peculiarly sensitive to particular sounds. Horses become animated at the sound of trumpets ; and at the cry of dogs in the chase. Elephants delight in music ; the camel, when fatigued with a long journey over the Deserts, will revive in an instant, if its master sing loudly, or play upon any musical instrument. Bees are soothed by timbrels ; and mullets are attracted to

the hooks of African negroes, by clappers; which the waves knock against pieces of wood to which they are attached.

XI.

We may even recognize human characters in animals: Nature frequently translating the same sentence into various languages. Mons. Ventenat seems inclined to extend these analogies even to the external character of plants. Hence he calls a flower of New South Wales, *Josephina*, from the beauty of its corolla, and the elevation of its stalk: and a tree from Owara M. de Beauvais named *Napoleon*, from its splendour, and from the circumstance of its presenting the figure of a double crown. Animal resemblances are, however, more positive. In the jay we may trace the airs of a petulant girl; the magpie has all the restlessness, flippancy, vanity, and intrusion of the beau: while in the young bullfinch we recognize a young woman, modest and good-humoured, imitating the manners and virtues of her mother. The caprices and propensities of a goat, the debauchee acknowledges for his own: and the selfish we may compare to the one-horned rhinoceros; since it is incapable either of gratitude or attachment: The intemperate to the rougette bat, intoxicating itself with the juice of a palm-tree: a man easy of forgiveness resembles the Cape antelope: fierce when assailed; yet taking food within a minute, even from the hand which struck it. While a man who derives

his enjoyments from his family, seems animated with the same spirit as the antelope of Scythia, which will seldom eat, unless surrounded by its mate and her little ones. Envious men and calumniating women we may compare to serpent-eaters; such as porcupines¹, the deer of Afgaunistan²; the ciconia of the Arctic regions, and the secretary bird³. In the courage of the shrike, we acknowledge the courage of man. Eagles attack animals they feel certain to conquer; but shrikes attack, and not unfrequently subdue, birds more than three times larger than themselves. Man, however, is the most courageous of animals: since he encounters dangers of every species; not from hunger, instinct, or an ignorance of their nature and extent, but from reason and calculation. Indian antelopes, like old men, sequester themselves, and become solitary in age. The green maccaw is a perfect emblem of a jealous wife. If its master caress a dog, a cat, a bird, or even a child, nothing can exceed its anxiety and fury: nor can it be appeased, till its master forsakes the new favourite and returns to it.

In respect to colour, it is remarkable, that while red is the most agreeable to the eyes of women, in turkies, bulls, buffaloes, bisons, and several other animals it is a colour, which provokes the greatest possible abhorrence. Some men resemble the great bat of Java. This

¹ Pallas, South Russ. vol. ii. 150, 4to.

² Elphinstone, Caubul, 142, 4to.

³ Barrow, Cochin China, 146, 4to.

bat, when wounded and unable to revenge the injury, wreaks its vengeance on its own wounded limb¹. The Japanese, out of revenge to others, will, in the same spirit, not unfrequently rip up their own bellies². Other men resemble the tavoua³ parrot of Guinea. This parrot is one of the most beautiful of its tribe; but it is the most ferocious in its intentions, when it exhibits a disposition to caress. A negro slave, mild, faithful, and prudent, may be associated with the Javan buffalo: since, though intractable with a stranger, that animal will permit itself to be guided and governed⁴ by the smallest child of a Javan family, in which it has been domesticated.

Wise men sometimes appear blind, and then the fool fancies them unable to see. He is ignorant, that some birds, by means of the nictitating membrane, cover their eyes without shutting their eyelids. Obstinate men may read their own characters in those of the Arctic puffin and the Lapland mouse. The former seizes the end of a bough, thrust into its hole, and will not leave its hold till it is drawn out and killed. The latter, in wandering from the mountains, descend in vast bodies, and in their progress will move out of a direct line for nothing. They have eyes, and yet they run against stones, rocks, and animals; and bite and contend with every object that they meet. They pass rivers and cross lakes;

¹ Abel's Journey in China, p. 43.

² Kaim's Sketches, vol. i. p. 67, 2d ed.

³ *Psittacus festivus*.

⁴ Raffles, *Hist. of Java*, 4to. vol. i. p. 112.

and when they arrive at the sea, plunge in and become lost in the waters. Men, who are solitary from bad passions, resemble the *Tenebrio* beetle; which is of such a solitary nature, that two of them are seldom or never seen together. They have a scent so nauseous, that it is probable they cannot bear each other's stench. How many men are there, who resemble the *larus arcticus*? This bird never fishes itself, but lives upon fish caught by other birds, which it pursues. They drop their prey from fear, and the *larus* seizes it before it falls into the ocean.

Even inanimate objects have their contrasts and resemblances to the human character. An elegant and good woman may be associated with the pineapple; which has the flavour of many exquisite fruits. In retirement she resembles an opaz, emeralds, and sapphires, glowing in silence in their native quarries. Men of learning, who waste their knowledge without communicating it to others, may be compared to the Caspian Sea; which not only receives the seventy channels of the Wolga, but of many other rivers, without having any visible outlet for its waters. There is an animal in Hindostan called the *siaygush*, which attacks, with incessant hostility, wolves, tigers, and all other ferocious animals; and yet lives upon roots and fruits. In this we recognize a resemblance to a wise governor. Warriors, on the other hand, resemble that celebrated mountain, the summit of which blazes with volcanoes, whose less elevated regions are inhabited by lions, its girdle by goats, and its feet with serpents.

Bees and wasps die soon after losing their stings : The American loranthus steals all its juice and sap from the tree, on which it climbs ; and on the day after the bough, upon which it has lived, is cut off, it withers and dies. Another species of loranthus causes the upper branch of its support to perish. It atones for this destructive influence, however, in some degree, by imparting grace and beauty : for it resembles the honeysuckle ; its flowers are numerous, and it blossoms a great part of the year. Every one's experience will point out characters resembling these. In fact, there is scarcely a character among human beings, that has not its counterpart among plants and animals.

XII.

That beasts have reason has been argued by Plutarch¹, Montaigne², and many other writers, with great force of argument. That it extends to birds and insects, and even to fishes, is equally probable. Nor was the poet so excursive as he has been esteemed, when he fabled fish to be able to communicate to each other, that the waters of the Euxine were more pure, soft, and agreeable, than those of any other sea. It is impossible, at present, to state how far animal reason extends ; since even leeches are endowed with retrospective faculties. For when salt has been sprin-

¹ De Solertia Animal. c. xii.

² Apology for Raymond de Sebonde, b. ii. ch. 12.

kled over their backs, in order to make them disgorge, salt being a poison to most insects, they retain its impression so firmly, that they will seldom stick to a wound afterwards with any pertinacity. Serpents will even obey the voice of their masters: the trumpeter bird of America will follow its owner like a spaniel: and the jacana frequently acts as a shepherd to poultry. It preserves them in the fields all the day from birds of prey, and brings them home regularly at night. In the Shetland Islands there is a gull, which defends the flock from eagles; it is, therefore, regarded as a privileged bird. The chamois, bounding among the snowy mountains of the Caucasus, are indebted for their safety, in some degree, to a peculiar species of pheasant. This bird acts as their sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles; upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunter is not far distant, sets off with the greatest activity; and seeks the highest precipices or the deepest recesses of the mountains.

Eagles, and some other birds, not only live in pairs, but procreate, year after year: they hunt together; and the male feeds the female, during the time of incubation. What is this but a species of marriage? Man has the power neither to eat, to walk, nor to speak, until he is taught. Being the most helpless of animals, the utmost of his earliest power is to suck, to move his limbs, and to weep. Nor is he the only animal, that has the divine faculty of contemplation. Though the most intimate acquaintance with

vegetable anatomy discovers no organ, that bears any analogy with the seat of animal sensation, it would nevertheless betray a species of ignorance to deny sensation to plants. It would betray a still greater to deny reason to animals; since the faculty of imagination is proved by their capacity of dreaming.

In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, was a crane, which Mons. Valentin brought from Senegal. This bird was attended by that merchant, during the voyage, with the most assiduous care; but, upon landing in France, it was sold, or given, to the Museum of Natural History. Several months after its introduction, Valentin, arriving at Paris, went to the menagerie, and walked up to the cage in which the bird was confined. The crane instantly recognized him; and when Valentin went into its cage, lavished upon him every mark of affectionate attachment. That animals possess parental and filial affections, friendly dispositions, and generous sympathies, is known even to superficial observers. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nests of their young are equally known. The hind, when she hears the sound of dogs, puts herself in the way of her hunters; and, choosing her ground, takes an opposite direction to that in which she left her fawns. The love of this animal, too, for its native haunts, is not unfrequently exemplified. A farmer at Mount Vernon, in the state of Kentucky, having domesticated a female deer, lost her during the whole spring and summer. After an absence of several months, however, she returned with

a young fawn by her side ; and, on her arrival, seemed to take great pleasure in shewing her young.

Grief, too, works in a lively manner upon animals. I knew a dog that died for the loss of its master ; and a bullfinch, that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of its mistress. On her return it resumed its song. Lord Kaimes¹ relates an instance of a canary, which, in singing to his mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead. The female quitted her nest ; and, finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side. Homer was not so extravagant, as some may be inclined to esteem him, when he makes the proud horses of the proud Achilles weep for the loss of their master : for horses can regret ; and their countenances frequently exhibit evident marks of melancholy. The seal weeps, and the turtle mourns.

XIII.

Some animals are more truly sensitive to the value of liberty than men. Vipers, when in a state of bondage, never take their annual repose ; and leeches will never breed in confinement. But, without recurring to many of those instances, which the page of nature so copiously records, we may borrow an instance from the borders of the Delaware. The mocking birds of that region will not live in cages ; and so entirely free are they, by nature, that when a nest is procured, placed in a cage, and hung out, the parents will come,

¹ Sketches, vol. ii. p. 19.

indeed, three or four times to feed their young; but, finding them incapable of release, they will give them poisonous food, in order to relieve them from captivity. I will not vouch for the truth of this; but the Delawarians believe, and Captain Aubury¹ has recorded it.

Democritus contended, that men learnt music and architecture from birds; and weaving from spiders. The hippopotamus is said to have taught the art of bleeding; goats the uses of dittany; snakes the properties of fennel; and the ibis the use of clysters. The wild hog of the West Indies, when wounded, repairs to the balsam-tree; and, rubbing itself till the turpentine exudes, soon cures itself. To this animal, therefore, the Indians esteem themselves indebted for a knowledge of the healing powers of balsam.

Animals have many of their faculties superior to men. Birds, in general, have a quicker sight; dogs, camels, and storks a livelier scent; and fishes an acuter sense of touch: though some blind men are said to have the faculty of feeling colours. Frogs and bees perceive the approach of rain long before it comes. The bee has, also, a very peculiar instinct, in returning from the distance of several miles to its own hive; though it can see only three inches before it. The nautilus, too, will quit its shell in the deep, and return to it again. But the superior reason of man not only enables him to surpass the strength of lions, as in the

¹ Trav. vol. ii. p. 248.

instances of Samson¹; David²; Benaiah³; and Hercules; but even to guard against the collective hostility of the entire animated world.

XIV.

That fishes have the sense of hearing has been proved by Rondelesius, Abbé Nollet, and other naturalists. The Bramins calling to the fish in many of the sacred streams of India, they come from their recesses, feed out of their benefactors' hands, and even suffer them to handle them. I had once the pleasure of shaking a seal by the fin in one of the most public streets of London. This animal had a lively sense of hearing, and would do various things its master desired it to do. It was of a cold day in November, and yet it absolutely panted with heat. Renard⁴ says, he had a fish, of the *lophius* genus, which followed him about like a dog. This however is not only dubious and improbable, but impossible.

Spiders also have the auricular sense, and they are not insensible to music. Other insects have the olfactory power. In some parts of the Arctic circle the air is impregnated with the fragrance of the *linnea borealis*, round the twin blossoms of which myriads of mosquitoes⁵ hover, as if enchanted with its odour, and inflict, says a recent traveller, the most envenomed

¹ Judges, xiv. v. 6.

² 1 Sam. chap. xvii. v. 3. 5.

³ 2 Sam. xxiii. v. 20.

⁴ Hist. des Poissons, tom. ii.

⁵ Clarke, Scandinavia, 309, 4to.

stings upon the hand of any one who presumes to pluck them. Some insects exercise no little ingenuity in robbing those flowers, the nectar of which they find a difficulty in procuring. Those, which have not a proboscis sufficiently long to penetrate the honeysuckle from within, tap it below, and suck the honey as it flows at the bottom.

Locusts and summer flies display an astonishing method and celerity in their flight. There is nothing in nature to compare with them. The former fly in bodies, generally the eighth part of a mile square in extent, and yet they never incommode each other; such is the order and regularity with which they fly: and when they approach a vineyard, they send out, as Shaw and Pococke inform us, spies, in order to explore places for them on which to settle.

Some birds have striking mental peculiarities. Bullfinches have strong memories: this is evident from instances, in which they have returned to their mistresses, after escaping from their cages, and living some time in the woods. Some birds are even artisans. The razor-bill fastens the only egg, which it lays, to the bare cliff with cement; but the East Indian taylor bird¹ sews together the leaves of trees. To effect this its bill serves as a needle, and the small fibres of plants as thread. The Loxia of Bengal is also a remarkable bird, and has no disinclination to an intercourse with mankind. In a wild state it sits and builds upon the Indian fig-tree, and suspends its nest

¹ Sutoria.—An imperfect specimen may be seen in the eighth room of the British Museum, case xiii.

from the branches in a manner, that prevents all injury from the wind. Its nest consists of two and sometimes of three chambers, in which fire-flies are occasionally found. These insects, the Hindoos believe, the bird cherishes for the purpose of illuminating its nest. It is of a nature so docile, that if a ring is dropped into the cavity of a well, it will dart down with celerity, seize the ring before it reaches the water, and return it to its master. Birds of this species frequently carry letters to a short distance, after the manner of pigeons.

The *Loxia pensilis* of Madagascar fastens its nest to the extreme branches of a tree, hanging over a river, and suspends the nest of this year to that of the last, frequently even to the amount of five. What a wonderful instance of reasoning, too, is sometimes exhibited by sparrows: they will even pierce the craws of young pigeons for the corn they contain! Falcons conquer eagles by attacking them under the pinion; and eagles¹ attack deer in a manner, which shows they have mind as well as swiftness and strength. They soak their wings in a river, cover them with sand or light gravel, and then fly in the faces of the deer, flap their wings, and blind their eyes with dust. The deer, smarting with pain, run and roll about after a curious manner; and coming, at length, to a precipice, fall headlong into the gulph below; where, torn and mangled by the fall, they become easy preys to the eagle, who picks out their eyes, and feasts upon their bodies.

¹ Pontoppidan.

XV.

Josephus believed, that, before the fall, every animal had reason and speech. They certainly have, even now, after their own manner and species : and many attempts have been made in France, as well as in Germany and Britain, to ascertain their organs of eloquence. Crows have not less than twenty-five¹ different modulations. Animals have even been raised by the folly and impiety of mankind to the rank of deities. “It is better,” says Lord Bacon,² “to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him:—for the one is merely unbelief; the other is contumely.”

The pyramids are the tombs of bulls. In a sarcophagus, found in the second pyramid by Belzoni, were discovered bones, which at first were supposed to be those of king Cephrenes : but upon a scientific survey, they proved to be those of an animal, belonging to the *bos* genus. Hence it has reasonably been supposed, that the pyramid was erected, not for the interment of kings, but for the deposition of Apis. Belzoni also believes, that the most magnificent of the tombs at Thebes was destined for the same purpose. How far human folly has gone, and can yet go, may be

¹ Cra, cre, cro, crou, croou.

Grass, gress, gross, grouss, grououss.

Crue, crèa, croà, crouà, grouass.

Crao, crèò, croè, croue, grouess.

Craou, crèou, croo, crouo, grouous.

Anon.

² Essay xvii.

estimated by the following facts.—Though trees, rocks, and rivers, have been worshipped in almost all countries; and absurd as this species of adoration may appear in these days of enlightened christianity; it must be acknowledged, that animal worship is far more impertinent than vegetable worship. For in the one there is mystery; in the other none. Herodotus asserts, and from him Strabo, that the first temples in Egypt were for the reception of the insects, fishes, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds, the inhabitant worshipped. Swine were adored in Crete; weasels at Thebes; rats and mice in Troas; porcupines in Persia; and some writers even assure us, that the Thessalians and Arcanians dedicated bullocks to ants and flies. The custom of worshipping animals prevailed, also, among the Egyptians, Syrians, Scythians, Hindoos, Chinese, Tonquinese, Tibetians and Siberians; Greeks, Romans, and Celts.

Anaximenes¹ believed air to be the principal deity; and St. Augustine² esteemed it the secondary parent of all earthly objects. The invisibility of this element may operate as an apology for this species of idolatry; but to worship beings, that we can take up in our hands and crush with our fingers, is preposterous in the highest degree. Hero worship is magnificent when compared with it. Hero worship was general in ancient times. Rollin³ conceives that Moses and Bacchus were the same; and

¹ Cic. de Natura Deor. lib. ii. c. 20.

² De Civitate Dei, lib. viii. c. 2.

³ Belles Lettres, vol. iv. 159.

Clarke¹ seems to think, that Serapis was no other than Joseph. The modern Buharians pay divine honours to the memory of their forefathers²; and in some provinces of Pegu, they offer sacrifices to the dead bodies of their ancestors. Agesilaus³, when the Thracians reported to him, that they had entered his name among the deities, coolly replied, "What! have the people of your nation the privilege and the power of making gods of whom they please?"

When the ancient writers inform us, that a particular god was born in a particular place, they mean, that he was first worshipped there. But some nations have adored dogs⁴, wolves⁵, apes, hawks, cocks⁶, fishes⁷, and monkies⁸. The Tonquinese worship horses and elephants; and the Egyptians⁹ embalmed the bodies of wolves and crocodiles: they also worshipped beetles; as we learn from Isaiah¹⁰, Pliny¹¹, and St. Jerome¹². The Hebrews worshipped a golden calf¹³; and even paid divine honours to the head of an ox¹⁴.

Some of the Malabarese adore the Pondicherry eagle, the most rapacious of birds. In Madura they venerate the ass; and suppose the whole tribe to be animated

¹ Travels in Egypt, Syria, &c.

² Bosman's Guinea Coast, 350-8-60-61.

³ In Vit. Ages. Plutarch.

⁴ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. vi.

⁵ Diod. Siculus.

⁶ Lord's Relig. Parsis c. i.

⁷ Juvenal, sat. iv. v. 4.

⁸ The Pooleahs of Malabar.

⁹ Diod. xiii. c. 17.

¹⁰ Ch. vii. v. 10.

¹¹ Nat. Hist. xxx. c. 11.

¹² Murcas autem Ægyptos vocat, propter sordes Idolatriæ.

¹³ Gen. xxxii.

¹⁴ Lactantius de Vera Sapientia, lib. iv.

with the souls of their nobility. The inhabitants of Benin regard certain animals as mediators between them and the deity ; and the natives of Siam and Pegu believe white elephants to have the souls of their deceased monarchs residing in them. The Sandwich Islanders earnestly entreated the Europeans not to injure their ravens. “ They are Eatoots of deceased chiefs,” said they. In many islands of the South Seas the owl is venerated ; in Mexico the lapwing ; storks in Morocco ; bulls in Benares. The serpent was worshipped by the Lithuanians, the Samogitians, the Africans of Mozambique, and the natives of Calicut. In Surinam this reptile is still sacred ; and its visits are regarded as highly fortunate. Its colours are resplendently beautiful. The serpent was once also worshipped in Greece ; and Vishnu, the Indian god, is frequently represented under its form. In May 1819, a golden image with five heads, made of pure gold of Ophir, was discovered among the Paishwa’s family deities. It weighed 370 tolas ; and the serpent-headed god was represented in the act of contemplating the creation of the world.

The Hindoos never molest snakes. They call them fathers, brothers, friends, and all manner of endearing names. On the coast of Guinea they reverence them so highly, that, in Bosman’s time, a hog happening to kill one, the king ordered all the swine to be destroyed.

XVI.

Some animals live in one continued scene of opposition and combat with those of their own species : in

this, also, they bear a remarkable affinity with the human character. When humming birds meet with a withered flower, or one that contains no nectar, they pluck it off; and throw it to the ground with the greatest fury: and when they meet with one of their own tribe upon the flower, in which they wish to insert their bills, they never part without fighting. Eagles, when pressed with hunger, will prey upon eagles of less force than themselves: wild horses, found in the great Mongolian deserts, and in the southern parts of Siberia, will feed upon tame horses: and large pikes will feed upon smaller ones. The sea is one vast arena of destruction; and the elder fishes are by far the most dangerous of enemies to the young of their own tribe. Nor is this abhorrent nature confined to fishes; even swine and rabbits, if pressed for water, devour frequently their own young. Scorpions and spiders have a similar propensity; and ostriches sometimes eat their young as they issue from the egg.

An hundred scorpions were placed by Maupertius under the same glass. "Nothing," says he, "was seen, but one universal carnage; and, in a few days, they had so mangled, and afterwards eaten each other, that only fourteen remained." Even tadpoles will eat each other. I put between thirty and forty in a large bason, and kept them for several weeks: during that time, I chanced to wound one of them with a pair of scissars. As soon as the other tadpoles found he was wounded, two or three fastened upon the wound: then a third; a fourth; and lastly ten tadpoles fastened upon him

like a cluster of bees: every now and then rising to the top of the water to get air. The injured tadpole made many struggles; but they conquered; pealed his back; and at last entirely devoured him. The hare-tailed mouse of Yaik and Janesei, too, and the hedge-hog, urged by hunger, will frequently devour their own young. Even caterpillars will prey upon each other; particularly that species which attaches itself to the oak. But the violet crabs of the Caribbee Islands have a propensity even more disgusting than this: for in their annual peregrinations to the sea shore, all those, which become accidentally maimed, are fastened upon by the others, and devoured with the most ferocious rapacity. They never attack a fellow crab, until it is incapable of resistance.

The propensity of some men for their own species, as food, has been, of late years, so decisively proved, that nothing but the profoundest ignorance, in respect to the analogies of Nature, can doubt of its truth. In civilized states, what can be more disgusting than the antipathies, which neighbouring nations, and even provinces, entertain for each other? Such as that between the French and English; the Tuscans and Venetians: the Piedmontese and Genoese; the Neapolitans and Romans; the Spaniards and Portuguese. But instances may be produced, in which animals forget their natural antipathies. In Cairo vultures, crows, kites, and dogs, all equally rapacious, feed amicably upon the same carcase. Even turtle doves are allowed to live with them in peace. Sir

Thomas Winnington's gamekeeper brought up a brace of partridges; a brace of pheasants; and a couple of spaniels. These animals mixed with the greatest harmony, and frequently laid down together by the gamekeeper's fireside. But instances far more remarkable than these occur in the page of experience. That lions will permit dogs to live with them in the same cage is well ascertained: but that they will reside in harmony with bears, is not so generally known. An ancient writer, however, assures us, that a dog, a bear, and a lion, lived together, not only in peace, but in affection. At length the dog, having by accident offended the bear, the bear killed him: upon which the lion, who had been more particularly attached to the dog, revenged his death by destroying the bear. I have, also, seen living in perfect harmony, in one cage, a dog, a cat, a mouse, a white mouse, a rat, three sparrows, and two Guinea pigs.

XVII.

But we must stop: we are under no obligation to pursue this subject to the extent, to which it may be carried. A voluminous work might be written on the resemblances, which may be traced, not only in the structure and manners of animals, but in the structure and habits of plants; and in the groupes and aspects of what has hitherto been considered inanimate matter. There are few objects, however apparently distant, but what may be brought in some measure to associate. Even common coal has some properties, which connect it with the diamond. Both are com-

bustible ; both yield carbonic acid gas ; and both, as well as the pearl, are formed of thin plates, laid over each other with the nicest attention to thickness and regularity. Newton esteemed the diamond an inflammable body in a state of congelation. It will evaporate in a strong fire, and produce nearly the same quantity of carbonic acid as charcoal and plumbago ; and it will emit nearly the same quantity of oxygen.

The time will one day come, when the causes of these resemblances will be traced to their original roots ; when the principles of magnetic attraction ; of galvanic influence ; and of the obedience of mercury in assuming arbitrary shapes and then returning to its primitive globular form, will be fully explained. Then, also, will be unfolded the causes which give to gold its almost miraculous ductility ; to metals in general their peculiar affinities ; and to pyrites the heat, which it communicates to mineral waters. Then, also, will be explained the reason why, in one particular mine¹, and in no other, should be found one mineral, that may, by heat, be converted into a liquid² ; another so porous³, that it will swim ; and a third so fibrous⁴, that linen may be formed of it, capable of resisting even the influence of fire. But science, involving infinity itself, can never be exhausted, till we acquire a knowledge of the first cause of motion. Every difficulty, however, surmounted, constitutes a triumph.

¹ Redruth.

² Copper.

³ Swimming stone.

⁴ Asbestos.

XVIII.

Though time, power, motion, and space, are the most awful subjects, that can engage the meditative faculties of man, yet, being the most abstruse, it were wise to let them engage but little of our time : a few observations in respect to the relative connexions of men with the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are, however, imperative. In respect to the first, it may be sufficient to observe, that minerals are the media, whence civilized life derives all its varieties and comforts ; and that vegetables not only enable man to exist, but that they constitute the very scope and basis of his form.

The relation, that he bears to animals, has already been noticed in various passages of our work. The ourang outang resembles him in figure and form ; he has the external organs of speech, but not the faculty of availing himself of their use. Parrots, ravens, and starlings, however, can imitate his voice ; though they know nothing of the design and extent of its meaning. No machine has yet been discovered, that can imitate the voice at all : the stop of the organ, called the human voice, having no resemblance to speech ; though it bears a distant analogy with the voice in singing. Even the flute is powerless.

The eye, the ear, and the voice, are the great master-pieces of Nature. The construction of the eye and ear is so beautiful, and their mechanism so admirably adapted to the offices they have to perform, that they alone are sufficient to indicate the hand of

an all-powerful Being. The rays of light imprint on the optic nerve, not only in all their variety of form and colour, but in one instant of time, a vast assemblage of external objects. The ear is not more to be admired for its use, than for the exquisite beauty of its mechanism; and that the loss of the power of exercising its functions is more sensibly felt, than the loss of those appertaining to sight, is proved by the circumstance of blind persons being, for the most part, far more cheerful than deaf ones. The eye and the ear are allied more intimately to the soul, than any of the other organs; since they are the chief media by which we receive; and until we receive we cannot communicate. They are, therefore, more important than the organs of speech: and yet speech has been, and may well be called, the greatest miracle of Nature. To be capable of eliciting 2,400 different tones is, indeed, a most wonderful faculty: but to possess that of expressing every feeling, and of conveying every mental impression to the mind of others, is a miracle; the association of which is lost in the contemplation of eternal excellence.

XIX.

No bee has ever introduced a single improvement in the construction of its cell; no beaver in the style of its architecture; and no bird in the formation of its nest. They respectively arrive at perfection by intuition. Man could form a cell as geometrically as a bee; but he can collect neither the honey nor the wax. He surpasses the beaver; and can collect the

materials for the nest of a bird : but the utmost effort of his art will not enable him to put it together. He can neither make the leaf of a tree, nor the petal of a flower; nor can he, when he finds them already formed to his hand, inclose the one in a calyx, or fold the other in a bud.

Beasts are covered with hair, with wool, and with fur; birds with feathers; fishes with scales; and insects by a skin so hard, that it not only supplies their want of bones, but preserves their warmth. Of these the coverings of birds and fishes are the most perfect. There is a species of crab, which, as we have observed before, clothes itself in the discarded shell of a lobster; but man is the only animal, that can regularly form a covering for itself. He is the only animal, also, to whom Nature has intrusted the element of fire; an agent, which is the most wonderful of the elements; and which still baffles, by its opposite effects, the researches of philosophy.

Whether we consider man as one complete bodily machine, or in his relative parts of head, arms, hands, fingers, thighs, legs, and feet; bones, ligaments, and membranes; veins, arteries, glands, muscles, tendons, and nerves; the heart, the blood, the stomach, and the mechanism, by which all those members are connected, and the nice expedients, employed to convert the food into chyle, to blend it with the blood, and to diffuse it through the entire system; it may truly be said, that man presents to the astonished imagination, an attesting wonder! But if we extend the contemplation to his sensations

in youth, his reason in age, and his capacities in every stage of manhood, the visible signs, by which speech is embodied, and by which sounds are realized, are found to be inadequate of media, by which to express the excellence of the wonderful machine.

In fact, man needs not blush to be proud; since he is capable of expressing all his wants and all his ideas by the medium of four and twenty characters; of calculating numbers to comparative infinity with only nine numerical figures; and with only seven separate notes, to elicit, on musical instruments, almost innumerable combinations of sound.

But the universe is replete with miracles: from the first source of caloric to the simple grain of sand; which contains animals, to which it is a world, as large as the whole circumference of the globe is to us. For Nature constitutes a mirror, in which the Eternal seems to allow himself to be seen greatest in his smallest works: while, though a sublime mystery envelops and conceals, in awful solitude, the first principles of life and reason; yet, as it is the privilege of a great mind to be capable of seeing much, where common minds see little, the most apparently insignificant object will frequently present to an enlarged imagination more than all the associations, connected with Raphael's school of Athens.

CHAPTER II.

IF charms are elicited from resemblances, Nature, too, exhibits contrasts, which, in their harmonies, present exquisite beauty. The solitudes of the Alps frequently afford instances of this in respect to colours. The ice is blue; the rocks of a dark brown; and the sky of a deep serene azure: while the crocus, the snowdrop, and the laurel-stinus derive no little of their beauty from the snow, that surrounds them. The almond-tree of Africa, the finest flowering tree on that continent, delicate as are its blossoms, derives, also, additional beauty from the circumstance, that it blows when few other trees are even ornamented with leaves.

Contrasts are also exhibited in the manners and capacities of animals in the effects of plants. The horse can feed upon hemlock; the Egyptian parrot upon the seeds of the carthamus; the pholas, the most humble of insects, has the power of boring into the hardest marble; and though the body of a star-fish is of a nature as soft as water, yet it swallows and digests objects, as hard as are the shells of muscles: and herons, though large and awkward, take a perpendicular flight, while hawks in pursuit of them, though apparently more capable of the action, take a circuitous one.

Some plants, which are poisonous in moist soils and situations, in dry ones are resolvent, carminative,

and aromatic : such are the sea holly ; and the water navel-wort. But one of the greatest vegetable wonders, in respect to contrast, is presented in the root of the cassada : since, though in its crude state it is highly poisonous ; by washing, pressure, and evaporation, it not only loses all its noxious qualities, but in tropical climates constitutes the bread of thousands.

In Europe, mineral impregnations are fatal to vegetable productions. In Chili, however, they have no effect upon them whatever : while near the south cape of Africa iron, or its oxyds, mixed with clay, moistened with water, produces a most exuberant vegetation. In the northern regions the phalæna¹ tribe of insects, which, in the south, fly about in the evening reverse their habits in Lapland by flying in the day, and reposing in the night. In Sweden the raspberry grows best among ruins and conflagrated woods ;² and the epilobium angustifolium, a native of every country in Europe, flourishes no where in such magnificence, as in a country³ where every plant diminishes in size. Cork, which is the bark of a tree, has a multitude of pores : wood itself comparatively few : yet water and spirit will exude through wood, which has larger pores, sooner than they will through cork. Water elicits heat from lime ; and clay, which is of a ductile nature, will become so hard with heat, as to strike fire with steel. Flint, the covering of which

¹ Acerbi, ii. 248, 4to.

² Clarke, Scandinavia, 524. 4to.

³ Flora Lapponica.

is rough, presents a smooth surface in whatever manner it is struck; and though to the touch it is as cold as snow, when struck with iron it elicits gems of fire. Sand, when mixed with lime, hardens into mortar; when mixed with soda and potash it will soften into glass. Lime makes water solid, and metals fluid. Bismuth, which is brittle, will, when combined with other metals, give them hardness: and though platinum is remarkably ductile, yet it cannot be heated in a forge. The diamond, the hardest of bodies, is yet susceptible of the most brilliant polish; and the oxyde of arsenic, which is a deadly poison, is frequently used in medicine for a beneficial purpose: while sulphur, one of the most combustible of substances, enters into combination with silver, copper, iron, pyrites, zinc, and other metals:—it even enters into the composition of sea water.

II.

Contrasts, too, may be observed in the relative fecundities of animals and vegetables. An orange tree generally yields from 1,500 to 2,400 oranges; but an elm, living a hundred years, produces not less than 33,000,000 of grains. I once counted in a single plant of the *purpurea digitalis* 107,000 seeds. Some plants are indeed so prolific, that one flower producing only four seeds, would, if left to itself, in a very short space of time, spread from one end of the globe to the other. Rapacious birds generally lay but four eggs: some, however, only two: as the eagle, the cinerous vulture, and the great

horned owl. The merlin and the kestrel lay six. Pigeons, on the other hand, are so prolific, that the produce of two pairs in four years may amount to 29,200. Vipers lay from six to ten eggs; the sea-tortoise ninety; the crocodile a hundred; spiders a thousand; and frogs eleven hundred. The termes bellicosus even lays 80,000 eggs in four and twenty hours! The muscaria carnaria increase so fast, that some have not hesitated even to assert, that three of them will devour a horse, as quickly as a lion: while a single aphid, if undisturbed for five generations, will amount to 5,904 millions. Fishes are equally wonderful in their relative powers of production: for though some large fishes produce only one, carps spawn 342,144 ovula; and cod not unfrequently 9,384,000!

III.

In the relative appetites of plants and animals, also, we may trace remarkable contrasts. The earthworm lives upon a small portion of very fine earth: but the caterpillar eats double its weight in a day: and the dragon fly more than three times its weight in an hour. The leach weighs only a scruple; but, when gorged, two drachms. The leach never eats; and the house cricket never drinks: while the roughette bat drinks so copiously of the juice of the palm-tree, that it becomes intoxicated; when it is easily caught. If we recur to vegetables, we find similitudes equally extraordinary. The sun-flower imbibes and perspires, in one day and night, sixteen times more than a man of moderate growth and firm constitution.

Equal weights always imply equal quantities, let the relative dimensions be ever so disproportionate. A column of air from the earth to the upper regions of the atmosphere is equal, in weight, to a column of water of thirty-three feet; and to a column of mercury of twenty-nine inches and a half. On a knowledge of this is constructed the barometer. Some substances have no sensible weight; as caloric, light, electricity, the magnetic fluid, and the effluence of flowers. Next to these are animalcules of infusion; some of which are so small, that two hundred of them are contained in a space, occupied by the minutest grain of sand. Then we may proceed to invisible seeds; thence to visible ones; contrasting them, at the same time, with the vegetables they respectively produce.

Cesalpini,¹ a physician of Arezzo, first compared the seeds of plants to the eggs of animals. Their relative increase in weight from their embryos to perfect animals and plants, has never been ascertained in a general way: but Desaguliers found the root of a turnip to be 438,000 times heavier than its seed: and Mons. du Petit Thouars exhibited an onion to the Royal Society of France, which weighed three pounds seven ounces. Calculating the weight of the seeds, and the periods of their respective growths, a result found, that the onion gained three times its original weight, every minute, and the turnip seven!

If we calculate the height of Trajan's column, and the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, we find they do

¹ Vid. de Plantis, Romæ, 1603, 4to.; also Appendix ad Libros de Plantis. 4to. Florence, 1583.

not reach so high as the rocks of Dover : while Solomon's temple was not higher than a sugar maple-tree. If we proceed to length, there is no work of art longer than the wall of China : but Nature has one mineral (gold), one single ounce of which is capable of being extended to a distance, not less than 13,000 miles. It may be beaten into 159,092 times its original space ; and to a thinness of $\frac{1}{134300}$ part of an inch.

IV.

An attentive investigator observes little monotony in Nature. Day succeeds to morning ; evening to noon ; and night to evening : summer to spring, and winter to autumn. Even the sea itself changes frequently in the course of a day. When the sun shines, it is cerulean ; when it gleams through a mist, it is yellow ; and as the clouds pass over, it not unfrequently assumes the tintings of the clouds themselves. The same uniformity may be observed throughout the whole of Nature ; even the glaciers of the Grisons presenting varied aspects, though clad in perpetual snow. At dawn of day they appear saffron ; at noon their whiteness is that of excess ; and as the sun sinks in the west, the lakes become as yellow as burnished gold : while their convex and peaked summits reflect, with softened lustre, the matchless tintings of an evening sky. Hence Virgil applies the epithet *purpureum*¹ to the sea ; and not unfrequently to mountains : while Statius² colours

¹ Georg. iv. 373.² Theb. iii. 440.

the earth with the purple splendour of Aurora. The effect is beautifully alluded to by Mallett. The sun—

—glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique ; and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush.

*Amyntor and Theodora*¹.

These alternations cause a perpetual variety in the same objects. Hence the frequent interchanges, which exhibit themselves in a mountainous country, give it a decided advantage over open and campaign regions ; since the degrees of light and shade, as the hills and valleys incline towards each other, are blended, reflected, and contrasted, in a thousand different ways. These contrasted scenes are perpetually exhibited in Italy, in Sicily, among the Carpathian mountains, and more particularly among the vales and lakes of Switzerland. At Spitzbergen the scenery is composed of bleak rocks and mountains : icebergs fill the valleys, and the whole is most romantically contrasted with the whiteness of the snow and the green colour of the ice.² The traveller is never weary of gazing. The total want of contrast, on the other hand, fatigues a traveller over the Steppes of Asia, the Pampas of Buenos Ayres and Chaco, the Savannas of North America, the Llanos of Varinas and

¹ Cant. iii. 366. Beaumont describes an Alpine scene, varying with the progression of colour. *Rhætian Alps*, p. 61. For the cause see *Newton's Optics*, 163.5-7.

² A similar scene is described, as being exhibited in one of the icebergs, in *Amsterdam Island*, by D'Auvergne.

Caraccas,¹ and the deserts of Africa, almost as much as the actual distances themselves. The ancients, ignorant of the magnetic powers of the needle, were able to travel over deserts only by night ; when the sun appeared, therefore, they were obliged to halt. Quintius Curtius, in describing the deserts of Bactria,² says, that a great part of them were covered with barren sands, parched by heat ; affording nourishment for neither men, beasts, nor vegetables. When the winds blew from the Pontic Sea, they swept before them immense quantities of sand, which, when heaped together, appeared like mountains. All tracks of former travellers were thus totally obliterated. The only resource left, therefore, was to travel by night, guiding their course by the direction of the stars. Silius Italicus thus describes the journey of Hannibal's ambassadors to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, situated in the deserts of Lybia.

Ad finem cœli medio tenduntur ab ore
 Squalentes campi. Tumulum natura negavit
 Immensis spatiis, nisi quem cava nubila torquens
 Construxit Turbo, impactâ glomeratus arena :
 Vel, si perfracto populatus carcere terras
 Africus, aut pontum spargens per æquora Corus,
 Invasere truces capientem proelia campum,
 Inque vicem ingesto cumularunt pulvere montes.
 Has observatis valles enavimus astris :
 Namque dies confundit iter, perditemque profundo

¹ The only desert in America is that in the low part of Peru, stretching to the Pacific. It is not very broad, but in length it is 440 leagues.

² Lib. iv. c. 7.

Errantem campo, et semper media arva videntem,
Sidoniis Cynosura regit fidissima nautis.

Silius Italicus.

Lucan, whose description of the march of Cato, over the deserts, is, unquestionably, the finest portion of the Pharsalia, adds a circumstance, that must have considerably augmented the difficulties of the march.

Qui nullas vidēre domos, vidēre ruinas ;
Jamque iter omne latet ; nec sunt discrimina terræ
Ulla, nisi Ætheriæ medio velut æquore flammæ.
Sideribus novēre vias : nec Sidera tota
Ostendit Lybicæ fnitor circulus oræ
Multaque devexo terrarum margine celat.

Phars. lib. ix. v. 494.

At the North Cape Acerbi ¹ felt as if all the cares of life had vanished ; worldly pursuits assumed the character of dreams ; the forms and energies of animated Nature seemed to fade ; and the earth appeared as if it were susceptible of being analysed into its original elements. Naturalists behold with delight bees entering the cups of flowers, and robbing them of their nectar ; the anxious solicitude with which ewes permit lambs to draw milk from their udders ; and the affection of turtles, sitting under a leafy canopy with their mates. In the northern regions no objects like these present themselves. There is nothing which can remind the traveller of Cashmere, of Circassia, the vallies of Madagascar, or of the perfumed shores of Arabia Felix. A solemn magnificence, an interminable space, wearing the aspect of infinity, characterise the scene. The billows dash in

¹ Vol. ii. p. 3. 4to.

awful grandeur against rocks, coeval with the globe ; marine birds, wild in character, and dissonant in language, skim along their girdles ; the moon sheds her solemn lustre on their dark and frowning pyramids ; the stars glow with burnished brilliancy ; and the Aurora Borealis adds horrific interest to the melancholy majesty of the scene. And yet, magnificent as these scenes assuredly are, the nerves chill in their contemplation ; the heart sinks with sullen melancholy ; and the soul deepens into an awful sadness : for man, the Paradise of mental energy, stands in the midst an alien and alone.

What contrasted pictures to these are presented from the Monthenon, near the city of Lausanne. To the north stands the chateau de Beaulieu, immortalised by the residence of Neckar and his celebrated daughter, when escaped from the intrigues and tumults of Paris. There, too, is seen a weeping willow, standing in a garden, planted by the taste of the illustrious Gibbon. To the east rise three mountains covered with snow, and towering to a height of more than 10,000 feet : Clarens, the beautiful Clarens, lying at their feet, with the chateau de Chillon on one side, and the small town of Villeneuve on the other. Pursuing the curve of the lake, the Rhone is beheld issuing, as it were, from the womb of a long range of rocks, harmonized with aerial tints ; and seeming to flow out of a secret valley, for the purpose of mingling its waters with the deep azure of one of the loveliest lakes beneath the canopy of heaven. To the south, over the mountains of Savoy,

Mont Blanc is seen lifting its white head like a speck amid the clouds : below, are the towns of St. Gingouep, and the rocks and buildings of Meillerie. The lake then stretches towards the neighbourhood of Geneva ; and a distant glimmering of the water denotes the spot, where the Rhone, through an opening of the Jura range, flows into France.—If at the North Cape we behold the birth-place of Scandinavian genius, the neighbourhood of Lausanne may be recognised, as the residence of poetical enthusiasm.

Hark ! with what ecstatic fire
She strikes the deep resounding lyre.
Wake ! all ye powers of earth and air,
Or great, or grand, or mild, or fair ;
Wake ! winds and waters, vocal be,
And mingle with the melody.
On every rock the echo rung,
On every hill the cadence hung :
And universal Nature smil'd
On scenes so fair, on notes so wild.
So soft she sung, she smil'd so fair,
So sweetly wav'd her radiant hair,
The Passions, ling'ring on their way,
Hung o'er the soft seraphic lay ;
While Rapture rais'd her hands on high,
And roll'd her eyes in ecstasy.

Neele.

V.

Deserts, from their expansion, sterility, privations, and unbroken silence, are sublime and terrific to the last degree. The deserts of America are said to have a character, producing a melancholy, which no language can adequately express. Those

of Asia and Africa afflict the mind with still more powerful emotions. A stillness, like that of the grave, pervades the whole scene from the northern horizon to the southern.¹ A sea of sand stretches from the east to the west: not a tree, nor a blade of grass, relieve the eye: amplitude of space gives an amplitude to the mind; and a sublimity is imparted to the imagination, which promises immortality to the soul.

With deserts we associate the camel and the ostrich: The former exhibiting a curious instance of the use of animals to the human race; the latter, leading with its mate a secure, innocent, and social life: and so far from leaving her eggs, or her young, as many have supposed, to the mercy of the elements, she pays them an earnest and a strict, but, from the nature of the climate in which she lives, a divided attention. Her mate and herself watch them alternately. With deserts are also associated serpents; and as the traveller wan-

¹ How different from the burning clime of Oroonooko! There, how vivid is the impression produced by the calm of Nature. "The beasts of the forest," says Humboldt,* "retire to the thickets; the birds hide themselves beneath the foliage of trees, or in the crevices of the rocks." Yet amid this apparent silence, when we lend an attentive ear to the most feeble sounds transmitted by the air, we hear a dull vibration, a continual murmur, a hum of insects, that fill the lower strata of the air. Nothing is better fitted to make men feel the extent and power of organic life. Myriads of insects creep upon the soil, and flutter round the plants, parched by the ardour of the sun. These are so many voices proclaiming to us, that all Nature breathes; and that under a thousand different forms life is diffused through the dusty soil, as well as in the bosom of the waters, and in the air that circulates around us."

* Person. Nar. vol. iv. p. 505.

ders over the wastes, he may amuse his imagination with recalling the powerful scene in a tragedy¹ of Eschylus ; where Orestes is described as being stained with blood and supplicating protection ; while women, whose hair consists of serpents, lie sleeping around him. Then he may rest on the Laocoon of the Vatican ; the hand of St. Paul in the island of Malta ; Virgil's simile of a combat between a serpent and an eagle ; Satan's return to the infernal regions ; or the illustration of a converted African. "The serpent, by pressing against two bushes, shifts himself every year of his skin. When we see this skin, we do not say, the serpent is dead ;—no ! the serpent lives ; and has only cast his skin. This skin we may compare to our body ; the serpent itself to the soul."

Many of these deserts, like the vale in Persia, called the Valley of the Angel of Death, are lands that "no man passes through, and where no man dwells."² Wastes of glowing sand, they bear for their character the deep and majestic stillness of the wilderness ; with no habitation ; no motion ; not a trace of animal or vegetable existence : and where Nature seems herself to be dead ! This is the paradise of a wayward poet :

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling place,
 With one sweet spirit for my minister ;
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And hating no one, love but only her.

Childe Harold. Canto iv. st. xxvi.

¹ The Furies.

² Jerem. xi. v. 6.

In deserts we have true personifications of silence. The Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, paid divine honours to silence. Nature is never more awful than in its exemplification: whether in a convent; in a cathedral; in a retired glen; in a forest; or in a starless night. In woman it is affecting; in man dignified.

The inhabitants of deserts have, for the most part, been always as much separated from the pleasures, as from the habits of civilized life. The Mauritanians and Gætulians¹ knew little or nothing of husbandry: they roved after the manner of the Scythians: sleeping on their garments; and using poisoned arrows for the purposes of guarding themselves from the wild beasts, that infested them on all sides. Like the Nigritiæ, living near the Niger, they carried bottles of water under the bellies of their horses. The deserts of Zara were once peopled with a nation, who had all things in common. They are mentioned by Lucan², Pliny³, and Silius Italicus⁴. The picture, sketched of the ancient inhabitants of the country beyond the Numidian deserts, exhibits, also, a contrast to the intervening regions, highly agreeable to the imagination; since Leo Africanus assures us, that they lived in a partial state of equality, hunting wild animals: tending their flocks and herds; and preserving the honey of bees: the natural fertility of their soil enabling them to live without toil, ambition, or any other violent passion. They never went to war; and never travelled out of their own country.

¹ Lucan. Phars. lib. iv.

² Phars. iv. v. 334.

³ Lib. v. c. 8.

⁴ Lib. i. v. 142., ii. v. 181.

VI.

The inhabitants of the Arabian deserts are descendants of Ismael, the son of Abraham and Hagar; of whom Moses relates, that the God of the Jews declared, before his birth, that he should be a wild man; that his hand should be against every man, and that every man's hand should be against him¹. Ismael became an archer², and dwelt in the wilderness, where his descendants remain even to this day; living in clans or tribes. As Ismael was an archer, so were his descendants in the age of Isaiah³; and, till the time when fire-arms were introduced, they were the most skilful archers in the world. From age to age have these Ismaelites been in perpetual hostility with the surrounding nations; and yet they occupy the same wilderness still. They retain the same manners, habits, and customs. Savage in character, they are social only to those of their own tribe. Intractable they wander from spring to spring; subsisting chiefly on their herds of cattle and camels; and living in tents covered with skins. Like the Jews, they refer to twelve original tribes: they practise circumcision; marry only among themselves; and retain with equal pertinacity their peculiar manners and prejudices. In one remarkable circumstance, however, they differ: the Jews still adhere to the dispensations of Moses; the Ismaelites to those of Mahomet. And while all the countries, which surround them, have been subject to

¹ Gen. xvi. v. 12.² Gen. xxi. v. 20.³ Isaiah, xxi. v. 17.

storms and revolutions beyond those of any other quarter of the globe ; and while the Jews are scattered through all the nations of the earth, they have subsisted through every species of vicissitude. And though Sesostris, the Persians, Alexander, Pompey, Gallus, Trajan, and Severus, raised large armies, and in part executed designs of extirpation against them, yet were they never able to do them any very serious injury. They rode without bridles or saddles¹; and in the hottest of engagements managed their horses only with their whips²; charging their enemies generally in the night³. They were a healthy, long-lived, people⁴; they clad themselves in loose garments; had a plurality of wives; and seldom indulged in meat; living chiefly on herbs, roots, milk, cheese, and honey.

If the Numidians were superior to the Nigritiæ, Getulians, and Mauritanians, the inhabitants of the deserts of Petra seem as much to have surpassed the Numidians. When Demetrius⁵, by order of his father Antigonus, sate down before Petra with an army, and began an attack upon it, an Arab accosted him after the following manner :—"King Demetrius : what is it you would have ? What madness can have induced you to invade a people, inhabiting a wilderness, where neither corn, nor wine, nor any other thing, you can subsist upon, are to be found ? We inhabit these

¹ Two passages in Livy seem to contradict this ; lib. xxi. c. 44, 46 ; also Sallust in Jugurtho.

² Oppian de Venat. lib. iv. Herodian, lib. vii.

³ Vide Nic. Damascene, in Excerpt. Vales. p. 518.

⁴ Appian in Lybic. c. vi. 39, 64.

⁵ Plut. in Vit. Demet.

desolate plains for the sake of liberty ; and submit to such inconveniencies, as no other people can bear, in order to enjoy it. You can never force us to change our sentiments, nor way of life ; therefore we desire you to retire out of our country, as we have never injured you ; to accept some presents from us ; and to prevail with your father to rank us among his friends." Upon hearing this, Demetrius accepted their presents, and raised the siege.

VII.

In the great desert of Sahara (in Africa), so extensive and so waste is the prospect, that Adams travelled with the Moors nine and twenty days, without seeing a single plant, or even a blade of grass ! and Sidi Hamet reported to Riley, that he journied over the same desert twenty-eight days, in another direction, with the same aspect of sterility. During ten days of this journey, the ground was as hard, as the floor of a house. He was on his way to Tombuctoo, in a caravan, consisting of eight hundred men, and three thousand camels. In a subsequent journey, with a thousand men and four thousand camels, they encountered the burning blast of the desert. For two days they laid down with their faces to the ground. Two hundred camels, and upwards of three hundred men perished. And "yet the time shall come," says Isaiah, "when the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

The wildest waste but this can shew
Some touch of Nature's genial glow ;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or on glen,

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye can ken.

Lord of the Isles.

This desert is equal in extent to the one-half of Europe¹: it is the largest in the world. Here Nature presents herself in characters of frightful sterility. Gloomy, barren, and void, uniformity here produces sensations of the most distressing and disconsolate melancholy. A heat prevails, under which Nature herself seems to sink; the mind experiences no delight from the imagination; the soul feels no inspiration of poetry: even Tasso would be read in repulsive silence; curiosity is entombed, as it were; and the fancy pictures nothing to animate the dreadful waste, but wild boars, panthers, lions, and serpents.

In boundless seas; impenetrable forests; and in vast savannahs, there resides grandeur, heightened by an awful repose. Here the imagination pauses for materials, wherewith to heighten the desolation and despair. This silence! this solitude! more horrific are to the imagination, than the perspective of whole ages of action, difficulty, and labour. Buonaparte, in crossing the desert, to inspect the forts of Suez, and to reconnoitre the shores of the Red Sea, passed only one tree in all the journey; the whole of which was tracked with bones and bodies of men and animals. The night was cold, and there was no fuel. His attendants gathered the dry bones and bodies of the dead, that laid bleaching in the desert: of these they

¹ Vide Rennell's Appendix, p. lxxxiii.

made fires¹; and the Conqueror of Egypt laid himself down upon cloaks and slept in the warmth.

“My friend,” said Denon to Desaix, as they were one day contemplating the same deserts, “is not this an error of Nature? Nothing here receives life; every thing inspires melancholy, or fear. It seems as if Providence, after having provided abundantly for the other portions of the globe, suddenly desisted, for want of materials; or abandoned it to its original sterility.” “Or is it,” replied Desaix, “the anciently inhabited part of the world, in age and decrepitude? Men have so abused the gifts of Nature, that, as a punishment for their ingratitude, Nature may have sterilized their soil!”

VIII.

While surveying Nature under these aspects, where all is inanimation, and mystery, in the midst of a profound, and frightful silence, the mind bends beneath the weight of an oppression, like that of a nightmare. No quadruped, no bird, no insect, gives relief to a circular horizon of unvaried aspect. A boundless view, like that of the Atlantic, or Pacific; but destitute of the sound of the winds, the music of waters, the teinture of clouds, and the motion, which gives life and circulation to the most torpid of temperatures. All is one vast scene of lifeless monotony! In the night, however, the heavens exhibit a moving picture of magnificence, not to be paralleled in any other part of the globe: the God of Nature seeming to have

¹ Vide Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie, par J. Miot.

directed all his powers to produce a scene, at once to command the admiration, and to overwhelm the faculties of the soul.

Though deserts present such terrible images to the mind, there are circumstances, connected with their history, that are not wanting in the power of presenting fascinations for high and ardently poetical imaginations. The march of Alexander furnishes a subject for a poet, or a painter; when, after sustaining incredible dangers and fatigues, he came to a spot, watered by rivulets, and luxuriating in all the beauties of a perennial spring, blooming round the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Than the expedition of Cambyzes, history has not a more terrible example: if we except the destruction of Sennacherib's army before the walls of Jerusalem; and the loss of the army of Buonaparte in the snows of Russia. Having

Defil'd each hollow'd fane, and sacred wood,
And, drunk with fury, swell'd the Nile with blood,¹

Cambyzes divided his army into two parts. One of these he headed himself against the Ethiopians; but was obliged to return to Thebes, for want of supplies, after having lost a great portion of his men, who were driven to the necessity of eating human flesh. That part of his army, which he sent against the Ammonians, was never heard of after. It is supposed, therefore, to have perished in a whirlwind, which buried it in the sands of the desert²! This chastisement of unbridled ambition is related by Herodotus.

¹ Econ. Veget. vol. ii. p. 437.

² Probably in a collection of sand-pillars.

IX.

Horrible as this event assuredly was, the Spanish and Portuguese writers relate an individual circumstance, which has the power of exciting still more affecting impressions. Every father, husband, wife, mother, and child, can feel the history of Don Emanuel de Souza, and his unfortunate wife! Having amassed a large fortune, at Diu, of which he was governor, Don Emanuel embarked with his wealth, his beautiful wife, and his children, for his native country. The ship, in which they embarked, was wrecked upon the coast of Africa. Escaped with his wife, his children, and a part of his crew, Emanuel pursued his way by land. The country became more rude, as they advanced; more barren, and more desolate. Some of his party searched for water; others for food; most of them died, either of hunger, of thirst, or of fatigue. Some were murdered by the natives; and not a few were devoured by lions, leopards, and panthers. Donna Leonora arrived, at last, with her husband and children, at a small Ethiopian village: Emanuel having sunk, from heat, fatigue, and distress of mind, into a state of insanity. The natives of this village obliged them to give up their arms. This was a signal for outrage. The savages stripped them naked; and, in the midst of a burning sun, left them in a pathless desert, to the fury, or rather the mercy, of wild beasts. The unfortunate travellers continued their journey. The feet of Leonora swelled, and, at length, bled at every step. Her children, parched with heat, and covered with dust, cried in all the agony of want. Her husband was insane: and she was naked,

with all her modesty, in the face of many men. She knelt upon the earth; she dug herself a hole with her hands; and buried herself up to the bosom in sand, to conceal her nakedness. In that state she received the last breath of two of her children. She now gave herself up to despair: her lips were burning with thirst; her eyes sunk in their sockets; she stretched out her arms to her husband, and died in his embrace! Wild, distracted with his calamities, Don Emanuel caught his only remaining child in his arms; and rushed into a neighbouring wood; the child uttering piercing shrieks; and both were almost instantly destroyed by lions, whose savage growls were heard by the few remaining servants of his party; who, after a multitude of dangers, returned to Portugal, to relate the tale.

X.

If, in travelling over Norwegian Lapland, Acerbi esteemed every fountain, he discovered, and every plant of angelica he saw, a source of pleasure and luxury: here, where all of life seems proscribed, and where solitude appears to brood over the matchless sterility, in sullen silence, the traveller

—— trembling totters on;
Breathes many a prayer; heaves many a groan;
Fears all he hears; doubts all he sees;
And starts and shakes in every breeze.

Neele.

Yet even here, where neither a flower blooms, nor a plant vegetates, upon a more minute inspection Nature is still seen to breathe in animal existence: for amid the parched sands are a thousand species of

insects, though none are beheld, or heard buzzing in the air.

In beautiful countries, while we confine our observations to the scenes or objects, presented to the eye, all is enchanting. But the moment we begin to associate them with the inhabitants, from that moment our pleasure fades rapidly away. Where man plants his foot, he plants his passions. And where his passions operate and preponderate, adieu to peace! In deserts, man is a mere sojourner for a day. The man of wealth is seldom seen there; and the man of poverty hurries through it, as if he feared to engage an enemy at every step.

In active scenes the pure spirit of immortality seems already to shed its influence over him, who loves the Deity "without interest and without fear:" and we feel a thousand motives for admiring the man, who "strives with fortune to be just." Job was a dweller on the borders of the deserts. The book, which commemorates his virtues and his misfortunes, seems to have been written expressly for the purpose of proving, that misfortunes ought never to be regarded as judgments. Indeed some persons seem born to misfortune, as the ocean is made to flow in periodical times. They are unfortunate in every wish they form; and in every object that they love; and they seem at all times ready to exclaim :

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I've never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away!

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me—it was sure to die!

Moore.

XI.

Amid deserts we miss the most stupendous effort of the eternal power,—the mind of man. Matter appears almost sensible of its forlorn condition. If the tongue and the heart, as the celebrated Arabian shepherd, (Lokman), was accustomed to say, are the best and the worst parts of man, in scenes, so desolate, we seem to have no reason to inquire, if wisdom

will reside
 With passion, envy, love, or pride?

Edda; Cottle.

Accustomed to admire the stupendous powers of Nature, in all we see, in all we hear, in all we feel, man, among deserts, appears to have no more power to build, in other climes so easy, than he has to give direction to the winds; to stop the motion of the tides; or to arrest the march of the planets. The human mind, in fact, seems to have lost its power. And yet, who ever passed the deserts without giving a negative to this reasoning. The morning star rises here, as well as in Italy and Greece. The Arabians call the morning stars angels. Job¹ applies to them a similar title; and in another place he exclaims, “if thou art innocent, thou shalt shine forth as the morning star².” Here, too, the moon shines as vividly, as in winter it

¹ Ch. xxviii. v. 7.

² Ch. xi. v. 17.

does over the Arctic regions. In those regions the sky is frequently green, caused by the blending of the yellow colour of the atmosphere, and the blue of the waters. Here the sky is either chrystalline or yellow. In the higher latitudes, in consequence of the cold, the atmosphere becomes so condensed, as to refract its rays in a manner to exhibit phenomena more beautiful than the painter can depict. Sometimes are exhibited circles of various colours; at other times semicircles; now oblong rings, like that of Saturn; and occasionally it hangs over the vast abyss, as if impregnating it with forms and colours like its own.

Among deserts the moon rises and sets in one unvaried scene of splendour. Less vivid than the sun, it appears more benignant: and as the Thessalian musicians are fabled to have had the power of drawing it from heaven, indicating that there are in regions within its influence far "more beautiful things than these," it awakes a rich music, as it were, of thought; and we seem ready to hail it as a paradise, floating in the blue expanse, for the reception of elegant and injured spirits.

XII.

Nature is, for the most part, just; if not in her gifts, at least in her compensations. In Spitzbergen there are no trees or shrubs; but there are wild lettuces, ground ivy, hellebore, saxifrage, mountain heaths, heart's-ease, strawberries, and scurvy grass: an antiscorbutic so excellent, that seamen call it "the gift of God." Here, too, are gold ore, and alabaster. The Phillipinè Islands are subject to earthquakes, and

to a vast number, not only of poisonous plants, but poisonous animals. But it is blest with an almost unequalled soil; a perpetual verdure adorns even the mountains; and various descriptions of trees put forth buds, blossoms, and fruit, through almost all the year. It has an immense number of buffaloes, deer, and wild goats; and is capable of being made the centre-point of commerce between Japan, China, and the Spice Islands. Part of Peru, and the whole of Egypt, are seldom visited by rains; but they are compensated by dews. Sumatra is in continual alarm from tigers, wild elephants, and rhinoceroses; but it has many of the choicest indulgences of Nature. The Azores are exposed to earthquakes and inundations; but they enjoy a delicious climate; and no venomous animal can live in any of their islands. Melinda is subject to violent storms; but it is one of the most fertile countries of the Indian continent; and though the province of Hami, in China, is situated in the centre of deserts; yet it has, to balance that inconvenience, fossils, minerals, agates, gold, and diamonds. The country is a paradise; and produces good sheep, fine horses, and excellent soldiers. Thus we find, that most countries have compensations for particular evils. But amid deserts, Nature seems to have loathed her materials, and to have quitted them in disgust and disdain.

What a contrast is there in the feelings which animate the heart of a sailor, after a long voyage, which toil and difficulty, increased by protracted hope and incessant disappointment, has rendered almost insupportable, when, from the topmast of his ship, he un-

expectedly sees, and calls out, "land¹!" And as the hills rise higher and higher out of the ocean, and the soft aerial tints fade, and wood, and rock, and hill, and valley, become more and more conspicuous; what emotions can be so vivid, so energetic, or transporting? Such were the feelings of those, who first discovered the islands of Tinian, Mindanao², and Protection³; and of that most lovely of all those beautiful islands, that stud the bosom of the Pacific, Juan Fernandez. From a distance, this island, which is only fifteen miles long and six broad, has a wild and inhospitable appearance: but, on the approach, its rugged aspect softens; its hills assume the colour of vermillion; and its vallies exhibit some of the most delightful pictures, it is possible to behold! "Scenes of such elegance and dignity," as the author of Commodore Anson's voyage observes, "that would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe." For there Nature reposes in awful silence; and appears absorbed in the contemplation of her own beauty.

Has heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main,
No peaceful desert, yet unclaimed by Spain?

1 — Humilemque videmus Italiam.

Italiam! Primus conclamat Achates;

Italiam læto socii clamore salutant.

Æn. iii. v. 522.

¹ For an account of this island, see Forest's Voyage to New Guinea.

² Vide Vancouver's Voy., vol. iii.

XIII.

Oh! that this enchanting island were still uninhabited and free! Thither would we go, my Lelius, and, realizing on its fruitful soil the glories of a golden age, 'echo should no where whisper our hiding place.' In this favoured spot, the simple productions of unassisted Nature are said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination¹.

— It were a seat, where Gods might dwell
And wander with delight!

Par. Lost, b. vii. p. 328.

Thus, you observe, Nature acts upon her usual plan of beneficence; even though none are present to see and to admire. The birds sing with as soft a note; the bee murmurs and distils as sweet a honey; fruits blossom and present their loaded treasures; while the waterfall and the rivulet elicit sounds as soothing, as animating, and as delightful.

A land, worthy the admirers of WILLIAM PENN! I have mixed much with those men, whom the world contemptuously denominates Quakers: and though I have seen enough to convince me, they are men; never can I cease to admire their hospitality to each other; the probity of their dealings; the cheerfulness of their manners, disguised, as it were, by plain dress, and gravity of countenance; their detestation of war; their charity and their sobriety; the peace of their words, and the peace of their conduct; their industry, and perseverance; their faith in the goodness of God, his justice, and his mercy.

¹ Vide Anson's Voy., p. 119, 5th edit.

Forsaking all, that would remind us of this vast scene of warfare, public and private, we should there learn how little necessary to our happiness are the artificial wants of a society, polished chiefly in its vices. The community of our families would recompense us for the experience, which the world has severely taught to us: knowing no method of cementing our friendship, superior to that of deserving each other's esteem; instilling into the minds of our children the firmest regard for one another, and a strict veneration for justice, who would not wish to appertain to a republic, which converted life into a secret journey of innocence; gliding insensibly away? In the hour of sorrow, who would not meditate on our happiness with an envy, tempered into a desire of emulation? In the moment of oppression, who would not fly to us for shelter? And, in the height of his enthusiasm, what poet would disdain to hold us forth, as an example, not unworthy the imitation of mankind? "Oh! Constance!" exclaimed Harmodius, one evening, as we were indulging our imaginations on this delightful subject, "Oh! Constance! thou, whom my heart loveth above all the treasures of the world, with what delight could I, even at this advanced season of life, now that my blood is chilled, my eyes fading, and my heart lacerated with cruel wounds, with what delight could I contemplate, in the bosom of the Pacific, a constellation of free, virtuous, happy, independent spirits!"

But in vain do we look, in all the wide continents of the globe, for a society, in any way approaching to

such a state of primitive simplicity ! Society, indeed, seems to have assumed a feature, not entirely dissimilar to that, which characterizes the Arabs of the northern part of the deserts ; who, blessed with the affections of husbands, fathers, and friends, esteem all men their enemies, who do not belong to their party. For, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in America, there is not a city, nor a town, nor a village, nor even a hamlet, which contains so great a portion of harmony, as prevails among the animals and birds, that inhabit the shores of the New Year's Islands. There sea lions, as we learn from a celebrated navigator,¹ occupy the greatest part of the coast ; bears the principal portion of the land ; shags reside upon the cliffs ; penguins in such places as have the best access to the sea ; while the smaller birds occupy the more retired places. Thus every portion of the island is respectively inhabited ; none of the birds or animals encroaching upon each other. The most perfect harmony subsisting through all the separate tribes, they occasionally mix together, like domestic cattle in a farmer's yard ; eagles and vultures sitting together on the cliffs among the shags ; and shags upon the beach among the sea lions. These birds and animals appear nearly to have attained their golden age : for vultures and falcons will, according to the poets, in that happy era, be observed sitting on the cliffs, and on the summits of high mountains, no longer intent upon their prey. Parrots of every colour will approach nearer to the human voice ; the parroquet, with its green plumage, will sit secure from the attacks of serpents ;

¹ Capt. Cook, 2d Voyage, vol. ii. p. 186.

the blue bird will quit its inaccessible solitudes; and the bird of Paradise will be gifted with song.

Julia!—Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
That we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted to the sea unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live,—love—die—alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely.

Moore.

XIV.

What a lesson, and what a contrast, does the picture of Cook present to that greatest and proudest of all animals, MAN¹! Is there a city, a town, a village, or even a hamlet, in all Europe that is not a prey to the worst of all hostilities, envy and ill-will? Is there a city without its

¹ The inhabitants of the Balearic Islands would never permit either gold or silver, silks, or precious stones to be imported, or even used in their country. Not far distant from Carthage, Rome, Gaul, and Spain they lived in perpetual peace and ease for upwards of four hundred years. As there was nothing to pillage them of, says the historian, they were permitted to enjoy their poverty in tranquillity. The natives of the Loo-choo Islands, in the same manner, have no money, and never heard of war. When Lord Amherst, we are told,* mentioned these circumstances to Bonaparte at St. Helena, he exclaimed, "No arms!—*Sacre!*—How do they carry on war, then?"—When the same was related to Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer, he is said to have exclaimed, "No money!—Bless me! How do they carry on the government?"

* Quarterly Review, No. xxxvi. p. 323.

factions; a town without its parties; a village or a hamlet, that does not contain either a despotic country squire, a proud unbending priest, an encroaching farmer, or a narrow, pinching, worthless, overseer? Were you a cynic, my Lelius, you would be almost tempted to say, that the earth more resembled the plantain tree of Guinea and Brazil, than the New Year's Islands.

On the top of this tree reside monkies, continually at war with each other; in the middle are snakes; on the extreme branches hang nests of woodpeckers. A picture far more melancholy to the heart, than even a view of a rich, beautiful, and romantic country, not only without a man to pluck its fruits, but without an animal to graze its meadows, or a bird to animate its woods. It is thus wherever man places his foot! In vain are the landscapes beautiful, and the soil productive! The meanness of some, the arrogance of others, and the rapacious appetites of all, will, as long as the present system of engendering dishonourable association lasts, prevent any material accession to public, or to private happiness.

To suppose, that happiness can exist with the present system of education, is as absurd, as the idea, that a comet, because its course is eccentric, and its period of revolution unknown, wanders without a plan, and without a fixed and pre-ordained orbit. Equally absurd were it to suppose, that the mimosa of Austral Asia, the flexuous honeysuckle of Japan, the pine of Lapland, the plantain of the East, and the banana of the West, will grow to perfection in each other's neighbourhood! What kind of

exhibition does society present? Little better than the interior of a wasp's nest ! Among the rich, an almost general conspiracy against the poor ; a general ingratitude among the poor themselves ; an universal desire prevails to pull every one down ; fevered with a never sleeping appetite to elevate ourselves. Why will not governors believe, that the best instrument for human happiness is a manual for the direction of early association ? As society is now organized, life presents every description of scenic exhibition. Now a comedy, now a dialogue, now a melo-drama, now a farce, and now a tragedy. In the midst of which I sincerely believe, that the most difficult animal to find among all the actors is—a MAN !

Life is a fair, nay, charming form
Of nameless grace and tempting sweets ;
But disappointment is the worm,
That cankers every bud she meets.

Neele.

Confucius tells a melancholy truth in the moral of the following tale. A shepherd having lost all his sheep, except fifty, gave himself up to despair, having a large family of children. His neighbours, who respected and loved him, (as well as worldly-minded men are capable of loving and respecting), came to his cottage, and condoled with him, after the manner of the country. Soon after the loss of his sheep, his wife was seized with a fever, and died. Upon this, his neighbours came to him again ; and, to console him, one offered him his sister, another his daughter, a

third his niece, and a fourth his ward. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the shepherd, "in what a country do I live! Now I have lost my wife, the best of all my possessions, you tell me, I can repair my loss by marrying either your nieces, your wards, your sisters, or your daughters. But when I lost my sheep, one after the other, to the number of two hundred, not one of you offered me so much as a single lamb! Though you all declared to me, that you loved me better, than all your neighbours beside!"

XV.

But though we might as well suppose, that water will, for a constancy, turn crimson; the blue sky purple; iron become silver, and zinc gold; as to imagine, that man will be, essentially, any other, than their natures prompt them; yet, in the wide sphere of History and Geography, some few instances are on record, where the human mind appears to have enjoyed, at least an appearance of, repose and content. Italy in 1490 exhibited such an imposing picture. For the space of a thousand years preceding, Italy had, at no time, enjoyed such ease, prosperity, and repose. And the people, taking advantage of this halcyon state of public and private affairs, cultivated not only their vallies, but their mountains; and, being under no foreign influence, the cities grew into splendour and magnificence. The country was the seat of majesty and of religion; military glory was not wanting to their pride; and there were men

distinguished in almost every department of science, learning, and the liberal arts. Nature, however, has not granted a long state of happiness, either to individuals or communities. That of Italy was blighted by the expedition of Charles the VIIIth.—For from that event proceeded a long train of misfortunes and calamities: changes of countries and masters; desolation of provinces and states; and the destruction of many cities. While the most cruel murders, as Guiccardini justly observes,¹ paved the way to new diseases; new modes of governing; new customs; and more cruel methods of making war.

In many districts of Java, particularly in those of Sundha,² manners and customs prevail, which bear no very distant resemblance to patriarchal ages. The villages constitute detached societies under a priest or chief: harmony prevails entire in these communities; though one village occasionally disputes with another. Great deference is paid to age; the commands of parents and superiors are strictly obeyed; they hold each other in great esteem; pride themselves upon any good or great deed, performed by their kindred or neighbours; and have a great veneration for the tombs, ashes, and memories of their ancestors. They are honest, ingenuous, and kind-hearted; faithful in their engagements; and extremely cleanly in their persons. Hospitality is not only enjoined by many striking precepts, but

¹ Guiccardini's Hist. of Italy, vol. i. pp. 4, 132.

² Raffles, vol. i. pp. 247, 251. 4to.

zealously practised : and they indicate their fear of acting unjustly or dishonourably, in the possession of a lively sensibility to shame. They rise before the sun ; they go soon after into the rice field with their buffaloes ; return home about ten ; bathe and take their morning's meal. During the heat of the day, they occupy themselves under the shades of trees, or in their cottages, with making or mending their implements of husbandry, or in forming baskets. About four they again go to the fields with their buffaloes ; at six they return and take their supper : then they form themselves into small parties, and the whole village exhibits a picture of quiet enjoyment.

XVI.

There are three species of uncultivated life particularly striking. These are expressly marked by Faria, Tacitus, and one of the Hebrew writers. "The outrages committed in Ceylon," says Faria,¹ "obliged the natives to seek refuge among the wild beasts of the mountains, to shun the more brutal outrages of man." "The Chauci," says Tacitus², "are the noblest among the German nations : and they maintain their greatness more by justice, than by violence. Without any illegitimate desires or wishes, and confident of their strength, they live quietly and in security ; neither provoked, nor provoking to war. But when roused by oppression, they never fail to

¹ Mickle's Dissertation, Portugal, Asia, c. ii.

² De Moribus Germ. cap. xxxv.

conquer." "The five spies of Dan," says a Hebrew writer, "went to Laish, and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt, careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; and there was no magistrate to put them to shame in any thing." That is, they lived in such a state of security and innocence, that even a magistrate was not required for their safety. A state of honourable poverty, in which every father was a patriarch in the midst of his family.

Now let us contrast these pictures with the state of society, in which the Pindarrees of India disgrace the form and figure of men. These outlaws have an origin much earlier, than has been generally supposed; for their ancestors fought against the army of Aurungzebe. When at peace, they live in societies of one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred, governed by local chiefs. In times of excursion, they are assembled by the trumpet of their great chief, whom they style *Labbrea*. When this chief has resolved upon an excursion, he mounts his horse, and proceeds to a distance, preceded by his standard-bearer, and attended by trumpeters. At the sound of the trumpets the clans quit their occupations, like magic and join his standard. He then marches forward, waiting for no one; and his followers join him as fast as they can, taking with them provisions only for a few days. Wherever they go, they carry want, destruction, death, torture, and consternation. When attacked, they fly in all directions, and trust to chance and their own individual skill to unite again. By a large fire made at night the scattered forces

know the post of their chief, and all endeavour to join him, as soon as possible. They have little order, no guards at night, and no scouts by day; they are, therefore, frequently surprized.

Their pride and chief care consist in their horses, which they feed in the best manner; giving them maize, bread, and whatever they can get: sometimes even chearing them with opium and balls of flour, stimulated by ginger. They sleep with their bridles in their hands; and are, at all times, prepared for plunder, for battle, or for flight: fighting only for the first, they never engage but when they are superior in numbers. Flight with them is no disgrace; and he who flies the fastest, prides himself the most; and his joy at escape is signified by the manner, in which he caresses his horse. Such being the case, his greatest solicitude in the choice of a horse is swiftness; because, when surprized, he can spring upon his saddle, and be out of sight in an instant. If he loses him, however, the disgrace is indelible. His arms consist of a sword, a spear, and a lance; for his use of fire-arms is but partial. To a life of depredation the Pindarrees attach neither crime nor disgrace; personal interest and grandeur are the only laws they esteem; and to secure either, cruelty, stratagem, and every species of oppression, are esteemed honourable. When one of their chiefs, taken prisoner in the last of their battles with the British forces, first beheld Calcutta, the only sentiment, he expressed to Sir John Malcolm, relative to that fine city, was, that it was a glorious place to pillage!

The Deccan and the Rajpoot states were dreadfully infested by these barbarians ; who obtained such an ascendancy over the governments of Scindia and Holkar, that they threatened to establish such a system of annual devastation throughout Hindoostan, as no empire was ever subject to before. Fortunately, however, they were totally incapable of encountering a regular force, to which they attached great power ; and of which they consequently lived in great dread. Major Lushington¹ put a party of three thousand of them to flight with only three hundred and fifty men !

In 1809 they generally invaded a country or province in parties, varying from one to four thousand each. Their arrival and depredations were frequently the only heralds of their approach. They carried nothing but their arms. They had no tents or baggage of any sort ; their saddle-cloths were their beds ; they never halted but to refresh themselves, or to indulge their lust and avarice ; and their subsistence arose out of the plunder of the day. Their movements being exceedingly rapid and uncertain, it was a subject of no little difficulty to way-lay them ; they could only, therefore, be caught by surprise. They retired with the same rapidity as they approached ; and what they consumed was frequently of more value, than what they took away, for nothing escaped them ; and what they did not want they burned, broke, or destroyed, in one way or another. Ruin and desolation marked their footsteps ; and they indulged their propensities, in respect to women, to a most frightful extent ; and

¹ Official Papers, Dec. 27, 1816.

when they had gratified their brutal passions, they not unfrequently murdered their innocent and helpless victims, as rewards for their shrieks and cries. And, to crown the whole, when they had plundered a village, and polluted its inhabitants, they set fire to the buildings: thus leaving the unfortunate survivors alike destitute of house, of food, and of purity.

The chief season for their depredations was that, in which the crops were ripe; and thus the husbandmen were robbed of the fruits of their labour, at the time in which they expected to reap them. Every road was comparatively easy to them; as they marched without guns or baggage: and as they carried terror and destruction wherever they marched, so great was the horror they inspired, that one of the villages¹ of the Deccan, hearing of their approach, unanimously resolved to sacrifice their families, rather than submit to the ravishment of their wives and children. The Pindarrees approached; a battle ensued; and the villagers being overpowered by numbers, they set fire to their dwellings, and perished with their neighbours and families in one general conflagration.

In one excursion of twelve days,² five thousand of these marauders plundered and polluted part of three British provinces. In this assault they robbed six thousand two hundred and three houses; and burnt two hundred and sixty-nine to the ground: one hundred and eighty-

¹ Ainavale. Vide Dalzell's Dispatch to the Secretary at Madras, March 18, 1816. Letter from Ongole, March 20, 1816.

² Answer to a Report drawn up by the Madras Government, April 22, 1818.

two persons also were murdered; five hundred and five wounded; and three thousand six hundred and three subjected to the torture. The property lost and destroyed was valued at two hundred and fifty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-six star pagodas. These bands became, at length, so numerous, that their force consisted of no less than thirty thousand men;¹ part of whom were in the secret, if not open, service of Scindia; and part in that of Holkar. They were to be heard of in all quarters. The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India, saw ample necessity, therefore, of suppressing, if not entirely destroying, these marauders, who were as dastardly, as they were cruel. By a series of masterly movements, the Pindarree bands were surrounded, and so entirely intersected by a simultaneous movement, at all points, that they were prevented all possibility of escape. The chiefs were, therefore, taken prisoners; and in one campaign annihilated, as it were, from the face of the earth. In this campaign of only three months, conceived in wisdom and executed with vigour, the entire country of Hindoostan was reduced to the authority of the British empire. A dominion more extensive than Aurengzebe possessed, even in the zenith of his power: for it comprizes an extent of country, reaching from the Himalah mountains to the Indus; and from the river Sutlese to the Cape Comorin;—an area containing seventy millions² of subjects;

¹ Debates, House of Lords, March 2, 1819.

² House of Commons, March 1, 1819. Major Fitzclarence compares their ravages to those of an army of locusts. *Journal*, p. 3.

all of whom are kept in subjection by thirty thousand British soldiers. If India, therefore, has gained little by the prowess of British arms, it has at least gained this; that a predatory force has been obliterated, of whom it has justly been said in the British parliament,¹ that there was no violence, they did not perpetrate; and no degree of human suffering, they did not inflict. Rapine, rape, murder, and every species of atrocity and torture, were the constant results of every enterprize; and the constant attendants of every success.

CHAPTER III.

To contrast and variety of climate has been attributed the principal lines and shades of national characters. Mons. Denina, in a paper preserved in the memoirs of the Berlin academy; and Tasso, in his parallel between France and Italy; have given it as their decided opinion, that a country, marked with gentle eminences, and gradually rising mountains, are the most remarkable for men of genius, talents, and learning. Vitruvius² and Vegetius³ attribute to climate an influence on the temper and constitution of men: to the same influence Servius⁴ refers the subtlety of the Africans, the fickleness of the Greeks, and the poverty of genius in the ancient

¹ Debates, House of Lords, March 2; House of Commons, March 1, 1819.

² Lib. vi.

³ De Re Militari, lib. i. c. 2.

⁴ In notis Æneid. vi. v. 724.

Gauls. That climate has an important influence, and is the principle cause of the difference in national characters, has been also maintained with considerable ingenuity by Montesquieu, in the fourteenth book of his *Spirit of Laws*.¹ That celebrated writer imagines climate to exercise its principal power over the *manners*; while Cicero,² Winklemann, and the Abbé du Bos,³ with equal plausibility, argue for its influence over the *mind*. But as great events belong exclusively to no age, great genius belongs exclusively to no nation. Neither is there a virtue exercised, a talent cultivated, or a science improved, that may not be exercised, cultivated, and improved, in the torrid and frigid zones, as well as in the temperate. Absurd, then, is the dogma, which would inculcate, that man may be born in “too high or too low a latitude, for wisdom or for wit.” Both these hypotheses may, therefore, justly be doubted; for Greece has produced its Lycurgus: China its Confucius; and Rome its Pliny: France its Fenelon; Spain its Cervantes; Portugal its Camoens; and Poland its Cassimir. England has produced its Newton; Switzerland its Gessner; Germany its Klopstock; Sweden its Linnæus; and, to crown the argument, Iceland its two hundred and forty poets! This is sufficient for the hypothesis of Du Bos.

¹ Machiavel inclines to the opinion, that, in all ages, men, born in the same country, have the same “leading natures.” Vide *Discorsi*, lib. iii.

² De Fato, c. 4.

³ Reflections on the Imitation of the Paintings and Sculptures of the Greeks. Fuseli, p. 4, &c.

That climate affects the manners is equally ideal: for the crimes of the west have been equal to those of the east; and the vices of the south equal to the vices of the north. They differ not in their number, but in their quality: for what is vice in one part of the world is not considered vice in another. Thus the Jews esteem it a sin to eat swine; and the natives of Rud-bâr regard it an abomination to eat doves. The use of wine is as strictly forbidden in Turkey; as the possession of more wives than one is in Europe. War in Japan is looked upon with horror; in Europe it is associated with glory.

The Moors, in some parts of Africa, have such an abhorrence of a Christian, that they esteem it no more sin to kill one, than any of their animals. In the Tonga Islands¹ it is regarded as a slight offence to kill an inferior; to steal; or to commit a rape: provided it is not upon the person of a married woman or, upon a superior. Gargilasso says, in his history of the civil wars of the Spaniards, that fathers in Peru were punished for the crimes of their children. In Bantam² the king is empowered, upon the death of a father of a family, not only to seize the habitation and inheritance, but the wife and the children. While in the Afghaun nation, if a man commit a murder, his family is allowed to compensate it by giving six women with portions and six without, as wives, to the family aggrieved.

Other nations are as criminal in their punishments, as offenders themselves. In England, to steal a sheep is

¹ Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, vol. ii.

² Montesquieu, vol. v. ch. 14.

to incur the penalty of death ; to murder a man is no more. In Japan, almost all crimes were once punished with death.¹ The Basheans of the North Phillipine Islands even punished some crimes with burying alive. Dampier² saw them bury a young man merely for theft. They dug a deep hole ; and many persons came to bid him farewell. Among them was his mother, who wept as she took the rings from his ears. He yielded to the punishment without a struggle ; he was put into the pit ; and they covered him with earth ; cramming it close, and stifling him.

In the Hindoo creed, it is stated,³ that the blood of a tiger pleases a goddess one hundred years ; that of a panther, of a lion, and of a man, one thousand years ; but the sacrifice of three men one hundred thousand years. And let a Hindoo⁴ commit ever so enormous a crime, he would suppose himself perfectly safe, if he could be assured, that his friends would throw his body or his bones into the Ganges. "To kill one hundred cows," says the Dherma Shastra, "is equal to killing a Bramin ; to kill one hundred Bramins is equal to killing a woman ; to kill one hundred women is equal to killing a child ; to kill one hundred children is equal to telling an untruth !"

Men, in some countries, killed their own fathers, under the sanction of custom, or the laws. In Rome,

¹ Kempfer.

² Voy., vol. i. p. 432.

³ Ward's Account of the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, vol. iv. 4to.

⁴ Vide Collection of Voyages, contributing to the Establishment of the East-India Company, vol. v. p. 192.

and even in Gaul,¹ fathers were allowed, not only the lives of their children in infancy, but their liberties in adolescence. This practice arose out of the erroneous idea, that he, who gives, has a right to take away.² In the reign of Adrian, however, the power was modified; and a father was banished for taking away the life of his son, though that son had committed a great crime. The Jews had the privilege of selling their children for seven years. In Greece, the father pronounced whether the new-born child should live or die. If the latter, it was instantly put to death or exposed. From this custom rose many of the most affecting and romantic incidents in Grecian history; and Euripides has founded his fine tragedy of *Ion* upon it.

Ion, having been exposed near the Delphian temple, became the priest of Apollo. As he was one day standing in its precincts, a lady appeared.—

ION.—Lady, whoe'er thou art, that liberal air
Speaks an exalted mind: there is a grace,
A dignity, in those of noble birth,
That marks their rank.—And yet I marvel much,
That from thy closed lids the trickling tear
Water'd thy beauteous cheeks, soon as thine eye
Beheld this chaste oracular seat of Phœbus.
What brings this sorrow, lady?—All besides,
Viewing the temple of the god, are struck
With joy:—Thy melting eye o'erflows with tears.

CREUSA.—Not without reason, stranger, art thou seiz'd
With wonder at my tears: this sacred dome
Awakes a sad remembrance of things past.

¹ Cesar, de Bell. Gall. vol. vi. c. 19.

² Cod. viii. 47, 10.

In a subsequent scene Creusa recognizes, in this priest of Apollo, the son, whom, for many years, she had concluded to be dead.

ION.—O my dear mother ! I with joy behold thee.
With transport 'gainst thy cheek my cheek recline.

CREUSA.—My son, my son ! far dearer to thy mother,
Than yon bright orb ;—the god will pardon me ;—
Do I then hold thee in my arms ? thus found
Beyond my hopes !

ION.—O my dear mother ! in thy arms I seem,
As one, that had been dead, to life return'd.

CREUSA.—Not without tears, my son, wast thou brought forth ;
Nor without anguish did my hands resign thee.
Now, breathing on thy cheek, I feel a joy,
Transporting me with heart-felt ecstasies.

Euripides.—Potter.

II.

In Rome,¹ young children were frequently exposed in the cavity of a column, called the Lactary, for the purpose of being brought up at the public expense : and their right of life and liberty, with some modifications, was acknowledged a sovereign privilege, even so low down as the era, which produced the Institutes of Justinian.

In Britain, parents were allowed to sell their children, till the right was abolished in 1015. In Dahomy,² the children of the entire territory are still the absolute property of the sovereign. At an early age, they are taken from their mothers and sent into remote villages ; where they are appro-

¹ Festus.

² Norris's Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 89.

priated, according to the king's judgment and discretion : the mothers seldom seeing them afterwards.

Infanticide has prevailed in many countries ; particularly in Britain,¹ Egypt,² and the East among the Jews.³ Fathers in Otaheite, also, destroyed their children at discretion ; and when an Englishman remonstrated with them, on the brutality of this custom, they replied, that every man had a natural right to do as he pleased with his own offspring : not only without restraint from their relatives, but even from their chiefs. A great change has, however, taken place in this island. Not less than three thousand copies of the gospel of St. Luke have been distributed in the Otaheitan language ; multitudes can both read and write ; and circles⁴ of Otaheitans are frequently seen, sitting under the shades of trees, listening with pious attention to hear the gospel read, cited, and expounded. The exposition of children prevails, also, in China, Tonquin,⁵ and Koreish Arabia ; and the women of New Holland⁶ esteem it no crime to destroy the foetus *in utero*.

III.

If some nations have exposed their children for convenience, others have murdered them in the spirit

¹ De Bell. Gall. lib. vi.

² Phars. lib. iii. v. 406.

³ “ Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil ? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression ? The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul ? ” The answer embraces every point of duty, morality, and religion : — “ Do justly ; love mercy ; and walk humbly with thy God. ” — Micah, ch. vi. v. 7, 8.

⁴ British and Foreign Bible Report, 1820.

⁵ Dampier's Voy., vol. ii. p. 41.

⁶ Grant's Voy. of Discovery, p. 136. 4to.

of piety : human sacrifices having been offered in many countries, civilized as well as barbarous. The kings of Whydah and Dahomy¹ water the graves of their ancestors every season with the blood of human victims. At Feejee they frequently sacrifice ten persons, lest the Deity should destroy their chief. And the king of Ashantee devoted not less than two thousand Fantee prisoners, and one thousand Ashantees, in honour of his mother. Human sacrifices, at the time of the discovery of the Otaheite and Sandwich Islands, were common in those islands ; and in Mexico the idols reeked with the blood of human beings. Some of the Spanish historians even assure us, that the king's ambassador told Cortez, that he had fifty thousand men to spare ; with whom he could engage other nations, for the purpose of procuring prisoners of war, as offerings to their gods. The practice was not uncommon even in Persia. Plutarch² says, that fourteen young men, of great families, were buried alive, by command of Amestris, the wife of Xerxes ; for the purpose of honouring some deity of the country.

The Sepharites of Samaria offered children to the sun. And at Sparta, boys were frequently whipped to death, in honour of Diana. At Plataea, a young man and a young woman were annually sacrificed to that goddess ; and the custom continued, till the conversion of the governor to Christianity by St. Andrew.

The Athenians sacrificed two persons ; one as a lustratory sacrifice for men ; the other for that of women. Idomeneus offered up his son ; and the intended

¹ Norris's Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 87, 100.

² De Superstitione, c. xiii.

sacrifice of Iphigenia, for the mere purpose of obtaining a fair wind, is a circumstance, of itself, sufficient to prove, that human sacrifices had little in them, at that time, to shock the prejudices of a superstitious age. Horace gives a true character to such a transaction, when he inquires *Rectum animi servas*¹? But it afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Timanthes; and elicited the most affecting images from the genius of Euripides.—His tragedy of Iphigenia in Tauris was founded upon the following passage in Æschylus.

Rent on the earth her maiden veil she throws ;
 And on the sad attendants rolling
 The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
 Their grief-impassion'd souls controlling,
 That ennobled, modest grace,
 Which the mimic pencil tries
 In the imag'd form to trace,
 The breathing picture shews.
 And as, amidst his festal pleasures,
 Her father oft rejoic'd to hear
 Her voice, in soft mellifluous measures,
 Warble the sprightly-fancied air ;
 So now, in act to speak, the virgin stands.
 But when the third libation paid,
 She heard her father's dread commands
 Enjoining silence, she obey'd :
 And for her country's good,
 With patient, meek, submissive mind
 To her hard fate resign'd,
 Pour'd out the rich stream of her virgin blood.

Agamemnon.—Æschylus.—Potter.

The custom, also, prevailed among the Egyptians of Ilythia²; and even among the Jews upon particular

¹ Sat., lib. ii. ; Sat. iii. v. 201.

² Plut. de Isis et Osiris.

occasions: of which the instances of Abraham and Jephtha are memorable examples.

The Dumatenian Arabs¹ even regarded the sacrificing of their own children an act of the strictest piety: and the sentiment is still prevalent in many parts of Hindostan.²

The Hottentots³ were accustomed to expose children when the mothers died. They have no nurses; and the children, left destitute, as it were, by Nature, share the graves of their mothers. The same custom prevails among the American Indians⁴; in Labradore⁵; while in Greenland⁶ little children are not unfrequently buried alive, from the idea, that such a sacrifice will cure their fathers of any disorder, with which they may chance to be afflicted. The Esquimaux Indians of Hudson's Bay,⁷ also, put to death all those children, which are born blind, or deformed. At Arebo, in Benin,⁸ the woman, who produces twins, is slain with both the children; and in Formosa, no woman was once permitted to have a family, till she was past thirty: priestesses⁹ causing mothers to miscarry by striking them on the belly.

¹ Porphyry de Abinentiâ.

² Vide Ward on the Writings, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos. For the origin of Hindu Infanticide, vide Moor's Essay, p. 29, 44, 106. Lord Wellesley issued an edict against it: vide Murray's Hist. Acct. of Disc. in Asia, vol. ii. p. 201.

³ Thunberg. vol. ii. p. 195.

⁴ Robertson's America, vol. ii. p. 41.

⁵ Chappel's Voy. to Labradore and Newfoundland, p. 196.

⁶ Hans Egede Saabaye, p. 181; Egede, 52.

⁷ M'Keavor's Voy., p. 37.

⁸ Bosman's Guinea Coast, p. 415.

⁹ Aristotle advises a practice scarcely less monstrous. Vid. Polit. lib. vii. c. 16.

IV.

The offering of little children, at Carthage, inflamed the mothers of Rome; and yet, some centuries after, they could calmly behold the sacrifice of the Christians, during the persecutions of Nero (A.D. 64); Domitian (94); Trajan (107); Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (153); Severus (203); Maximin (236); Decius (250); Gallus (252); Valerian (258); and of Diocletian (303):—till Constantine, (in 313) gave free license for the exercise of the Christian faith. I have specified the dates, in order, the more fully, to mark the progress and pertinacity of human cruelty: but it is a triumph against philosophy to observe how conspicuous, in this catalogue of impiety, are the names of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

In Persia a persecution began in 330, which lasted forty years! The sacrifice of Christians, indeed, frequently followed the commonest accidents of natural casualties. “If the Tiber ascend to the walls of Rome,” exclaimed Tertullian¹; “if the Nile does not cover the fields; if the earth is agitated by earthquakes; and if there is a famine, or a pestilence; what is the result? The Christians are thrown to the lions.”²

Wanton and detestable, as these cruelties appear, even Christians themselves have exercised barbarities, not unequal, against persons of their own faith. And those, too, only because differences have arisen on points of little comparative importance! The Assassines, a people dependent on Phenicia,

¹ Apolog. cap. xlii.

² Tacitus has a striking passage: *Annal.*, lib. xv. c. 44..

believed, that the surest road to the paradise of Mahomet, was to assassinate some one of a contrary religion. Catholic priests have occasionally exceeded even this enormity of error. Disregarding the canon, laid down in the ecclesiastical history of Socrates,¹ that the orthodox church persecutes no one; such crimes have been committed, under the awful authority of religion, in France, Italy, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland, the horrors of which no language can describe. The massacre of the Sicilian Vespers; of Bartholomew; of Moscow; of the Irish Protestants:—these, and the various methods of torture, once practised on the Continent, are not only sufficient to coagulate the blood, but even to congeal the very soul with horror.

The church of Rome has frequently sanctioned the crime of assassination. When Admiral Coligny was murdered in France, there was a public thanksgiving at Rome; a solemn procession, and a jubilee. Pope Gregory XIII. struck a medal on the occasion; and hung up a picture, representing the deed, even in his hall of audience. Te Deums, too, were sung in the churches, in honour of the massacres of Prague, Ismael, and Warsaw! “The great spirit,” exclaimed St. Augustine, “is patient: and he is patient,” he admirably continues, “because he is immortal!”

V.

In Java,² previous to the arrival of Europeans, any person, who murdered a superior, was beheaded; his

¹ Lib. xi. c. 3.

² Raffles' Hist. Java; art. Administration of Justice, vol. i. p. 289.

heart fixed upon a bambu; his body quartered, and delivered to wild beasts. But if a superior killed an inferior, he only forfeited a thousand doits. In Celebes, the compensation for killing a man is thirty dollars; for killing a woman forty. In Greece it was parricide in a slave to kill a free man in his own defence! In some countries it is less criminal to destroy a man, than to steal a sheep,¹ or kill a stag.² In Spain it was once a less crime to commit murder, than to contract a low marriage. "Those who eat mushrooms," says Yama,³ the legislator of India, "fully equal in guilt the most despicable of all deadly sinners." And the Tartars, in the reign of Genghis Khan, thought it no sin to rob or to kill: but no man was allowed to lean against a whip, or to strike a horse with his bridle; under the penalty of death.⁴

What, in the whole code of barbarous nations, can be more gigantically criminal, than the enactment of the following law, even in Britain! This monstrous law decreed, that when a person, charged with crime, refused to plead, he should be taken from the court; laid in a dark room, naked upon the earth, without either bedding or straw; a little raiment was put over his hips, and his head and feet were covered. One arm was drawn to one end of the room by a cord, the other arm to another quarter: and his two legs to the other cardinal points. An iron or stone, as heavy as could be borne, was then placed upon his body. On the next day were presented to him three

¹ Bosman, p. 143. ed. 1721.

² Vide Laws of William I.

³ Sir Wm. Jones, vol. ii. p. 117. 4to.

⁴ Carpini's Relation; vide Montesquieu, b. xxiv. p. 128.

small pieces of barley bread, with no drink. On the third day he had as much water as he could drink, but no bread. And in this manner he was fed till he died.¹ Surely there can be no profaneness in asserting, that the law-makers, (for we must not dignify them with the title of legislators,) who could enact such a custom, and the judge, who could pass such a sentence, were creatures, more loathsome to the great JEHOVAH, than a crocodile, or a rattlesnake, is to a man.

Grief shall leave them no repose,
At morning's dawn, at ev'ning's close,
Despair shall round their souls be twin'd,
And drink the vigour of their mind;
As round the oak rank ivy cleaves,
Steals its sap, and blasts its leaves.

Edda :—Cottle.

VI.

The ancient Germans had only two capital crimes²: treachery and cowardice. The former was punished by a halter, the latter by drowning. All other crimes might be compensated. Murder was venial. Even the French salique law made an essential difference, in regard to a Frank and Roman murderer. The former was fined two hundred sols³; the latter one hundred; and for a Roman tributary only forty-five. In Cyprus assassination is compromised by a few hundred piastres; according to the age of the deceased. If between

¹ Fleta, l. i. t. 34. s. 33. This sentence, the technical name of which is *peine forte et dure*, is supposed to have been introduced in the reign of Edward I.

² Tacitus de Mor. Germ.

³ Montesquieu, b. xxviii. c. 3.

thirty and thirty-five,¹ the penalty is five hundred piastres.

The laws of the twelve tables were extremely severe; till they were silently abrogated by the Persian law. "At this period," says the greatest of all our legal authorities, "the Republic flourished. Under the emperors severe punishments were revived; and then the empire fell." In Ashantee, it is not only death to be convicted of cowardice; but even of picking up gold, dropped in the market-place.³ How worthy a circumstance it is to live under the license of passion, and under the influence of a tyrant, we may learn from the practice of Sai Tootoo Quamima, king of that country. This prince, —if prince he may be called,—wrote to the governor of Cape Coast Castle, that so far from allowing the death of one man to retard the permanent union between the English and Ashantees, he should take no notice, if a thousand were flogged to death by the governor. For he well knew the insolent disposition of the Ashantees; which, he confessed, was as great a vexation to him, as it could be to the governor himself.

In cases of treason, the laws of Macedon⁴ extended death to all the relations of the party convicted; and that such severity was not unfrequently practised in

¹ Mariti, vol. i. p. 19.

² In Pegu, creditors may sell their debtor, his wife, and all his children; but, by the laws of the twelve tables, they might even cut his body in pieces, and each creditor have his share. This construction has been, and may be, justly doubted.

³ Bowdich's Mission, p. 121, 4to.

⁴ Quint. Curt., lib. vi.

the times of the Roman emperors, is evident from a passage in the pandects of Justinian : whence¹ one of the papal bulls derived the affectation of mercy, in ordaining a living punishment, in comparison with which death might be esteemed, not only a relief, but an honour. Burlamaqui² has observed, that as all human institutions are founded on the laws of God, so no human laws should be permitted to contradict them. And yet torture was enacted upon the hypocritical pretence, that it arose out of a tenderness for the lives of men! In the reigns of Theodosius and Valentinian, it was a capital offence to endeavour to convert a Pagan to Judaism, Christianity, or any other religion.—A monstrous license in the exercise of legislative authority ! But in St. Domingo, during its early possession by the Spaniards, so little respect was paid to human life and human error, that many of them³ made vows to destroy twelve Pagan Indians, every day, in honour of the twelve apostles.

In Greece, several children were condemned, for pulling up a shrub in a sacred grove : and the Athenian judges even caused a child to be executed, for merely picking up a leaf of gold, which had fallen from the crown on the head of Diana's statue.

The following instances of cruelty are parallels, worthy of each other. The fanatic, Damien, having attempted the life of Louis XV., after undergoing many exquisite tortures, was condemned to die. At the place of execution he was stripped naked, and

¹ Comment., b. iv. c. 29.

² On the Law of Nature and Nations.

³ Raynal, Hist. E. and W. Indies, b. vi.

fastened by iron gyves to a scaffold. His right hand was put into a liquid of burning sulphur: his legs, arms, and thighs, were torn with red-hot pincers: then boiling oil and melted resin, sulphur, and lead, were poured into the gashes: and, as a finale to this horrible tragedy, he was torn to pieces by four horses.

The Dutch of Batavia¹ punished the chief of a supposed conspiracy, with twenty of his companions, in the following manner.—They stretched them on a cross; tore the flesh from their arms, legs, and breasts, with hot pincers. They ripped up their bellies, and threw their hearts in their faces. Then they cut off their heads, and exposed them to the fowls of the air. After this they returned public thanks to heaven!

The Turkish history furnishes many instances. The city of Famagusta having been bravely defended by a Venetian nobleman, named Bragadin, at length surrendered to the superior force of Mustapha. The conduct of Bragadin had been that of a valiant and skilful general; but Mustapha was so enraged at the ability he had displayed in the siege, that he caused him to be flayed alive. Then he stuffed his skin with straw, tore his body in pieces, and scattered his several members over the different parts of the fortifications. The head and skin were sent to Constantinople; where they were bought by his brother, who caused them to be buried at Venice, in the church of St. Paul and St. John.—But this is an instance of clemency, when compared with many Turkish practices.

¹ Barrow, *Cochin China*, p. 222, 4to.

VII.

In the year 1813 torture was inflicted, in Algiers, upon the Bey of Oran.¹ He was brought out with his three children. These children were in his presence opened alive, and their hearts taken out. The hearts were afterwards roasted, and the father condemned to eat them. The Bey was then forced to impale two of his slaves: he was then made to sit upon a red hot iron: then a red hot iron was put upon his head, which was afterwards scalped. At last they opened his side, and took out his heart and intestines. The merciless Aga of the Janissaries, (afterwards the Dey of Algiers, so humbled by the Earl of Exmouth), then took the skin of the Bey's head; filled it with straw; and sent it to Tunis. To add to the depravity and horror of this scene, it was acted before the door of the house, in which the unfortunate Bey's wife then was.

Lysimachus² is said to have shut up a friend, who had offended him, in a den, and cut off his ears and nose; where, naked and in filth, the unfortunate captive lost, as it were, the form and nature of man. Clotaire the first, of France, exercised a worse cruelty than this, even upon his own son. For having taken Chramnes prisoner, with his wife and children, he caused them to be put into a small cottage, thatched with reeds; when the cottage was fired, and the whole family perished.

Cruelties have been exercised, also, towards animals, in a manner, scarcely to be credited. The Abyssinian

¹ Salame's Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers, pp. 215, 216.

² Seneca, de Ira.

soldiers frequently cut off flesh from their cows, without killing them; and thus continue, from day to day, till the animal dies.¹ In England, too,—*horresco referens!*—the present Duke of Portland, at the death of his father, caused all the deer in Bulstrode Park to be slaughtered, and buried. A great number were destroyed in this manner. No person was allowed to eat of their flesh; nor to benefit himself by their skins. This act was, of course, an act, proceeding from insanity;—certainly not from the impulses of a barbarous and depraved nature. The keepers shed tears; the gentry remonstrated; the whole kingdom sent forth execrations; and the slaughter was stopt. His Grace, soon after, sold the estate, and left a county, which had been so grossly insulted and offended. Not long after this event, I chanced to travel near the spot, and conversed with one of the keepers. “It is all true, sir,” said he; “the number of tears I shed, no man can tell! The deer, the stags, even the little fawns, most of which I had fondled in my arms, I saw barbarously butchered, before my face: and I could not sleep, for weeks, but I fancied I heard them bleating to me for mercy.”

VIII.

We may here make a few observations on the inequality of punishments to crimes. In Wales, to the time of Henry VIII., the loss of a finger was compensated by one cow and twenty-pence; and a

¹ Asserted by Bruce; doubted by many; but confirmed by Clarke, and other travellers.

life by seventy thrymes (ten pounds)¹. In France², it was once so heinous to touch the hand of a free woman, without consent, that the offender was fined not less than fifteen sols of gold: while in Dahomy³ it is esteemed criminal to discourse on politics; or indeed to make any remarks upon the administration of public affairs.

Some legislators seem to have borrowed their creeds from the worst portion of the ancient stoics, who considered all crimes equal. Cicero⁴ and Horace⁵,—if men, occupied in profiting by the present, can be sufficiently wise to profit by the past,—will teach them, equally with Beccaria and common sense, that the doctrine is neither suited to the principles of justice, nor conducive to the great purposes of public utility.

There is no wisdom in fomenting provincial, or even national antipathies. Governments, in general, indicate great weakness in this particular. Are the savages of Africa worthy of imitating? The Feloops⁶ of the Gambia not only never forgive an injury, but they transmit their feuds from one generation to another. With them revenge is virtue, as among the ancient Romans. In Messûr⁷, the people were even accustomed to cut off the noses of their prisoners of war; to salt them; and then to send them to the court of their prince. The fury of Tamerlane, Genghis

¹ Leges Wall. 278.

² St. Foix, vol. ii. p. 81.

³ Norris's Mem. of Reign of Bossa Ahadee, p. 3.

⁴ De Finibus.

⁵ Sat, iii. v. 97.

⁶ Park's Travels, p. 15. 4to.

⁷ Fryer's Trav., p. 163.

Khan, and the sultans of the Turks, were satiated by receiving the heads of their enemies: and the Prussians exercised the wantonness of their hatred towards the French, during the late campaign, by cutting off their ears. The Javanese¹ have such an antipathy to the natives of the Coromandel coast, whom they call Khojas, that they have the following proverb; "If you meet a snake and a Khoja, on the same road, kill the Khoja first, and the snake last."

The tomahawk of an American Indian serves for a hatchet and a tobacco pipe: and the most honourable ornaments in his hut are the scalps, he has taken from the skulls of his enemies. The act of scalping seemed so worthy a practice to the early settlers of Kentucky, that they not only imitated the example, by scalping the Indians; but even cut off the skin from the backs of those, that had fallen, and made razor-straps² of them. To the lasting disgrace of the French and English, the practice of scalping was even encouraged by both, during their senseless contests on the American continent. The American allies of Great Britain bore such an antipathy to the French, that they threw the dead bodies, and mangled limbs of their prisoners into cauldrons; and devoured them with as much pleasure, as if they had been animals. The Battas of Sumatra, too, eat the flesh of their enemies; not so much for the value of the food, but as a method of shewing their scorn and detestation. Montaigne³, contrasting similar practices with the barbarities of the rack, feelingly

¹ Raffles' Hist. of Java, p. 154, 4to.

² Palmer's Trav. Amer., p. 108.

³ B. i. ch. 30.

observes, "I think there is far more barbarity in tormenting men by racks and torments, and then roasting them alive, than there is in eating them after they are dead."

IX.

Alexander has been praised for his great and noble qualities, till the ear and the heart are weary of the wantonness! The following instance is sufficient to give the negative to all his virtues. No man of a noble mind could have been guilty of a crime, so foul, under any circumstances. He caused 6,000 Thebans to be unresistingly butchered by the sword.¹ The slaughter continued, while any blood remained to be shed, except that of women, children, and old men. These he spared, it is true; but he sold 30,000 of them into slavery! And yet,—because he performed several shewy actions, and delivered many shewy sentiments, he has been represented almost as a god! That he was superior to a host of warriors, by whom he has been succeeded, may safely be allowed; but, like all other conquerors, he was the pest, the scourge, and nuisance of his time! He had not a virtue, that did not spring from his vanity; and if Aristotle had no other claim upon posterity, than the circumstance of having been his tutor, the historian, faithful to his trust, would have consigned his memory to disgrace.

In the various histories of Alexander's successors and the Romans, innumerable instances of cruelty are recorded, equal to any, committed by African or American savages. As to Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, their very names are disgraces to the universe!

¹ Diod. Sicul. xvii. c. 4.

Montaigne¹ declares, that such instances of cruelty occurred in France, during the Civil Wars, as were almost incredible. He says, that murder was openly and frequently committed, not from lust of power, of revenge, or of avarice ; but merely for the luxury to the perpetrator of seeing the victims die. To feast the ear with their groans, and to delight the eye with their contortions ;—for these purposes, and these only, new deaths and new torments were invented every day. Perhaps, however, none of those cruelties exceeded an instance, recorded by Froissart². In the year 1358, some peasants, being oppressed by the nobles, seized upon one of their castles. “ They hung the lord of it upon a gallows,” says the annalist ; “ violated his wife and daughter in his presence ; roasted him upon a spit ; compelled his wife and children to eat of his flesh ; and then massacred the whole family, and burned the castle.”

Of the cruelties, exercised by the French in Egypt, we may have some conception from a passage, in Miot's History of that Campaign³. “ All the horrors which accompany the capture of a town are repeated in every street, and in every house. You hear the cries of a violated girl, calling in vain for help to a mother, whom they are outraging in the same manner : to a father whom they are butchering. No asylum is respected. The blood streams on every side : at every step you meet with human beings, groaning

¹ Book ii. ch. xi.

² Kaimes, vol. i. p. 358.

³ Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie.

and expiring.” And yet, when Louis Bonaparte beheld the ferocity of the Arabs, he could overlook the barbarities of his countrymen, and exclaim, “ Could Rousseau but have seen the outrages, which we witness, he would have trembled with rage and vexation, that he should ever have been so wanton as to admire savages. Ah ! I would that philanthropists would come into the deserts of Africa : they would soon be reconciled to men of education.” In fact, whether seen in civilized, or in barbarous life, there is but too much reason to fear, that Julian¹ was almost justified in his opinion, that there is no animal in the world to be feared by man, so much as man himself.

X.

The Romans were barbarous, even in their sports and pastimes. Viewing them as a polished and powerful people, they were the greatest monsters under the canopy of heaven ! In other countries, a love of blood and the luxury of it are, for the most part, the distinguishing characteristics of barbarous societies ; but in civilized Rome it was an appetite. The profligacy of their manners was such, during the triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, that no honourable man would serve in any office² : and, for the space of eight months, there was not a single magistrate in Rome. And yet—these were the men, whose commands kings were accustomed to receive, as if they came from “ the immortal gods³.” They

¹ Ammian : Marcellinus, lib. xxii.

² Appian.

³ Livy, lib. xiv. c. 23.

not only buried in the public ways, to familiarize the people with the ensigns of death; but they accustomed themselves to witness the most tragic realities at their banquets. Streams of blood stained not only the floors of their halls¹; but their very tables and drinking-cups.

But the barbarities of the Coliseum eclipsed even the gladiatorial exhibitions; and Rome frequently echoed, from one hill to another, with the cries of wild beasts, let loose into the arena, the like of which had never been witnessed, or heard, in any other country. It was reserved for Justinian to abolish the barbarities of the amphitheatre.

The Dahomees² are said to take a peculiar species of pleasure in contemplating human skulls. The king of that country said to a traveller, "Some heads I place at my door; others I throw into the market-place. This gives a grandeur to my customs; this makes my enemies fear me; and this pleases my ancestors, to whom I send them." The king even sleeps in a room, paved with the skulls of those persons of distinction, whom he has taken prisoners. "Thus" he frequently exclaims, "I can trample on the skulls of my enemies, whenever I please." The Grand Signior, too, is frequently glutted with the heads and ears of his enemies; more than 300 pair of ears having been sent to him at one time.

The Sardinians and Berbycians³ were murdered by their own sons. In several parts of America they

¹ Silius Italicus, lib. xi. v. 51, &c.

² Norris's Journey to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 129.

³ Ælian, Var. Hist. lib. iv. c. 1.

bury the old¹ before they are dead : and the Bactrians² and Hyrcanians even exposed their old men to be lacerated and destroyed by large mastiffs³. This was a practice, posterity would have been justified in not crediting, had we not indubitable authority,⁴ that Alexander caused it to be entirely superseded. The Massagetæ⁵ pierced their dying friends with arrows.

XI.

Among the ancient Romans even suicide was respected and approved : Julian made a law to prevent it. In the present times, it is esteemed in Hindostan frequently justifiable, and never criminal ; while in Japan and Macassar⁶ men and women frequently commit this crime, in order the sooner to arrive at beatitude.

Death is when the soul voluntarily quits the body ;— suicide when the body forcibly separates itself from the soul. In respect to these we may venture, with some modifications, to agree with Julian ; that he, who would not die, when he must, and he, who dies before he ought, are both cowards⁷ alike. The Stoics are

¹ Also in South Africa. Thunberg, ii. 194. The Indians of Hudson's Bay strangle * their fathers, at their own request,† and esteem such compliance an act of piety.

² Montesquieu, b. x. ch. 6.

³ The Marquis de St. Aubin esteems this an impossibility. Vide *Traité de l' Opinion*, tom. v. p. 78.

⁴ Strabo.

⁵ Herod. clio. c. xvi.

⁶ Montesquieu, b. xxiv. p. 19. Forbin's Memoirs.

⁷ "Minima pars fortitudinis," says Grotius, from Lucan, "erat inor-tem oppetere." "To die," says Euripides, "is not the worst of human ills ; it is to wish for death and be refused the boon."—*Electra*.

* Ellis's Voy. to Hudson's Bay.

† M^cKeever's Voyage, p. 63.

accused of having held the doctrine, that a man might kill himself, when he could not live with dignity. This sentiment, however, is at variance with the whole tenure of their creed. But suicide, in some countries, has not only been regarded with indulgence, but esteemed honourable.

In India the voluntary deaths of women, on the funeral piles of their husbands, have been celebrated for many ages. It had long prevailed, previous to the time of Herodotus: it continued in that of Cicero¹ and Propertius²: and is but now partially yielding before the benignity of the Christian code³. Chambers supposes, that, in his time, more than 10,000 widows burnt themselves, every year, in the northern provinces of Hindostan. The same custom obtained in Thrace⁴.

The wives of the king of Dahomy⁵ destroy all the furniture, gold, silver, and coral ornaments of his palace at his death; and, having done so, murder each other.

The Gymnosophists, also, esteemed it a virtue to die upon a funeral pile, on attaining a limited age. Calanus⁶ sacrificed himself before the whole army of Alexander; and the example was followed by an

¹ Tusc. Quæst. lib. v. c. 27. ² Lib. iii. El. 13., v. 17, &c.

³ Something analogous to this was practised in Gaul,* and Britain.†

⁴ Herodot. lib. v.

⁵ Norris's Jour. to the Court of Bossa Ahadee, p. 129.

⁶ Strabo, lib. xv. p. 1043.

* Pomp. Mela, lib. iii. c. ii.

† De Bell, Gall. vi. c. 19.

Indian sage at Athens. On his tomb was inscribed; "Here rest the ashes of Zarmano Chagas, an Indian philosopher, who, after the manner of his country, devoted himself to a voluntary death."

The Hyperboreans¹ committed suicide after a different manner. They invited their friends to a banquet; and, after indulging in the feast, threw themselves from a precipice into the sea. Near Puchmarry, in India, there is a cave, sacred to Mahadeo, called Deo Pahar, over which rises a high mountain, whence devotees frequently precipitated themselves on a particular day of the year. A similar practice prevails among the tribes of Berar and Gondwanna². To the former of these mountains, mothers, who are childless, go and vow to offer up their first-born by throwing them down the precipice. And this is frequently done, when a child is born after the vow. In the kingdom of Kanâra,³ also, zealots and devotees subject themselves to voluntary deaths; while the Scandinavians⁴ thought no one went to the hall of Valhalla, but those, who died in battle, by suicide, or by some other violent means.

Phædon⁵ and Cleombrotus of Ambracia thirsted so much for immortal life, that they threw themselves into the sea to obtain it. The example was followed by many of the earlier Platonists. The disciples of Hegesias⁶, also, frequently committed suicide, in the

¹ Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. iv. c. 12.

² Asiat. Researches, vol. vii.

³ Hamilton's Account of the East-Indies, vol. i. p. 280.

⁴ Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. ii. p. 314.

⁵ Cic. Tuc. Quest. lib. i. c. 34.

⁶ Ibid.

hope of acquiring a life, more delightful than the present. It was in consequence of this, that Ptolemy forbad Hegesias to lecture.

One of the princes of Lithuania¹ even enacted suicide, as a law of humanity. Every man, therefore, whom the judges condemned to die, were compelled to be their own executioners; since he thought it criminal in the laws to permit any man to punish a crime, by which he had not been a sufferer².

In Marseilles, suicide was regularly permitted by the laws. Poison was kept at the public expense; and every one was allowed to drink of it, who could shew a sufficient cause before the magistrates. Valerius Maximus³ relates a curious instance of this custom, in another quarter. A lady having arrived at an advanced age, in the enjoyment of all earthly conveniences, feared it probable, that if she consented to live longer, fortune would, in some way or other, overwhelm her with misfortunes: she therefore poisoned herself in the presence of all her family. This occurred in the island of Negropont. Sextus Pompey was present at the curious scene; and learned, with surprise, that suicide was not only allowed by the laws, but that it was held in no little esteem.

¹ Witholde. Montaigne, book iii. p. 14.

² Suicide is, in some measure, countenanced by the code of Justinian. The manner, in which the subject is treated, is extremely guarded and remarkable. “Si quis impatientia doloris, aut tædio vitæ, aut morbo, aut furore, aut pudore, mori maluit, non animadvertatur in eum.—*Ff.* 49, 16, 6.

³ Lib. ii. c. 6. De Externis Institut. sect. vii.

This crime, too, was regarded with complacency in other cities, connected with Greece. In the capital of Ceos, one of the Cyclades, and the birth-place of Prodicus, Simonides, Bacchylides, and other celebrated characters, every one was permitted to die voluntarily by law, who had attained the age of sixty: a custom, allowed upon the pretence, that every man usurped a station in life, which another ought to fill, when he became incapable of military service.

XII.

In ancient times, whole cities¹ devoted themselves to voluntary deaths, in order to prevent themselves from falling into the power of their enemies: and this, too, not unfrequently after quarter had been offered them by the conqueror. Several instances are recorded by Livy and Plutarch. The Xanthians² considered voluntary death so glorious, that multitudes committed that crime, during the period in which they were besieged by Brutus: and the men of Saguntum burnt their wives, children, and themselves, in one common pile, rather than fall into the hands of the Romans.

Numantia had neither walls, bastions, nor towers: and yet it resisted the power and skill of the Romans upwards of fourteen years. At length, Scipio Africanus was charged with the conduct of the siege. His army consisted of 60,000 men: a body more than fifteen times larger than that of the Numantines, who made a gallant, and indeed almost miraculous, resistance. But supplies being at length cut off, they were

¹ Diod. Sic. lib. xvii. c. 18.

² Plut. in Vit. Brut.

reduced to the necessity of living on the flesh of horses ; then on that of their companions, slain in the siege ; and lastly to draw lots among themselves. In this extremity, they were summoned to surrender. They refused with indignation ; set fire to their houses ; and threw themselves, their wives, and their children, into the flames. A few, and those only, who had previously deserted to the enemy, disgraced the triumph of the conqueror.

When the inhabitants of Phocia were routed by the Thessalians, in the midst of their distress, they raised a pile of combustible materials ; and resolved, by the advice of Deiphantus, to burn their wives and children, rather than see them led into captivity. This desperate proposition was unanimously approved of by the women, who decreed a crown to Deiphantus, for having suggested it. The pile was prepared, and the women stood ready to devote themselves ; when the Phocians, animated by such an heroic sacrifice, rushed upon their enemies ; entirely routed them ; and saved the state.

A remarkable instance is recorded of the Jews, by Josephus. At the siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian, some Jews took refuge in the castle of Masada, in which they were blockaded by the Romans. These Jews were under the command of Eleazer, by whose advice they murdered their wives and children ; and ten men were chosen by lot to destroy the rest. Upon the execution of this, one of the ten was chosen to destroy the remaining nine. This he executed, fired the palace, and stabbed himself. Of 967 persons,

only five boys and two women escaped, by hiding themselves in the aqueducts.

In the reign of Richard I., a severe persecution raged in England against the Jews, by the hatred of the people, who were enthusiastic in the approbation of the Crusade war. At this time, multitudes of Jews were barbarously murdered by the populace at Lynn; St. Edmund's Bury; Lincoln; Stamford; Norwich; and, above all, at York. Five hundred Jews having been admitted into the castle of that city, for protection, with their wives and children, the people surrounded the castle, and insisted upon the Jews surrendering at discretion. The Jews offered large sums to be permitted to retire, with their families, out of the city. The populace, however, insisted upon giving them no quarter. Upon which a rabbin, of more authority than any of the rest, seeing the desperate condition, to which he and his persuasion were reduced, proposed to the Jews, that, rather than fall into the hands of the Christians, they should destroy themselves. The proposition was agreed to, and carried into immediate execution. They murdered first their wives and children; then their servants; and lastly themselves.

XIII.

Herodotus asserts, that many Scythians clothed themselves in the skins of men, and drank out of their skulls. The first Feuillans, on the contrary, used human skulls for drinking cups, in order to mortify their appetites¹. Eating men, assuredly, prevailed

¹ L'Histoire dogmatique et morale du Jeune, p. 92. Paris, 1741.

among the Scordisci of Pannonia. Human flesh has frequently been eaten by sailors, when driven to extremity at sea. The law of preservation extends not to this monstrous purchase of human life. The practice ought to be condemned; and the perpetrators punished. It is still less to be excused on shore, even in the utmost extremity of famine: and yet it has been practised in many cities and countries. Even the French and Chinese have followed the example. During a period of scarcity, occasioned by a deluge, the latter fed on human flesh: and the Gauls of Gascoigny, during the siege of Alecia, ate the bodies of those, who were incapable of bearing arms. Juvenal¹, however, in alluding to this circumstance, qualifies the account by adding, *est fama*.

At the capture of Rome by the Goths, in 410, the lands not having been tilled, for some time, and the ports being blockaded, such distress prevailed, that human flesh was publicly sold in the markets; and many mothers ate their own children. At the time, in which Belisarius was employed in the Gothic war, a horrible famine afflicted Italy. Procopius assures us, that multitudes, in the agony of their want, committed suicide. Numbers ate acorns and the grass of the fields. Many mothers even destroyed their own children and ate them: and one woman, who lived by letting lodgings, murdered and ate no less than seventeen strangers, who had lodged at her house in succession. Her enormities coming, by accident, to the knowledge of the eighteenth, after he had entered her house, he dispatched her.

¹ Sat. xv. v. 93.

The annals of Milan record an instance, in which a woman had such an appetite for human flesh, that she absolutely enticed children into her house, where she killed, salted, and ate them. She was discovered; broken on the wheel; and burnt, in the year 1519.

The Jews, above all other people, are accused of this disgusting practice. An instance is recorded, in the second book of Kings¹, where two women are described, as agreeing to eat their two sons, during the famine in Samaria. And when the Jews destroyed upwards of 200,000 Romans, in the time of Trajan, they are said to have glutted their rage by feeding on their bodies. These enormities were even foretold by their prophets. In Baruch² it is written, that “the man shall eat the flesh of his own son, and the flesh of his own daughter.” In Deuteronomy³, Moses describes it, as being one of the curses, entailed upon their heirs, for the crime of disobedience: “Thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body; the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters in the siege, and in the straightness, wherein thine enemies shall distress thee. The tender and delicate woman, which would not set the sole of her foot to the ground, for delicacy and tenderness, shall eat the children, which she shall bear; for want of all things, secretly, in the siege.”

During the great famine at Moscow, not less than 500,000 persons perished. Multitudes were seen in the roads and streets; some dead; some ex-

¹ Ch. vi. v. 28.

² Ch. ii. v. 3.

³ Ch. xxviii. v. 53.

piring; and some with hay and straw in their mouths. Children sold their parents for bread; and even mothers and fathers satisfied their hunger with the bodies of their children.

During the reign of Shâh Husseyn, Ispahân was besieged, by Mahmûd, chief of the Afghauns; when the besieged, having consumed their horses, mules, camels, the leaves and bark of trees, and even cloth and leather, finished,—so great was the famine,—with not only eating their neighbours and fellow citizens, but their very babes. During this siege, more human beings were devoured, than was ever known in a siege before. Mahmûd having at length listened to terms of capitulation, Husseyn clad himself in mourning; and with the Wâli of Arabia, and other officers of his court, proceeded to the camp of his adversary, and resigned the empire. The Afghaun chief, in receiving his resignation, exclaimed, “Such is the instability of all human grandeur! God disposes of empires, as he pleases, and takes them from one to give to another!” This occurred in the year 1716. During a late revolution at Naples, too, the lazaroni are said to have roasted men in the public streets: and to have begged alms of the passengers, to enable them to buy bread, wherewith to eat their meat. This fury was directed against the Jacobins.

The New Zealanders,¹ also, ate the bodies of their enemies: Captain Furneaux had ten men devoured by them. Knight is said to have found “man eaters” on the coast of Labradore²; and when the American

¹ Hawkesworth, vol. p. ii., 389.; vol. iii., p. 447, &c.

² Purchas his Pilgrimes, vol. iii., p. 827.

Indians go to war, they put a large kettle on the fire, as an emblem, that they are about to destroy their enemies, and will have the satisfaction of eating them after they are dead. Even in King George's Sound, where the natives are reported to be mild and inoffensive, they offered to our ships human skulls, hands and feet, with the flesh hanging upon them, by way of barter, with the same indifference, that they would have offered beef or mutton.

The Derbices¹ slew their fathers and ate them. The Indians,² also, ate the bodies of their parents. And when Darius³ inquired of the Greeks, what reward could induce them to follow such example, they replied, "no recompence under heaven!" They shrunk with horror at the bare suggestion; but we are told, that when the Indians were advised to burn the bodies of their friends, their horror and disgust was fully equal to that of the Greeks: grounding their preference to their own custom on the piety of making themselves the tombs of their parents. In spite, however, of the Grecian disgust, Artemisia swallowed the ashes of her husband: and the act of becoming his living sepulchre was associated with glory.

XIV.

It is curious to note a few laws and customs, prevalent in some countries, in regard to women. Polygamy has never been acknowledged in the northern regions of Europe; though Tacitus⁴ seems inclined

¹ Tertullian, in Lib. Contr. Marcion.

² Sextus Empiricus, lib. ii.

³ Herodotus, lib. iii.

⁴ De Morib. Germ., c. 18.

to believe, that it was occasionally allowed to kings in Germany, but to no others. In Sweden it is a capital crime, both by the ancient and the modern laws. In France, Henry the Second caused it, also, to be punished with death¹: an instance of cruelty, not incurious in a man, who had the disgusting effrontery to live with the mistress of his own father! In England,² also, it was once punishable with death, but with benefit of clergy.

Polyandry exists in Tibet,³ Malabar, and Patagonia.⁴ In the second, women may have as many husbands as they please. Hamilton,⁵ however, restricts them to twelve: children taking pedigrees from their mothers. The emperor of Bisnagar, beyond the Ganges, prides himself, on the contrary, in being “the king of kings, and the husband of a thousand wives.” The king of Ashantee is allowed the mystical number of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three; three thousand of whom are trained to arms, under a female officer.

The custom of servitude for a certain period formerly obtained in Asia. Jacob served Laban for Rachel fourteen years. The custom of purchasing wives prevailed amongst the Jews, Greeks, Thracians, Spaniards, Goths, Tartars, and Afghauns.⁶ The Assyrians and Babylonians even disposed of them by auction. The former custom still continues among the Samoides, in Pegu, the Moluccas, and many other

¹ Father Bodin.

² Stat. i. Jac. I. c. ii.

³ Turner's Embassy to the Court of the Teeshoo Lama.

⁴ Molina, vol. i. p. 320, in notis. ⁵ Account of the Indies, p. 311.

⁶ Elphinstone's Caubul, p. 179, 182. 4to.

demi-barbarous countries. In Circassia, wives are still bought. They are exposed in the public market-place; and a beautiful woman is not unfrequently sold for eight thousand piastres. In Scotland, and even in England,¹ wives, in early times, were, also, not unfrequently sold. In England they have been, in some instances, even left by will. Sir John Camois followed this example. "I give and devise," said he, in his last testament, "my wife Margaret to Sir William Painel, knight, with all her goods, chattels, and appendages, to have and to hold, during the term of her natural life." I am not aware of any other instance of this nature; but it could not have been unfrequent, since Pope Gregory, in a letter to Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, says, that he is informed, that in England men give away their wives, while living; or grant them by will to others, when they shall be dead.

Cicero describes a state of barbarism, in which no one knew his own offspring: Herodotus says, that the Auses of Lybia lived like animals: and Pliny and Diodorus relate the same of the Garamantes and Taprobananes. The value of chastity was so little felt in some countries, that Herodotus² mentions a people, whose women were accustomed to indicate the number of their lovers, by the number of fringed tassels on their garments.

The marine Malabars even make presents to strangers, in order to induce them to deflower their brides. Ulloa assures us, that a Peruvian esteems

¹ Leges Ethelbert., sect. xxxii.

² Lib. iv.

himself dishonoured, if he find he has taken a virgin for his wife : and De Guys relates, that Mitylenian women think themselves disgraced, unless strangers relieve them from the reproach of virginity. This is a custom of ancient date. But in Rome, virgins were so sacred, that their execution was prohibited. The daughter of Sejanus, although condemned, could not, in consequence, legally be executed.¹ Her enemies were resolved, however, to obviate the difficulty : before she was strangled, therefore, she was ravished by the hangman.

XV.

In Venice, fathers and mothers once publicly sold their daughters to prostitution ; and their friends and neighbours frequently congratulated them on a good sale. It is curious, says Misson,² to see a mother deliver up her daughter for a sum of money ; and swear solemnly, by her God, and upon her salvation, that she cannot sell her for less.

The religion of Zoroaster permitted marriages between brothers and sisters³ : the Tartars were even allowed to marry their own daughters⁴ ; and incest is, even in the present day, allowed by the laws of Spain and Portugal, after the ancient manner of Egypt,⁵ provided it is committed by a prince. As to the Spanish and Portuguese princes, they are a

¹ Tacit. Annal., lib. v. cap. 9. ² Misson, vol. i. p. 267, Ed. 1714.

³ Philo, de Specialibus Legibus, quæ pertinent ad precepta Decalogi, p. 778.

⁴ Hist. Tartary, part iii. p. 236.

⁵ Vide Code de Incestis et inutilibus Nuptiis, leg. viii.

disgrace to mankind for such a practice: and the sovereigns and princes of Europe ought to avoid contaminating the purity of their blood by an union with such families, as they would shun the embrace of an ourang-outang. It is a crime, not to be tolerated in a christian land !

Solinus¹ relates, that the kings of the Western Islands of Caledonia had no property of their own, but might make free use of their people's: neither had they any wives; but they had free access to those of their subjects. This law was enacted for the purpose of taking from them all power, as well as all inclination, for aggrandizing themselves, at the expense of the state.

Ovid² alludes to nations, where fathers married their daughters, and mothers their sons. The Guebres of the East permitted unions between brothers and sisters; and Strabo gives a horrible picture of similar enormities among the African tribes. The Jews³ married their brothers' widows; a custom which still prevails in Caubul.⁴

Pausanias says, the Greeks forbade second marriages: and among the Thurians,⁵ he, who introduced a mother-in-law to his children, excluded himself from all participation in the public counsels. In India, some nations⁶ even slept with their wives in public.

¹ C. xxxv. The right of concubinage prevailed in Scotland, till the time of Malcolm III. *Selden.*

² Met. x. fab. ix. v. 35.

³ Law of Moses, Luke xx., 2, 8, 9.

⁴ Elphinstone, p. 179, 4to.

⁵ Diodorus Sic., lib. xii.

⁶ Sextus Empiricus, lib. i., c. 14.

The Spartans, the Romans,¹ and the Tapurians² not unfrequently lent theirs to their friends: and many islanders, even in the present day, visit European ships, merely for the purpose of making a tender of their bosom companions. To refuse them is always a subject of mortification to the visitors; and sometimes even a signal for revenge. The Laplanders,³ also, offer their wives to strangers, and esteem the acceptance of them an honour.

Though the custom of lending wives prevailed at Rome; wives enjoyed no privileges, emanating from themselves. During the consulship, husbands might kill their wives, if taken in adultery. The Julian law, enacted by Augustus,⁴ and confirmed by Domitian,⁵ commuted it into the loss of dower; and gave the punishment into the hands of the wife's father: but a woman, thus detected, in the time of the emperors, was condemned to prostitution, in the public streets, with whomsoever should please to disgrace himself with her, in that odious manner. This law⁶ was abolished by Theodosius. Bachelors were fined for living single⁷; and rendered incapable of receiving legacies or inheritances,⁸ except from relatives.

In Malabar,⁹ if a man is accused of receiving a favor from a lady of rank, superior to himself, he is

¹ Tertullian, in Apolog., c. 39.

² Strabo, lib. vii.

³ Clarke, Scandinavia, p. 390. 4to.

⁴ Suet. in Vit. Aug. c. 34.

⁵ Juvenal, sat. ii. v. 30.

⁶ Kaims, Socrates, Eccl. Hist. lib. v. c. 18.

⁷ Dion. Halic. lib. xxxvii. ⁸ Lipsius Excursionibus ad Tacit., ann. lib. iii.

⁹ Dillon's Voy., p. 97, &c.

bound hand and foot; carried before the prince; put to death; and the nearest of the lady's relations has the privilege of killing all his friends, for three days, in that part of the country, where the crime was committed.

These instances,—drawn from the practises of every climate,—sufficiently disprove the argument of Montesquieu.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Du Bos says, that the most sublime geniuses are not born great, but only capable of becoming such¹; and when he says, that want debases the mind; and that genius, reduced through misery to write, loses one half of its vigour; it is impossible not to acknowledge the propriety of his observations. But when he proceeds to assert, that genius is principally the result, as it were, of climate, we must proceed to facts.²

Nor can we implicitly give faith to the assertion of Tacitus, that the times, which have produced emi-

¹ Vol. ii., ch. viii.

² Vol. ii., ch. ix. I can forgive the Abbé all things but two. I am disgusted with him, for giving countenance and currency to Boileau's senseless *clinquant*, when applied to Tasso (vol. i. ch. xxxv.); and still more offended with his envy of English literature: since, in an express dissertation on tragedy, he has not once mentioned Shakespeare. And, yet,—as if to mark the insult more strongly,—he speaks of Otway's *Venice Preserved*; an English translation of Molière's *Comedies*; Phillip's *Distressed Mother*; Rochester's *Valentinian*; and Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. He could, also, quote a detached sentiment of Addison, where he accuses English tragedy of having better style than sentiment.

Supposed Influence of Climate on Genius.

nent men, have also produced men, capable of estimating their merits. For eminent men have been produced in many ages, that possessed no power of forming adequate estimates of their value : and their reward has, therefore, arisen out of the applause and admiration of posterity. In fact,—there is not one evil, that does not arise out of the inability of men to estimate real benefits.

Sir John Chardin seems to have given the tone to the opinions of Du Bos. “The temperature of hot climates,” says he,¹ “enervates the mind as well as the body; and dissipates that fire of imagination, so necessary for invention. People are incapable, in those climates, of such long watchings and strong applications, as are requisite for the productions of the liberal and mechanic arts.” But though this hypothesis, in my opinion, is destitute of data and solidity, there is, assuredly, great truth, great ingenuity, and great beauty, in many of the arguments, adduced to its support.

But let us speak of results. Has not poetry been cultivated on the burning shores of Hindostan; in Java; in China; in Persia; in Arabia; in Palestine; in Greece; in Italy; in Germany; in France; in Great Britain; and in Iceland? Thus we see, that poetry has been successfully cultivated in every species of soil; and in every degree of latitude. That the poetry of one country is not suited to the readers of another is only a confirmation of the opinion, that

¹ Description of Persia, ch. vii.

the beauty of poetry, as well as that of the person, is relative : all nations relishing their own poetry most.

In respect to architecture. There we shall find, that experience militates *in toto* against the hypothesis. The wall of China; the pagodas of India; the mosques of the Mahometans; the ruins of Palmyra, Balbec, Memphis, and Thebes; the Pyramids; St. Sophia of Constantinople; Athens; Rome; France and England: what do all these objects, cities, and countries prove, but that architecture has been practised in every climate. The only difference consists in the diversity of tastes: some countries delighting in the greatness of bulk, and others in the greatness of manner.

I am even disposed to doubt, in some degree, the extensiveness of the argument in respect to health. In Columbo (Ceylon) are assembled every tint of the human skin¹: African negroes; Caffres; Javans; Chinese; Hindoos; Persians; Armenians; Malays; Cingalese; Malabars; Arabs; Moors; Portuguese; Dutch; English; and every species of half casts! They all enjoy their healths. This is, almost of itself, sufficient to prove, that health does not depend upon the parallels of latitude. The human frame is, in fact, adapted to Equatorial heat and Arctic cold. The chief precaution in founding settlements, therefore, is reduced to that of avoiding situations, in which heat is accompanied by moisture.

In regard to virtue. If one order of men is found in a country, capable of exercising every species of

¹ Perceval.

benevolence ; why may not the whole people ? Every species of crime is committed in India ; yet the Parsee merchants of Bombay exceed all the merchants in the world, for active benevolence and philanthropy. This character was first given them by Ovington ; and it has been attested by almost every traveller since, down to Lord Valentia, and Sir William Ousely. In a country, exhibiting such a frightful dissolution of morals, it refreshes the soul to read of their virtues ! If men really and ardently desired repose, they would return to vegetable diet : till they do, they may rest decidedly assured, that all their plans of happiness will be little better than chimerical.

II.

A few observations may here be introduced, relative to food : for some persons suppose, that food has great influence. In Java, white ants, as well as every species of worm, are esteemed dainties ; the Arabs eat locusts ; the Indians of Cumana, millepedes ; the Bushiesmen of Africa, spiders ; the Hottentots, grasshoppers and snakes ; the Tonquinese, frogs ; and the French and Viennese, snails. In New Holland, the natives eat caterpillars ; and some of the Bramins of India esteem the grain, which has passed through the cow, as the purest and most exquisite of food !

In certain districts of Bengal they not only eat the sheep, but the skin ; not only the skin but the wool ; and not only the wool, but the very entrails : being, like the Moors of Africa, always in the extremes of abstinence and gluttony.

The Chinese, residing on rivers or the coasts, like the bears of Kamschatka,¹ and the sheep of ancient Persia,² live almost entirely on fish. The Persians, on the contrary, will never touch it, if they can get any thing else to eat : and the natives of Caurifiristan, near Caubul, abhor it ; though they eat animal food of every other kind. The Japanese, on the other hand, prefer it to all things ; and, like the Icelanders and the inhabitants of the coast of Caithness, will even eat sea-weed.³

The existence of cannibals was, for a long time, disputed ; and it would be well, if it could be disputed still : but the fact is established beyond the possibility of doubt. The Caribbees were accustomed to devour the bodies of the negroes, whom they fought in Guiana⁴ ; and the New Zealanders still cut their prisoners in pieces, broil, and eat them : while in Celebes, several instances have occurred, in which, after they have slain their enemy, they have cut out the heart, and eaten it while it was warm.⁵ Riche discovered the *ossa innominata* of a young girl in the ashes of a fire, left by the savages of New Holland⁶ : the natives of New Caledonia,⁷ also, are cannibals :

¹ During the years 1816 and 1817, the fish having forsaken the coast, an incredible number of bears issued from their retreats ; invaded the north-east tracts of Siberia ; and devoured a great number of inhabitants.

² Quintus Curtius.

³ *Fucus Palmatus*.

⁴ Bancroft's Nat. Hist. p. 260.

⁵ Hist. Java, Appendix F., vol. ii. p. 179.

⁶ Voy. in Search of La Perouse, vol. i. p. 173.

⁷ D'Entrecasteaux' Voy. by Labillardiere, vol. ii. p. 199-225 ; vol. p. 333.

When a war broke out upon the island of Jongataboo (*Polynesia*), the most horrible atrocities were committed; and the missionaries, who lived in the greatest possible state of mental suffering, saw women dip their hands in the wounds of the slain, and lick the blood. One prisoner was roasted alive on the field of battle; and another was cut up, while still breathing, and eaten raw. But the Paramahausans of Hindostan are even more disgusting than these: for they eat the putrid bodies, which they find floating down the Ganges. They esteem the brain the most exquisite of food; and many of them have been seen, near Benares, floating on dead bodies, feasting upon them raw. Authorities for the existence of this monstrous appetite are so numerous, and so respectable, that it can neither be questioned nor denied. But of all demi-civilized countries in the world, India does afford such instances of human corruption, that the soul is sick!

CHAPTER V.

UNDER the line the heat is not so oppressive, as within three or four degrees of the tropics¹: the days being shorter. At the Equator, days and nights are of equal lengths; twelve hours each: near the tropics the longest day consists of thirteen hours and an half. The Hindoos divide their year into six seasons: the dewy, the cold, the rainy, and the hot; the period of

¹ Dampier's Voy., vol. ii., p. 33.

spring, and the clearing up of the rain. But though the Hindoos number so many seasons, there is, by no means, a great variety of climates in Hindostan. Before the coming of the rain, the earth appears pulverized and parched like a desert; the rain commences, and the hills and vallies are covered with verdure. The rain ceases, and, for nine successive months, scarcely a cloud deforms the matchless serenity of the sky. Through this country runs a parallel chain of mountains, from north to south: when it is winter on one side, it is summer on the other.

The neighbourhood of Wassota abounds in mountains, rising in succession one above another, in many a spacious amphitheatre; yielding the pepper vine, the Malacca cane, the bastard nutmeg, and a profusion of flowering shrubs and aromatic plants; presenting abundant materials for the naturalist, geologist, and botanist. Many scenes in this country resemble part of the province of Kirin-ula, in eastern Tartary—so remarkable for the solemnity of its silence. To the north of Mugden it is a continued succession of vast forests, stupendous mountains, deep vallies, and desert wildernesses; with scarcely a house, a cottage, or a hut. These scenes are peopled with wolves, tigers, bears, and serpents. Nothing is heard but the roaring of woods, the rushing of rivers, the fall of cataracts, the hissing of serpents, and the howling of beasts of prey. In the midst of all these scenes of horror grow roses, violets, and yellow lilies.

How does this country differ from Nova Zembla and Greenland, whose rocks are almost insensible to

spring; and from Iceland, where the skies, at one season of the year, exhibit not a single star; and where at another—

The western clouds retain their yellow glow,

While Hecla pours her flames thro' boundless wastes of snow.

The Scaldar.—Sterling.

How does it differ, too, from a large portion of Crim Tartary, where scarcely a brook is heard to murmur, or a bush, a shrub, or a bramble, are ever seen to grow! Crim Tartary is subject to few phenomena; but Greenland is frequently visited by one, which is seldom witnessed in any other quarter of the world. Sometimes the images of travellers are reflected on a frozen cloud, as in a mirror; at other times, the ships in the harbours, with their sails unfurled, and their streamers flying, with huts, animals, trees, and other objects, are reflected, magnified, or diminished, according to their distances, and the density of the atmosphere. These phenomena resemble the Fata Margana in Sicily, which Howel erroneously attributes to a bitumen, that issues from rocks at the bottom of the sea. A phenomenon similar, though of more striking effect, was observed by Vernet, the landscape painter; who, during his stay in Italy, saw a town, with all its houses, towers, palaces, and steeples, completely reversed in the atmosphere.

Than Greenland, in no quarter of the globe could the sciences of gravitation, magnetism, and electricity, be cultivated with such probability of producing advantageous results. Than Spitzbergen, no country

is more sublime and terrific. Its peaks are inaccessible; capt, as they are, with snow, coeval with the globe. Its valleys are choaked with glaciers, which, in spring, pour vast cataracts of melted snow from their bosoms: while, in summer, the mid-day and the midnight are illuminated with almost equal splendour. In this island there are no settled inhabitants; but the Russians occasionally resort to it for the purpose of hunting bears. No lightning was ever seen there; nor was a single burst of thunder ever heard. Craggy mountains rise, in fantastic shapes, higher than the clouds; the glens are choaked with eternal snows; and ice is seen floating, in every direction, of a fine blue; exhibiting arches, coves, curves, cylinders, spheroids, and pyramids. Amid these scenes of desolation polar bears, seals, and walrusses, take up their abode; and along the ocean fly the *larus glaucus*, the *larus arcticus*, the *alea allè*, and the beautiful *larus eburneus*, with the *sterna hirundo*; the plumage of which surpasses that of all other birds in the arctic regions. But—

———Within the enclosure of your rocks
No herds have ye to boast; nor bleating flocks;
No groves have ye; no chearful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard.

But the whistling of the winds, the collision of large masses of ice, and the roaring of the ocean, conspire to create a combination of sounds, unequalled in any other region; and form a characteristic accompaniment to the finest picture of desolate grandeur, that the world contains.

II.

Circassia, lying near the Caucasus, forms a striking contrast to the manners of its inhabitants. It is a country more delicious, in point of natural productions, than it is possible to imagine : but it is a paradise, peopled with human wasps and serpents. For the inhabitants are represented as going armed to their harvests; almost every man is said to be a robber; and every woman either the daughter, sister, wife, or mother of an assassin.

To the climate of Circassia we may compare the elevated province of Cashmere; a district, not more celebrated for the temperature of its climate, than for the elegance of form, and beauty of countenance, which, if we except the Circassians, distinguish the Cashmerians above all the nations of the earth. Bounded by the mountains of Tartary and the Caucasus, innumerable cascades and cataracts enliven, with their music, the various vales and vallies, into which the province is divided.

To be near the lov'd one what rapture is his,
 Who, in moonlight and music, so sweetly may glide
 O'er the lake of Cashmere, with that one by his side !
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think, what a heaven she must make of Cashmere !

Moore.

To this spot, worthy the scene, witnessed by Huon and Sherasmin, near the city of Bagdad,¹ Aurenzebe was accustomed to retire, when fatigued with busi-

¹ Vid. Wieland, Oberon, canto liii. st. 1.

ness, or disgusted with royalty. In his progress from the capital, he was attended by an immense army all the way. When, however, he came to the entrance of Cashmere, he dismissed his soldiers; separated from his retinue; and with a few select friends retired to the palace, he had erected: and, in the solitude of those enchanting valleys, contrasted the charms of content and the delights of tranquillity with the hurry and noise, the treachery and splendid anxiety, of a crowded court.

This country is the paradise of India; being a garden of evergreens abounding in bees: and its woods, like those of New Zealand, resound all night in spring with the songs of innumerable birds. Thus Nature had power to charm even the greatest of Indian hypocrites. In the midst of a war this monarch would act, as high-priest, at the consecration of a temple; and, while he signed warrants for the assassination of his relatives, with one hand, says Dow,¹ he would point to heaven with the other!

III.

In Asia Minor the air is pure, soft, and serene; and in Arabia, after its periodical rain, there is a clear unclouded sky during the year. Arabia Petræa is almost alike destitute of water and verdure: but Arabia Felix has been celebrated for its beauties and its shades in every age. Yet, like all the natives of the east, its inhabitants are remarkable for their love of finery; and their poets for hyperbole and bombast.

¹ History of Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 335.

Persia has three separate climates, involving coldness; temperance and heat. In the south, there are but few flowers; in the Hyrcanian forest, however, they are abundant even to profuseness: and the climate of Shiraz is so agreeable and delightful, that Sadi says, it produces the most fragrant roses of all the east. In many parts of Persia and Arabia, the inhabitants, during the summer, sleep on the roofs of their houses: their beds being laid on terraces, and their only canopy the sky. It is curious to remark, that the present revenue of Persia is the same, as it was in the time of Darius Hystaspes: *viz.* three millions.¹

Caubul:—"one day's journey from Caubul," says the Emperor Bauber, in his Commentaries, "you may find, where snow never falls; and in two hours' journey a place, where the snow scarcely ever melts." The climate of Nepaul has never been ascertained with precision. This retired kingdom lies at the feet of the mountains of Thibet; four thousand feet² above the level of the sea. It abounds in elephants, wandering in inexhaustible forests, containing trees, still unincluded in the botanist's vocabulary.

Malabar is dry in one part of the year, and moist at another. In 1750,³ it had many towns and cities, but no villages: every house in the country standing by itself, enclosed with trees or hedges; in which lies the lady-viper; so beautiful, that no one can see it without admiration; and so harmless, that the ladies fondle it in their bosoms.⁴

¹ Malcolm.

² Kirkpatrick, p. 171.

³ Dillon's Voy., p. 108.

⁴ Linnæus calls it the coluber domicella; Lacepede, couleuvre des dames.

Siam has a winter of two months, a spring of three months, and a summer of seven ; its winter is dry, and its summer moist :—autumn is unknown. Independent Tartary has a temperature exceedingly healthy and agreeable. In some parts of Chinese Tartary winter is immediately succeeded by spring, when flowers of every kind shoot up, by myriads, in a week. In Western Tartary there are wild mules, horses, and dromedaries ; deer, wild boars, two species of the elk, marmots, and goats with yellow hair : among the birds is the shoukar, having a white body, with red beak, tail, and wings. Not a tree is to be seen, from one end of the country to the other ; though there are a few shrubs of the dwarf kind. In 1769 there was not even one house in all Mongalia. The inhabitants lived in tents ; even the prince and the chief Lama : and, having no knowledge of agriculture, their time and industry were wholly directed to the care of their flocks. During the summer, autumn, and winter, these flocks live in abundance ; and, to ensure an early rising of grass in spring, the Tartars set fire to detached portions in autumn. The flames soon spread before the wind ; and a space of twenty or thirty miles is, in a short time, cleared. This fire not descending so low as the root, the grass, which is consumed, mellows into the earth, when the snow melts ; and becomes a rich and effectual manure.

Little or no change has ever been observable in the manners and habits of these people. They seem to be stationary, in the midst of their wanderings ; hospitable without a house ; and addicted to

poetry without a single book. The Occidental Turkmauns, who in winter occupy the finest plains along the banks of the Euphrates, dwell also in tents. In summer, they are clad in vests of calico; and in winter, in long gowns, made of sheep skins. In summer, they encamp between the springs of the Tigris and Euphrates, among vallies, formed by the mountains of Armenia. Sometimes the Arabs invade these temporary settlements; break the horns and legs of their cattle; and rob them of their wives¹ and daughters. In consequence of this they, not unfrequently, march in bodies, consisting of two hundred families: and, being accompanied by their sheep, goats, and camels, they are esteemed the richest shepherds of the Othmân empire.

IV.

The distinguishing characteristic of the climate of Tibet is, for nearly half the year, a clear uniform sky, attended with a dry and parching cold. Japan is excessively cold in winter, and equally hot in summer; with great falls of rain at midsummer. In Kamtschatka, occupying the north-eastern part of Asia, trees bud in June, and their leaves fall in September. The air of Formosa, on the contrary, is so pure and serene, that almost every description of fruit grows in the island; and, in the rice season, it resembles a vast garden. As to gold,—the inhabitants were, at one time, so ignorant of its value, that large ingots were used in cottages for domestic purposes.

¹ Bentinck, in *Genealog. Hist.*, p. 423-4.

The pleasure of their mornings and evenings is not to be imagined by those, residing in more northern latitudes.

In Ceylon, the harvest continues in one part or other of the island, all the year long: nothing, therefore, can surpass the variety of its scenery; rich as it is in every beautiful and sublime accompaniment. Its fertility almost equals that of Madagascar. Its bolder landscapes exhibit hills rising over hills; some rich in verdure; and others frowning with rocks, resembling castles, battlements, and pyramids. "Nature," says a recent traveller, "breathes there an eternal spring; flowers, blossoms, and fruits adorning the valleys at all seasons. A vast wilderness of noble plants rises in ten thousand beautiful forms, raising emotions of admiration, which cannot easily be described." In fact, when viewed from the sea on the southern, eastern, or western shores, it is impossible, we are told,¹ for the imagination to picture any thing more magnificent or delightful.

In the interior the forests abound in a vast profusion of birds; many of which are still unknown. There, also, are the largest elephants in the world; and the soil produces enough to satisfy, even to abundance, not only all the wants and necessities of savage, but even that of polished life, if adequately valued. Its harbour of Trincomallee is almost unequalled. Important for its cinnamon, pearls, and elephants, and commanding, as it does, the coasts of Malabar and

¹ Editor of Hugh Boyd's Works.

Coromandel, it may well be styled the key to India : But Nature has, in a measure, contrasted these advantages by loading the island with almost every description of insect and reptile ;—from the spider to the cobra capella, and the most horrific of all animals, —the boa-constrictor.

This island will, for many ages, be noted for a remarkable cruelty, exercised by a young Malabar, whom Talave had raised to the throne. The wife and children of Edeyboga, chief of the province of Saffragan, being in the Malabar's power, Edeyboga was summoned to appear at Candy in March 1814. The chief, not answering the summons, the Malabar caused his wife and four children to be carried into the market place. Three of them were murdered before the mother's face; the fourth was torn from her arms; its head was severed from its body with a sabre; and cast into the mortar, in which the unfortunate mother was herself compelled to pound it! After this unheard of act of ferocity, she was thrown, with her female attendants, into the neighbouring lake.

The Maldivé islands deserve some notice, because the Madras System of Education¹ seems to have originated amongst them: but they have little beside to distinguish them from their neighbours.

¹ “ Pour apprendre à écrire à leurs enfans, ils ont des planches de bois faites exprès, bien polies et bien unies, et estendent dessus du sable fort menu et fort delié, puis avec un poinçon ils font les lettres, et les font imiter, effaçans à mesure qu'ils ont escrit, n'usans point en cela de papier.”—*Pyrrard de Laval* (A.D. 1614).—From a passage in Thunberg (vol. iii. p. 124), it would seem, that this system was not unknown in some parts of Japan.

Batavia is as beautiful, as a mere plain can be rendered ; but the climate being pestilential, and the water poisonous, it forms at once “a garden and a grave.” A young man coming out of his ship, after a long voyage, was so enraptured with the general appearance of this settlement, that he exclaimed, “surely this is an abode for the immortals !” Three weeks after his arrival, however, he died¹! The malignity of the Batavian climate has, however, of late years been considerably mitigated.

Java, of which Batavia forms a part, is remarkable for its variety of vegetation ; indicating Nature, as it were, in her youngest beauty : and, unlike all other tropical islands, is abundant in water. It is, indeed, a magnificent island. The soil, in many parts, resembles the rich garden mould of Europe ; and when exposed to inundation, bears one heavy and one light crop every year. From the tops of the mountains to the sea-shore it possesses six distinct climates, each of which furnishes an indigenous botany. There is not a plant upon the globe, that could not be cultivated in Java : and its indigenous fruits are equal to those of any continent. On the cliffs are edible swallows ; and in the forests, peacocks, stags, and two distinct species of deer : to which must, however, be added jackals, several species of the tiger, leopards, wild dogs, and the rhinoceros. This island was taken from the Dutch in 1811 ; and, under the able administration of Sir Thomas Raffles, raised in a short time to a greater

¹ Stavorinus, vol. iii. p. 403, in Notis.

degree of prosperity, than any other colony in the Indian seas. Soon after the peace, it was redelivered to the Dutch authorities.

V.

Sumatra is an island, recently discovered to be rich. During an excursion into its interior, Sir Thomas Raffles found gold, cassia, and camphor. To his astonishment, also, he discovered it to be exceedingly populous; highly cultivated; and peopled with a fine athletic race of men. The country, too, was magnificent; being varied by rocks and mountains,¹ frequently covered with trees, even to their summits. Over this island, according to the natives of Molucca, the bird of Paradise floats in “aromatic air.” Their flight extends over most of the Spice Islands; but New Guinea is their native land. When first seen, they seem as if they descend from heaven. They live on butterflies and nutmegs, and fly in the upper regions of the air. In a high wind, they croak like ravens; and in their flight resemble starlings. At night, Sir Thomas and his lady slept covered with the leaves of trees. She was the sign of amity put forth, says the journalist; and, under the influence of her beauty, treaties of peace and commerce were concluded with the native princes.

Borneo has a brilliant sky, and a hot climate:—its state of intellectual progress may be estimated, in some degree, by the following circumstance. Two

¹ Six thousand feet in height.

Portuguese ambassadors¹ being sent to the king of this country for the purpose of making a treaty of commerce, among other presents, they exhibited a piece of tapestry, representing the marriage of Catharine of Arragon with Henry VIII. of England. When the king saw these figures, he was alarmed ; believing them to be real personages enchanted into the canvass, for the purpose of depriving him of his kingdom. The Portuguese explained the nature of this tapestry ; but to no effect : the king ordered them immediately to depart : as he had no inclination to see any other monarch in Borneo, than himself.

Bali has a soil and climate similar to those of Java, from which it is not far distant ; and may, possibly, at some remote era, have been severed by an earthquake. Shut out from foreign commerce by the nature of its coast, the inhabitants have manners, customs, and habits, more original than either Java or Sumatra. To strangers they appear unceremonious, and even repulsive ; but, on a more immediate intercourse, these rough manners are perceived, not to proceed from abstraction to their own concerns, but from an undisguised frankness of nature. The female character is said to have a beauty and a dignity, almost unknown in any other island, or continent, of the east. They have kindly affections ; and are extremely partial to their relatives. The parents are mild in the exercise of their authority ; and their children, as a natural consequence, are docile and affectionate.

¹ Joao de Barros, 4th Decade, b. i. ch. 17 ; Trans., vol. iv. part i. p. 107.

They are addicted to gambling, but inebriety and conjugal infidelity are unknown to them. They have a great respect for age and learning; and are free from the listless indolence of other eastern nations. But, even here, the tincture of a barbarous state exhibits itself; for, like the negroes of the Gold Coast of Guinea,¹ they use no milk; and the burning of widows is far from being unfrequent.² They are divided into four casts; having much of the Hindoo, not only in religion but in manners. Some of them eat no animal food, except goats, ducks, and buffaloes; others eat it generally. Rice is their principal sustenance; but the mountaineers live, almost entirely, on maize and sweet potatoes. They employ oxen for ploughing, and women reap; but they do no other office of husbandry. In 1816 the population was about eight hundred thousand. Some years since, the slave trade was carried on in this island: when all insolvent debtors, prisoners of war, thieves, and those who attempted to emigrate, for the purpose of eluding the laws, were sold to slavery.

VI.

In the island of Celebes, which is well watered, the climate is salubrious; it has one mountain, the Boutain, which is 8,500 feet above the level of the sea. The inhabitants procure subsistence without much exertion. Marriages are early; polygamy is allowed; and women are held in more esteem than, in polygamous countries, they generally are. It is, indeed,

¹ Bosman, p. 226, ed. 1721.

² Crawford's Communication to Sir S. Raffles, Appendix, p. cccxxxix.

said to be more difficult to procure a wife, than a husband. The peasantry are bold, and have a spirit of independence and enterprize; while no little pride of ancestry and chivalry distinguishes the higher orders: but many of their customs are barbarous in the highest degree. Thus, they eat the blood and the flesh of animals raw; and one of their favourite dishes consists of the heart and liver of a deer, cut into pieces, and mixed raw with the warm blood. In respect to their ferocity, it may be sufficient to instance, that it has several times occurred, that, after they have slain an enemy, they have cut out the heart, and eaten it while it was warm.¹ The slave trade, too, exists in its most odious form; one of the chief sources of the Rajah's revenue consisting in the sale of his subjects. "Let us represent to ourselves," says an official report,² "our town of Macassar filled with prisons, the one more dismal than the other, which are stuffed up with hundreds of wretches, the victims of avarice and tyranny; who, chained in fetters, look forward with despair towards their future destiny: and, taken from their wives, children, parents, friends, and comforts, languish in slavery, helpless and miserable. If we would lift up another corner of the curtain, a scene no less afflicting presents itself. Here we discover wives, lamenting the loss of their husbands; children missing their parents; parents missing their children; who, with hearts filled with rage and revenge, run

¹ Raffles' Hist. Java, Appendix E., vol. ii. p. clxxix.

² Report of a Commission to inquire into the Abuses of the Slave Trade in Celebes, dated Macassar, Sept. 21, 1799.

frantic through the streets, to do all, that love of children for their parents; the tenderness of parents for their children, can inspire ; in order, if possible, to discover where their dearest relatives are concealed. And often, after all their labour and anxiety, they are obliged to return, hopeless and comfortless, to their afflicted friends and relatives.”

VII.

The Corean Archipelago affords the most picturesque views in the world. For a hundred miles ships sail among islands, which lie, in immense clusters, in every direction, varying in size, from a few hundred yards to five or six miles in circumference. The sea is generally smooth ; the air temperate ; and the natives are frequently observed, sitting in groupes, watching ships as they pass. The valleys are cultivated, and objects perpetually changing. When Captain Hall was in this archipelago, he counted no less than 130 islands from the deck of his ship, presenting forms of endless variety. Many of those isle clusters are inhabited: the houses are built in valleys, almost entirely hid by hedges, trees, and creepers ; but the natives are, in manners, cold and repulsive. They have many gardens ; and on the sides of the hills are seen millet and a peculiar species of bean. The animals seen here, and at Loo-choo, are pigeons, hens, hawks, and eagles ; crows are innumerable. Here are also cats, dogs, pigs, bullocks, and horses ; butterflies, grasshoppers, spiders, snakes, and monkies ; and in pools, left by the tide, are numerous fish of various colours. The inhabitants, as we before observed, are

cold; while, not far distant, reside the Loo-choos, a people amiable and engaging to the last degree.

VIII.

The heat of Africa is but little relieved, in any latitude of that great continent. At Congo, the climate may be ascertained by the number of its flowers. There is scarcely a field, that does not present a richer assemblage, than the finest garden in Europe: the lilies, which grow in the woods and valleys, are exquisitely white, and of the most bewitching fragrance. Flowers, which grow single in other places, are here seen blushing upon one stalk in clusters; under the trees and hedgerows are beds of hyacinths and tuberoses, one or two hundred in a groupe: their colours are variegated profusely; and the roses and honeysuckles afford a stronger perfume, than those of Asia: while American jessamine, some white, and others of the brightest scarlet, grow, as we are informed, by dozens in a bunch. These flowers yield little scent in the day; but in the evening and morning they are truly delicious. The soil is, in fact, encumbered with luxuriance of vegetation: and Captain Tuckey¹ found the natives stamped, as it were, with mildness, simplicity, and benignity.

The Cape de Verd Islands approach, in vegetation, more nearly to the temperate regions, than the tropical: owing, it is supposed, to the abundance of its vapours. Madeira has the most healthful climate of all the African islands; but Madagascar is the most

¹ Narrative, p. 350, 4to.

beautiful: Nature seeming there to have taken pleasure, in exhibiting herself in the richest brilliancy of youth; and in producing every species of fine landscape; from the luxuriousness of uncontrolled vegetation to the grandeur of immense forests, and the sublimity of cataracts and precipices. This is a country in which, though Nature has done every thing, man has done comparatively nothing: for its natives are wild in their habits, and barbarous in their manners to the last degree. Here, too, are found gum-lacca, benzoin, amber and ambergris; beds of rock chrystal; and not only three kinds of gold ore, but a multitude of jaspers, sapphires, topazes and emeralds. Above all, the island contains two hundred millions¹ of acres, equal to any in the world. It would, therefore, be pre-eminently worthy of being erected into an empire; were not its climate so noxious, and its waters so pestilential. It produces apples, pears, peaches, guavas and strawberries; with oranges, lemons, grapes, and other fruits, growing both without and within the tropics: bulbous-rooted flowers, too, are innumerable; and the hedges are frequently composed of myrtles, quinces, and pomegranates.

The southern Cape of Africa, displays all the splendour of the vegetable kingdom. In no quarter of the world are flowers more rich in size, in colour, or variety. At the source of the Elephant river, corn grows luxuriantly with little culture; and so abounding is it in apricots, figs, mulberries, and

¹ Rochon's Voyage to Madagascar, 1792, p. 171.

almonds, that the Dutch called it the Good Hope.¹ Aloes are in blossom all the year ; and the air is so pure, along the south-eastern coast, that the new moon is frequently seen like a piece of white silk. Dividing the Atlantic from the Indian ocean, it has—

A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might plant her dearest treasures there.

Camöens.—Mickle.

IX.

Towards the south pole, stretches a land, discovered by Dirk Gherritz, a Dutch captain, in 1599. In 1739, two vessels discovered land in lat. 47° and 48°, but they did not land, on account of the ice. In 1820, an English captain, voyaging from Monte Video to Valparaiso, found land in 61° longitude 55°. He coasted its shores for two hundred miles; but was unable to discover whether it was an island or a continent. He called it New Sheetland. There were no inhabitants; the land, for the most part, was covered with snow; pines, and other arctic plants, were occasionally seen; and there were vast numbers of seals and whales.

The coast of Patagonia, southward of the American continent, is wild and horrific. “Hares, deer, wild fowl, and ostriches,” says a friend, writing from Bahia de Fodos Sentes, “are seen in every direction.” Horned cattle abound in the vast plains, affording food to tigers and lions; though the latter are smaller in size, and less fierce than those of Africa. The Patagonians are the finest race of men in the world; having regular features, and admirably proportioned limbs. The Spaniards having introduced

¹ Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 34, 1790.

horses into this country, the various tribes eat horse flesh, and lead a wandering life, like Tartars.¹

X.

New Holland is equal, in circumference, to three-fourths of Europe; and it is curious to remark, that it contains only one river of great volume. The harbours of Derwent and Port-Jackson, however, are nearly equal to those of Trincomallee in Ceylon, and Rio Janeiro in South America. These settlements are the cradles, as it were, of a mighty empire. Not many years since, the whole continent was unknown to every other part of the world. It had neither swine, cattle, sheep, nor horses; potatoes were unknown; and wheat, barley, and oats, were foreign to the soil. By the last authentic survey, ²however, there were found to be, in the British settlements only, fourteen thousand five hundred acres of land, planted with potatoes; one thousand two hundred and fifty acres of oats, barley, and wheat; and eleven thousand seven hundred acres of maize. There were, also, two thousand eight hundred and fifty-one horses; eleven thousand four hundred swine; sixty-six thousand six hundred and eighty-four sheep, and thirty-three thousand six hundred and thirty-seven horned cattle.³ Near these

¹ The Patagonians head their arrows with flints. Some system-builder may, perhaps, hereafter arise, who will trace their origin, in consequence, to Persia: for arrows of this kind were used by the Persians in their wars with Greece. Many of them have been turned up by the plough, the spade, and the harrow, on the field of Marathon. ² 1817.

Since this was written, another survey has been taken: and it may afford data, by which may be calculated the progress of animal population,

settlements are found copper, alum, potter's clay, coal, slate, lime, and fossil salt; with white, yellow, and brilliant topazes. In the sea of the same continent, embracing also Van Dieman's Land, are found vast multitudes of sea elephants, seals, herrings, pilchards, and whales¹; with skaites, having heads like sharks. And as to black petrels, they are so exceedingly multitudinous, that one hundred and fifty millions² have been seen flying in the air in one day. On the shores are seen kangaroos, having bags under their bellies for the security of their young. There also are seen white and mountain eagles; cassowaries seven feet in height; black swans,³ three hundred in a groupe; cockatoos, parroquets, and parrots with legs like those of seagulls; and there also fly the most beautiful of all the birds of paradise.⁴

we shall compare the amount of the several years, beginning with that of 1813, and closing with that of 1818.

	Horses.	Horned Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
1813 1891	12,543	45,621	14,641	
1814 2197	23,263	73,230	10,921	
1815 2328	25,279	62,476	10,106	
1816 2451	21,116	55,097	11,372	
1817 2851	33,637	66,684	15,634	
1818 3618	55,450	201,247	22,633	

In the above enumeration a very remarkable deviation from the general progress appears in respect to sheep. Surely some error must have crept into the official returns. At all events, some explanation ought to have been given, to account for the very extraordinary eccentricity they present.

¹ Wentworth's Historical and Statistical Description of Botany Bay.

² Captain Flinders.

³ First Discovery in New Holland, by Vlaming, in 1697.

⁴ *Mænura Superba*.

There also are seen, one bird having a note like the tinkling of a bell; one that seems, by its voice, as if it had the power to laugh¹; and a quadruped² which walks in fresh water, like the hippopotamos, having at the same time the beak of a bird. There grows a species of cherry, which has its stone on the outside of the fruit; and in no part of the world is there a greater variety of insects. There are, also, four thousand two hundred species of plants; referable to one hundred and twenty orders. Curious, also, is it to remark, that most of the animal and vegetable productions assimilate.³ All the quadrupeds are like opossums; all the fishes like sharks; and the trees and grasses bear great similitudes. The birds, however, differ very materially.

The climates of the South Sea Islands bear a relative similitude to each other. The manners and language of the inhabitants, also, are analogous. That they can form as strong attachments, as Europeans, has been proved by a multitude of examples. The following is an affecting instance. A young man, named Stewart, having been guilty of mutiny at Taheite, quitted his ship; and taking up his abode on the island, married the daughter of a chief. By this young woman he had a beautiful child. The Pandora soon after coming in search of him, he was seized, taken to the ship, and laid in irons. His wife followed him with her infant; and a scene took place so tender and heart-breaking, that she was obliged to be separated from him by force. Stewart sailed

¹ "Ha! ha! ha!"—Grant's Voy. of Discov., p. 134, 4to.

Ornithorynchus Paradoxus; vide Phil. Transact. 1802.

³ White.

with the Pandora, and was shipwrecked. His wife soon after pined away, and died of a broken heart.

The Island of Tinian, situate $15^{\circ} 8'$ north latitude, and $114^{\circ} 50'$ west longitude of Acapulco, is only twelve miles long and six broad; but in that small compass is exhibited almost every species of beautiful scenery. With such advantages, we indulge but little surprise, when we learn, that when the original natives were taken from their native island to recruit the exhausted population of Guam, they languished and died of grief. Added to the extreme loveliness of its scenes, Tinian abounds in all kinds of tropical flowers and fruits in the utmost profusion. It is fortified by a difficult anchorage, occasioned by its coral rocks: is abundant in fowls of many descriptions; and its cattle are of a milky whiteness (except the ears, which are brown and black), resembling those upon the banks of the Clitumnus. What a contrast to all this are the frozen regions of the north, stretching on every side the pole; covered with perpetual snow; with lakes and seas, agitated by boisterous winds; and fretted with enormous masses of floating ice! The Isle of Tinian, which Nature has most extravagantly endowed, blooms to no human purpose! The footsteps of a casual stranger alone presses its shore: while Iceland, with fields divided by vitrified cliffs; without a tree; abounding in precipices, burning lakes, and barren mountains, produced a Thursten, a Thordsen, and a Frode, with two hundred and forty poets, at a time when Sweden and Denmark and Norway cultivated no science: when the Tartars

were emerging from the northern kingdoms of Asia, and overrunning all the empire of the Saracens; when the houses of England, France, and Germany were thatched with straw; and when scarcely a poet had appeared in Britain¹!

XI.

Varenius, without consulting refraction, enumerates thirty different climates; Ricciolus about twenty; the most agreeable of which are those, situate between the thirty-fourth and forty-second degrees of latitude. If, however, we reckon from the equator to the poles, and allow half an hour's difference in the longest day in summer between each parallel, there are, strictly speaking, twenty-four climates between the equator and the polar circles, and six between the poles of each hemisphere.

The climate of the Brazils is delightful to a proverb; and the entrance into the harbour of Rio Janeiro is said to be even more magnificent than that of Constantinople. The landscapes of the Brazils derive additional charms from the quivering of the humming-bird. The size of this little animal is between a large bee and a small wren. Its wings, tail, and bill, are black; its body of a greenish brown, with a beautiful red gloss; its crest green, gilded at the top. The large kinds have no crest; their colours are crimson;

¹ Dr. Holland informs us, that many of the Iceland guides speak Latin; that many of the natives have formed their tastes upon the models of Greece and Rome; and that many would not disgrace the most refined circles of civilized society.

which appear to vary in different lights ; hence the Indians call them “sun-beams.” Their nests hang at the end of the twigs of orange, citron, pomegranate, and other odoriferous trees. Such is the bird, that gives life to every shrub and flower in many parts of South America ; while, in Africa, the creeper-bird, of brilliant plumage, flutters from blossom to blossom ; and, sitting on the edges of the corollas, sips the honey from the mellifera, and warbles in a most delightful manner.

Mount Etna, proudly overlooking a country, which, though profusely fertile in all natural advantages, and enriched with many of the noblest monuments of classical antiquity, has in every period proved an hereditary nurse of tyranny, is divided into three regions : the fertile, the shady, and the barren. These have been called the torrid, temperate, and frigid regions. But the greatest variety of climate on one range may be found among the Cordilleras ; for in the space of a few hours may be experienced the greatest intensity of heat, and the greatest intensity of cold : while, in the ascent, every intermediate variety is quickly observed, and sensibly felt. These varieties, however, produce scarcely a wrinkle in the cheek of an Indian. Age in this country creates few wrinkles ; and it is difficult, as we are informed by M. Humboldt, to observe any difference between twenty and fifty years of age : the father appears as young as the son : the hair is of the same colour ; and even an age of sixty years produces little or no decrepitude.

Peru is a country, says Vanier,¹ on which Providence has bestowed summers, which emulate the coolness of spring; a winter free from cold; and a sky unincumbered with clouds. The people of this country live to a great age; not only Indians, but Spaniards. Signor Atychio mentions several instances. In Chota he knew an Indian, who had lost only one tooth; had not one grey hair; and appeared not above sixty or seventy years of age. Another named Agif, one hundred and forty-one, whose sight was clear; hair of a fine black colour; pulse firm; and of a frame so strong, that he took the exercise of shooting every day.

Chili derived its name from a peculiar species of thrush. It is the garden of South America. In some parts the soil is so inexhaustible, that the lands have been cultivated every year, since the Spaniards arrived; and yet have lost none of their original fertility: and artificial manures are said² to be not only superfluous, but injurious. Of the ninety-seven species of trees which are indigenous, thirteen only shed their leaves: and so refreshing are the breezes, that, though on the frontiers of the Torrid Zone, Chili has no extremity of heat. In some parts it enjoys the balsamic air of Valencia, Murcia, and Estremadura; and the atmosphere is impregnated with the most delicious perfumes. The ancient inhabitants of this coun-

¹ Felices nimium populi, queis prodiga tellus
Fundit opes ad vota suas, queis contigit Æstas
Æmula veris, Hyems sine frigore, nubibus aer
Usque carens, nulloque solum fœcundius imbre.

² Molina, vol. ii. p. 344.

try and Peru divided the year into four parts; marking the arrival of summer and winter, and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. "What blessings," exclaims Montesquieu, "might not the Spaniards have done for the natives of this country, and the Mexicans! They had a mild religion to impart to them; but they filled their heads with a frantic superstition. They might have set slaves at liberty; they made free men slaves. They might have undeceived them with regard to the abuse of human sacrifices, instead of which, they destroyed them. Never should I have finished, were I to recount the good, they might have done, and all the mischief they committed."¹

XII.

In the bay of Campechy, in the Gulph of Mexico, besides customary animals, are seen squashes, feeding on nothing but fruit; sloths baring every tree they mount; armadillos covered with shells, yet burrowing in the ground like rabbits; porcupines, and tiger cats; and monkies, sullen and untameable, dancing from tree to tree. There, too, are found cormorants and pelicans; parrots, parroquets, turtle-doves, and humming-birds. Opposed to which are rambling ants; spiders as large as men's fists; yellow, green, and dun snakes, with black and yellowish spots; crocodiles and alligators.

Barbadoes rises into hills from the coast by a regular ascent to the interior. It has few trees; but the

¹ Spirit of Laws, b. x. ch. 4.

houses are partially shaded by straggling cocoas. It furnishes landscapes, however, curiously contrasted; and, having no marshes or forests, has a serene atmosphere. Tobago is a continued plain, studded with various trees, peopled with birds of a most resplendent plumage. St. Vincent is a rich and beautiful island; and the vale of Buccament is the most delightful in all the Windward Islands. Antigua has not a river; and Nature seems there to have dropt the usual benevolence of her character; for the soil is parched, and the whole picture wears “an aspect of disappointment.” The island of St. Domingo,¹ on the contrary, is one of the finest in all the world; whether it is considered in reference to the natural richness of the soil; the beauty of its internal landscapes; or the fineness of its shores. It contains every species of soil usual in tropical climates: and the plains of Los Llanos are intersected with natural groups of the noblest trees; much after the manner of an English park. The forests abound in palms, mahogany, machi-

It is impossible to calculate what may be the destiny of this people, when we see a black secretary writing to a black Emperor, in the following manner:—“Like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough; from the plough to arms:—and when we have taken advantage of the mechanical arts, and employed machines, animals, fire, air, and water, our country will be the most beautiful, populous, and flourishing; and its inhabitants, hitherto so unfortunate, the happiest people in the world.”—When the French had managed to get the mild Maurepas (the black general of St. Domingo), into their power, they bound him to the mainmast; nailed his hat upon his head; and his epaulettes upon his shoulders; and then precipitated his wife, his children, and himself into the sea!—Let France no longer exclaim against the savages of Africa.

neals, and palmettoes, round the trunks of which wind the convolvulus and the wind-band in many a graceful fold : forming a complete school to the architect, for the study of domes and peristyles, arches and colonnades.¹ While surveying these beauties, Columbus was struck with wonder, admiration, and delight ; and boasted, that he had discovered the original seat of paradise. This island is probably destined, one day, to prove not only the errors of Montesquieu and Du Bos ; but to solve the problem, whether ability and genius are indeed regulated by the colour of the skin.

XIII.

North America, adorned in the midst of boundless solitudes, celebrated for its mountains, lakes, rivers, and cataracts, has soils of every quality, and climates of every degree. In Canada the thermometer reaches to 96° in August ; and mercury freezes in winter. Upon the breaking up of the frost, however, flowers, as in Lapland, burst into almost instant existence. North of Canada the rigour has still greater severity.

In the United States the transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, are frequent and instantaneous. These states comprize a territory of more than two millions seven hundred thousand square miles ; in which are the dregs of almost all the European nations, blending in the distance, as it were, with men capable of every lofty enterprize. What a

¹ Walton's *Hispaniola*. Edwards' *Hist. Survey of St. Domingo*, c. ix. p. 152.

field for the man of science and the moralist does the northern continent of America present, in natural wealth and national manners! Gifted with every valuable material, it exhibits society in almost every shade of distinction: from the disgusting savage on its north-western shores, where Russians, in procuring skins, sleep with rifles under their arms, and cutlasses by their sides¹; to the noble savage of the interior, whose manners are compensated by the rudiments of many virtues; and thence to the commercial circles of New York, and New Orleans.

What a beautiful and unequalled extent of country stretches from the Alleghany to the rocky mountains on the west! comprising an area of more than one million six hundred thousand square miles. Watered by innumerable rivers, all of which are tributary to the Mississippi, and blest with a pre-eminently productive soil; this region possesses a capacity for improvement beyond any other on the surface of the globe. It is by far the richest portion of North America; and may one day, perhaps, contain a population of nearly one hundred millions of inhabitants. With New Orleans for its foreign commerce; and the mouth of the Ohio for the centre of its greatest activity; this great vale may, and most probably will, afford the most delightful picture of industry the world has ever witnessed: and the more so, since there are not only extensive salt-springs, but mines of coal, limestone, iron, and lead. At present it offers the

¹ Portlock and Dixon's *Voy. round the World*, 1785-1788, p. 49.

beautiful perspective of one thousand years for the active industry of man.

Now let us turn our eyes to Greenland and the northern regions. There we shall behold a melancholy picture of a waste of frigidity, forming a bird's-eye contrast to the waste of torridity in Asia and Africa. It seems a woe-struck region; but it has phenomena, exceedingly striking to curious observers. The sun does not go down in summer for many months: Captain Ross beheld continued day from the 7th of June to August the 24th; making an interval of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two hours. The sun moves in a circle round the horizon: and shadows point to all parts of the compass. At this season, the earth is farther from the polar star, than it is at the winter solstice, by one hundred and eighty millions of miles. In allusion to the constancy of the sun in summer, and of the moon in winter, Davis' ships, in his second expedition, were called Sunshine, Moonshine, and the North Star. This sunshine is succeeded by long twilights. In winter, the moon is constantly above the horizon every alternate fortnight; and the hemisphere is perpetually illuminated by the auroral coruscations, and the northern constellations. In those regions, too, are seen vast icebergs¹: some two miles in circumference. These are frequently aground even at the depth of three hundred fathoms; they are often three hundred and sixty-seven feet high: and if reduced to a plane of one inch in thickness, they would cover

¹ Purchas', *Pilgrimes*, vol. iii. p. 837.

an area, equal to twenty-one thousand miles ; and if weighed by measurement¹ they would equal the result of one thousand two hundred and ninety-two millions three hundred and ninety-seven thousand six hundred and seventy-three tons.

XIV.

In Disco Bay, the summer lasts from the end of May to the middle of September : the remainder of the year is winter² : a winter so intense, that in latitude 68°, even French brandy freezes by the fire-side. Cradled, as it were, in the womb of Nature, and nurtured in the midst of privation, the name of want is yet scarcely known to the Greenlanders. The whale chiefly constitutes their food ; as its oil furnishes them with light. And here, in a region, cold and sterile even to a proverb, and where the breath is visible to the eye, we behold men, whose virtues, in many engaging points, would honour the latitude of Italy. They have no laws ; no magistrates ; no discipline ; and they have little occasion for either. The head of every family is its father, magistrate, and sovereign : and the courts of equity and law reside in every house. Thefts are so little known amongst them, that locks and bolts are comparatively useless. In their conduct to the foreigners, who frequent their shores for their own purposes, however, they are not so scrupulous : but their urbanity towards them is said to equal that of any other nation. In their temperaments they are placid and content ; and peculiarly

¹ Lieut. Parry.

² Egede. Descript. Greenland, p. 21.

averse to altercation. They have no written laws ; yet they enjoy an almost perfect security of property ; and are so attached to their country, relatives, and friends, that no argument and no reward can induce them to leave their native shores. In the northern parts of this country there is little or no grass :—The peasants are, therefore, obliged to buy it from the southern parts, in order to put in their shoes to keep their feet warm.¹ But, unlike the inhabitants of every other northern region, they have a fixed aversion to every kind of spirituous liquor.

In the Arctic regions iron is found so soft and ductile, that it may be cut with a hard stone. The natives called glass ice ; when they saw a watch, they took it for an animal ; they could count only to the number of their fingers ; and before they saw Captain Ross, they believed themselves to be the only inhabitants of the universe ; and the globe, to be entirely composed of snow and ice, except the small portion they inhabited. When they saw the English ships they took them for birds,² having sails for wings : and they had no conception where they could come from, unless from the sun or the moon.

The object of exploring the polar regions is to discover a nearer route to China, than by Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope. The latter of these routes is five thousand five hundred miles ; by the polar one, if it exist, only two thousand five hundred and ninety-eight : a saving, therefore, would be effected of two thousand nine hundred and two

¹ Egede, p. 44-7.

² Ross's *Voy. of Discovery to the Arctic Regions*, p. 93, &c. 4to.

miles: that is, more than one-half of the whole distance.

In Prince Regent's Bay the vegetable productions consist only of coarse grass, moss, and heath. The moss is used for fuel; and, when dried, and immersed in whale oil, is used for light. In the grass and heath are seen hares and other small animals.¹ Whales are large and numerous; there are also a considerable number of black, white, and red foxes; and trade might extend itself in the teeth of seals and bears; and in the ivory of sea unicorns.

A green sea is the most clear of ice²; a blue one the fullest; but Scoresby³ has proved, that the existence of land is not essential for its production. In fine weather the water is so transparent,⁴ that the bottom may be clearly seen, even at the depth of fourteen fathoms. The icebergs themselves are frequently of a bright verdigris blue, varied with tints of red; some near their bases of a sea-green; with summits snow-white. One astonishing peculiarity of these regions consists in the number of medusæ. They are indeed incalculable. They lie about a quarter of an inch from each other: and it has been calculated,⁵ that a cubic mile of them contains not less than 23,888,000,000,000,000.

At Cape Farewel⁶ the eye is presented with spiral rocks, rising amid blue mountains, striking the spec-

¹ Ross, p. 119, 137.

² Purchas' Pilgrimes, vol. iii. p. 564.

³ Memoirs of the Wernerian Society, vol ii. part ii. p. 294.

⁴ Ellis's Voy. to Hudson's Bay, p. 296.

⁵ Scoresby.

⁶ Pickersgill's MSS. Barrow, p. 322.

tator with delight or with horror, in proportion to the cloudiness or brilliancy of the sun. The ice, in the neighbourhood of these scenes, as well as in Spitzbergen, is frequently shivered with the sound, wafted from fire-arms. Similar effects, from the concussion of the air, are witnessed among the Alps; and the report of a gun has the effect of occasioning a fall of snow among the Himalaya mountains.

In the vast reservoirs of ice in these seas, myriads of herrings seek refuge, for the purpose of breeding in security. In the middle of winter, having deposited their spawn, they quit their recesses; and pour in vast columns along the coasts of America, Ireland, and Great Britain; emitting brilliant reflections, like those of the rainbow. In October they return to their icy habitations.

Captain Parry passed through Lancaster Sound; proceeded westward, running down the parallel of latitude 75° , and arrived at about 114° west longitude. He took up his winter quarters in a harbour of Melville Island. This island he supposed to be one hundred and fifty miles long, and from thirty to forty broad. He saw many fragments of snow and ice, resembling what Fremenville¹ beheld in other parts of the arctic regions, *viz.* steeples, towers, colonnades, castles, and fortresses. The animals, seen on this desolate coast, were deer, foxes, white mice, and one American musk ox, having a mane large and shaggy like that of a lion. The vegetables consisted of grass,

¹ Voy. to North Pole, p. 8.

poppies, and saxafrage in tufts and patches : and the birds were the glaucus, the king-duck, and the ptarmigan. These birds were seen only in summer ; but owls, in full beauty of feather, were observed during the whole of their stay.

XV.

Europe, though it is the garden of the globe, has many variable climates. That of the Netherlands is more remarkable for “moisture than for warmth ;” and its principal celebrity is derived from the merit of its artists. Holland is cold to intemperance and humid to a proverb. Its painters are of a low and vulgar cast ; its writers in French and Latin removed from mediocrity ; but it boasts not a single sculptor or musician : and only one poet. Denmark has a cold winter, a moist spring, and a temperate summer ; without a poet or a philosopher ; with only one historian, and that credulous. Its literature is dull, meagre, and penurious ; and rendered still more tedious and frivolous, by being so much infested with antiquarian research.

It has been remarked,¹ that the western shores of continents are more warm than eastern ones. An east wind is, in fact, dreaded in most countries. The cold is frequently intense in Kamschatka, when on the opposite shore of America it is comparatively warm. The western part of Iceland² is free from those enormous glaciers and mountains of snow and

¹ Humboldt. Dampier.

² Barrow's Polar Regions, p. 372.

ice which so much deform the eastern shore ; and on the east coast of Britain a pea-blossom is scarcely known in May, while in the west, myrtles, and even fuschias, grow in the open air, throughout the winter. In this island, dry autumns and summers, with warm springs and abundant showers, have been the most remarkable for plentiful years : and, upon reference to meteorological observation, we shall find, that in those years western winds have principally prevailed. In winter, the north and north-east winds are generally productive of frost, and a south-west wind of thaw.

But climates frequently vary, even in the same province ; a variation caused by soil, comparative absence or prevalence of woods and stagnant waters, the pernicious effects of which steam from vegetable and animal decomposed substances.

In Canada the ground freezes so hard in winter, that no graves can be dug ; dead bodies are, therefore, kept till the commencement of a thaw ; when the vegetation is so exceedingly quick, that the grass may be almost seen to grow. In other regions of America soil and heat produce an equal sterility, and moisture an equal luxuriance of growth ; but, for the most part, America has temperatures, differing from regions, occupying the same parallels of latitude. Its general climate is more islandic than continental ; and yet its coldness and its moisture cannot be caused entirely by the proximity of two oceans ; since we find islands in the Pacific, the Atlantic, and the Indian seas, still warmer, and equally as dry. That America,

if we except the western coast, is colder and more moist, than corresponding latitudes, in other countries, is certain: and that those qualities may arise, in some degree, out of the neighbourhood of two such vast oceans, as the Atlantic and Pacific, and a comparative height above the level of their surfaces, is highly probable. But these causes are assisted in producing their results by the vastness of the forests, the length and breadth of the rivers, the imperfect state of cultivation, the nature of the soil, and certain peculiarities of electrical phenomena.

In tropical climates, the flesh of animals has neither the succulence nor the flavour of those of Europe; but they abound in cooling fruits. Insects, reptiles, birds, and some quadrupeds are, also, very vigorous, and grow to a great size. The quadrupeds of America are, however, not so large, as those of corresponding latitudes in the Old World, though the reptiles are larger. Fishes, for the most part, attain the largest size and weightiest bulk, in cold and temperate regions. Fishes, inhabiting a peculiar element, are, to the human race, the most innocent, and not the least profitable, of animals: they have no opportunity of giving offence, except that opportunity is sought by man himself. But in the hot climates of every continent, and almost of every island, man is annoyed in manner, scarcely to be conceived by the more fortunate natives of Europe. The Philippine Islands are infested by large bats; Porto Bello with toads; Egypt with asps; the south of Africa, Asia and Panama, with serpents; Guinea

with ants ; Guadaloupe with beetles ; and many parts of Africa with innumerable locusts.

In respect to soil, we may observe, with the author of the “ *Spectacle de la Nature*,” that though good soils yield the most abundant harvests, in bad ones wild fowl is more delicate and wholesome ; game of a more delicious flavour ; fruits of a purer juice ; and bees yield a better honey and a better wax. In hot soils vegetables are hard and strong, but not prolific ; in moist ones luxuriant and prolific, but neither strong nor hard.

XVI.

That climate has an effect upon the skin is evident from three circumstances among a multitude of others : first, that if a native of Europe is in a hot climate, his children have darker complexions than his own. Secondly, that African children are born white, continue so one month, when they deviate to a pale yellow ; after a time they become brown, then black, and, lastly, glossy and shining. Thirdly, that the negro population, in American climates, grow gradually less black : and fourthly, that Jews, remarkable for marrying among themselves, in all ages and countries, are observed to be white in England ; swarthy in Portugal ; olive in America ; and copper-coloured in Arabia. Europeans are white ; the Arabs, Persians and Chinese, brown ; the East Indians copper coloured ; and the Javans yellow. The Moors are swarthy ; the Africans, under the line, black ; and the natives of New South Wales

of a dark chocolate. Greenlanders, when born, are as white as we are; but they have a blue spot in their skins, sometimes above the loins, and sometimes under, three quarters of an inch in diameter. As they grow up, this spot¹ gradually extends over the whole body. Hitherto, we have paid too great a respect to colour. The time is, however, approaching, when prejudices of this kind will subside; and we shall know little or no distinction between white brethren, black brethren, red brethren, or olive brethren. The age of prejudice, thank heaven! is gradually passing away.

The hornbill seems to vary more with the latitude than the longitude: in Java and Sumatra its bill is so large, that it is called the rhinoceros; in the Philippines it decreases; in Abyssinia it grows less; in the Moluccas still smaller; and in the Manilla, it sinks into a mere protuberance; while the black-billed hornbill of Senegal has no protuberance at all.

In Ashantee the crows have white rings round their necks, and the pigeons are green. Turtle doves in Europe are generally ash-coloured; in Japan they are white; and, at the Cape of Good Hope, blue. In America pelicans are brown; in Manilla of a rose colour: in the Old World swans are invariably white; in New Holland more frequently black. In Europe the bones of cocks boil white; but among the Indian woods as black as ebony. Many of these peculiarities may arise out of the food, which the respective

animals consume ; and have little connexion, therefore, with the subject of climate.

In the old continents we find men varying in their colour, according to their relative latitudes ; but in America it is otherwise ; the natives of that vast continent, being, with small diversity of shades, of a red copper colour, from north to south, and from east to west. The Esquimaux, that freezes near the arctic pole ; the western Indian, who sleeps upon leaves, and has the woods for his canopy ; the Mexican, who burns between the tropics : the Peruvian, who sees the sun set behind the peaks of the Cordilleras ; and the Brazilian, who beholds it rising out of the bosom of the Atlantic, all bear the stamp of one original. There are no negroes under the Line, nor are there any whites either in the frigid or the temperate Zones : a white face, a black breast, and a woolly head, are equally unknown. The American Indians are remarkable, too, for the thickness of their skins and the hardness of their fibres ; hence their comparative insensibility to bodily pain. They are also distinguished by a mellifluous language, and a classical symmetry of structure. Indeed, so beautiful are their forms, that when the celebrated American painter, West, saw the Apollo Belvidere at Rome, so struck was he with the resemblance, that he instantly exclaimed, “ How like a young Mohawk warrior ! ” When the Italians heard this exclamation, they were mortified : but, upon the painter’s describing the elasticity of their limbs ; their dexterity with the bow and arrow, and their indications of conscious vigour ; and when he assured

them, that he had often seen them stand in the very attitude of the Apollo, with their eye following the arrow, just discharged from the bow, they were reconciled to the exclamation of the painter, and felt all the value of the criticism.¹

From the complectual diversities, alluded to, has arisen the belief, that the whole human race have not sprung from one original ; but that either two species were created, one with hair, and the other with wool ; or, that as many men were created as there are different colours ; with some allowances for partial shades. Others, on the other hand, contend, that these diversities are merely varieties of one species, as in vegetables many varieties of one plant derive their distinguishing features from the soil, the culture, or the climate.

M. Baillie² has asserted, that there is only one thirty-second of difference between the extreme of summer heat and the extreme of winter cold. In tropical regions spring begins at the end of September; summer in December; autumn in March; and winter in June. In the northern latitudes this order is reversed; and in their summer the heat, occasioned by the constant presence of the sun, is tempered by the large quantity of caloric, absorbed by the masses of ice and snow, as they pass from a firm to a fluid state. The beech grows to the fifty-seventh degree of latitude; the oak reaches sixty; the cherry and apple sixty-three; the osier, willow, and quince sixty-six; the fir sixty-eight; the pine sixty-

¹ Life of West.

² Lettres sur l'origine des Sciences, p. 292.

nine; and the birch seventy:—Sometimes in this latitude the cold is so extremely rigorous, that the sap of the trees freeze; when they snap with a loud noise.

XVII.

Sweden has long, cold, and dreary winters. In the north prevail several weeks of total darkness in winter; while in the summer the sun is frequently seen at midnight. Many parts of this country are equal to any picture, the imagination can present. Acerbi was delighted with them: he seemed to be transported to a new world, and to have been suddenly cast upon an enchanted island. Upon one in the lake of Pallajervi¹ he and his companion passed the most agreeable hours. The scenery there resembles fairy land. The fish of the lake furnished their table; they procured game from the woods: they fished, hunted, bathed, and amused themselves in drawing landscapes, collecting plants and insects, and in contemplating the sun making his daily circle round the horizon, without once bathing himself, as it were, in the ocean.

In former times, the accomplishments of a Swede were to fight valiantly; to sit a horse well; to be an adept at swimming; to be skilful at the oar; to be a good skaiter; a good archer; to play at chess; and to know the names of the stars. Boasting in later times of several literary societies and men of science, Sweden has produced some good poets, and several eminent

¹ P. 39. vol. ii. 4to.

statesmen. Linnæus and Puffendorf alone were sufficient to redeem even Kamschatka from the imputation of barbarism. Prussia has cold winters, moist summers, and a rainy autumn. Without a painter, a sculptor, or an architect, this country owes most of its literary reputation to the poet Ramler. Austria is mild, yet exposed to intemperate winds. Its literature, for the most part, is bigotted and metaphysical; dull and pedantic. Russia has every climate; from the moss and snows of Siberia to the olives of the Taurida; from the wastes of the reindeer, to the wastes of the camel. With this diversity of soil and season, it abounds in little, either of learning, science, or imagination; though in the humble merit of imitation, it surpasses every other country in the world. Hungary has such a climate and such a soil, that a traveller was induced to declare, that, out of Hungary, “there is no living; or if there is living, there is no life.” This country is remarkable for the multitude of its Roman and Grecian coins and medals.

Switzerland;

There, level with the ice—ribb'd bound,
 The yellow harvests glow;
 And vales with purple vines are crown'd,
 Beneath impending snow.

Helen Maria Williams.

Wearing, in general, the unpolished organs of a rude and unlettered people, this country boasts the production of patriots equal to those of Rome and Greece; and of writers, scarcely to be equalled in

their several branches. Being a country where auri-culas grow wild among moss, half covered with ice, summer and winter may be traced on the opposite sides of the same mountain: and it is no uncommon circumstance to gather flowers with one hand and snow with another!

In the south of France the temperature of the air, and the mildness of the climate, render the towns and cities highly agreeable to reside in, and exceedingly conducive to the restoration of health. And yet it formed a subject of complaint to Rousseau, in one of his letters to Malesherbes, that the French had little taste for Nature, and still less for landscape. In the beautiful parts of literature, France is superior to England; but decidedly inferior in point of morals, politics, and philosophy. From Lyons to Bourdeaux and thence to Thoulouse, the climate is the climate of Paradise. The moon rises, for the most part, in cloudless splendour; and the sun sinks with all the rich tienteure of an Italian atmosphere.

Portugal has an exquisite climate: her mornings being delightful, and her evenings truly enchanting. She boasts of two hundred fine days in the course of the year! In poetry Camöens is her principal glory; and that poet she would not rescue from a life, not of comparative poverty, but of absolute want! Her rank in science is of the third order. There are parts of Spain, which would seem, in some degree, to corroborate the hypothesis of the Abbé du Bos. Justin¹ said of the Iberians, that they

¹ Illis fortior taciturnitatis cura quàm vitæ.

were as much afraid of losing their gravity, as some persons are of losing their lives. This character applies, in a great measure, to their descendants. Livy,¹ too, said of the ancient Catalonians, that it was more difficult to disarm, than to destroy them :—a remark equally applicable to the modern Catalonians. These instances are not insulations. Others might be brought from the various provinces of Europe; but surely Montesquieu, were he now living, could not suppose, that the modern French bear any resemblance to the natives of Gaul; when the Franks possessed themselves of the west part of that country; the Burgundians of the east; and the Visigoths of the north. And yet his hypothesis would imply the argument.

Spain has a climate for the best painter and the richest poet; while its literature is copious in every department, except those of science and philosophy. It is a country formerly romantic for its chivalry; the beauty of its women; and the pride of its ancestry. In latter days it has become a prey to all the evils of a foreign and domestic despotism. It is a country, which nothing but a bad government could, in any way, impoverish!

Few climates have been more celebrated, than that of Italy; a country celebrated for its specimens of art; its ancient love of liberty; and its modern patience under tyranny. Vain are the inhabitants in the midst of poverty; and luxurious against the lessons of disease. The general climate of Italy, however, has been much

¹ *Ferox gens nullam esse vitam sine armis putat.*

misconceived. It is not so favourable for astronomical observation as England ; England having more clear days and nights : since it is subject to frequent fogs in summer ; and to rain in winter. When the atmosphere is clear, however, the skies are transcendent : sometimes like pearls and silver ; and in the evenings like burnished gold. Piedmont so beautiful, so fruitful, and abounding in every luxury of life, boasts a climate, superior to that of Italy in general ; and yet—who can refrain from expressing astonishment and indignation, when he recollects, that neither a painter, nor an historian, and only one poet¹ of eminence were ever born in the country !

——— She pines beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap !

Thebes² has produced her Pindar ; Cappadocia its Strabo and Pausanias ; its Basil and Gregory Nazianzen ; Bristol has redeemed its character by its Chatterton and its Southey ; but Piedmont !—she is a disgrace to her climate !

XVIII.

It is remarked by Tacitus, that the ancient Germans, dividing their year into three seasons, had no idea of autumn. That season, on the contrary, was better esteemed in ancient Thessaly, than either summer or

¹ Victor Alfieri. Born at Asti, Jan. 7th, 1749.

² Abdera and Thebes were bye-words for stupidity ; and yet the former produced Protagoras, Anaxarchus, and Democritus ; and the latter, Bacchus, Cadmus, Amphion, Hercules, Hesiod, Pindar, and Plutarch, Epaminondas, and Pelopidas.

spring; being remarkable for its long continuance, and its brilliant skies.

Though the summers in the Crimea are variable, the autumns pestilential, and the winters rigorous, the springs are highly delightful. The hills are covered with sheep; the air is mild; the sky serene; and the wild vine mingles in the hedges with the arbutus and jessamine. Flowers of every colour spring up in myriads; the perfumes, which ravish the senses, are unequalled by those of any other country in Europe; while the soil is capable of producing every description of fruit, that grows in France, Italy, or Greece.

The climate of the Dardanelles is delightful in the extreme; while the seasons of Syria may be said to be separated by hours; for so many varieties of climate are felt, in a short space of time, that the Arabian poets figuratively observed, “that the Sannin bears winter upon its head; spring on its shoulders; and autumn in its bosom; while summer lies sleeping at its feet.”

The Morea has a climate temperate and agreeable. From April to August there is seldom rain: the most agreeable season is winter: the stars shed a golden light, unknown in ruder climates: its skies are exceedingly brilliant: and the water of its coasts, and of the Archipelago, is of a deep azure.

Mytilene was celebrated for its wine, its climate, and its women. The birth-place of Arion and Pittacus, Phanios, Sappho, and Theophrastus, it was worthy of being the occasional residence of Aristotle and Epicurus. Fragments of the finest marble attest

its ancient magnificence. Croto was said, in ancient times, to have been remarkably conducive to the strength of men, and the beauty of women. The Isle of Samos consists of rocks, mountains, and precipices, interspersed with pines, mulberries, and olives, growing over mines and quarries of white marble. Thunder-storms in this island are more frequent in winter than in summer. Samos was so fertile and beautiful, that Horace applies to it the epithet *concinna*.¹ The air in the Isle of Siphnos was so pure, that men lived longer on that island, than in any other of the Greek republics: and Rhodes, an island once so celebrated for its roses, had so mild a climate, that there was not a day in the year, in which the sun did not shine upon it. Pindar called it the daughter of Venus and the wife of Apollo.

The climate of Crete is as delightful, as its constitution was formerly excellent. Its winter of two months resemble the May of England and the April of Italy. The rest of the year is a continued succession of fine days and brilliant nights. In the day, the sky is cloudless; in the night, a countless profusion of stars, whose brilliancy is seldom obscured by vapours, renders the season of sleep more beautiful than the splendour of the day. Hence it was called “Macarias, the happy Island.” The ancients might well fable this country to be the birth-place of Minerva, the cradle of Jupiter, and the theatre, in which he consummated his nuptials: The favourite haunt of Cybele; and on whose enchanting shores the Dardan hero was so anxious to erect a city.

¹ Epist. xi. 1. 2.

I have always esteemed that passage one of the most affecting in all Virgil, where Eneas, after having made good his landing, erected a fort, and built houses ; where, after his companions had begun to cultivate the soil, and he had turned his thoughts towards legislating for his little colony, by dividing the lands, promoting marriages, and enacting laws, he is represented, as finding himself under the necessity of quitting the island, and of seeking his fortune in another country ! For his corn was blighted, and his grass was parched ; his trees devoured by caterpillars ; and his companions in danger and in exile, falling every day from fevers, occasioned by noxious vapours.

XIX.

Upon quitting Greece we may remark, that though, for the most part, it was sterile ; yet it was the land of freedom and the arts. Sicily, on the other hand, was so fertile, that it was called the granary of Rome. There is, in fact, not a wealthier soil in the whole circumference of the globe : and yet what a nursery of tyrants it has always been !

The republic of San Marino affords nothing, by which we may accurately judge of the effect of climate ; but it proves how compatible happiness is with a sterile soil, and an elevated region. This small republic, standing upon an indurated sand-rock, has neither soil, climate, nor spring-water to boast ; but it has independence and happiness. It consists of an abrupt mountain, surrounded

by small crags lying around it ; enveloped, for the most part, in clouds ; with neither a flower nor a rivulet ; and frequently covered with snow, while the country beneath glows with alternate shade and sunshine. This republic owes its origin to the circumstance of a Dalmatian having fixed upon this craggy eminence for a hermitage. Having obtained, during the course of a long life, a high reputation for sanctity, many religious persons resorted to him ; and having effected what the world regarded a miracle, the princess of the country gave him the entire property of the mountain. From this time the eminence increased in population ; and a republican form of government was instituted, which exists even at the present day : an interval of one thousand three hundred years having elapsed since its creation. The history of this unique republic comprizes only seven folio pages. The first commemorates the origin : the second records the purchase of a castle (A.D. 1100) : the third the purchase of another castle (A.D. 1170) : the fourth mentions a war (A.D. 1460), in which the inhabitants assisted Pope Pius II. against one of the lords of Rimini ; and for which they received four small castles in recompense. The fifth gives an account of their territories, reverting to its ancient limits : the sixth records some of the intrigues of Cardinal Alberoni to overturn the republic : the seventh and most interesting page, records a proposition, that was made to them by Napoleon Buonaparte, of increasing their territory ; which, in conformity to ancient principle, they had the magnanimity

to refuse. Thus, among precipices, the natives of San Marino, five thousand four hundred in number,¹ enjoy a liberty and a tranquillity, entirely unknown in any other part of the world! The natives of this republic seem to be indebted for a great portion of their happiness to three peculiar regulations: *viz.* the commissary, who pronounces judgment, must always be a foreigner, a doctor of laws, and resident only three years. The physician must be thirty-five years of age, and remain only three years: and the school-master is chosen for the purity of his morals, his humanity, mildness of temper and useful knowledge. One of the chief doctrines, he is called upon to instil into the minds of his pupils, is to make them satisfied with their condition; to love their country as their own house, and their fellow citizens as their own families. Thus situated, and thus educated, the inhabitant of San Marino thinks that every thing, which is valuable, is centered on his native rock.²

¹ Mons. Augustus Frederick Crome, in his general view of the relative political strength of European nations, states, that the republic of San Marino is in extent about eighteen English square miles; that it has six thousand inhabitants, and a public revenue of fifty thousand Rhenish florins.

² Boccalini fables,* that a difference arose in Parnassus, on the subject of precedence, between Juliano Corbelli, doctor of law at San Marino, and the Baron of Bisagnano. This difference was referred to the congregation of ceremonies, who decreed, that Corbelli being born in a free country was to walk hand in hand with kings; and, therefore, to take precedence of any baron or even prince, born in a country, where liberty was unknown.

* Adv. Parnass. vii.

With these detached people we may, not inappropriately, associate the natives of St. Kilda. St. Kilda is a large rock, five miles in circumference, rising out of a sea that never sleeps : and against which the waves dash with tremendous fury. Though this rock is insulated from land several leagues, it has wells of the purest water. The natives are described as being models of simplicity and innocence. Envy, jealousy, and ambition are totally unknown amongst them. They have no money ; but barter with fowls, and feathers, Solan geese, and birds' eggs. Bred in social affection, they are mild and humane ; and when sailors are wrecked upon their shore, they pay them all possible attention. They are, also, extremely sensible to the charms of poetry and vocal music.

The great Loo-choo Island is, also, fortunate in many respects. It lies out of the usual track of trading ships : it has no want of foreign commodities ; and produces nothing to tempt the avarice of strangers. The inhabitants have no arms ; and no money : and, like the arctic highlanders¹ of Baffin's Bay, cannot be made to understand the nature of war. Kæmpfer relates, that they are all either fishermen or husbandmen ; that they lead a contented life ; are cheerful and affectionate ; and that after their daily work is done, they take their children and wives into the fields ; where they sit ; drink a little rice liquor ; and play upon musical instruments. Hall's account of this interesting people is equally picturesque and engaging. The Deity is

¹ Vide Ross's *Voy. of Disc. to Arctic Regions*, 4to. p. 135.

known to them by the name of Boḍsa¹: but there is nothing in the climate of this island to make the inhabitants wiser, better, or more happy, than their neighbours ; and yet they are so.

XX.

Of the climate of England² much has been said by those, who have written on the subject. For my own part, my Lelius, I am persuaded, that you are well contented with it ; being thoroughly convinced, that Bishop Berkely was justified in saying, that groves and meadows were no where in such perfection as in England ; and that Charles II. was equally correct, when he declared, that a gentleman might walk out oftener and with greater comfort in England, than in any other country of Europe. Let us, therefore, adapt our wishes to our climate ; rather than presume to expect, that Nature will adapt our climate to our wishes : and the more so, since even in the age of Elizabeth, the best compliment, ever paid to any climate in the world, was paid to this : *viz.* “ That it was too pure for a slave to breathe in.” Britons ! remember, that liberty is not only your birth-right, but the birth-right of your children. Be, therefore, neither cheated, canted, coaxed, nor conquered out of it. It is more to be valued than beauty, manners, wealth, rank, power,

¹ Clifford's Vocabulary of the Loo-choo language.

² For some curious observations, relative to the weather of these islands, vide Lieut. Mackenzie's System ; discovered in 1816-1817. He makes the cycle complete in fifty-four years.

³ 2. Rushworth, p. 468.

ah! more to be prized than life itself. It is the gem of all mental ornaments; and the whole universe has nothing to compare to it, either in grandeur or in beauty.

In this part of my subject, I shall take leave to record the very extraordinary season of 1818 and 1819. The year 1817 had been remarkable for its violent storms, inundations and earthquakes. The mountain of Hausnick, in Upper Austria, sank into a lake; the lake of Porciano, in the territory of Ferentino, Italy, became dry; flames issued out of a bed of sulphur, near Salzbouurg, in Bavaria; and a whole mountain in the bailiwick of Rattenburg, fell into a valley, which stretched at its feet. The summer of 1818 was the most delightful, in respect to weather, ever remembered in this country. The days were so mild, so pure, so radiant; and the evenings so serene; that it might be said, that England, for one season, was converted into Italy! In August, such was the dryness of the air, that the leaves fell from the trees, as in autumn; the harvest moon being the third of a series of ten years, in which it proves most beneficial to farmers. During these remarkable heats, it was observed, that they were nearly equal in many European latitudes; the thermometer of Reaumur standing at the same point at Rome, Madrid, Vienna, and Berlin. In November the narcissus was seen to bloom in Hampshire; in other districts grass was mown; and, in others, wheat was seen coming into ear. Indeed, a miracle seemed to be effected in the vegetable world, almost

every day. In the county of Perth, garden strawberries were in full blossom; the berries of the arbutus were ripe; the buds of many forest trees swelled, and those of many hazel bushes expanded; tulips appeared in leaf above the ground; and sweet pease and mignonette were luxuriantly in flower. In December, tulips were seen in Scotland, five inches in height; flowers of ten weeks' stocks, and marigolds, were as fresh and vigorous as in August: on Wanstead Flats, in the county of Essex, leaves of lime-trees fully expanded; a snow-drop was in blossom; and swallows seen. At Appledore, in Devonshire, a second crop of apples were gathered, full grown, the tree being in bloom, when the former crop was gathered. Near Plymouth, jonquils, hyacinths, anemonies, pinks, stocks, and monthly roses bloomed in great perfection; there were, also, ripe raspberries. In the fields and hedges violets, hearts'-ease, purple vetches, red-robins, and other flowers blossomed; the oak and elm retained much of their foliage: and birds were sometimes heard, as if it were spring; and on the 24th, a robin's nest, with four young ones, nearly fledged, were found in the thatch of a poor man's cottage at Hemington, near Salisbury. During the first six days in January, the air was calm, but foggy; the wind fluctuated between the south and east; from the 7th to the 14th, fell several heavy showers; but, during the month, there were not less than twelve serene days, and no snow had fallen from the commencement of the winter. On Eskdale Moor, in Cumberland, a

young brood of red grouse were hatched; and by the 24th, they were able to fly. In the first week of February, bean plants were from ten to twelve inches high, with all their perfection of foliage, similar to what they are in June. The German tamarisk was observed in full bloom, and in the beginning of the month, the blossoms of the *erica herbacea* began to open. In Sweden and Norway there was neither frost nor snow; and in Russia great inconvenience was felt from that want of regular intercourse between one province and another, which snow, frozen, contributes so much to facilitate. In Savoy, not only Mount St. Gothard and the Simplon were crossed without difficulty, but even Mount St. Bernard. In the beginning of February, too, several swallows were seen in the gardens of the Tuilleries at Paris.

Such was the season in Europe during the winter of 1818 and 1819. But of all climates the island of Teneriffe presents the most delightful; since it is suited to the wheat and vines of Europe; the bread-tree of Otaheite; the coffee-tree of Arabia; the figs of India; plants common to Jamaica and to Lapland; the cinnamon of the Moluccas; the cocoa of America; the date of Provence; the laurels of Italy; the olives of Greece; and trees, resembling the oaks of Thibet.

XXI.

Montesquieu used to observe, that “Germany was the country to travel in; Italy to sojourn in; England to think in; and France to live in.”—*Tempora mu-*

tantur! And Pompey being, one day, on a visit to Lucullus, at Tusculum, enquired of that general, how he could be so absurd, as to make his villa fit only for a summer residence. “What?” said Lucullus with a smile, “do you imagine, that I have less sense, than storks and cranes? shall they change their habitations with the season, and Lucullus remain in one residence all the year¹?”

Since then the emoluments of Nature are not to be enjoyed, to the fullest advantage, all the year, I would in this aspire to imitate the conduct of Lucullus. January, therefore, I would spend in Portugal; February in the Madeiras; and March in Spain. April in Sicily; May in Lapland; June in Italy; July in Switzerland; and August in France. September in England; October among the variegated forests of America; November in Crete; and December in the islands of the Cape de Verd.

XXII.

We have now travelled the globe; from east to west; from south to north. Noticed every description of climate; alluded frequently to the natural productions of the various soils; traced men in various stages of society; and noticed many of their peculiar customs. What is the result? We find, that in islands, and in countries the most beautiful, as well

¹ The great khans of Tartary, as well as the present emperors of China, were accustomed to change their residences according to the seasons.

as in those, the most savage and forlorn, great crimes disgrace the inhabitants. In some islands, where Nature is most luxuriant and profuse, we observe, not only no genius, but no humanity. The same may equally be applied, whether those islands are in the frigid, temperate, or the torrid zones. There are differences in their manners; and modifications in the display of their mental capacities: but for the causes of all these, we must look to other reasons than to those, arising from the difference of climate. For whence proceeds it, that, in Persia and Arabia, poetry is almost characteristic of the people; and yet in Egypt, nearly in the same parallel of latitude, though it is, as it were, the eldest of nations, not one single poet has ever been known in the country! Then as to times and seasons: Orpheus lived in the infancy, as it were, of the human mind; Euripides in the vigour of Grecian liberty: Virgil in the morning of Roman slavery: Boethius in the evening of learning; Dante in the darkness of violence and superstition; and Camoens in the dawn of maritime discovery. Genius depends, then, not on climates, nor on countries; on times, nor on seasons. It no where rises or falls with the barometer. It is the gift of Nature only; and its developments depend on an infinite variety of circumstances.

Arguing on the principles of Montesquieu, Raynal, Winkleman,¹ Du Bos, and other plausible writers, it

¹ Winkleman insists, that Englishmen are incapable of much excellence in painting; not only from natural incapacity, but from the unfavourable nature of their climate!

would be impossible to account for that distinct variation, which is observed in the dispositions, habits, and genius of those people, residing on the opposite banks of frontier rivers; on the transverse sides of high mountains; and particularly of the same people, at different periods of their history. Of this the ancient and the modern Greeks afford a curious exemplification. Both enjoyed the same soil, and the same climate; yet the former as much excelled the latter, as purple and white surpass yellow and brown.

An artist may yet enliven the forests of America, or the solitudes of Siberia: a Gessner may soothe the savannahs of Africa; a Raphael may delineate near the wall of China; a Palladio may adorn the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul: and even a Newton may arise in Lapland.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

OF all the passions, which derive additional force from scenery, none experiences a greater accession than Love; that noble feeling of the heart, which Plato calls “an interposition of the Gods in behalf of the young.” A passion celebrated by all, yet truly felt by few. “Dost thou know, what the nightingale said to me?” says a Persian poet; “what sort of a man art thou, that canst be ignorant of love?” Rather would I enquire, “what sort of a man art thou, that canst be capable of love?” Since, though of all the passions it is the most productive of delight, it is the most unfrequent of them all. How many of us feel the passions of hatred and revenge, of envy and desire, every day! But how few of us are capable of feeling an ardent affection, or of conceiving an elevated passion! That was not love, which Mahomet felt for Irene; Titus for Berenice; Catullus for Lesbia; or Horace for Lydia¹: and though Anacreon is never weary of boasting his love, the gay, the

¹ In Shakespeare how delicately is love delineated in *Twelfth Night*; and in *Cymbeline*. That of the beautiful, and I had almost said disgusting, Juliet has nothing to compare with it.

frantic Anacreon never felt a wound. Homer, however, was sensible of all the delicacy of affection; and he paints the difference, alluded to, in the examples of Helen and Paris; and Hector and Andromache; while he makes even the savage Achilles alive to the purity of honourable passion:

The wife, whom choice and passion doth approve,
Sure every wise and worthy man will love!

Il. ix. l. 450.

Euripides, too,—the poet of the heart,—declares, that love would of itself induce us to adore a deity, even in a country, peopled by atheists. But the Greeks, generally speaking, were almost as much strangers to legitimate love, as the barbarians, they affected to despise. The passion of Sappho was nothing but an ungovernable fever of desire; though the fragment, she has left, has been so long, so often, and so widely celebrated, that the world imagines she was the essence of love! As a poem it has been unjustly celebrated; (if I may venture to differ from so admirable a critic as Longinus¹;) because it has been celebrated, far beyond its merits: and even as a faithful picture of desire, it has nothing to compare with a poem of Jayadeva. “*The palms of her hands support her aching temples, pale as the crescent rising at eve. ‘Heri! Heri!’ thus she meditates on thy name,*

¹ It is astonishing, that not only Longinus, but Addison and Du Bos, have fallen into this illegitimate enthusiasm. One would really suppose, that none of them could, by any implication, have known the occasion, on which this celebrated ode was written.

as if she were gratified; and she were dying through thy absence. She rends her locks; she pants; she laments inarticulately; she trembles; she pines; she moves from place to place; she closes her eyes; she rises again; she faints! In such a fever of love, she may live, oh! celestial physician, if thou administer the remedy; but shouldst thou be unkind, her malady will be desperate."

Heron has preserved an Indian song, translated by a Catabà Indian, who had acquired the English language at Williamsburg, more simple; but far more affecting to the mind and heart. "I was walking in the shade of a grove, in the morning dew. I met my fancy. She talked with her smiling lips to me. I gave her no answer. She bade me speak out my mind; "Bashful face spoils good intent." That cheered my heart. But when my love is gone from my side,—then my heart faints, and is low."

II.

Terence paints affection in the scene between Pamphilus and Glycera:—and when Phædrïa is taking leave of his mistress, how natural are his exhortations. "Love me by day and by night; but when you are in the society of that soldier, seem as if you were absent. Dream of me; expect me; think of me; hope for me; take delight in remembering me; let me always be in your imagination; and let me reign in your soul, as you reign in mine.¹" The picture of Jayadeva, it is true, is drawn with force and with all

¹ Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies;
Dies noctesque me ames, &c. *Eun. act i. sc. 2.*

the wild irregularity of the passion itself; but what has desire to do with the passion of love? That mild and elegant affection, which sinks the deepest where it shews itself the least: that *curiosa felicitas* of the heart, which can animate only the wise, the elegant, and the virtuous: that sacred passion, which bestows more rapture than perfumes, than sculpture, than painting, than landscape, than riches, than honours, and all the charms of poesy, united in one general combination. Read the ode of Sappho, and the fragment of Jayadeva, my Lelius, again and again, and tell me, if you are half so agreeably attracted to their merits, as to those of the following beautiful indication of elevated attachment? The feeling, which this exquisite *morceau* expresses, must be felt by every woman, who aspires to the passion of love, or the name of love is prostituted, and its character libelled.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades
 New friends, new hopes, new joys, to find;
 Yet sometimes deign, 'mid fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot;
 But thou may'st grant this humble pray'r,
 Forget me not—forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me.¹

¹ Odyssey.

Yet, oh ! if grief thy steps attend ;
 If want, if sickness, be thy lot ;
 And thou require a soothing friend :
 Forget me not—forget me not.

Mrs. Opie.

Animated with an affection like this, the earth with all its inconveniences, is a paradise : even when toiling through the parched deserts of Lybia, the solitudes of the Ohio, or the frozen wastes of Lapland.¹

I love the memory of Mr. Pitt on many accounts. He was an unfortunate statesman, it is true ; but he had a lofty eloquence, capacious views, and a noble mind. Sir Walter Farquhar calling one day, the premier observed him to be unusually ruffled. “ What is the matter ? ” exclaimed the patient. “ Why, to tell you the truth,” replied Sir Walter, “ I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment for a young gentleman, by no means qualified in point of rank or fortune, to be my son-in-law.” “ Now, let me say one word in the young lady’s behalf,” returned the minister. “ Is the young man, you mention, of a respectable family ? ” “ He is.” “ Is he respectable in himself ? ” “ He is.” “ Has he the manners and education of a gentleman ? ” “ He has.” “ Has he an estimable character ? ” “ He has.” “ Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You and I are well acquainted with the delu-

¹ “ *Sic amor contorquet caput nostrum,*” says a Lapland poet,
“ mutat cogitationes et sententias. Puerorum voluntas, voluntas venti ;
juvenum cogitationes, longæ cogitationes.”

sions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities, than I have, of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place ; and I will not be unmindful, that I had the honour of recommending it." The physician followed the direction of his patient ; the lovers were united ; and the patronage of the minister soon testified his satisfaction.

III.

Though Horace seems to have known but little of this passion, the Romans in general, as well as Tibullus, Propertius, and Ausonius, in particular, seem to have enjoyed a much higher opinion of it. Hence deities were appointed to guard affection in many of its stages. One tied the nuptial bands ; a second conducted the bride to her house ; a third kept her from gadding ; a fourth preserved a unity of soul ; and a fifth took charge of reconciling the parties, when any difference accidentally occurred.

Chesterfield called women " toys ;" Montesquieu said, they were found to delight by personal charms¹ : while Cato declared to the senators, in a debate on the Appian law, that if they made women their equals, they would soon be their superiors.² Hippocrates, Euripides, Plautus and St. Chrysostom, have likewise borne testimony to the dishonour of women. Weak

¹ Spirit of Laws, b. xvi. c. 2.

² Livy, lib. xxxiv. c. 2.

men, in their turn, signalize their vanity and their heroism in the endeavour to degrade them: they call them the "weak sex;" the "frivolous sex;" the "sensitive sex;" the "bad sex."

If you were men, as men you are in shew,
You would not use a gentle lady so.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 2.

Some, following the example of Adam in his anger, style them "the fair defect of Nature:" while the Talmud of Babylon insinuates, that the great power, foreseeing the evils, women would bring upon men, refused to make Eve, till Adam had repeatedly requested him; fearful that men should consider the making of women an act of malice! Augustine, however, esteemed them the "pious sex:"

————— a gentlier star
His lovelier search illumin'd.

See women in what country you will, with few exceptions,¹ we find, that travellers give the same account of their virtues: from Ledyard down to Golownin.² The pedant, the coxcomb, and the man of the world, affect to despise women: so do those, who are conscious, that women despise them. But the man of pure sentiments, and of unaffected consciousness of his own strength, prides himself in his

¹ Vide Shipwreck of the Oswego, p. 117, 145, 210, 225.

² Captivity in Japan, vol. i. p. 103, 104.

companion: while the man of misfortune, hailing women by the endearing name of the "good sex," compares them to Aurora and Thetis, asking arms for Memnon and Achilles.

IV.

"He is truly free," says Rousseau, "who, to accomplish his happiness, wants not the assistance of a second person." Fortunately for the moral of this argument, a man, so constituted, not only does not exist, but cannot exist. It is the wild vision of an imagination, teeming with enthusiasm, and producing in melancholy! Women are the charms and delights of our existence. When they love, they do so with purity, with disinterestedness, with constancy. Their hearts are sanctuaries, and fit to become the centres of every pure enjoyment. I speak not, it is true, of the gay, the frivolous, or the supercilious; and yet even to many of these, the following lines are not always inappropriate or inapplicable.

Oh Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Scott.

The appetite of the wanton is like the south wind of Arabia, breathing over the strings of lutes. The strings relax, and the lutes are never in tune; the

girdle of love bursts from under the bosom; while love is like a tree, yielding in all seasons either blossoms or fruit. It builds its nest, as it were, with cinnamon; and gives a charm to life, as silver leaf gives greater lustre to the polish of the chrystal. Men there are, however, who laugh at love! The power of ridicule alone distinguishes them from animals. In their families they are wasps, or gnats, or gad-flies: terrific as lions to their wives and children; but mere mice to men!

Love is composed of all, that is delicate in happiness and pleasure: it is an union of desire, tenderness, and friendship; confidence the most unbounded; and esteem the most animated and solid. Filling the entire capacity of the soul, whether in sickness, in sorrow, or in poverty, it elevates the character by purifying every passion; while it polishes the manners with a manly softness. When the flame of a love, so pure and delicate as this, goes out, a friendship, the most solid and affecting, springs from its ashes. And where love, like this, exists, far better is it to be joined in death, than by the malice of a wayward fortune, to drag on years of anxious separation.¹ He who is capable of acting greatly and nobly, when

¹ Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quàm vitâ distrahi.—Valerius Maximus. Moore has a similar sentiment:—

Oh! I would ask no happier bed,
Than the chill wave my love lies under:
Sweeter to rest, together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder.

under no influence of affection, animated by the applause of a woman, whom he loves, would act splendidly and sublimely.

And is this the passion, which every animal, that usurps the name of man, flatters himself he is capable of feeling? As well may he imagine himself capable of forming the Hercules Farnese; of painting the exquisite water of a diamond; of composing the Messiah of Handel; or of writing Shakespeare's Hamlet, Milton's Paradise Lost, or Newton's Principia.

Of all miseries upon earth, there can be nothing to a man of refinement, so entirely odious to the soul, as that of being chained to an insolent, vain, vulgar, half-educated woman. Nor is there a fate, more sickening to the imagination, than that of a mild, modest, delicate and affectionate woman, doomed to waste her beauties and her sympathies, in behalf of

“ An eating, drinking, bargaining, slandering man!”

A French painter (Nicholas Loir), in order to shew how much love depends upon plenty, painted Venus warming herself before a fire; and Ceres and Bacchus retiring to a distance. How little does this idea harmonize with a Greek marble, I have seen, in which Cupid is sleeping on a lion's skin.¹ How little, too, does it realize the generosity, the sensibility, and the rectitude of heart; the warm imagination,

¹ Canova has a charming group: a nymph sleeping on a lion's skin, and a boy playing on a lyre.

the elevation and the energy of soul, which M. Retz describes, as being the very elements of affection.

V.

Love has several analogies with natural beauties. "What is more like love" says a German philosopher, quoted by Zimmerman, "than the feeling with which the soul is inspired, when viewing a fine country, or the sight of a magnificent valley, illumined by the setting sun?" Albani, in his picture of the Loves and the Graces, represents them, as enjoying themselves on a beautiful evening, in a valley, reclining on the banks of a rivulet. One of them, says Dupaty, is stretched upon the grass; and several are beckoning to him to quit his rural couch; but he will not! Indeed, so obvious is the connexion, to which we have alluded, that the French peasant girls, when they separate, at the close of evening, frequently exclaim, "good night! I wish you may dream, that you are walking with your lover, in a garden of flowers."

Have we lost a beloved mistress or an affectionate friend? Do we hear a tune, of which she was enthusiastically fond; or read a poem, he passionately admired? Are not our thoughts swayed by a secret impulse, as, by the faculty of association, we recal to mind the many instances, we have received, of their affection and regard? If a melancholy pleasure is awakened by what we hear, and what we see, in familiar life, how much more is that faculty

of combination enlarged, when, after a long absence, we tread the spot, or behold the scenes, which once were the objects of our mutual admiration. If, divided by distance, the lover indulges reveries of felicity among grand or beautiful scenery, the image of his mistress is immediately associated with it: and, at peace with all the world, he sinks into one of those silent meditations, which, in so powerful a manner, expand the faculties of the imagination, and chasten the feelings of the heart. Such are the consolations of absence, when there subsists a true and aboriginal affection; and when that affection can boast a virginity of thought as well as of the body. Thus was it with Petrarch. When he was at Valchiusa, he fancied every tree screened his beloved Laura: when he beheld any magnificent scene among the Pyrenees; his imagination painted her standing by his side: in the forest of Ardenne he heard her in every echo: and when at Lyons he was transported at the sight of the Rhone, because that river washes the walls of Avignon.

Love without imagination loses the principal portion of its charms: with it, it acquires a purity, that vulgar minds can never dream of. Hence in unfrequented recesses, and in savage solitudes, the lover delights to indulge the luxury of meditation. There every object serves to increase the strength and delicacy of his passion: and all Nature, dressed in her boldest, or most beautiful drapery, wears to his imagination

a look of love :
 While all the tumults of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sink away.

This passion is ridiculed and calumniated by the vulgar. It was, indeed, not made for them : neither was the Portland vase, the Ionic order, or the Gnidian Venus. Yet love exists ; and where it does exist, a prison is a palace ; and a desert an Elysium. The force and the vigour, that it gives to life, is beautifully allegorized in the fable of Cupid and Anteros.¹ It embraces admiration, and the sweetness of tranquillity. Two lovers, in each others society, are the most attractive objects in Nature : for love embellishes every thing ; giving grace even to ugliness itself. It is a resting place between earth and heaven.² Hence the propriety of St. Catherine de Siena's observation ; that the condemned probably derive all their misery from their utter incapability of loving

¹ Cupid was the god of love ; Anteros the god of mutual love. Gray has a beautiful imitation of an Italian sonnet by Buondelmonte.

Lusit amicitiae interdum velatus amictu,
 Et benè composità veste fefellit amor.
 Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
 Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas :
 Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti ;
 Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

² The poets and medallists have an allegory illustrative of its disarming the Eternal of his justice. There was an agate with this subject, in the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence. Bot. Gard. vol. i. v. 398, *et in Notis.*

and of being beloved. A good woman is more consoling to the soul, than the balm of Mecca, or the balsam of liquid amber, are healing to the body. Like the magic island of Prospero, she is full of "sounds and sweet airs, giving delight." For Nature has granted her the power of producing every gradation of happiness; even though it may, at first view, seem foreign to her: as occasionally she paints animals and landscapes in the body of an agate or a jasper. For my own part, happy, eternally happy may she be,

whose tongue
 Makes Welch as sweet, as ditties highly penn'd;
 Sung by a fair Queen, in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing division to her lute.¹

VI.

In the whirlwind of life, what so delightful to the imagination, as the bosom of love in the shade of retirement? For wisdom, severe and tasteless, as some have represented her, luxuriates in the smile, that animates the cheek of affectionate innocence. Where purity of love prevails, how small to the heart are the greatest of vicissitudes! "If you repeat every word of the Alcoran," says the Persian Rosary, "and yet suffer yourself to be enslaved by love, you have not learnt your alphabet." When applied to illegitimate passion, where is the error? If applied to an

¹ Henry IV., 1st part, Act iii. Sc. 1. See also Two Gent. Verona, act ii. sc. 5.

honourable one, where is the truth? When Milton wrote, that love

refines

The thoughts, and heart enlarges¹; hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love we may ascend;

Was he young? Was he an enthusiast? Or was he, on the great theatre of life, only a poet? His Comus, it is true, he had written in his youth: but when he wrote this, he had been a statesman for many years; and had written largely and successfully against Morus and Salmasius. Shall we class a thorn with an oak? A nettle with a fuschia? A pebble with a diamond? A vermes with an ant? A starling with an eagle? Or a sloth with an antelope? Neither will we suffer the low, degraded, fulsome, passion of a degenerated mind to breathe upon the flowers, that decorate a virtuous love!

There's a bliss beyond all, that the Minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With hearts never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills; and love on till they die!
One hour of a Passion, so sacred, is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss:
For, oh! if there be an Elysium on Earth,
It is this;—it is this;—it is this!

Moore.

Woman, even to the eye of an astronomer, is the most attractive constellation in the whole range of

¹ Felices ter, et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula.

Horace.

the universe. Hence the love of an excellent woman is the Paradise of delight. Disgusted with the cold and indigent realities of life, it penetrates, satisfies, and enchants the soul : imparting a grace, a lustre, and a satisfaction, to every mental quality. Nature seems to have completed her work, when, gliding amid the tranquil enjoyments of domestic life, the soul melts in the silence of its satisfaction, at the artless smiles, unobtrusive graces, and fascinating manners of a mother and her infants.¹

¹ “ In early life,” says Rogers, “ while we yet live among those we love, we love without restraint; and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But, when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, and forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approachs, even to those we love best. How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children ! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms ; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.”—

At jam—domus accipiet te læta ;—Uxor
Optima,—dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

Lucret. iii. 907.

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem :
Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer, cui non risere parentes, &c.

Virg. Ecl. iv. l. 60.

—————Parvulus,
Matris e gremio suæ,
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semiliante labello.

Catul. Epithal.

Women, like sealing-wax, are susceptible of any impression, with those they love. But, this love must not be gilded with tinsel ; nor must it flame before it burns. Its best and most eloquent language is silence ; which, from slow impulses, insinuates itself into the heart. Alloy, however, sometimes increases this passion, as copper increases the ductility of gold. For women love human beings better than angels. Love is lessened by a too lively consciousness of inferiority.

VII.

Sophocles having been asked, whether he still enjoyed the pleasure of love, replied, " I thank the gods, that I have escaped its wild and furious tyranny." Sophocles was either unsuccessful in his addresses, or as ignorant of its refinements, as were most of his countrymen. Theognis, on the other hand, assured his companions, that " he was the richest and happiest of men, who possessed a gentle and a virtuous wife." Love and aversion is not so much bodily, as it is mental, attraction and repulsion. The love of something is, in fact, necessary to the human heart. If a woman has no lover, she keeps a dog : and if a prisoner has no associate, like the Count de Lauzun, he forms a friendship with a spider.

Love, too, is the best of all tutors. Raphael Mengs' picture of Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid to read, (a copy from Corregio) struck me, therefore, as being defective. Love is the parent, not the child ; the tutor, not the pupil. It is the god of benevolence,

chastity, fortitude, discretion, fidelity, patience, piety, and veracity. And where love is not the parent of these, love is itself an illegitimate child. Love, too, is not an instigator to cruel deeds, and an incentive to military glory, as it has been represented: though desire is. But in a just cause it is active in attack, and still more vigorous in defence. The barbarians loved their wives better than the Greeks and Romans; and Tacitus, Florus Vopiscus, Olaus Magnus, and Saxo Grammaticus, give repeated instances of women, fighting by the side of their husbands, and obtaining victories.

“There are a thousand ways,” said Mons. Neckar, “in which we may express our hatred, our contempt, or our indignation: but only one mode of saying, ‘I love you,’ that can be believed.”¹ So curiously does the organ of speech embody the feelings of the heart. Bodily strength pays homage to beauty; but mental strength pays homage to love: for a union of these only can make the heart overflow with felicity. “Husband,” “father,” “wife,” “mother,” become the most sacred of appellations: and objects, if so dignified by affection, however deficient in beauty, seem as if they sprung from Gnidus, and were educated by the Graces.

¹ ——— With strenuous watchfulness anticipate
 All thy desires; to shew myself, at all times,
 Whichever most thou wishest me to be:
 Consort, protector, brother, friend, or servant,
 Behold to what I pledge myself:—in this,
 And this alone, my glory, and my life,
 Will be all centered.

Love, like this, endureth to the end of life : but the phantasm, which most men call love, is like the pith of plants : which diminishes as the tree grows old, and at length disappears. And here I cannot refrain from alluding to a beautiful series of coincidences, which occurred at Lanark, in Scotland, in the relative lives of William and Mary Douglas. They were born in the same hour, and brought into the world by the same midwife : they were baptized together, at the same font ; married in the church of their native village ; lived to the age of one hundred years without illness ; died as they were reposing in the same bed ; and were buried under the same font, at which they had been baptized.

Love is nearly allied to benevolence. Men have little need of frugality in the indulgence of satisfactions, arising out of the heart or of the mind. The deeper, and the oftener, they drink, the purer and more copiously will the fountain flow. In the amplitude of large cities there is peace and independence : social life being there divested, in a great measure, of impertinence, the soul may soar, or melt, at its discretion. A just method of reasoning, and a true standard of observation, in respect to mankind, are presented ; and though the mind is wrapt in wonder, when it contemplates scenes, in which Nature exhibits magnificent forms, and others, in which she seems to have abandoned the universe, the soul seems, like that of Elijah, to be more worthy of heaven, without first tasting of death, when it throws into the bosom of want the refinements of education ; when it elicits

from the eyelid of distress the tear of delight ; and illumines the countenance of sorrow with the smile of satisfaction.

The clouds doe from our presence flye ;
'Tis sunshine where we cast our eye ;
Where'er we tread on earth below,
A rose or lily up doth grow.

Hawkins.

CHAPTER II.

IF the hunter delight in the society of the hunter if the idle and the dissipated derive an illegitimate satisfaction, when recalling to their mutual recollection the follies of their youth, and feel themselves entitled to the friendship of each other, because they have partaken of the same vicious indulgences ; with how much more pleasure shall polite and accomplished minds remember those persons who are, in any way, connected with scenes, which have administered to their happiness ! If such are their associations, in regard to casual acquaintances, how strongly must those recollections cement the friendships, which have previously been awakened by mutual esteem ! By elevating the character of thought, and by giving a decided tone to all the finer sentiments of the heart, recollections of this nature confirm the affections of those, whom we have the happiness to rank in the number of our friends :—friends not formed in courts, tried at banquets, nor cemented by slavish compliances ; but contracted with those

with whose minds and feelings ours intimately harmonize; and to whom we are united by similar habits, opinions, and reflections, and by the indulgence of mutual benevolence to all mankind.

II.

Æschylus, in exhibiting the love of Electra for Orestes, paints, in a lively and affectionate manner, that species of friendship, which, of all others, is the most holy and the most enduring, *viz.* the friendship of brothers and sisters.—

Thou dearest pledge of this imperial house,
Pride of my soul ;—for my tongue must speak ;—
The love my father shar'd, my mother shar'd,
Is centred all in thee. Thou art my father,
My mother, sister, my support, my glory,
My only aid.—

Æschylus.—The Choephoræ.—Potter.

Friendship, which, next to love, is the most sacred of all moral bonds, and one of the most affecting of all moral obligations, has been a favourite theme in every age. Who is there so unlearned, as to be unacquainted with the excellent axioms of Ecclesiasticus; Cicero's celebrated Treatise; or, with Horace's consolatory Ode on the Death of Quintilius? Plutarch esteems it an union of two bodies in one soul, or one soul in two bodies! Aristotle associated it with virtue; Pythagoras called it an immortal union; and even Voltaire, (of a warm head, but of a cold and calculating heart), said, that it supplies our wants, and multiplies our being. It has

its origin in heaven, says Boethius ; is a sacred felicity ; and ought not to be numbered with the gifts of fortune. Such are the charms and advantages of friendship : and hence it arises, as a natural result, that no one, who possesses a friend, can ever be truly indigent. For as the tourmalin absorbs and emits the electric fluid, in proportion to the increase or diminution of its own heat, so, those who are capable of a sentiment so exalted as that of friendship, glow with one love ; feel but one interest ; burn with one resentment ; and participate the same enjoyments in a measure, commensurate with their taste, feeling, and virtue. As substances, which the magnet attracts, may be rendered magnetical themselves, so those friends, whose virtues have endeared them to us, impart so much of their qualities, that if we do not largely partake of their essence, we may yet immediately be recognised, as belonging to the same province, if not to the same village. So pearls concrete, and take a tincture from the air they breathe ; and evergreens, engrafted on deciduous plants, cause the latter to retain their leaves.

Watching our interests with solicitude ; assisting us with promptitude and diligence ; advising us with sincerity, tempered with delicacy ; and combating our prejudices with logic, rather than with rhetoric ; a friend becomes the partner and the ornament of our lives ! In our absence, protecting us from the shafts of others with prudential zeal ; in our presence, he chides our follies, and condemns our vices, by giving credit to our virtues. Preserving all the dignity of discretion, and

abounding in innocent compliances, he treats us with a studious and gratifying politeness. By dividing his enjoyments, he introduces us to new pleasures ; and, participating in our afflictions, his consolations are medicines, and his bosom is a sanctuary.

III.

Friendship has its origin, progress, and completion in virtue¹; hence is it able to subsist only in the bosom of good men:—Without it life is but a dull, uninteresting drama ! In the present state of morals and of mankind, however, a friend is almost as difficult to find, as a quarry of porphyry. In our search, let us remember the fate of the unfortunate peasant, who, when drawing a mountain brook into his garden, in summer, forgot that he was introducing a friend, who, in winter, would inundate and destroy every flower and shrub in his little territory. Many are the friendships recorded in history ;—As to the friendships of men in general !—where is the calm, the innocent heart, and temperate appetite, which, springing from a pure mind, bespeak a man, capable of esteem-

¹ Denique in solis christianis verum lumen amicitiae mirabiliter eluxit.

* * * Cum enim amicitia à virtute nascatur, necesse est, ut vera atque perfecta amicitia in iis tantum sit, in quibus perfecta virtus insidet. *Osorius de Nobil. Christian.* lib. ii. p. 406, ed. 1580. The Japanese seem to have a great respect for this virtue. Vide *Rikord's Account of his Negotiations with the Japanese*, p. 288.

We may compare friendship to genuine Madeira wine. This liquid sustains no injury from being congealed by frost, or thawed by heat ; from being boiled ; left to cool ; exposed to the sun ; or buried in the cellar.

ing misfortune the greatest of all claims for respect and veneration? The Romans adopted a significative motto for the escutcheon of friendship:—"Near and far: summer and winter."—All friendships must begin in one virtue, and end in another:—respect and gratitude.¹

CHAPTER III.

IF a love of Nature give additional force to the lover and the friend, it is no less productive of that high spirit of liberty, and that ardent love of true glory,² which gives such a decided impulse and dignity to the soul. For impressive and sublime scenes, checking the more violent passions, subdue the natural arrogance of our nature, reduce ambition to humility, and place man and man upon a level with each other, by subduing the vanity of the proud, and exalting the hopes of the humble. Of this opinion was Sir William Jones; who, bred in the school of Greece, and imbibing with

¹ Gratitude, said Massieu, the pupil of Sicard, is the memory of the heart. Milton's idea (book iv.) has been adopted by Rouchefoucault: perhaps both may be traced to a sentiment in Phalaris' Epistles. xvii.

² Gloria nihil est in rebus humanis pulchrius, nihil amabilius, nihil cum virtutis altitudine copulatius. Nam et a splendore virtutis excitata est, et excellenti pulchritudine ad amorem dignitatis allicit, et homines ingenio præstantes ad virtutis studium inflammat. Omnes enim, qui maximo ingenio præditi sunt, stimulis gloriæ concitati, res præclaras aggrediuntur. Tolle gloriæ cupiditatem, et omne studium virtutis extingues.

his love of ancient literature the most elevated ideas of liberty, never permitted them to wither or decay! Hence is it, that those countries, remarkable for a combination of scenerial contrasts, have, at all times, made the greater advances towards the cultivation of science and the arts; or, in their absence, have rendered themselves conspicuous for a detestation of despotism; for a strong and ardent desire of retaining their liberties, when in possession, and of recovering them, when lost. I need not call to your recollection, among other examples, those of Rome and early Greece; or of that lovely and unfortunate country, once loved, honoured and admired, dear to all lovers of landscape, the seat of virtue, the abode of peace and content, and where the honest face of poverty was never seen to blush. And much is it to be hoped, that some one, animated with a love of liberty, and gifted with the rare qualities of an historian, may yet rescue the heroic deeds of its heroes from the hands of the annalist. Switzerland! thou art a country, that my heart does doat upon!

In that country was born the celebrated Aloys Reding, who learned the art of war in the service of the King of Spain. After some time, he became disgusted with that regime; retired to his native country; and devoted himself to the science of agriculture. In this occupation he was engaged, when the French revolution electrified the whole of Europe. The liberty of the Swiss was uncongenial to his taste; for it was a liberty rather in name, than in substance. The change, that he desired, was an amelioration of the

federal system ; but he desired such amelioration to be effected by the Swiss themselves ; not by the aid of French bayonets, or of French councils. Animated by these sentiments, he resumed the sword in favour of his country ; and with a small force performed many splendid actions. But the armies of his enemies were too numerous, and treachery and cowardice diminished his numbers. At length the time arrived, which was to decide the issue of the contest. Certain death appeared to await the whole of the heroic band. On the sublime heights of Morgarten, Reding appeared at the head of his troops. Morgarten had been a theatre for the performance of great actions ; and calling to mind the heroic achievements of ancient times, the brave general thus addressed his soldiers. “ Comrades and fellow-citizens ! The decisive moment is arrived. Surrounded by enemies, and deserted by our friends, it only remains to know, if we will courageously imitate the example, formerly set by our ancestors among these magnificent mountains ;—indeed upon the spot, on which we now stand. An almost instant death awaits us. If any one fear it, let him retire : we will not reproach him : but let us not impose upon each other at this solemn hour. I would rather have an hundred men, firm and stedfast to their duty, than a large army, which by flight might occasion confusion, or by a precipitous retreat, immolate the brave men, who would still defend themselves. As to myself,—I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest danger. Death and no retreat ! If you participate in my resolution,

let two men come out of your ranks, and swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises."

When the chieftain had finished his address, his soldiers, who had been leaning on their arms, and listening in reverential silence, instantly hailed its conclusion, with loud shouts, of "we will never desert you;" "we will never abandon you;" "we will share your fate, whatever it may be." Two men then moved out of each rank, as Reding had desired; and, giving their hands to their chief, confirmed the oath, their comrades had taken. This treaty of alliance between the chief and his soldiers was sworn in open day, and in one of the sublimest scenes in all Switzerland. A treaty, which, as the historian¹ observes, bears marks of patriarchal manners, worthy the simplicity of the golden age. These brave men fought and bled with the resolution of heroes, and the enthusiasm of patriots; but fate having, for a time, decreed the subjugation of their country, they fought therefore in vain.

II.

As you are a friend to social order and uniformity of government, my Lelius, perhaps you may start at the now unfashionable name of liberty;—the mother of the arts, of science, and philosophy; the friend of virtue, and the surest guardian of a people's happiness. Where liberty languishes, happiness never

¹ Zschockle.

fails to wither away. Like the best of Indian rubies, it requires no polish: glowing with its own fire, the brilliancy it emits, is native in the quarry.

The revolution in a neighbouring state, which resembles a beautiful symphony to a wretched concerto, and the crimes, perpetrated during which, not all the waters of the Loire, the Seine, or the Rhone, can ever wash from the historic page, has weakened your national attachment to those greatest of all heaven's benefits, freedom of action and liberty of speech. You resemble the herb, called by the ancient naturalists, *Zacolon*; which being bruised and cast into wine, turned the wine to water, preserving the colour, but losing the strength and virtue of wine. But, my Lelius, Liberty, (the loss of which necessarily involves the ruin of the human mind), is not to be despised, because few, in these degenerated days, have any fixed regard for her. Nor is her character to be libelled, because vicious men, in all the wantonness of license, have formed so many schemes, and committed so many crimes, under the assumed privilege of her honourable name. How many an act of treachery has been perpetrated under the name of friendship: and how many a virtuous woman has fallen a sacrifice, at the fascinating shrine of love! In spite of all this, friendship is still the most exalted of the virtues: love is still the most delightful feeling of the heart: and since justice is the peculiar attribute of heaven, let liberty, —pure, unadulterated, liberty,—be the idol of the good.

III.

Nobly, justly, and honourably, was it observed by one of the Jewish rabbins, that were the sea ink, and the land parchment, the former would not be able to describe, nor the latter to comprize, all the praises of Liberty. It is the rich prerogative of man! The mother of every virtue; and the truest friend, the only nurse of genius. And so natural is it to the human breast, that it is as difficult to eradicate, as it is to convert a circle into a square.

Shout, hiss, and abhor *license*, my Lelius, as much as you will: there is not an honest man in the country, who will not echo her disgrace. She is an *harlot*: and the worst and most execrable of harlots! But if you despise the character of a slanderer; if you respect the honour of your sister, and the chastity of your wife: if you would secure the uninterrupted possession of your property: and if you regard the interests of your children and the purity of your name: disregarding the caution of the worthless, and disdaining to shelter yourself under the despicable garment of neutrality, you will honour the character of Liberty in all times, and in all places, and claim its exercise, as an unalienable RIGHT. There is not a mendicant, who begs from door to door, that has not as clear, and as indisputable a title to this inheritance, as the proudest aristocrat, that, in his admiration of tyranny, ever disgraced the honours of ancestry. Nature implanted the desire: nature prompts us to command the exer-

cise: and may he, who seeks, by any indirection, to deprive us of this invaluable inheritance, be the scorn of this world, and an outcast in the next! All other sins may be forgiven.—But the sin of ruining a whole people, for the sake of crawling on the mantle of an unworthy sovereign,—it is an offence, that kneels for mercy, even a thousand years!

Dion Cassius expressly marks the comparative characters of despotism and anarchy. “The times are certainly bad,” says he, “when men are not permitted to do what they please;—but they are much worse, when they are permitted to do every thing they please.” The abuse of liberty produces anarchy, as naturally as despotism tends to the production of liberty. “We are content with alarms,” said an Afghaun to Mr. Elphinstone; “we are content with discord; but we will not be content with a tyrant.”

It was the opinion of Machiavel, that the froth and the dregs, as Voltaire distinguishes the upper and lower orders of society, contended only for the *name*; the middle classes for the *essence* of liberty. When therefore, my Lelius, you say, that the people have no honest regard for liberty, you are mistaken; and much mistaken. For truly has Pliny remarked,—and in his panegyric on Trajan too,—that people never love their prince so much, but that they love liberty more.

In regard to the neutrality your friend, Priscus, recommends, let me remind you, that Solon declared every man vicious, who, in any civil dissension, should

continue neuter.¹ Aulus Gellius affirms the penalty to have been no less than the banishment of the delinquent, and the confiscation of his effects²: and Cicero³ once had the intention of proposing a law, that an offence of that kind should be esteemed capital. Hypocrites there are of liberty, who would stifle the occasional excesses of its more ignorant admirers, by imposing a nightmare upon all its sons; as the women of the Fox islands, to stifle the cries of their children, take them to the sea shore, and hold them in the water till they are dead. Like the legate of the sovereign pontiff, they become ambassadors of intrigue to palsy the liberty of action. But every country, that

¹ Plutarch in Vit. Solon. The best defence of neutrality is that of Nepos in behalf of Atticus. This defence, however, fails, when we compare the character with human nature. The manner of associating Catullus with Lucretius, is exceedingly offensive in this writer, c. xii. 21. An argument employed afterwards by Luccan, in favour of men of prudence, seems to have had its due weight upon the accomplished Atticus.—“Let the affairs of others go on, as they will; it is my opinion, that it is our business to mind our own; to know our former and our present condition; and to know in what manner to act most agreeable to our interest.” Boccacini* says, that Bernardino Rota, a Neapolitan poet, won the affections of every one, by “not desiring to know, much less to busy himself in other men’s affairs; by seeing and concealing the actions of his friends and companions; and by divulging those things only, which might purchase others glory and reputation: by applying himself to every one’s humour; and by perfuming their ears with the essence of commendation.”

² Aulus Gell. Not. Att. l. ii. c. 12.

³ Epist. ad Attic. iii. 1.

submits to be a land of slaves, deserves to be a land of ruin. Patriotism is that virtue, which “all generations call blessed :” and yet, would they whither it in the bud ; and make it languish, as the human intellect withers and languishes, beneath the influence of a pestilence.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow’d mould ;
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

A few words shall now satisfy us. 1. It is incumbent on the people to shew no little indulgence to princes, on two particular accounts. First,—because they are compelled to see through spectacles, formed of other persons’ eyes. And secondly, because every prince, from Heliogabalus to John Lackland; and thence to Napoleon of France ; has been almost suffocated with praise. 2. We ought to remember, that though most men, either in public or in private, can chaunt the glory of liberty ; it is not liberty for others, but liberty for themselves, that they so earnestly desire. Who could brawl more intemperately for liberty, than the Spartans ? And yet their conduct to their slaves was enough to bring a curse upon the whole peninsula of Greece ! In truth, most men are tyrants : and if all tyrants were kings, there would be nearly as many kings as subjects. And this was, doubtless, one of the reasons, why Napoleon hesitated so little in renewing the despotism of France. Knowing the ap-

petites of men, perhaps a greater insult was never hazarded to a country, than when he converted his infancy of authority into a manhood of power, under the specious pretence of being the friend and father of freedom. Promising every thing, he finished in being the only free agent in all his dominions :

————— *Toto jam liber in orbe*
Solus Cæsar erit. —————

What a solitude !—Placing, however, a sentinel over the tongue and the pen : and proscribing liberty, as he had before affected to value it, like the wasp and the hornet, he lost his sting and strength for ever.

Let us now refer to two beautiful maxims. They are taught us by men of wisdom and authority : no poison, therefore, lurks concealed in their buds. 1. “A prince is not born for himself ; but for his subjects. In elevating him, the people confide to him power and authority ; reserving for themselves, in exchange, his cares, time, and vigilance.” This political canon is laid down by a Catholic priest,—Massillon : and it derives no little authority from the source, whence it proceeds : for Catholicism has been, hitherto, the prolific and affectionate parent of despotism. As this canon has been universally acknowledged to be legitimate ; it, of necessity, follows, that the minister, who presumes to infringe upon the established liberties of a country, out of an insidious respect to royal authority, is nothing more, and nothing less, than a pander to his sovereign, and an enemy to his country. A minister should be deposed, upon the second bad symptom

he exhibits. Nor ought he to be permitted to furnish a third: lest he finishes in imitating the example of the Marquis de Pombal; during whose administration not less than three thousand nine hundred and seventy persons died in the prisons of Portugal, without being convicted of any crime. During the continuance of the Spanish Inquisition, too, (from 1481 to 1820), two hundred and ninety-one thousand four hundred and fifty persons were sentenced to be imprisoned, and their properties confiscated: seventeen thousand six hundred and ninety, to be burnt in effigy: and thirty-two thousand three hundred and eighty-two to be burnt alive.

2. "A man in a state of slavery," says the first and greatest of poets, "has lost the best half of himself." What has been lost, a people have a right to recover: and the longer the time they defer, the more difficulty and danger will await the attempt. But in every contemplation of change, we must be essentially certain, that the benefit can be purchased *at no other price*. And in the attempt to gain what has been lost, we must be cautious, that we do not resemble the savage of Louisiana, who, desirous of fruit, cuts down the tree to come at it.

But this is not sufficient. The ardour of liberty must be checked by a reverence of it. Excess of liberty is the worst species of despotism: for it creates a tyrant in every man we meet. We must neither seek it as a lover, as a warrior, nor with too much familiarity. We must seek it, as a son seeks a father he has lost; calmly, manfully, vigorously; and

with a resolution, not to be changed by power, circumstance, or time.

There is, in the contemplation of change, one great general fear, of which insidious ministers amply avail themselves:—the fear, lest in repairing the walls, the fabric should fall to the ground. This ought, assuredly, to be guarded against; and with the utmost solicitude. But liberty is worth any price, and any hazard. Lord Kaims says, and says justly, what Tacitus had said before him, that it is far better to have a government liable to storms, than to breathe the dead repose of despotism. But such outrages have been committed in the name of liberty, that it has almost become necessary to invent some new word to express its excellencies and beauties. Robespierre, odious and detestable, as he assuredly was, is less to be abhorred for his ignorance and cruelty, than for the disgrace, which he brought upon the name of freedom: License being even a greater insult to liberty, than the Inquisition is to the science of legislation: both being, in fact, a terror and a persecution to all the faculties of the soul.¹

¹ There are, I am ashamed to acknowledge, many men in this country, fully qualified to act the parts of Robespierre and Danton. They are bringing disgrace upon our sacred cause; and, therefore, ought to be despised and shunned by every friend to freedom. It is an insult to the understandings of men to suppose, that the disorders of our constitution can be healed by men, as deficient in rank, wealth, and education, as they are in manners, morals, and ability.

Nor is this all; it is not the full measure of our disgrace! A more transcendant nation than this never yet appeared upon the face of the globe. And yet, some we have amongst us, so lost to every great and noble sentiment, that they would not only barter their own liberties, but even those of the whole universe, for a peerage, an appointment, a pre-

If, from the liberty of nations, we recur to the freedom of individuals, we may safely pronounce that man to be the most free, and consequently the most happy, who has learned to consider genius the only rightful claimant of prerogative, and virtue the only symbol of nobility: who, smiling at the caprice of fashion, disregarding the idle opinions of the weak, and despising the notions of the worldly, has formed his plan in temperate independence of common customs and of common society. Whose resources centre in himself: whose mind contains the riches of exalted precepts: and whose soul is superior to his fortune. —Master, as it were, of his own destiny, esteeming content the synonyma of happiness, and bearing ever in his mind that noble axiom, which teaches, that the fewer are our wants, the greater are our pleasures, he despises the oppressor; he ridicules the proud; and pities the ignorance and folly of malevolence. Beholding Nature with a lover's eye, and reading in her sacred volume the transcript of the Deity, his mind is to him as a kingdom: And fixing his habitation at the foot of a high mountain, surrounded by all, that is graceful or magnificent in Nature, he enjoys the sublimity of the scene with a tranquillity, which neither the smiles nor the frowns of fortune can exalt or depress.

Creation's heir! the world, the world is his!

lacy, a vicarage, a colonelcy; nay—even for the puerile consequence of appearing at a great man's table!—there to be the butt of the master, the lapdog of the mistress, the playfellow of the sons, and the contempt of the servants.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE a love of Nature engenders and fosters the highest regard for public and private liberty, it calls forth many of the latent resources of the mind, and adds proportionably to its strength. It confirms us in the habits of virtue ; leads us to desire a more intimate knowledge of ourselves ; and produces a decided contempt, for the unlawful pleasures of an idle world. By virtue of association it excites, too, that ardent love of greatness, in action and sentiment, which characterises a liberal and heroic spirit. Innumerable are the instances, in which the highlanders of Scotland have evinced the power of scenery to excite to noble deeds : and who will doubt, but that the landscapes in the Peloponesus and in the neighbourhood of Athens, Rome, and Florence, have had a decided effect upon those illustrious cities ? Many a man, who has been censured for idleness, or cashiered for inattention, among the dull swamps of Holland and Flanders, would have felt himself equal to the command of armies in Italy, Switzerland, or Greece.

The bold character of the scenery, by which the Monks of St. Bernard are surrounded, gives an important stimulus to their benevolence, activity, and fortitude. These holy men,¹ at the risk of their per-

¹ There are not more than ten or twelve of these Ecclesiastics. They have two farms ; but their principal subsistence is derived from the contributions of those districts of France, Switzerland, and Italy, that lie in their neighbourhood. Seven thousand persons are said to travel up their mountain every year.

sonal safety, will encounter the greatest vicissitudes of toil and danger ; in order to assist those unfortunate travellers, who sink into the gulphs of ice and snow, which render the passes of the Alps of St. Bernard, so difficult and dangerous. Animated by benevolence, kept alive by those characters of sublimity, which, in the strongest language, declare the actual presence of a Deity, in the dead of night they will quit their convent, and, accompanied by dogs, and lighted only by lanthorns, they will grope their way over immense masses of ice, to rescue a human creature from the danger of perishing with cold ; or from the more dreadful fate of sinking into gulphs, from which it were impossible ever to rescue them.

II.

Gunilda,¹ sister to Hardicanute, and wife to the Emperor Henry, being accused of incontinence by her husband, resented it so highly, that she retired to a monastery, and there ended her days ; though the Emperor frequently solicited her return. A similar fate distinguished those beautiful and injured queens, Matilda of Denmark, and Sophia, wife of George the First, while Elector of Hanover: both of whom were distinguished by a regard for the charms and graces of Nature. Matilda, accused of crimes, her soul detested, was banished to the electorate of Hanover. Looking back with tranquillity, and true dignity of soul, upon those pleasures, she had never perfectly enjoyed ; and regretting not the splendour

¹ Mathew of Westminster.

and magnificence, she had lost; her principal resources, in the absence of her children, were her garden and her shrubberies. Thus occupied, she was an object of love, admiration, and pity, to all the Electorate. Sophia, charged with a crime, as ill-founded as those of the virtuous Matilda, and confined in the castle of Alden in the duchy of Zell, for the space of thirty years, derived the same consolation in the culture of her flower-garden. Her husband, by whom she had been unjustly accused, offered to be reconciled to her,—but she would not. In the page of history a reply, more admirable than hers, is no where to be found:—"If the accusation be just," said she, "I am unworthy of his bed: if it be false, he is unworthy of mine."

III.

If scenes, so common and simple, as shrubberies and gardens, have power to strengthen the mind, and to secure it against the turbulent emotions, caused by the intrigues and tumults of the world; much greater effect in weaning us from its follies and vices, may nobler scenes be supposed to produce. Colonna, accompanied by Blanche, one evening in the month of April, ascended a high mountain in the neighbourhood of Llangollen. The sun was shooting its evening rays along the vale, embellishing every thing they touched. It having rained all the morning, the freshness, with which spring had clad every object, gave additional impulse to all their feelings. Arrived at the summit, the scene became truly captivating:

for Nature appeared to have drawn the veil from her bosom, and to glory in her charms. The season of early spring, which, in other countries, serves only to exhibit their poverty, displayed new beauties in this. Nature had thrown off her mantle of snow, and appeared to invite the beholder to take a last look of her beauties, ere she shaded the cottage with woodbine, or screened with leaves the fantastic arms of the oak. The clouds soon began to form over their heads, and a waving column lightly touched their hats. Around—was one continued range of mountains, with Dinas, rising above the river. Immediately below, lay a beautifully diversified vale, with the Dee, — Milton's "wizard stream,"—combining all the charms of the Arno and the Loire, winding through the middle of it: while on the east side of the mountain, several villages appeared to rest in calm repose. This beautiful scene was soon converted into a sublime one. For the clouds assuming a more gloomy character, the tops of all the mountains around became totally enveloped; and the heads of Colonna and his companion were now and then encircled with a heavy vapour. A more perfect union of the beautiful and magnificent it were difficult to conceive. No object was discernable above: but below, how captivating! Their feet were illumined by the sun, their heads, as it were, touching the clouds! How often, when a boy, has Colonna reposed himself upon a bank, or under the shade of a thicket, and, watching the course of the clouds, has wished, that, like some demi-god of antiquity, he

could sit upon their gilded columns, and gaze upon the scene below ! Now the wish was, in a measure, gratified :—

Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Above—all was gloomy and dark ; below—the sun, from the west, still illumined the villages and spires, the cottages and woods, the pastures and fields, which lay scattered in every direction ; while the Dee, at intervals, swept, in many a graceful curve, along the bottom of the vale.

These objects, so variously blended, and so admirably contrasted with the sombre scene above them, called to the imagination the golden thoughts of Ariosto : and inspired such a combination of feelings, that, for a time, they were absorbed in silent meditation. While they were indulging in this halcyon repose, the sounds of village bells, in honour of a recent marriage, were heard, floating on the breeze, from below. The sounds, softened by the distance, and coming from a region so far beneath, lulled them with a choral symphony, that excited the most delightful sensations. And such must ever be the effect on those, whose happiness has not been smothered beneath a load of splendid vacuities ; in whom society has not engendered an infinity of wants ; in whom ignorance has not awakened pride, arrogance, and vanity ; and in whom content has the power of lulling every fever of illegitimate desire.

CHAPTER V.

Such are the scenes, which Nature exhibits, in a few favoured spots, to raise our wonder and exalt our gratitude. Scenes which, in their power of giving delight, rank next to the observance of the great and illustrious actions of men. In common landscapes, however, Nature permits herself principally to be embellished by the art¹ and industry of man. Hence arise the impressions, which we derive from various kinds of buildings;—the house, the palace, and the cottage; mills, churches, forges, bridges, pillars and temples; towers, castles and abbeys. But even those objects become more endeared to the eye of taste, when Nature has, in a measure, made them her own, by covering them with moss, lichens, vines, or ivy. Thus art and nature, which are so necessary in the formation of a true poet, extend their union of effect to architecture and landscape, by imparting a mutual grace and harmony to both.

The species of architecture, most gratifying to the lover of the picturesque, are the Roman, and the Gothic: and few, gifted with imagination or genius, would prefer the light and elegant erections of Greece, seated in a vale, or rising on a knoll, to those proud and noble specimens of Gothic and Roman grandeur, frowning upon mountains, or embattled among woods,

¹ Si la vue de la rivière embellit le château, il faut avouer que la vue du château, qui s'élève presque à demicôte, embellit beaucoup le bord de la rivière.—*La Spectacle de la Nature.*

as they are exhibited in the awful ruins of towers and monasteries, abbeys and castles. The grace and majesty of the Ionic; the simplicity of the Tuscan; the magnificence of the Corinthian; the solemnity of the Doric; and the profuseness of the Composite; well suited, as they are, to buildings in shrubberies, in parks, and to public erections, in the neighbourhood of large cities, are, for the most part, entirely out of character, when observed amid the wild and more untameable scenes of Nature. There the rudeness of the British; the greatness of the Roman; the circular tower of the Saxon; and the pointed arch¹ of the Anglo Norman styles, assimilate, in a far greater degree, with the bold and romantic features of the surrounding scenery; and carry us back to those tumultuous times, in which the tower and long winding passage were equally useful, as securities against the humble banditti of the forest; as from the titled ruffian of a neighbouring castle.

But of all the degrees of modern architecture, most grateful to the lover of the more placid style of land-

¹ The pointed arch was doubtless introduced by the Crusaders; although some have asserted, that there are no pointed arches in any of the Saracenic remains in Spain. Its antiquity in the east must be considerable; since it is found in the temples of Chaudi Sira, in the Isle of Java.

The first temple of Apollo at Delphi was a mere cottage, covered with boughs of laurel. From this rude origin it rose to be all that can be esteemed graceful in religious architecture: chaste, simple, and symmetrical, it addresses itself to taste. But the gothic, associating the spirit of honour, chivalry, and romantic love, speaks to genius. Schlegel calls the one classical: the other romantic.

scape, and to the philosophic and elegant mind, the cottage¹ has the most attractive claim. With one of those delightful little mansions, situated on the borders of a lake, or near the sea-shore, over which mountains rear themselves into vast natural amphitheatres; a small garden, with a clear stream, winding through it; a library of all that is useful in art and science, or elegant and just in poetry and philosophy; a friend, whom we esteem, and a woman, whom we love; who would exchange for the Escorial, or St. Cloud, the palace of the Grand Seigneur, or even the Castle of Windsor itself?

CHAPTER VI.

As all that is captivating in scenery may be reduced to the three orders of the *beautiful*, the *picturesque*, and the *sublime*, so may beauty of form and countenance be divided into the three orders of the *graceful*, the *harmonic*, and the *magnificent*. The *magnificent* applies to the indication of mind and manner in man: the *graceful* to softness, delicacy, and benevolence in woman: the *harmonic* consists in

¹ How beautiful must have been the cottages of Greece! The Grecians, says Le Roy, (from Vitruvius) disposed their cottages with so much taste and wisdom, that they preserved the form of them, even in their most magnificent buildings. *Diverse Maniere d' adornare i cammani.*—*Roma*, 1769, p. 30. In the Brazils, almost every cottage is concealed beneath leaves of forest trees, overtopped by cocoas.

that exquisite indication of every shade of feeling, and in that union of the graceful and the magnificent in both, which, as it is the most uncommon, is more captivating than either. Admiration of beauty, whether in bodies, morals, or in scenery, may be denominated instructive: hence Plato called beauty *Nature's masterpiece*; and believed that the pleasure, arising from it, was the result of a remembrance of visions, enjoyed in a former state of existence. Theophrastus esteemed it *a silent fraud*; and the Carneades called it *a silent rhetoric*. "It is a quality," says Xenophon, "upon which Nature has affixed the stamp of royalty;" and the reason, it has been so much admired in every age, is, because our souls are essences from the very source of beauty, harmony and perfection. Aristotle defined beauty "order in grandeur;" order involving symmetry; and grandeur uniting simplicity and majesty. Father André defined it "variety reduced to unity by symmetry and harmony." One description of theorists however maintain, that beauty is nothing but illusion; having no more positive existence, than colour. As well may we assert, that the nerves are conductors of electric fluids; that all matter is representative; or that all virtue is illusive; as to doubt the existence of beauty and deformity. Beauty, "bear witness earth and heaven!" by being

¹ In association we may trace the *Linda* of the Spaniard; the *Buona Roba* of the Italian; and the *je ne sais quoi* of the French. Were it otherwise, beauty could never be understood, for in Africa a black com-

the result of association,¹ is not the less positive on that account. For every object, which awakens pleasure in the mind, is beautiful; since it possesses some internal or external quality, which produces the sensation of pleasure. Whatever excites agreeable emotion, therefore, possesses some intrinsic quality of beauty.¹ Hence the term beauty may be applied to every thing, which gives serenity or pleasure to the mind; from a woman to a problem; from a planet to a tree or a flower. Hence arises the intimate connexion between beauty and virtue²; and as nothing produces so many agreeable emotions, as the practice of virtue (for virtue is a medal, whose reverse is happiness), whatever is virtuous, or condu-

plexion is indispensable; the Arabs of the desert esteem large dark eyes; the Chinese and Peruvians small eyes and small feet; the Lardones black teeth and white hair; the Turks red hair, dark eyelashes, and rose-coloured nails: while the Greenlanders paint their faces blue, and not unfrequently blue and yellow. The Moors of Senegal regard beauty and corpulence as synonymous terms: the Indians of Louisiana depress the foreheads of infants to make them more comely; in many parts of the east a large head is esteemed a great beauty; the Japanese admire "golden" hair; and the Javanese a "golden" complexion: and a Circassian to be exquisitely beautiful to a Persian must have a small nose and mouth; white teeth; dark hair; large black antelope eyes, and a delicate figure.

¹ The man, however, who was born blind, and recovered his sight by couching, did not esteem those the most beautiful, whom he had most loved. Nor did he consider those articles of food most agreeable to his vision, which had been the most agreeable to his palate.

² Hence the Celtic proverb, that no falsehood can dwell in the soul of the lovely.

cive thereto, is really and essentially as beautiful as a carnation always in bloom, or a group of angels in the Assumption of Guido.

II.

In the true spirit of this doctrine, Wieland, the celebrated German poet, has written a dialogue, conceived in the manner, and executed with much of the sweetness and delicacy of Plato. He imagines Socrates to surprise Timoclea, a captivating Athenian virgin, at her toilet; dressed for a solemn festival in honour of Diana; attired in all the beauty of Nature and in all the luxuriance of art. His surprising her, in this manner, gave rise to a dialogue, in which the subject of real and apparent beauty is philosophically discussed. The arguments are summed up by Timoclea, at the end of the discourse; in which she declares herself a convert to that fine moral doctrine, which teaches, that nothing is beautiful, which is not good; and nothing good, but what is, at the same time, intrinsically beautiful. This union of virtue, happiness, and beauty, is in strict conformity to the doctrines of the ancient Platonists, and the evidence of experience. For, as affinity acts upon bodies in contact, and gravitation upon bodies at immeasurable distances, so virtue, partaking of the nature of both, has the power of combining all minds, rightly disposed, of whatever country, and at whatever distance, in the persuasion, that beauty and virtue are one; and that, from their union, must, at one time or other, proceed a long and lasting happiness. Constituting

at once the column, pedestal, and capital to each other, they form that Doric column, which Palladio writes of, which, being neither Roman, Grecian, Gothic, nor Italian, is far more beautiful than either; and charms and fascinates wherever it is seen.

III.

The dissertation of Maximus Tyrius,¹ in which the doctrine of the Platonists, on this subject, is so fully explained, has most of the essential qualities of an admirable poem. Well might Casaubon² call that accomplished writer “*Mellitissimus Platoniorum* !”

The pleasure, which is derived from scenery, we may trace, in some way or other, to something, which has an immediate or collateral reference to humanity. The conclusions of Mr. Alison, in his Philosophical Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste, are, therefore, perfectly just. For, as he observes, unless the imagination be excited, the emotions of beauty and sublimity are unfelt. Hence, whatever increases the powers of that faculty, increases those emotions, in like proportion : and no objects or qualities being felt, either as beautiful or sublime, but such as are productive of some simple emotion, no composition of objects, or qualities, produce emotions of taste, in which that unity is not preserved.³

¹ Diss. ix., also Seneca de Benef. v. 1, 2. Lucret. lib. iii. Cic. de Off. lib. iii. c. 3.

² Misc. Observ. lib. i. c. 20.

³ Ch. i. sect. 2, 3 ; ch. ii. sect. 2, 3. “Beauty,” says Hume, “is no quality in things themselves : it consists merely in the mind, which contemplates them.”

IV.

It is association, then, which produces that intimate connexion, which subsists between the beauty of landscape and the beauty of sensation. Every scene, to be perfectly beautiful in the eye of man, must, in consequence, possess something which refers to humanity. Either horses, sheep, or oxen ; either cottages, churches, or ruins ; or something that has reference to ourselves, as sentient beings, must meet the eye or the ear in some part or other of the scene, or the whole is incomplete. The Mississippi would have less interest for the traveller, were not the warblings of the red-bird (tanager) heard upon its banks : and the solitudes of Valdarno would be far less affecting in their character, were there no choes of matin and vesper chaunts from the monastery of Vallombrosa.

Every one feels how much even the most magnificent view acquires, if a shepherd is seen, tending his flocks, among the precipices ; a fisherman hanging his nets on the side of a rock ; a student reclining under the arch of a ruin ; a woodman returning by the light of the moon ; or if a hunter, weary of bounding among the crags,

————— throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

Hence it arises, that, as every landscape should be observed from its proper point, so every sound must

be heard in its proper place. Who is not displeased with the horn of the huntsman, if sounded in a garden? And who can listen to the bleating of sheep, confined in a house; or to the lowing of cattle near the windows of a drawing-room? And yet, how agreeable are our sensations, when lambs bleat upon the mountains; when cows low among the meadows; and when the huntsman's bugle echoes through the forest.

V.

Hence, all our more celebrated masters in the art of painting, never fail to animate their pictures with living objects; in unison with the scenes, they respectively exhibit. How comparatively unmoving were the creations of Salvator Rosa, without his groups of banditti! and how far less interesting were the rocks, valleys, and woods of the romantic Claude, were we to expunge his shepherds, his flocks, and his ruins! The poets seldom neglect to embellish their subjects in a similar manner.¹ Full of those allusions and associations is the poem of Grongar Hill.

Grongar!—The imagination immediately transports us thither. This celebrated eminence, my Lelius, is situated in the most picturesque part of the vale of Towy. No place do I remember, in which the combinations of water, wood, mountain and ruin, assume

¹ A neglect of this is one cause, why De Lille's poem of *Les Jardins* excites so little interest.

such exquisite variety :—sacred have been the moments, I have passed, on that enchanting spot !

Grongar ! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells :
Grongar ! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made :
So oft I have, at evening still,
At the fountain of a rill ;
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over hill and over wood ;
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

CHAPTER VII.

IN scenes, like those of Grongar, tranquillity loves to repose ; and solitude, beloved by the good, and sought as a refuge by the great, the most delights to linger. Delicacy and distinction, says Sir William Temple, make a man solitary. By a love of solitude, however, far am I from alluding to that misanthropic dislike of society, which impels man to forsake his fellow, in order to indulge a selfish and indignant passion. A desire of solitude of that nature is seldom engendered by a contemplation of Nature ; which impels only to that description of retirement, the charms of which we may whisper to a friend. An idea, realized in a picture of solitude, painted by

Gaspar Poussin, in the collection of his Majesty: illustrated by Balzac¹; and alluded to by Cowper.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
 "How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!"
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, "solitude is sweet."

An affectionate friend does, indeed, illumine with a serene lustre, that engaging society of solitude, which, in a world like this, a cultivated mind frequently finds only in the sanctuary of its own bosom; when books are its friends, and the birds its companions.

In retirement, statesmen recruit their mental strength, like Achilles stringing his bow; an eagle sharpening his talons; or an elephant whetting his tusks. In retirement, the man of learning or genius strips himself of all ornament; his thoughts become concentrated, and his desires moderated. To those devoted to worldly, or to scientific pursuits, it gives that temperate rest, so necessary to recruit the weary organs of activity. It affords the leisure to arrange the materials of thought; to mature the

¹ La solitude est véritablement une belle chose; mais il y auroit plaisir d'avoir un ami fait comme vous, à qui on pût dire quelquefois, que c'est une belle chose."—*Let. Chois.* liv. ii. v. 24. Bruyere has a similar sentiment. "La solitude est certainement une belle chose; mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un qui sache répondre—à qui on puisse dire de tems en tems que la solitude est une belle chose."—*La Bruyere.* De Lille also, in the first canto of his *Homme des Champs*.—

Ma sœur, lui dit Progne, comment vous portez-vous!

Voici tantôt mille ans que l'on ne vous a vue.

Ne quitterez-vous point ce séjour solitaire?

Ah! reprit Philomèle, en est-il de plus doux?

Le désert est-il fuit pour des talens si beaux?

Fontaine.

labours of art ; and to polish the works of genius. It relieves the mind from the frivolities of life ; and lessens its anxieties, as much as every improvement in mechanics diminishes the value of bodily strength.

II.

To a life of solitude has been objected a destitution of employment : and if the accusation were just, the censure were severe. For without occupation, the mind becomes listless ; it preys upon itself ; and we should be in danger of becoming melancholy, even to weariness of life. In nothing, therefore, does Pliny err more, than when he says, that there are only two things, by which we ought to be actuated : “ a love of immortal fame, or continual inactivity.” But let no one be actuated by the opinion of Pliny, in this important particular. Idleness quickens the approach of disease and want ; as naturally as the advance of astronomy accelerates the fall of astrology. Where idleness prevails, vice prevails ; and where vice is long tolerated, crime walks with gigantic stride over all the land. To live without labour is destructive to the body ; to be indolent is fatal to the mind ; and both are destined to be the operative causes of each other’s misery. The listless torments of indolence are well described by Seneca, in his fine *Treatise on the Tranquillity of the Mind* ; and even Pliny himself, in another part of his works, observing that the mental faculties are raised, and enlarged by the activity of the body, exemplifies his argument, by drawing an excellent picture of an old senator,

retiring into the country, and guarding himself from lassitude by continual occupation.

O Solitude—romantic maid—
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide ;
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or at the purple dawn of day,
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey ;
 You, Recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Grainger.

III.

Thus sings the poet !—But the man of the world—
 Oh !—he will tell you that the poet dreams. “ Soli-
 tude,” he exclaims, “ is nothing better than a dreary
 waste, for idleness to linger in.” And does retire-
 ment indeed offer no objects to engage our attention ?
 Does it not, on the other hand, present a succession
 of amusements and pleasures, ever changing and ever
 varied ? Can he want exercise, who has a garden ?
 Can he want mental recreation, who has a library ?
 Can he be destitute of objects to engage his research,
 who has the volume of Nature always unfolded before
 him ? On the contrary, so varied and so delightful
 are all these, that a votary to temperate solitude may
 triumphantly enquire, whether there is not a pleasure
 and a consolation in it, than which nothing can be
 more delightful—since they fade with no season.—

Is there a melancholy, which they do not soothe, or a sorrow, they do not relieve?—Yes, my dear Lelius, retirement and a love of letters have charms to recommend them, far more transcendant than the vapid nonsense of a harsh, ignorant, and intemperate world!—Quit it therefore!—As to myself!—though I am aware, that the occasional contrast of real life is necessary to give us a *gout* for the more substantial enjoyments of a retired one ; knowing that the world has little of satisfaction, and still less of stability, unless I enjoy the opportunity of mixing in a society, that is suited to me, far better is it for my happiness to live alone!—Solitude is frequently “best society :” let me, then, enjoy my books, my garden, my wife, and my children, in a quiet corner, in the environs of a large city ; and let me have the honour of being classed with that enviable order of men,

————— whom the world
Call idle ;—and who, justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too.

IV.

“Nature,” says Cicero, “abhors solitude ;” and many an ingenious argument has been adduced to prove, that a lover of solitude is a being, totally divested of the common sympathies of humanity. Among my papers, however, I find a remarkable account of a *solitaire*, that goes far towards invalidating this opinion. It is a verbal abridgment of a paper, published in a periodical work, about the year 1781. The name of this solitary was Angus Roy Fletcher, who lived all his life in a farm at Glenorchay. He

obtained his livelihood principally by fishing and hunting. His dog was his sole attendant ; his gun and dirk his constant companions. At a distance from social life, his residence was in the wildest and most inaccessible parts of the lofty mountains, which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midst of these wilds he built his hut, and passed the spring, the summer, the autumn, and the principal part of the winter. He possessed a few goats, which browsed among the cliffs. These were his sole property ; and he desired no more. While his goats grazed among the rocks and heaths, he ranged the hills, and the banks of rivulets, in quest of game and fish. In the evening he returned to his goats and led them to his solitary hut. There he milked them with his own hands ; and after taking his supper of the game or fish he had caught, and which he dressed after his own manner, he laid himself down in the midst of his dog and his goats. He desired to associate with neither men nor women ; but if a casual stranger approached his hut, he was generous and open, hospitable and charitable, even to his last morsel. Whatever he possessed he cheerfully bestowed upon his guest ; at a time, too, when he knew not where to procure the next meal for himself. When the severity of the winter obliged him to descend to the village, he entered with evident reluctance into society ; where no one thought as he did ; and where no one lived or acted after his manner. To relieve himself from all intercourse with his species, as much as possible, he went every morning before the dawn of day in search of game ; and never

returned till night, when he crept to bed without seeing any one. With all this, he dressed after the manner of a finished coxcomb ! His belt, bonnet, and dirk, fitted him with a wild and affected elegance ; his hair, which was naturally thick, was tied with a silken and variegated cord ; his look was lofty, his gait stately, his spirit to a degree haughty and high-minded : and were he starving for want, he would have asked no one for the slightest morsel of food ! He was truly the solitary man : and yet was he hospitable, charitable, and humane.

General Boon¹ seems to have had an ardent love of deep seclusion. He was principally instrumental in the first settlement of Kentucky ; and preferred the wildest solitudes to reside in. The country, in which he had fixed himself, however, having become gradually peopled, he retired beyond the Missouri. Population soon began even there : and at the age of seventy he removed two hundred miles beyond the last abode of civilized man.

About the year 1814, a strange person was occasionally seen in Walston fields, about three miles from Carnworth, in the county of Lanark. He appeared with great emaciation of figure and countenance ; and from his dress and general appearance seemed to have seen better days. He avoided all intercourse : was never seen in the day : and only occasionally early in the mornings. The peasantry were not a little surprised and even alarmed at such a circumstance ; and at length watched him : when it was discovered that he had taken up his

¹ Birbeck, p. 59.

residence in a small cave, formed by Nature in a large hill in the neighbourhood. The curiosity of the country was increased by this circumstance: but no one dared to enter his habitation; and after a time he was forgotten to be talked of. At length, on the 11th of April 1820, as a shepherd passed near the cave, he heard a deep groan: and upon advancing nearer he discovered him lying near the mouth of the cave, in the last agonies of death. The shepherd ran to the nearest house to procure assistance; and returning to the spot found that the unfortunate man had breathed his last, during his absence. On entering the cave, some heath was observed in a corner, arrayed in the form of a bed; some straw, from which, it was evident from the chaff, he had extracted corn; also some raw potatoes and turnips. A small leathern parcel laid on the floor, which upon investigation was found to contain several letters, so defaced, that only one of them was in the smallest degree legible. It was kept with two one pound notes, and wrapped up with great care; but it had neither date, signature, nor direction. Of this letter the following is a literal copy.

“*Amice, conscientia nostrorum factorum pectus meum deturbat:—Vivere non possum: Mori non audeo—Insanus sum.—Si in surore meo mortem mihi non consciscam, certe factum nostrum vulgabor, igitur si tibi vita dulcis sit—fuge, et ne mecum peris.—Vale, si adhuc possis esse beatus, sis beatus—iterum vale, longe vale.*”

Had this unfortunate being remained in society, it is probable his mind might have recovered its tone and compass.

V.

But man, animated by the common impulses of his nature, can enjoy nothing to effect alone. Some one must lean upon his arm; listen to his observations; point out secret beauties; and become, as it were, a partner in his feelings, or his impressions are comparatively dull and spiritless. Pleasures are increased in proportion as they are participated; as roses, inoculated with roses, grow double by the process. Were it to shower down gold, we should scarcely welcome the gift, had we no friend to congratulate us on our good fortune. All the colours and forms of the natural world would fade before the sight; and every gratification pall upon our senses. How beautifully is this triumph of social feeling depicted in that passage of the *Paradise Lost*, where Eve addresses Adam, in language, worthy, not only of the golden age, but of Paradise.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change :--all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth,
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild. Then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,

260 *Solitude ;—Antisthenes ;—Duke of Rovere.*

Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
Nor glistening star-light, without thee is sweet.

Antisthenes, in reply to one of his scholars, who had inquired what philosophy had taught him, replied, “the art of living by myself.” Retirement, my Lelius, does indeed enable us to derive happiness from ourselves, in the same manner, as the sun, shining from its own centre, is indebted to no other globe for its splendour or its heat. “Happiness,” said Speron Speroni to Francis Duke of Rovere, “is not to be measured by duration ; but by quality.” Beholding systems, unbeheld by common eyes ; preferring his own society to that of the weak, the ignorant, and the worthless ; and thereby living in a world of his own creating, the lettered recluse (to whom a well-furnished library is “a dukedom large enough”), indifferent even to the report of fame, “that last infirmity of noble minds !” becomes almost invincible : for the world, as a celebrated French writer justly observes, to him is a prison, and solitude a paradise.

To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
Where things, that own not man’s dominion, dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock, that never needs a fold ;
Alone o’er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
THIS IS NOT SOLITUDE.—

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless :
This is to be alone : THIS, THIS IS SOLITUDE !

Byron.

Such, also, were the sentiments of Epictetus : but solitude, with all its advantages, is only beneficial to the wise and the good ; since schemes of rapine may be there engendered, as well as plans of beneficence. If Numa retired to one of the deepest recesses of Etruria, in order to digest his code of civil and criminal jurisprudence, Mahomet, in the silence and solitude of Mount Hara,¹ shunning all intercourse with men, first formed the conception of enslaving the bodies, deluding the imaginations, and corrupting the manners and morals of mankind.

VI.

To men of weak and unenlightened minds, too, retirement is productive of fatal results. That is,—to men, who, like the pholas, have a body in proportion to their house ; and whose minds have no power to stretch beyond the limit of their shells. To them retirement is but another name for obscurity : a condition, mortifying to those, who have never acquainted themselves with the world : and grateful only to that rare order of men, who have early perceived how little substantial happiness that world is capable of affording. But to a certain class of mankind, nothing

¹ Abulfeda, vit. Moham., p. 15.

is so galling to their vanity, as the compelled necessity of remaining in obscurity ! To beings of this inferior order, the bare idea of being undistinguished is the *ne plus ultra* of mortification ! Rather than be unknown, they would celebrate their own deficiencies : and rather than exercise no authority, they would tyrannize over—villagers ! As St. Bernard said of the Romans, “ they are jealous of their neighbours ; they are cruel to strangers ; they love nobody ; and nobody loves them.” The natural cause of this is ignorance ; as the natural result is personal vanity, and that most offensive of all mental scrophulas,—family conceit. Hence it arises, that though nothing is more beautiful to the imagination than the idea of genius sheltering itself in retirement ; so nothing is more offensively ridiculous, than the pompous dulness, and the awkward consequence, of a *vain* country gentleman. Abject to his superiors, in the same proportion as he is tyrannous to his inferiors : incapable of forming combinations of elegance or use, he hears, feels, smells, sees, and tastes by one erroneous standard. Laboriously engaged in idleness, and totally unconscious of the nobility and capacities of his nature ; forgetting that pride confers no dignity ; and that vanity engenders nothing but contempt ; as unconscious of his folly, as he is ignorant of algebra ; he frets throughout a long and useless life, to the open, or the secret, ridicule of a whole neighbourhood. Possessing the external form of man, the feeling of a vegetable, and the intellect of a caterpillar, he slides into eternity, as he crept into existence,

and is forgotten on the morrow.—So men of little minds,

Ye wear a lion's hide!—Doff it, for shame ;—

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.—

King John, act iii, scene 1.

VII.

How many creatures of this description, my Lelius, are observed, residing among scenes, more captivating to the imagination, than all the creations of Titian, Salvator Rosa, or of Claude ! Scenes, so fortunately neglected by the hand of ornament, which create a mental blush for the folly and depravity of mankind ; which disrobe every ingenuous mind of all its natural vanity ; and in which, if we remember the fanciful distinctions of polemics, and the obtuse arrogance of verbal theology, we do so with feelings of impatience and disgust. And yet,—though residing in such scenes as these, as well might we attempt to reconcile the writings of Aristotle with the doctrines of the Scriptures, after the example of 'Trapæzund, Scholarius, and Eugenius, bishop of Ephesus ; as well might we endeavour to prove, with Marcilius Ficinus, that Plato acknowledged the mystery of the Trinity ; and equally futile would be our attempt to unite the geological systems of Whiston and Burnet, Buffon, Kircher, and Le Luc, as to infuse into the minds of such recluses as these, that the landscape around them are capable of administering to their pleasures or their virtues ! Nature speaks to ther

in a foreign language. Would you turn these zoophytes from their vanity and ignorance? Turn a wasp from its instinct. If their follies were proclaimed among mountains, echo would disdain to repeat them! No lessons of wisdom could ever teach them to be wise; no satirist could taunt them out of their conceit; nor could all the splendid examples of greatness ever raise them from the dust, on which they are delighted to crawl.

Once travelling through *****shire, I called upon a gentleman, residing near one of the finest waterfalls in that country. As time was of some value, I could only partake of a slight repast, which my host prolonged by giving a history of the progress, he had lately made in draining some meadows. An opportunity at length occurring, I ventured to hint, that I should wish to be directed to the waterfall. "Oh! the waterfall! ah! true—there is a waterfall;—but, my dear Sir, it is almost at the bottom of the valley! Surely you would not attempt to go there among the long grass and the briars. Never mind the waterfall! take a walk with me, and I will shew you something that is really worth seeing; and where you will be in no danger of falling over a precipice." With that he led me into his—garden! "There," said he, "there is a garden I planted and gravelled myself. There you may rove about as much as you please." "But, Sir, I have travelled several miles to see the waterfall, and unless"——"Oh! —— the waterfall!—any body can see the waterfall! The commonest fellow

in the country can do that; but” (pausing with all the solemnity of dignified anger), “I do assure you, Sir, very few can have an opportunity of seeing my garden!”

Oh! quit those mountains, bid those vales adieu!

Those lovely landscapes were not made for you!

What you have often said of my pursuits, and of my ambition, my dear Lelius, is but too true. In early life I perceived, (for I had ample opportunity of doing so), so many contemptible persons arrive at wealth, that I took almost a disgust to every one, who had improved his condition to an extent, that industry seemed scarcely to justify. Hence arose an error of the opposite nature; (viz.) that of neglecting to pay that attention to the acquirement of wealth, which I have since had ample reason to see was necessary. The grove, the setting sun, the river; Horace, Virgil, Tasso, and Newton, could smother care at all times: and, as they had the power of doing so, I permitted them.

Spirit of Spenser!—Was the wanderer wrong?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE imagination can select few objects, on which it more delights to repose, than the retirement of a man of talents and integrity from the vortex of public life. Surrounded by objects of the vast creation,

All the distant din, the world can keep,
Rolls o'er his grotto and but soothes his sleep.

Such was the retirement of Scipio; when, rich in an approving conscience, he retired from the malicious persecution of his enemies, to philosophic ease and independence, at his villa of Liternum, so well described by Seneca.¹ There, charmed with the diversity of its landscapes, in a frequent perusal of Xenophon, and in the conversation of Terence, Lelius, and Lucilius, he cultivated his farm, and enjoyed an evening of life, truly enviable for its tranquillity, innocence and glory. There it was, he out-lived all his injuries, and all the calumnies, that had been propagated against him. There

—————Sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
Beneath his woods the happy chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue closed.

II.

Scipio died about the same time with Hannibal and Philopæmen. He was the most beautiful of the Romans, as Alexander had been of the Greeks. There is a gem on cornelian, at Rome, a copy of which,

¹ Ep. lib. xiii.

presented to me by Signor Frescati, exhibits an exquisitely manly and beautiful face. Of all persons, says Paterculus, this was the man, who best knew how to mingle leisure with action; and how to embellish the grandeur of public life with the taste and elegance of a private one.

And here, my Lelius, perhaps, you will excuse me for observing, that calumny, that scourge of Scipio, and indeed of all public and private life, is the natural result of permitting a slanderer to escape the odium of a public exposition. Society, indeed, is, generally speaking, little better than a wasp's nest. Hunting for failings and deficiencies with more malice, than integrity, if it rake not up the ashes of those beyond their reach, in all the exercise of a refined charity, it heaps the crimes and the meannesses of the dead on the innocent heads of the living. To atone for which, it presents to those, whom it has injured, professions, flatteries, and external exhibitions of subdued demeanour. Cant without practice is worse than nothing! Profession without substance is worse than nothing! A smiling face and a lying tongue my heart abhors!

Such is a true picture of modern society, in country places. A general ignorance of merit; and a general envy, where it is known to exist. "We ought not, however, to despair," says a celebrated French philosopher, "at the afflicting discoveries, we often make in acquiring a knowledge of mankind. It is necessary, in order to know them, to triumph over the displeasure, they

create: as an anatomist triumphs over nature, its organs and singularities, that he may acquire skill in his profession." Envy is the parent of lies. It is also the most ignorant of all the passions!

For could we mental sufferings read,
 Inscribed with truth upon each brow,
 With pity then our hearts would bleed,
 For those, whom most we envy now.

*Metastasio.*¹ *Burney.*

What an admirable picture has Lucian exhibited of a painting, executed by Apelles! CALUMNY is invited by CREDULITY, who is represented with large ears, and wandering eyes. Behind him stand SUSPICION and IGNORANCE. CALUMNY approaches, holding in her left hand a lighted torch; while, with her right, she drags, with the most determined vehemence, a young man, who supplicates heaven, with distracted voice and up-lifted hands. She is convulsed with passion. On one side moves CONSPIRACY; on the other FRAUD: REPENTANCE walks behind with a melancholy aspect, and a tattered robe; looking occasionally at TRUTH, who follows, meditating on the cruelty of the scene before her.

III.

Every part of society, however, is not thus constituted: since in every theatre, however large, or

¹ Se a ciascuno l'interno affanno,
 Si legesse in fronte scritto;
 Quanti mai che invidia fanno
 Ci farebbero picta.

however small, there exist a few, who perceive the malice, and despise the meanness of the rest. They live like Daniel in the Lion's den ! Truth and justice are their companions ; and, speaking by a figure,

Wheresoe'er their footsteps turn,
Rubies blush and diamonds burn.

Sargent's Mine.

But even good men have frequently a difficulty, and have always a discretion allowed, in acknowledging merit. Merit is modest; and is not only difficult to be recognized; but is frequently a conspirator against her own splendour. She is seen, also, mostly at a disadvantage: either too nearly, or too remotely. Grandeur cannot be observed in the noble arch of Trajan over the Danube; if the spectator stand immediately under the buttresses: neither can we form any adequate idea of St. Paul's in London, or St. Peter's, at Rome, if we approach too near those magnificent buildings. The analogy applies equally to men. Great men cannot be seen to advantage, if they are too closely approached. Men of a common stamp, however, cannot be seen at all, unless they are directly under our eyes: and then, indeed, they are visible enough!

Were Envy to be personified, and had I the powers of a Caracche or an Angelo, I should exhibit him with looks awry; cheeks pale; lips hanging; nose sneering; eyebrows knit: chewing hemlock, and drinking the gall of vipers. Mourning at another's victory, and shedding tears of rapture at a

defeat; dancing at a death: writhing with agony at a feast; and creeping on his knees, his belly, and his bosom, to the celebration of a marriage. Had Dante the power of punishing such an object, as this, he would have condemned him to a torture,¹ even more acute than theirs, who join ingratitude to treason:—for an envious man would often commit a murder, if he dared.—Before and behind, and on each side of him, marches a pestilential column of pride, ignorance and malice.—The furies light him to his bridal couch; his sanctuary is the fountain of conspiracy; and so transparent is the centre, that his heart presents the colour of an Ethiopian, buried in an urn of Venice chrystal.

Nicephorus informs us, that when Ducas raised an insurrection, at Constantinople, he was only condemned to be whipped; but when he proceeded to accuse several persons of distinction, as his accomplices, he was condemned to be burnt.² Calumny being esteemed the worst crime of the two. Pythagoras was accustomed to say, that a calumniator was, in his state of pre-existence, a snake; and would, in a future one, animate the degraded body of a scorpion. For my own part, I never see a slanderer, male or female, that I do not fancy I see a snake's head peeping out of the bosom.³ In the Scandinavian Creed,

¹ Inferno. cant. xxxiii.

² Montesquieu, b. vi. c. 16.

³ Howel relates, that when a young man, named Pennant, was dissected, something in the form of a serpent, with divers tails, was found in the left ventricle of his heart. We may remark here, *en passant*, that

as we learn from the Edda, there was an evil spirit, called *Loke*, who derived most of his pleasure and infamy from being a calumniator of the Gods. His temple was built upon the putrified carcasses of serpents.

In the garden, belonging to the convent of Cordeliers, near Barcelona, grows a species of mimosa. If the seed is chewed, and expectorated in a room, it will immediately fill it with a nauseous stench; and turn all the white paint black. If I might presume to a liberty, I would recommend to naturalists a new name for this tree: "*the scandal tree.*" Calumniators may be divided into three classes.—1. The inventor:—2. The propagator from malice:—3. The propagator from wantonness, idleness, or a love of talking. The first is as base, as an Italian bravo, who uses his stiletto in the dark: the second bears the same relation to the first, that a receiver of stolen goods does to a thief: the last sleeps upon calumny, with the same ease and satisfaction, as he would upon truth. He eats venom, as naturally as a horse eats hemlock.

IV.

Of all taxes—the world pays that of commendation with the greatest reluctance. The propensity, observable in almost all mankind, to evil discourse, swine will eat snakes, and deer swallow serpents. *Philos. Mag.* vol. lx. p. 315; and it is not unworthy of observation, that Sylla was the first magistrate, who taught the doctrine, that calumniators ought not to be punished.

is like a nauseous vegetable, which poisons all it touches. Common men live upon this kind of sustenance, with as much delight, as the wasp lives upon honey. For a porcupine has not a greater antipathy to a serpent, than a malicious man, or an envious woman, has to a great or good one. "Most men," says Sallust, in his fine epistle to Cesar, "have enough capacity to injure and censure their neighbours. The mouth cannot open sufficiently wide; nor the tongue move too quickly for their envy and ill-will."¹

If you crush the root of a sensitive plant, will it not die? If you take a swan from its element, will it not waste? If you cut off the head of an oak, will it not wither? If you breathe the dews of calumny over the name of an honourable man, will it not taint?—Yes!—But it will taint only for a time. Truth does not long smart beneath the vicissitudes of human opinion. It will not long permit itself to be a dupe to the malignity of depraved minds:—their little turns and shifts and crafts; their petty plans; their meannesses; their cowardice; their vulgar and creeping servility; above all, their flatteries and their presents!—Oh! righteous heaven defend us!

Does an eagle stoop at a wren? Is the skin of a leopard pierced with the diminutive proboscis of a gnat? And shall a man, conscious of infirmity, yet

¹ Never, exclaims an elegant French writer, never let mortal man flatter himself with the hope of escaping from envy and from hatred; for envy and hatred did not spare Fenelon.

unconscious of premeditated wrong, permit a moth to rob him of his birthright; or the wing of a caterpillar,—to whom the leaf of a plant is an empire,—to screen him from the splendour of a summer's day? He, who permits a calumniator to conquer his mind, deserves to be conquered.

V.

Armed with all the mean insolence of security; and conscious of an audience, which, hanging on his lips, imbibe an aliment peculiarly grateful to their vitiated palates¹; smiling inwardly in public, and outwardly in private, at another's wrong:—and burning with envy, even beyond the tomb, the calumniator—bearing, like a trout, his teeth upon his tongue,—hisses from behind his curtain, at a thousand good and estimable characters, before the world is conscious, to what an odious and detestable organ, it has long been listening. But his career, born in envy, bred in malice, and tutored by folly, finishes in contempt, abhorrence, and disgrace. He is despised by all honourable men; feared by the weak;

¹ All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A mean, degraded, formidable, band.

Pope.

An Italian master has one of the most refined pieces of ingenuity, ever touched in music. It consists of a song, entitled *La Calunnia*, in which the effects of calumny are represented by the figure of the wind. The accompaniment begins with a soft murmur; it then swells, by a thousand gradations, till it rises into a tempest.

and shunned as a pestilence. His infamy is unpitied; those, who, even innocently, have eaten of his poison, partake of his reproach;—and so utterly detestable is the nature of this cowardly crime, that wherever a nest of wasps is to be found, though they be as numerous as the water-lilies of the Nile, and though they range themselves with all the regularity of magnets, yet do we never fail to observe, that they are mutually afraid and ashamed of each other!

The duty of exposition performed, anxiety subsides. The wasp, having lost its sting, can sting no more; and the viper, having discharged its venom, pines, sickens, and dies. Nature recoils, and stands ashamed of her own production! To be envied, and therefore to be traduced, has long been an impost, settled on the eminent: and shall any pigmy man, of modern date, presume to escape that tribute, when it has been paid, in all ages, by the most illustrious of all nations? Besides—some men there are,—it is a disgrace to be known to them!—whose censure is applause; and whose approbation would sully the best established reputation in the world! Wretched and a slave is he, who hangs on the smile of these for happiness. We have spoken of the exposition of calumny, as applicable only to men. The idle nonsense of a whispering, or of a flatulent female, is beneath contempt!—She operates as a rod of scorpions over her own sex, it is true; but she is the scorn—the contemptuous scorn—and ridicule of ours¹.

¹ “There is a cowardly care of reputation,” says a powerful writer, “which cringes to slanderers, and courts the protection of gossips.”

But we have dwelt on beings, so contemptible as these, too long!—For words are too dignified for animals, who, disinherited as it were by Nature from her noblest possessions, seem to be formed out of granite; nay,—out of any thing, rather than the clay of which the human form is said to be compounded. Wasps seem to sit upon the tip of their tongues; wolves to live in their bowels; and sharks to swim in their hearts.—Their God is the God of malice; and their offerings are the pangs of the bosoms, they have wounded. Here—they are the scorn of honourable men; in after life, they will listen to the melody of rattlesnakes.—They will strive to touch the corollas of roses, but the touch of torpedos will palsy them for centuries. Their food will be the poison of Madagascar; and their beverage the juices of hellebore and hemlock.—Oh! ye wise, ye innocent, and ye excellent of the earth! Regard them only as veils to enhance the splendour of your deserts; as a dark cloud in the west increases the majesty of the setting sun. But men of delicate feelings and distinctions are most affected by these mildews of the earth.—Insulated, as it were, by the delicacy of their sentiments, they stand, like martyrs, before the secret arrows of an enemy; as truffles and mushrooms, growing without leaves, are open to the breath of every wind.¹

¹ Some calumnies it is difficult to know how to encounter.—If we notice them, we lose in dignity: if we despise them in silence, the more worthless portion of mankind are too apt to believe, that by our silence we admit the justice of them. The best way, however, is to suffer in silence, and

VI.

“Milton,” says an elegant critic,¹ “stood alone and aloof above his times,—the bard of immortal subjects.” In his time, even more than the present, it was the complaint, that no great man lives, but *has* lived. A man, raised above his merits, will die : but he will have lived before he dies. Another, depressed beneath his level, dies before he lives. All great minds are envied ; and few of them understood : there is a poverty in the world of thought and of feeling ; and men are even more avaricious of encomiums, than they are of their money. And when they do praise, it is too often with a view of mortifying those, who listen to their insidious compliments. They laud, too, persons whom they never saw, more freely and more heartily, than the best of their acquaintances. If a celebrated character live amongst them, they will undervalue him at home ; and overvalue him abroad. The former to gratify their envy ; the latter to gratify their vanity. For to be admitted to the table of a justly celebrated man is always a circumstance, on which vanity loves to rest no small portion of its consequence. For as it is always the last to acknowledge another man’s emi-

to trust in heaven.—Agis of Sparta used to say, that the “envious were particularly wretched ; since the happiness of other men torments them as much as their own misfortunes.”—Indeed, the name of one of the Furies is derived from a Greek word, signifying Envy.—“A greater torment than this passion,” said Horace, “was never invented by a tyrant of Sicily.”

¹ Campbell.

nence, it is frequently the first, that endeavours to reap advantage from it.

In man is centered every thing that is strong, and every thing that is weak. In him there is falsehood and truth; deformity and beauty; littleness and grandeur. Some would destroy the fairest and the finest in Nature: they would slay the slain. They see no beauty in knowledge; they only feel its strength:—they see no harmony in truth; they only feel the awe and the terror it engenders.

With them every man of merit is an enemy. He builds structures never to fall into ruins. They, too, would build pyramids:—but they would build mighty pyramids with mighty nothings. Jealous of the reputation of others, nothing is too extravagant for their own vanity: they even pass through life without praising the woman or the man, they love. Reaping no harvest of love or friendship, they are ignorant that to communicate pleasure is to receive it. This unfortunate disposition is “implanted.” “I have seen,” says St. Augustine,¹ “an infant burning as it were with jealousy. He could not yet talk; and yet with a pale countenance he would cast a look, full of fury at another child sucking at the other breast.” We all have seen a similar picture of melancholy. To correct this impulse, therefore, ought to be a parent’s first and most solicitous care: for envy and jealousy are, of all others, the greatest scourges of a man’s existence.

¹ Confessions, b. i. ch. 7.

But some men live embalmed in the liveliest recollection of all their friends. Their names in imagination are synonymous with urbanity of manner ; with beauty of person ; or with splendour of mind. They are dead : they live not : at least they live not to the present generation.—When they did, they were rich ! Men, for the most part, fear present genius too much : they fear it is too much removed from dullness ; from ignorance ; from attacks, open or secret. They are alarmed when genius thinks it politic to magnify itself : and yet they ought to be silent and reverential : for the more genius enlarges its capacity, the more gentle, the more amiable, the more modest it becomes : as deep oceans are more pacific than shallow ones. By long trial and patient meditation, genius acquires a knowledge of the strength, the beauty, and the dignity of wisdom : and the first and the last lesson, that wisdom gives, is “ be modest if you would be strong. If you would not live in a state of perpetual childhood, acquire knowledge : cherish it and let fortune act as she will. Prejudice and opinion not unfrequently endeavour to tyrannize over Nature ; but the strength, which knowledge imparts to the mind, enables it often to triumph over fortune itself.”

VII.

There are three orders of men my soul despises !
The first is personified by a Persian poet.—

Little care we, who revel in plenty and splendour,
How many may pine in chill poverty's blast ;
With forms full as fair, and with hearts full as tender,
On this world's friendless stage by adversity cast !

Anon.

Secondly;—Men, who alternately act the sycophant and the traitor. Mankind, says Lucian,¹—and who knew mankind better?—resent it highly, should we not admit them to share in our happiness; when the wind sets fair, and the voyage is prosperous. Should the winds turn, however, and the waves swell; they leave us to the mercy of every storm! Of such conduct the Jews accused the Samaritans.—For when they² were successful abroad, and happy at home, the Samaritans smiled, whenever they met them. They embraced their society with eagerness; and indicated their friendship by deducing their descent from Joseph the Patriarch. No sooner, however, did misfortune arrive, and the Jews were low in estate; than they disclaimed all affinity; they insulted them, whenever they met them; and insisted, as was indeed the truth, that they were originally Medes and Persians.

Thirdly;—It was a saying among the Greeks, that all men carried a wallet over their shoulders; the forepart of which contained the faults of their neighbours; the hind part their own. It is thus in every country under heaven! For what Paterculus said of the Romans, full eighteen hundred years ago, is equally applicable to the whole human race:—that “though we overlook every fault of our own; we overlook none that belong to another.” The invidious look at the brightest of men’s qualities; but speak only of his worst:—their vision inoculates the jaundice upon every thing they see. In this they are unwise, even in worldly advantage:

¹ Toxaris.² Josephus.

for their shadows precede, instead of following them. Every blow, they receive, sinks to the soul ; while, to gratify their outraged vanity and spleen, they would blot the sun out of heaven.

Man is, indeed, a paradox, so complicate and intricate, that one of Melancthon's consolations in death arose out of the hope, that he should soon learn the secret, why men were made as they are. " The Alps," says the author of *La Spectacle de la Nature*, " are the sources of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po : and though those mountains are, for the most part, clad in eternal sterility, they make of Italy and France two most delightful gardens." Thus Nature elicits wealth out of want, and good out of evil. The same result graces the perspectives of moral philosophy.

Genius is frequently wild in infancy, and melancholy in youth : but vigorous in manhood. For mental strength rises and ripens naturally out of the soul's delicacy : delicacy frequently settling, at last, in a consciousness of power, which exhibits itself in a magnificent grandeur of character ; which, subduing the voice of passion, reconciles wisdom to misfortune, by connecting the past and the present with the future. " It was sown in weakness ; it is raised in power : it was sown in dishonour ; it is raised in glory."

But genius, for the most part, may be compared to the horse of Seius. This horse was named Sejanus : and was of exquisite symmetry. But whoever chanced to possess him, (and he had many masters), was sure to be involved in a multitude of difficulties.

Yet Fortune is not so unjust, as she appears to be : for while she compensates the want of ability by wealth or rank : she compensates the want of rank and wealth by the power, influence, and pleasure of ability. Few men of genius, therefore, are doomed

unpitied, to sustain
More real misery than their pens can feign.

VIII.

Truth is in a constant state of persecution :—shall men of genius, then, mourn, because they share the destiny of so honourable a master ? If misfortunes could be remedied by tears, says Muretus, tears would be purchased with gold :—misfortune does not call for tears, but counsel. Yet who would wish for a sea, that was continually calm ? For a sky, that was constantly serene ? Or for a life, passed in a state of pre-eminent monotony ? The asperities of vicissitude are soothed by frequent intervals of content. More renowned than enriched, it is true, that fortune seldom comes to genius. “Always wooed and never won,” she proves only the mother of Hope : and while the medicine is preparing, says the Arabic proverb, the patient dies. What a fate ! Is there any one so sordid, so lost to every sympathetic impulse, who cannot feel for the man of delicate feelings, and of fine talents, who is constrained, not only to dedicate his life to ephemeral calculations, but even to writhe under the necessity of exerting all his intellectual strength, to preserve the vulgarity of

mere animal existence ! Does he resemble those shepherds of the east, who fall beneath the ruins of cities, once distinguished for their beauty and magnificence ? or does he, in the fulness of domestic affection, give a negative to the assertion, that the landscape of life exhibits little but misery and want ?—He resembles the cocoa nut of Ceylon : he gains strength from neglect ; and fecundity from exposure. By obstacles, vigorous minds are stimulated ; not conquered. And as botanists, by administering certain compositions to the roots of flowers, teach snowdrops to wear the colour of Ethiops ; pinks to clothe themselves in green ; and tulips to assume the tincture of vermilion ;—the mind, pregnant with exalted precepts, makes fortune, at length, take the forms and the consequences, best suited to its will.

IX.

Never taken by surprise in the great journey of life, the man of genius feels, that death would set him above all earthly wants. Wrongs, therefore, make him proud ; not sad. And as he does not measure happiness by the scale of either wants or wishes, he elicits a good result even from an evil cause : as the sea becomes warm in proportion to its agitation ; and as one of the most ugly of worms becomes the most beautiful of butterflies.¹

“ The barbarous Licinus,” says one of the Augustan poets, “ lies under a marble tomb :—Cato under a

¹ The Formicalio.

small one :—and Pompey under none.—Who would suppose there were gods ?”—One would think, by this, that men’s rewards were busts and monuments. Upon this principle of atonement, death has an algebra of its own ; with an arithmetic and a geometry, wholly unallied to the simple quotients of philosophy. The soul elicits no harmony from an argument, so gilded, yet so spiritless, as this. A Greek musician, having an excellent lyre, replaced a string, which had chanced to break, with one of silver. The lyre thus became beautiful, indeed, to the eye ; but it was no longer melodious.

“ Pride,” says Feltham, “ I never found in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind.” This is a just and beautiful reflection, if to pride we attach the union of vanity and arrogance. But pride, springing from exalted motives ; from disdain of neglect, and consciousness of power ; is an admirable refuge, and one of the most valuable of securities. It makes the desert blossom like the rose. What is its argument ? *Justice will come. The law of nature proclaims, by all her rules of analogy, that it must come. Socrates, Scipio, and the De Witts are subjects for the applause and veneration of ages.*

Neglect—want—even calumny itself—have their benefits and advantages. Benefits and advantages, too, without which the future would be comparatively spiritless. There is down upon the breast of eagles : and the strongest men have not unfrequently the gentlest natures. And yet it must be confessed, that ability places man, for a time, upon a melancholy

eminence. “Let the envious,” says Madame de Stael, “ask for splendour, for fortune, for youth, for beauty, and for all those smiling gifts, which serve to embellish the surface of life; but never let them cast an invidious glance on the eminent distinctions of mind and genius!” And why not?—It is surely better to feel the pangs of envy for gold, than for tinsel.

X.

Why evil has been engrafted on the general system, it is impossible for man to explain. He must have capacities, far superior to those, he now has, before he can divine even the alpha of this moral enigma. An immense plan, consisting of a vast variety of parts, has been formed: it is in perpetual progress and activity: and as millions of ages are requisite for its development, the ETERNAL POWER has, perhaps, reserved entirely for himself the transcendant luxury of contemplating the unravelment of the wonderful drama.

But fortune and virtue, strangers as they are in appearance, are not strangers in reality. They know each other, even at the distance of a thousand miles. It is true, virtue not only gives no passport to wealth, or glory; it does not even give security against calumny or want; and it seems to respect neither the smiles of innocence, nor the wrinkles of age. But, as an equivalent for these injuries, it impregnates the soul with an expanding faculty for future enjoyments.

Military prowess exists in tens and hundreds of thousands: but calm and dignified courage breathes only from a heart, alive to affectionate impressions;

and a conscience, pure and unsullied with offence. To the vigorous outline of Annibale Caracchi, (adopting the dialect of painters) it unites the grace of Guido, to the ease and delicacy of Corregio. But for a delicate mind to encounter the coarse vanity of vulgar wealth;—for it to fall into a condition, which compels it, irredeemably, to waste its powers in trading with insolence and vulgarity;—to associate with men, to whom Mahomet would have spoken in Arabic, when he insisted that glory consists not in wealth but in knowledge,—it is like dashing a sacred cup against the floor of a temple.

XI.

When labour affords no adequate returns; when realities dissolve the charm and elasticity of youthful hope; when the education, received from parents and tutors, prove obstructions to that, which is taught us by the world; are we so unmanly as to smile, as if we smiled for the last time; and to speak, as if we thought in the dialect of despair? These are casualties, which affect the mind, but not the soul. The best antidote against the sting of a scorpion is oil: the best antidote against such ills as these, is exertion and resignation. But to lose repose, when rest is vitally necessary to the mind's existence; to lose the being, which formed the paradise of life: these, —these would draw sighs from the iron breasts of Scythians. Job heard of his losses in sheep and in oxen with fortitude; but when he learnt the fate of

his children, he rent his mantle; shaved his head; and fell to the ground.

The man, too, who, conscious of having, unwittingly, committed an injury, bends in heart-broken silence over the afflictions, he has caused, from the certainty of his never being able to repair them: the father, pining at the loss of a beloved wife, without a roof to shelter, or a loaf to satisfy his crying infants:—these, these are misfortunes, beyond the pride and strength of man to endure!

But as no man can see into the bowels of the earth, no man can see into the womb of futurity. Good therefore may come as well as evil. Indeed, if no other good comes, than the trial of our strength, it is something. Adversity, if she has no other virtue, has assuredly this:

Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

Hor., lib. ii., sat. viii., v. 73.

In the midst of privation, then, never let us refuse to take what the sterility of fortune still presents. Let us hope for what is denied; and enjoy whatever is given: for there is nothing of wisdom in refraining to drink, because we cannot drink out of a golden cup. But above all things, let us guard against permitting fortune to play us the same jest, that Eutrapelus is said to have played upon his enemies. Being rich, he clothed them in garments, far beyond their condition. The persons, thus honoured, began, in consequence,

to fancy, they were born for something. They formed plans and schemes, they had no means to execute; they laid in bed, when they ought to have been at work; they sought mistresses; borrowed money at great interest; and finished in becoming gladiators and gardener's labourers.

XII.

The Platonists' believed, that when the mind was engaged in contemplation, it was, for the time, detached from the body. The faculty and the habit of contemplation are, in themselves, two of the best species of wealth, that man can enjoy. What an enviable distinction it is to have a mind, superior to the bubbles of the times; and to those objects, which derive all their value from the conceit and vanity of the more frivolous portion of mankind. For my own part, I would rather—much rather,—resemble a certain citizen of Argos. This citizen, we are told, was affected with a very curious species of delusion. He would sit in his arm-chair, and fancy himself at the theatre, witnessing the performance of a tragedy. He would go through the whole piece, he had selected for the evening's entertainment, and applaud, with as much zeal and delight, those passages, that pleased him most, as if he really were hearing them recited on the stage.

What Horace desired, Helvidius has desired :

Hoc erat in votis :—modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus abi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret.

Lib. ii. sat. vi.

The example of Ofellus, with a select library, would improve the picture to the utmost of his heart's content.

———— Videas metato in agello,
Cum pecore et quatis, fortem mercede colonum.
Non ego, narrantem.

Lib. ii., sat. ii., v. 114.

When we look abroad, what do we recognize but the folly, the conceit, and the ignorance of men! In fact men agree in nothing more intimately, than in having an exalted opinion of their own wisdom, and a sovereign contempt for all the rest of the world. When we see these instances, can we do otherwise than remember the circumstance of Chrysippus having died of laughter, at seeing an ass eat figs out of a silver dish?

Every man, therefore, must rest upon himself. For if he were never to arrive at eminence, till he had obtained the consent,—even of his friends,—he would die upon a molehill! For my own part

I take of worthy men whate'er they give.
Their heart I gladly take; if not their hand.
If that, too, is withheld, a courteous word;
Or the civility of placid looks:
And if e'en these are too great favours deem'd,
Faith—I can sit me down contentedly,
With plain and homely greeting, or, “God save ye!”

Bailey;—De Montfort.

Happiness is like the chrysolite: It is found, for the most part, only in fragments. Content is the for-

tune of a vigorous mind; a content, arising out of tenderness and warmth of heart; elevation; sensibility to nature; and moderate means. A perennial cheerfulness is the ensign and herald of its wisdom; and it arises out of the consciousness, that the land of gold is more subject to earthquakes, than the land of iron. But of all men, who are those, that most engage his contempt?—The men, who are all ease, urbanity, and convenience to the world, and all avarice and despotism to the members of their own family.

XIII.

There is not a more beautiful word in the Italian language, than *Gentilezza*. It implies courage, generosity, elegance of sentiment, and delicacy of manners. True sensibility is reverend and imaginative. It approaches objects, it has contemplated at a distance, with timidity; and it expects to see realized all those charms, with which they were decorated by the illusion of perspective. Melancholy is it then, when, progressing through the world, it finds the charity of most men to resemble that of the panther, who signifies his clemency to the kid, by eating him up as fast as he can. Men of the world esteem every thing lost, or wasted, they do not consume themselves. Some of them, indeed, will assist you to rise; but then they imagine they can rise with you.—Another, perhaps, will prevent you from falling,—but will not assist you to rise:—a third will sit still and do neither.—He will see you pining for want; rise upon your ruin; and calmly refuse to you the use of

your own ladder :—upon the principle, that the scaffolding is not only useless, but cumbersome, when the temple is built. Such is the frequent conduct of the mere *man of the world* ! I confess that the greatest mystery, I have yet been able to discern in the works of the Deity, arises out of the reflection that, having formed men so admirable in capability, he should have left him so mean and so contemptible in his wishes.—Belisarius begged alms under his own triumphal arch ; and Bentivoglio was even refused admittance into the very hospital, that his own beneficence had built.

And yet we ought not to entertain a decidedly evil opinion of mankind. Life is like the double head of Janus ; it implies presence, prospect, and retrospect. Indeed to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, have rightly been called the three ages of man. We must look on all sides : before, as well as behind ; above, as well as below ; to the east and the south, as well as to the north and the west.—And this, too, with a **CHEERFUL DISPOSITION**. A cheerful disposition, said Hume, is worth ten thousand a year. The man, who looks on the dark side only, is wrong : and he, who casts his eyes only upon the bright one, is wrong :—but they are not equally so. The latter misses the goal by thirty paces ; the former by fifty. But to know mankind, thoroughly, three things are absolutely necessary ; since man is so largely the mere creature of circumstances. We must have served our superiors : have lived intimately with our equals ; and have had an opportunity of commanding our inferiors. Unless we have done so, the knowledge of man, in respect

to man, is built upon sand. A man, so qualified, will probably agree with me, that life derives most of its fascinations from a wide knowledge of Nature ; from an agreeable, rather than an enlarged, knowledge of man ; from a concealment of the future ; and from a partial oblivion of the past.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Greeks were great lovers of Nature. CHIRON, whose fabulous history is the best criterion, by which may be judged the awful esteem, in which he was held, retired to a cavern at the foot of Mount Pelion, to qualify himself for the office of acting as tutor to many of the heroes, who afterwards distinguished themselves in the Trojan war. And we may judge of the impulses of PLATO by the skill, with which he adorned the academy ; and by the pictures, he has exhibited in the opening and closing of his several dialogues.

“If I had another world to stand upon,” said ARCHIMEDES,¹—a man of stupendous sagacity,—“I would move the globe, wherever I pleased.” Secluded in his study, he was scarcely known to the general mass of Syracusans, till the attack of Marcellus : and then he was of more use in defending the city, than the whole population united. This profound genius was accustomed to say, that, next to the solution of

¹ Vir stupendæ sagacitatis.—*Wallis.*

a problem, was the pleasure of an evening walk in the suburbs of Syracuse.

The Greek tragic writers, too, were decided lovers of natural beauty. The tragedy of Philoctetes amply attests the descriptive talents of SOPHOCLES;—those of EURIPIDES are displayed in almost every tragedy, he has written; and the Prometheus¹ and the Suppliants eloquently speak for the descriptive genius of ÆSCHYLUS.

There are some men, whose love of Nature leads them too far in the regions of Hypothesis; but whose very errors teach us to think. Others there are, whose disregard to every thing, unconnected with their interest, is so great, that they would esteem any one idly employed, who was investigating a plant, even on the

¹ *Prometheus.* There is in this drama a sublimity of conception, a strength, a fire, a savage dignity peculiar to this bold writer. The scenery is the greatest that the human imagination ever formed. The wild and desolate rock frowning over the sea; strength and force holding up Prometheus to its rifted side, whilst Vulcan fixes his chains; the nymphs of the ocean flying to its summit to commiserate his unhappy state; old Oceanus on his hippogriff; the appearance of Iö; the descent of Mercury; the whirlwind tearing up the sands, swelling the boisterous sea, and dashing its waves to the stars; and the vollied thunders rolling their fiery rage against the rock, would require the utmost effort of Salvator Rosa's genius to represent them.

The Suppliants. The scene is near the shore, in an open grove, close to the altar, and images of the gods, presiding over the sacred games, with a view of the sea of Ægyptus on one side, and of the towers of Argos on the other; with hills and woods, and vales; a river flowing between them; all together with the persons of the drama forming a picture, that would have well employed the united pencils of Poussin and Claude Lorrain.—*Potter.*

borders of paradise. The best method of viewing Nature is to unite poetry to science; and to enlist both in the pursuit of truth; in order that both may affect the heart, and purify the mind. There is nothing so delightful in literature, says Cicero,¹ as that branch, which enables us to discern the immensity of Nature; and which, teaching us magnanimity, rescues the soul from obscurity. Thus, too, thought Mons. Nècker.—For even amid the factions of Paris² he could recur to Nature's sublimities; and in age he still retained the imagination and sensibility of youth. If men, indeed, would expel Nature even with violence,³ she would seldom fail to return.

II.

No writer, ancient or modern, has shewn a greater relish for natural beauty, than HORACE. It is indicated in almost every ode, that he has written. If he celebrate the powers of wine, the pleasure of sitting under the shade of the vine tree is remembered too. If he sing the charms of his mistress,—the rose is not more beautiful; the violet has no sweeter perfume. Does he sing of war? He forgets not to contrast its pains and its honours, with the pleasures of a smiling country, peopled with rural animals, and a rural population. Upon a couch, at Rome or at Lucretel's, indulging in the joys of Bacchus, he calls to mind the season of the vintage; when grapes hang in

¹ Furcā.—Hor. Epist. x, v. 34. Dives opis Natura suæ, sat. ii, v. 74.

² Stael's Mem. p. 10.

³ Tusc. Quest. i. c. 26.

purple clusters on the vines ; and when happy peasants dance, in various groups, upon the margin of a river. “ With a fountain of clear water,” says he, “ and a shady wood, I am happier than a prince of Africa. Ah ! how delighted am I, when wandering among steep rocks and woods ; since the shades of forests and the murmuring of waters inspire my fancy, and will render me famous in all future ages. Sing, oh ! ye virgins, the beauties of Thessalian Tempe, and the wandering isle of Delos :—celebrate, oh ! ye youths, the charms of that goddess, who delights in flowing rivers and the shades of trees ; who lives on the mountain of Algidus, among the impenetrable woods of Erymanthus, and on the green and fertile Cragus.” And here it may not be unimportant to remark, that while Virgil is always wishing for the cool vallies of Hæmus, and other portions of Greece, Horace more frequently alludes to the climate and scenery of Italy. How happy is he at his various villas ! and with what delight does he celebrate the superior advantages of a country life, in his second epode !—A poem, which forcibly recalls to our recollection Virgil’s Corycian Swain, and Claudian’s Old Man of Verona.

III.

TIBULLUS was equally sincere in his love for the country. His elegies, which so frequently gem the eye with lustre,—the best evidence of his simplicity and pathos,—are, in consequence, frequently embellished with allusions to natural objects, and with descrip-

tions of the joy, the content, and the happiness of a country life. But it is not the poetry of Tibullus only, that recommends this amiable man, so much to our attention and applause. Few poets have had principles so fixed, and have adhered to them with such firmness and constancy, as Tibullus :—few have panegyrised so little, where flattery was so sure of reward :—and though Virgil may excel him in the grandeur of his subject, and the majesty of his numbers; though Horace bears the palm, for acute satire, sprightliness of wit, and brilliancy of intellect, I would rather wear the honours, arising from the manly politics of Tibullus, than be entitled to the most vivid laurel of the poetic wreath. Horace gives a highly agreeable picture of Tibullus,¹ and his fortune: since he compliments him with having a fine form, wealth, and a mind to enjoy it: vigorous health, elegant thoughts, private esteem, and public admiration.

Descended from an honourable branch of the Albian family, he fought the cause of the people by the side of Messala, at Philippi; and though animated with all the fervency of a grateful friendship towards that celebrated statesman, he disdained to follow his example, in paying court to the conqueror of that fatal day. Weary with a hopeless contest, and disgusted with the corruptions of the times, he retired to Pedum: there to indulge in the innocent occupations of a country life; to recruit his impaired finances; and, in the alternate amusements

¹ Lib. i, epist. 4.

of agriculture and poetry, to soothe the disappointments of his heart ;—to invoke the favours of his mistress ;—and, above all, to retain, unimpaired, those high and genuine ideas of liberty, which he had imbibed in early youth, from the lessons of his preceptors, and from the splendid examples of former ages.

IV.

“ If life were not too short,” says Sir William Jones, “ for the complete discharge of all our respective duties, public and private, and for the acquisition of necessary knowledge in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent, in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb !” This observation is in the true spirit of Plato ; and, therefore, worthy the pen of a man, who, to an ardent love of philosophical truth, possessed a genius capable of enlivening jurisprudence, and of rendering poetical, even physics and geometry. Nothing can be more delightful, or more essentially profitable, than a whole life, spent in such an elegant and unsatiating employment. The objects are so numerous and diversified ; their respective properties so distinct ; their uses so important ; and their beauties so alluring ; that no one, duly initiated into their secrets, retires from her study with weariness or disgust.

CATULLUS, MARTIAL,¹ and STATIUS² were ardent ad-

¹ Epig. x. E. 51, 58. In Ep. 58, l. 3, Martial gives the first hint to modern gardeners.

² Sæpe per Autumnum, &c. Sylv. ii.

mirers of Nature: equally so were Atticus,¹ Tacitus,² and Epictetus.³ CICERO, who valued himself more upon his taste for the cultivation of philosophy, than upon his talent for oratory, seems not to have felt the truth of an adage, now so common in Europe, “that the master of many mansions has no home.” For he had no less than eighteen different residences in various parts of Italy. And though it is probable, he had not all of them at one time, but bought and sold them, as is the custom of the present day, yet it is certain that he had seven at one time. He generally speaks of them in terms of attachment: and they were all erected in such beautiful situations, that he was induced to call them “the eyes of Italy⁴,” as Pliny, the naturalist, calls Ephesus one of the eyes⁵ of Asia. The retreat of Tusculum was, however, his favourite residence. This spot was possessed, previous to the late tumults in Italy, by a Basilian convent of Grecian monks, called *Grotta Ferrata*;⁶ and it was the favourite amusement of the brothers of that monastery, to exhibit to enlightened travellers the remains of Cicero’s buildings, and the small aqueducts, that watered his garden. This retreat the orator embellished with every specimen of art,

¹ Cic. de Legibus, ii, n. 3.

² Nemora vero et luci tantam mihi afferunt voluptatem, &c. &c. In dialogo.

³ Arrian, lib. i.

⁴ Cur ocellos Italiæ, villulas meas non video.

Nat. Hist. v. c. 29.

⁶ Several houses have been, within these four years, discovered at Tusculum, by Lucien Bonaparte; in which were found seven statues, which the Roman antiquaries valued at 22,000 rix-dollars.

that his friend, Atticus, could purchase for him at Athens. It was the most elegant mansion of that elegant age; and the beauty of the landscapes around it, adding lustre to the building, refined the taste of its accomplished possessor.

Cicero,

—From whose lips sweet eloquence distill'd,
As honey from the bee —————

Cumberland.—Calvary.

draws a delightful picture of the almost infantine amusements of Scipio and Lælius, at Caieta and Laurentum: when, fatigued with business, and happy in being allowed the indulgence of a quiet conscience in a retired spot, they endeavoured to grow boys again in their amusements; and derived a sensible pleasure from gathering shells upon the seashore. The amusements of Cicero himself were equally indicative of an excellent heart. Balanced in his opinions by an accurate knowledge of things, he had most of the qualities of genius, without any of its eccentricities. Simplicity and dignity were united to the utmost gentleness and good-nature: and equal to the society of soldiers, statesmen, and philosophers, he danced with youth, and ran, laughed, and gambolled with infancy. One of the finest pictures, ever produced in England, is that of Wilson's¹ "Cicero at his villa." Of this great orator, there are in this country

¹ To this we may add his Storm; his Solitude; his Campania; and many views in Italy and North Wales.

two original gems, and one whole length figure. The gem, in the possession of Mr. Hope, is on beryl; that, belonging to the Earl of Besborough, on sapphire. The figure is among the Oxford marbles.

V.

PLINY, who was accustomed to say, that if a man would perpetuate his fame, he must do things worth recording, or write things worth reading, was never happier, than when he was indulging himself at his country seats;—where he found leisure to write to his friends, and to celebrate the views, which his villas afforded. “Tusculum,” says he, with honest and elegant pride, “is situated in a fine, natural amphitheatre, formed by the richest part of the Appennines, whose towering summits are crowned with oak, and broken into a variety of shapes; with springs, welling perpetually from the sides and interspersed with fields, copses, and vineyards.” “Here,” he observes in another letter, “I enjoy the most profound retirement. All is calm and composed;—circumstances which contribute no less, than its unclouded sky, to that health of body, and cheerfulness of mind, which in this place I so particularly enjoy.” “To a man of a literary turn,” says he in his twenty-fourth epistle, “a small spot of ground is amply sufficient to relieve his mind, and delight his eye. Sauntering in his small domain, he traverses his little walk with reiterated pleasure; grows familiar with his two or three

vines; and beholds his small plantations grow with satisfaction.”

Pliny had several country seats on the Larian Lake; two of which he was particularly partial to. The manner, in which he spent his time at those villas,¹ he has described *con amore*, in a letter to Fuscus. And because we have but an imperfect idea of Roman villas, I would have sent you, my Lelius, a translation of the description, he has given of his villa at Laurentium, the ruins of which were discovered in 1714, had I not despaired of imitating that diligent negligence of style, which so much excited the admiration of Erasmus. In regard to epistolary writing, I am tempted, with the scholiasts, to give Cicero the preference, when the subjects are of public interest; but when they relate to private sentiments and occurrences, I think our favourite Pliny has but few competitors. Indeed, he has none!—There is an urbanity and an elegance, a devotedness of affection, and an undisguisedness of heart, irresistibly winning and agreeable: which none of the moderns have equalled, and which none of the ancients, if we except Cornelia, ever surpassed. This Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus and the mother of the Gracchi. Her letters, which were published, and in general circulation at Rome, are said to have been perfect models of epistolary writing.²

¹ He frequently styles them *meæ deliciæ*: hence Voltaire borrowed the name of *delices*.

² Quint. i., c. i. Cic. de claris orat., s. 211, 104. Plin. iii., s. 14.

VI.

DIOCLETIAN, when he selected a spot for his retirement, solicitously observed, that his palace should command every beauty, which the country would admit.¹ In this retirement he first began to live; to see the beauty of the sun; and to enjoy true happiness, as Vopiscus relates, in the society of those he had known in his youth. The example of Diocletian was, long after, remembered by Charles V. of Spain; who, in imitating his Roman propotype, derived but little comparative fame, and deserved less. It was the extreme beauty of the situation of the Monastery of St. Justus, situated in the Vale of Placentia, and belonging to the order of St. Jerome, which first inspired that restless despot with an idea of quitting a world, he had governed so long and so malignantly. As he passed near that monastery, many years before his retirement, he remarked to his attendants, that it was a spot, to which Diocletian might have retired with pleasure. The remembrance of this place never deserted him: and, at length,—weary of the world, since he was unable to give effect to his projects,—he withdrew to the melancholy of a cloister²; where, in silence and solitude, he entombed his ambition; resigned his plans; and, in the hope

¹ These beauties are well described by Adams: vide *Antiquities of Diocletian's Palace at Spalatro*, p. 67. For the plan and views of the palace, temples of Jupiter and Æsculapius, with the Dalmatian coast, vide *Voyage de l'Istrie et de la Dalmatia*.

² Robertson, p. 260.

of conciliating posterity, derived some portion of consolation, for having so long agitated Europe by his projects, his devastations, and his public murders.

PHILIP V. of Spain, too, signalized his love of the beautiful and the grand, by choosing, as the place of occasional retirement, a deep and solitary wood, embosomed in vast mountains. There,—about two miles from the city of Segovia,—he erected the palace of St. Ildefonso; and so embellished the natural beauties of the place, that an enthusiastic traveller declares, that the mere sight of them were alone sufficient to recompence a journey in Spain.

Even Madame de Pompadour, Catherine of Medicis, Danton, and the cynic Dennis, were capable of receiving pleasure from the works of Nature. The first of these discordant characters, bold and voluptuous as she was, took great delight in forming the gardens and groves of Menars, which, as an instance of her peculiar friendship, she bequeathed to the Marquis of Marigny. CATHERINE OF MEDICIS, upon whose head rested many atrocious murders, prided herself upon having made the noble avenue, which still bears her name, leading to the Chateau de Blois, situated so exquisitely, as to have reminded many a traveller of the enchanted Castles of Ariosto and Boyardo. DENNIS, the sour and vindictive Dennis, a critic, powerful yet tasteless, possessing the sting of the wasp and the industry of a bee, thus describes his pleasure. “The prospects which, in Italy, pleased me most, were that of Valdarno, from the Pyrenees; that of Rome, and the Mediterranean, from the moun-

tain of Viterbo : of Rome at forty, and that of the Mediterranean at fifty miles distance from it ; and that of the campagna of Rome, from Tivoli and Frascati : from which two places you see every foot of that famous campagna, even from the bottom of Tivoli and Frascati to the foot of the mountain Viterbo, without any thing to intercept the sight. But from a hill in Sussex, Leith hill, I had a prospect more extensive, than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, in pomp and in magnificence. When I saw that side of Leith hill, which faces the northern downs, it appeared the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen ; but after we conquered the hill itself, I saw a sight, that looked like enchantment and vision, but vision beatific." These observations derive additional interest, when we consider the source, whence they proceed ; a giant in learning ; a hornet in criticism ; and an indignant observer of the dispensations of fortune !

DANTON, the ferocious Danton,—the *Moloch of the Revolution*,—even Danton, of all his associates the most energetically depraved, when imprisoned, preparatory to his execution, amid all those oaths and ribaldries, for which he was so disgustingly remarkable, was often heard to expatiate, with all the fervour of a strong mind, on the comparative charms of a rural mode of life.

A curious exemplification of the affection of mankind for natural beauty was, also, afforded in the instance of Michael Howe, the last and most execrable of all the bush-rangers of Van Dieman's land. This man having

been transported from England was assigned to a colonist of that island as a servant. After remaining some time in this situation he fled ; and joined a party of bush-rangers. After a multitude of murders, robberies, and escapes, he was, at length, secured by stratagem. His dogs, arms, knapsack and ammunition were taken from him ; and in one of his pockets was found a small memorandum book, in which he had recorded his dreams, and a design of settling permanently in the woods. In order to make this the more practicable and agreeable, he had formed a list of plants, the seeds of which it was his intention to procure. After enumerating various fruits and vegetables, he finished with a list of the flowers he hoped to obtain. That a man, so execrable as this, should retain a taste for flowers, is a curious anomaly in the history of the human mind.

VII.

The philosophers living in the time of Philostratus, (who records the fact,¹) were accustomed to retire to the shades of Mount Athos, in order to contemplate the heavens. The Greek scholars, driven from the enchanting shores of the Bosphorus by the Turks, lamented the loss of the fine country, they were compelled to quit, next to the loss of their libraries : the Appennines could alone recompense them for the region they had left. In this love of Nature they were equalled by the friends and companions of PETRARCH. To describe the satisfaction that elegant man enjoyed

¹ In vit Apol.

in his hermitage at Vacluse were impossible. Possessing a mental health, superior to the contagion of all bad examples, he was never truly happy, when away from it; he was never weary of celebrating its beauties; and never fatigued with describing them to his friends. Several of his sonnets close after the following manner;

My song! If any ask thee,—tell
Where now retired, I chuse to dwell.
— Say in the vale, where Sorgia springs:
That vale, which to my fancy brings
My Laura's image.—

To Vacluse, as he informs us in a letter to the Bishop of Cavoillon, he went when a child; there he returned when he was a youth; there in manhood he passed some of the choicest years of his life; and had he been capable of reflection, at so awful and so sudden a period, he would have lamented, that he was not permitted there to close his mortal existence. Vacluse, (*Vallis Clausa*) was a small valley, bounded by an amphitheatre of rocks, bold and romantic. The river Sorgia divided the valley. To the south was the Mediterranean; while at the feet of the rocks was an immense cavern, in which was a remarkable fountain. That Laura died unmarried is now, I should suppose, completely verified. She died in 1348, and was buried at Avignon. Her grave was opened by Francis I. of France, in which was found a box, containing a medal, and a few verses, written by Petrarch. On the medal was impressed the figure of a woman; on the reverse the letters M. L. M. J.,

signifying *Madona Laura morta jace*. The enthusiastic monarch returned every thing into the tomb, and wrote an epitaph in honour of her memory. At Hatfield House, in the county of Hertford, is a picture of this celebrated woman, on which is inscribed,

“ Laura fui, viridens Raphael fecit atque Petrarca.”

The writings of Petrarch have experienced a singular fate. While his sonnets, which are comparatively worthless, have been praised till the ear is sated of their name, his best works are seldom quoted, and still seldomer read. His treatises *de Remediis utriusq; Fortuna*; *de vera Sapientia*; and *de contemptu Mundi*, are not unworthy of being placed by the side of Boethius’ Consolation of Philosophy.

VIII.

At his country seat, Borgo Taro, in the Duchy of Parma, PROSPERO, Marquis of Manara, born among temples and colonnades, wrote those pastorals and sonnets, which established for their author a celebrity nearly equal to that of any poet of his age. Upon the death of her husband, Ferdinand, Marquis of Pescaria, VITTORIA COLONNA retired to the island Ischia, finely situated near the bay of Naples, and gave herself up to the sorrow, which the death of a man, so deservedly dear to her, could not fail to occasion. Her beauty and her merits attracted many wealthy and noble suitors;—but she refused them all. Captivated with the beauties of the island, she listened to the inspirations of the muse; became the

admiration of Italy ; and celebrated by all the literati of her time. In her bower, or walking on the sea-shore, she meditated most of those poems, which have entitled her to such honourable mention among the most celebrated of the Petrarchian school. There it was, she wrote her sonnets and her Canzone ; poems, which, with her Stanze, written at an earlier age, abound in lively description and natural pathos.

POLITIAN celebrated the admirable scenes of Fiesole ; and TASSO, whose celestial *tinsel* will delight an age, when the bust of Boileau will only adorn a college, was born at Sorrento, the retreat of his father, situated amid the finest scenery in all Italy. Born in such a spot, he never lost that relish of Nature, which, in many of the more unfortunate occurrences of his life, was his chief and only consolation. At the villa of Zanga, in the neighbourhood of Bergamo, he revised his tragedy of *Torrismondo* ; and while living in the court of the Duke of Ferrara, he was never happier, than when he was invited by the Duke to his retirement, at Belriguardo, surrounded by gardens, and watered by the Po.—He sleeps now beneath the orange-tree of St. Onuphrius. To love Tasso was to love talents, honour, virtue, and genius !—Even the monks of St. Onuphrius were sensible of his merit :—they erected a monument over his ashes.—Melancholy, supremely melancholy are our reflections, when we recal to mind, that Tasso was neglected by fortune ; and that he therefore permitted his imagination to exalt her standard over the ruins of reason ! Boileau presumed to apply the

epithet *clinqnant* to this exquisite poet, without understanding a single word of Italian ! Time, however, in its well tempered crucible, has assayed this tinsel, and pronounced it gold !

The life of Tasso was a life of continual disappointment !

Oh heart !—It is a sad employ,
 The flowers, we dare not cull, to count ;—
 From deserts gaze at fields of joy,
 Barr'd from approach by main or mount :—
 To dream of bliss to come or past,
 Of cheerful hearths and peopled halls ;
 Then wake,—and hear the hollow blast
 Moan mournful through the ruin'd walls.

H. Neele.

IX.

ARIOSTO, who declared, that he would not sell his liberty for the best cardinal's hat in Rome ; and who confessed to those friends, who surrounded his bed, that he left the world without reluctance, since he felt assured, that he should have the felicity of meeting many friends in the next world, whom he dearly loved in this :—Ariosto, the richly gifted Ariosto, was equally an admirer of fine landscapes. Many parts of his *Orlando Furioso*, therefore, are taken up with describing the wild and romantic scenery, in which several of the principal actions, he celebrates, were performed. In the gardens belonging to the house, which he erected for himself in the city of Ferrara, he added several cantos to his immortal poem ; and rendered into verse the comedies of the *Cassaria* and *Suppositi*.

LEO X. was exceedingly partial to country diversions and to rural scenery. His villa at Malliana, at length became so delightful to him, that he seldom quitted it for Rome, unless upon the most urgent occasions.—His return was, at all times, greeted by the peasantry of his neighbourhood, in the most enthusiastic manner.—They met him, in bodies, upon the road ; they presented him with flowers and fruits ; and were happy, beyond the common measure of felicity, when the condescending pontiff accepted any of their rustic presents. In return, he gave them more substantial benefits ; the old and the young partook alike of his bounty ; upon the damsels he bestowed portions on the day of their marriage ; and entered into conversation with his neighbours with the most fascinating condescension : esteeming, like Titus Vespasian, nothing more becoming a great and magnanimous prince, than the sending every one from his presence contented, cheerful, and happy.

CERVANTES insists that solitude, agreeable prospects, and serene weather, contribute so much to the fecundity of genius, that they will enable the most barren mind to elicit productions, worthy of captivating mankind. That STRADA was a lover of natural beauty is evident from the pleasure, with which he describes the villa of Matraria¹ ; and many of BOCCACE's eclogues,—superior to those of Mantuanus,—are not unworthy of being placed with those of Sannazarius. Of these the *Vallis Opaca*, the *Sylva Cadens*, and the

¹ Prol., lib. ii., Prol. i., also Prol. iii.

Olympia, are equal to the *Pastorum pathos*, the *Galatæa*, and the *Laurea occidens* of Petrarch.¹

X.

It was in the enjoyment of Italian scenes, that CLAUDE LORRAINE first elevated his genius to the contemplation of Nature. There he caught that poetic relish for beauty, which enabled him to represent, on canvas, Nature in her most lovely and most captivating attire. And though the biographer of Metastasio has neglected to notice it, it is not to be questioned, but that the magnificent neighbourhood of Naples contributed, in no small degree, to overcome the resolution of that elegant man, when he had bade, as he thought, an eternal adieu to poetry. He had wasted his fortune at Rome, in unprofitable, yet uncriminal dissipation ; and had put himself under the care of the celebrated advocate Paglietti of Naples, with the firm resolution of resuming a profession, he had long neglected. For some time, he exercised the greatest tyranny over his own inclinations ; till, by the entreaties of the Countess of Althan, he was persuaded to write an Epithalamium on the marriage of the Marquis Pignatelli. To this succeeded the drama of Endymion, the Gardens of the Hesperides, and Angelica ;—till, captivated by this irresistible recal to poetry, and animated by the scenes, which embellish the bay of Naples, he again neglected the

¹ Dum montes, sylvasque coles, et roscida rura :

Ipse colam montes, sylvas et roscida rura.

law, and gave himself up to his favourite amusement.

DANTE!—a poet, whose *Inferno*, *Purgatory*, and *Paradise*, Schlegel supposes not only to equal, but to excel the *Eneid* in strength, truth, depth, and comprehension. Dante, assuredly, had a mind of the first order:—But to place him before Virgil, is like preferring Mount Hecla to Mount Helicon. After many years' exile from Florence, Dante was allowed to return upon condition, that he would confess himself guilty of the charge, for which he was banished; pay a sum of money; and ask pardon of the republic. His answer to this proposition exhibits one of the finest specimens of heroic feeling on record; and is, moreover, well adapted to our general subject.—“Is such an invitation,” said he,¹ “to return to my country, glorious to Dante; after suffering in exile almost fifteen years? Is it thus, then, that they would recompense innocence, which all the world knows, and the labour and fatigue of unremitting study?—Far from the man, who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could act like a little schiolist, and imitate the infamy of some others, by offering himself up, as it were, in chains.—No!—This is not the way, that shall lead me back to my country.—But I shall return with hasty steps, if a way can be opened to me, that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante.—But if by no

¹ For the whole of this letter in the original Latin, vide *Edinburgh Rev.* No. lx. p. 350.

such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter.—What !—shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars ? And may I not seek and contemplate in every corner of the earth, under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without rendering myself inglorious ; nay even infamous to the people of Florence ?—Bread, I trust, will never fail me.”

XI.

PHYSICIANS are for the most part, the most elegant men of the respective countries, in which they reside: the most humane, the most liberal, and the most abounding in general science. The names of Fracastorius, Haller, Hotze, Tissot, Zimmermann, and many of my own country, sufficiently illustrate the truth of the remark. As to FRACASTORIUS,—never do I meditate on the enjoyments, he experienced at his villa, near Verona, without a transport of admiration, calm, elegant, and dignified, in the bosom of science, music, poetry, and moral philosophy, heightened as every one of them was by the active benevolence of the physician, he corresponded with many of the most celebrated characters of his age ; and occasionally shared his social comforts with Navagero and Cotta, the Bishop of Verona and Cardinal Farnese.

COUNT HARRACH of Vienna, too, is an illustrious example. Born of a noble family and to a considerable fortune, he devoted no small share of his youth to the acquirement of medical science, in order to dedicate

his life to the service of mankind. After studying in many of the universities of Europe, particularly in those of Prague, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, he fixed his abode at Vienna, and devoted his whole time to the medical art, in favour of the indigent and distressed. He still lives; and entering the meanest hovel, his entire fortune is expended in relieving the sick. His love of Nature alone divides his time, without diverting his efforts from the service of the meanest and most indigent of mankind.

In England and Scotland, too, physicians have long enjoyed the reputation of being elegant and scientific, humane and conciliating.—Of these Lettsom, Fothergill, Hawes, Currie, and Drake of Hadleigh, are eminent examples.

XII.

The influence of scenery over the mind and heart of DRUMMOND of Hawthornden constituted one of the principal charms of his life, after the death of the accomplished Miss Cunningham. His retiring to Hawthornden was the beginning of his happiness. For wildness and beauty Hawthornden is surpassed by few scenes in Scotland. There, in the middle period of his life, Drummond tasted those hours of enjoyment, which were denied to his youth. Thither Jonson travelled to enjoy the pleasures of his conversation; and there he pursued, with attention, the best Greek, Roman, and Italian authors; charmed away the hours in playing favourite Italian and Scottish airs upon his lute; and devoted many a peaceful hour

to the fascinating game, or rather science, of chess.¹ The loss of Miss Cunningham increased, in his youth, that habitual melancholy, to which he was constitutionally disposed; and gave birth to many of those sonnets, the sweetness and tenderness of which, possessing all the doric delicacies of Comus, for mellowness of feeling and tender elevation of sentiment, may vie with some of the best Grecian epigrams. How beautiful is the sonnet to spring, so well imitated from a passage in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*! while the passage of Guarini is admirably imitated and improved by Lord Lyttleton, in his ode on the Approach of Spring; which, in melancholy moments, my Lelius, you have so often sung, in concert with Colonna, while Hortensia has tuned it on her harp to a charming French air, composed by the elegant and amiable La Fontaine.

MILTON, alive to every feeling of nature and the muse, honoured Guarini, by adapting his idea to the circumstance of his own misfortune; a passage, which feelingly expresses his regret, that he could no longer enjoy the smiles and graces of all bounteous nature.

—————Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me return
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn;
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

Paradise Lost, book iv.:

¹ In corroboration of the antiquity of this game, we may refer to the extraordinary circumstance, that in some of the tumuli of Tartary, have been found "all sorts of vessels, urns, ornaments, scymetars, daggers, medals, and *chess men* and *boards* of solid gold." *Strahlenberg*, p. 364.

Milton is supposed to have imbibed many of his ideas, respecting landscape, from Tasso, Spenser, Ariosto, and Italian romances.¹ But a poet, accustomed to the environs of Ludlow, could want no adventitious aids to form a taste naturally elegant and refined. Nature alone was Milton's book! The passage from *Groëdignus*,² quoted by Mason, had probably never been seen by Milton; or if it had, what does it whisper to the imagination more than Milton had an opportunity of witnessing, every day, during his residence in Ludlow castle? After reading *Comus*, and the pictures in *Paradise Lost*, how astonishing is the assertion of Johnson, that Milton viewed Nature merely through "the spectacle of books!" And equally our wonder and indignation excited, when we read the passage, where he says, that *Comus* is "inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive." Mistaking allusion for description, this great moralist imagines Milton to call in learning as a principal, when he calls it in only as an auxiliary. Equally astonishing is the extreme apathy, I had almost said disgust, with which Johnson viewed the productions of the descriptive poets, and even the fairy landscapes of Nature herself. When in Scotland, he confessed that he had observed no scene so agreeable to his

¹ "I will tell you," says he in his apology for *Smectymnus*, "whither my young feet wandered. I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of chivalry." *Prose Works*, vol. i, p. 224.

² *De Abassinorum Rebus*, lib. i, c. 8.

imagination, as Fleet Street: in criticising Lord Lyttleton's poems, he observes of his "Progress of Love," that it is, "sufficient blame to say, it is pastoral;" forgetting that he had himself written the thirty-sixth number of the Rambler. He condemns Dyer's Fleece; —one of the noblest descriptive poems in our language! Of Philips's Cyder, he adopts Cicero's tasteless opinion of Lucretius; "that it is written with much art, but with few blazes of genius." Of Somerville's Chase, he observes that "praise cannot totally be denied." Johnson appears, indeed, to have waged war against almost every poet,

Who walk'd at large amid the fairy scenes
Of unschooled Nature.

XIII.

"Strange is it," says Beattie, "to observe the callousness of some men; before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass, in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance." Thus the *Cingalese*, though in possession of flowers of the finest colour and most fragrant odour, never cultivate any of them. The *Kamtschatcadales* often reproach their deities for making their country so steep with hills, and so deformed with rapid rivers: and the *Mongols* being asked, why they did not cultivate their herbs and

¹ "The Giant's Causeway," said this great writer of moral essays, "may be worth seeing; but I contend, that it is not worth going to see."

vegetables, replied, that herbs were made for beasts, and beasts for men!¹

But Milton—how happy he was at those moments, which he was permitted, in early youth, to devote to the pleasures of rural contemplation, we may sufficiently perceive from the manner, in which he expresses his gratitude to his father, for having granted those pure and innocent indulgencies.

Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures ;
Sed magis, &c. &c.

Ad. Patrem.

Nor did you force me, mid the bar's hoarse throng,
To gather riches from a nation's wrong.
To higher hopes you bade me lift my mind,
And leave the town and civic din behind ;
Mid sweet retreats, where streams Aonian glide,
You placed me happy by Apollo's side.

He resumes the melancholy subject of his blindness, in his fine tragedy of *Samson Agonistes* ; where he pathetically laments, in the person of Samson, the cheerless and dreary void, left in his heart, by being debarred the common pleasures of a fine day, or the milder influence of a lunar sky. Ossian too,—that sublime and pathetic poet!—participating in the

¹ Rousseau said of the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, “ the natives and the country are not made for each other ! ” The same may be said of Wales, of Italy, and of all other fine countries. Men of all orders and climates can derive satisfaction from eating, drinking, talking, and endeavouring to get money : but to enjoy Nature !—It is a puerile species of freemasonry to nine-tenths of the world.

same calamity, with genuine feeling pours out, in the richest strain of poetry, the tender sorrow of his heart.

XIV.

The celebrated BERKELY, Bishop of Cloyne,¹ often declared, that the happiest summer, he ever enjoyed, was in the small island of Inarine, near Naples; which he called the epitome of the earth. And what enthusiast of our nation is ignorant of the beauties, elegancies and virtues, that adorned the best and most lovely woman of her age? Your imagination, my Lelius, immediately wafts you to the tomb of ELIZABETH ROWE! A woman, who imparted a perfume even to the graces; and with whom to compare even Harmonica herself were the highest measure of panegyric. There was scarcely a flower, an insect, or a bird, that grew, crept, or sung in her garden, which did not administer to her happiness. No one passes her tomb without a look of affection.

Where can we read of a nobler character, than that pride of his country and ornament of his age, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY? In that “warbler of poetic

¹ Berkely's System of Philosophy seems to have been derived from the east. The Soofees of Caubul* believe the entire animate, as well as inanimate creation, to be one vast system of illusion: grounding their arguments on the belief, that the great power only exists; and that all which is seen, let bodies appear in what shape they may, are so many modifications of form, in which the Deity is pleased to exhibit itself.

* Elphinstone, p. 207, 4to.

prose," were combined every quality, which could adorn the soldier, and all the virtues, which could elevate a man. No one so high, who did not consider himself honoured by his friendship; no one so low, to whom he was uncourteous, or to whom he did not consider it a duty to afford every benevolence in his power. He ennobled even the military art! The boast of the soldiery, and the idol of the women; he was the encourager of every science. And though his *Arcadia* is deformed with Italian concetti, and puerile descriptions, yet many are the passages, in which he has indicated an ardent love of the sublime in sentiment, and of the beautiful in landscape.

A greater lover of Nature never lived than BACON. When he read, he had music in the next room; flowers and sweet herbs stood upon his table; and when he was caught in the rain, he would take off his hat, let the drops fall over his head, and exclaim that he felt, as if the spirit of the universe were upon him.

LORD LITTLETON forgot the statesman in the bowers of Hagley: CHILLINGWORTH loved to meditate under the shades of Oxford: and AKENSIDE possessed an enthusiastic love of Nature; as his poem on the Pleasures of Imagination sufficiently demonstrates.—“Often,” says he, in his Hymn to the Naiads, “often did the Muses reveal to me their secrets;

“ ——— Oft at noon

Or hour of sun-set, by some lonely stream,

In field or shady grove, they taught me words

From power of death, and envy, to preserve

The good man's name.”

XV.

GOLDSMITH, who bore the same resemblance to Rousseau, that Rousseau bore to Tasso, was so eager to behold whatever was worthy of admiration in Europe, that, almost without money, he travelled over a large portion of France, Switzerland and Germany on foot; and gained a subsistence, as he went along, by playing on the flute to the peasants, to whom his good-nature endeared him; and to the monasteries, to which he recommended himself, by the vivacity and versatility of his genius. Had Goldsmith written an account of the scenes he saw, and the adventures he met with, it would have been one of the most entertaining of all books of travel. To the simplicity of Rousseau, and the elegance of Albani, would perhaps have been joined the spirit and enthusiasm of Dupaty.

ARMSTRONG has signalized his love of Nature in many a beautiful passage: and SMOLLET, whose genius was more adapted to the ludicrous, than to the elegant departments of literature,—even Smollet, as we may learn from a fine passage in his *Ode to Independence*, had a taste for rural contemplations:

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health and peace, and contemplation dwell.

JOHNSON, too, though he wages war against all the pastoral, and some of the best descriptive poets, has yet left, in his odes and poems, something to the honour

of natural taste and beauty. Those to the Isle of Sky have passages, indicating, that peace and happiness might be enjoyed among rocks and mountains ; and that the shores of the Highlands were worthy even of returning echoes to the name of Thrale.

No one was a more ardent admirer of the bolder features of landscape than BEATTIE. His Hermit, his Retirement and his Minstrel, would have immortalized his name, even if he had never written his Essay on Poetry and Music. The following passage is a gem, extracted from a jewelled casket.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her vot'ry yields ?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
'The pomp of groves and garniture of fields ;
All, that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even ;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

Minstrel.

XVI.

The love of Nature is indeed instinctive in all elegant minds. It begins in youth, and continues through manhood, even up to age. This passion,—unfortunate that it should be so!—was one of the many causes, that ruined one of Nature's worthiest sons. Who, that has beheld Piercefield, does not heave a sigh at the mention of VALENTINE MORRIS ? Who that sits beneath his beach-trees ; stands on his precipices ; looks down his lover's leap ; surveys his

grotto, his alcove and his giant's cave, does not shed a tear to the memory of Valentine Morris? Noble, liberal, and high-minded; hospitable, elegant, and munificent; above all, an enthusiastic admirer of Nature's nobler features, this accomplished man first displayed those unrivalled beauties to the eye of taste. With a discriminative hand, he uplifted, as it were, the veil from the bosom of Nature, without discovering the hand that lifted it. Embarrassed in these attempts to improve his domain; his hospitalities knowing no bounds; his ambition of representing the county of Monmouth in parliament ungratified; and oppressed by some unforeseen contingencies; he was under the melancholy necessity of parting with his estate, at the time in which he was appointed governor of the Island of St. Vincent. Before he quitted England, he visited Piercefield, in order to take his last farewell of its transcendant beauties. Upon his arrival, the poor, who loved him as a father, crowded round; the men with looks of sorrow; the women and children with sighs and tears. While this melancholy scene was passing: and while some of the poor went down upon their knees to implore blessings upon him, Morris stood unmoved: not a sigh, nor a tear escaped him. When, however, he crossed Chepstow Bridge, and took a last view of the castle, which, standing on the edge of a high perpendicular rock, overlooks the Wye, and heard the sounds of the muffled bells, which announced his departure, he could no longer support the firmness of his character; but leaned back in his carriage, and wept like an

infant.¹ In the Isle of St. Vincent, he improved the state of the colony, and raised works for its defence : but the island fell into the hands of the French ; and Government refused to reimburse the governor ! Thus sinned against, he was thrown into the King's Bench prison by his creditors, on his return to England ; and, during the space of seven years, endured all the hardships of extreme poverty. Thus reduced, his wife, who was niece to Lord Peterborough, and who had sold her clothes to purchase her husband bread, became insane ! After enduring these multiplied calamities, for the space of seven years, he was at length released ; and, after long years of suffering, died in comparative ease and comfort, at the house of a relative in Bloomsbury Square.

XVII.

The late unfortunate COLLINS, gifted with an amiable disposition and a powerful imagination, and therefore little qualified to play the cunning game of life, was peculiarly susceptible of the grand and the beautiful. His ode to Liberty testifies his love of freedom ; his ode to Evening, the delicacy of his feelings, and the elegance of his taste ; and how desirous he was of beholding the scenery of Scotland, the following stanza will sufficiently demonstrate :—

All hail, ye scenes, that o'er my soul prevail !
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan fill'd, or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail !

¹ Archdeacon Coxe's Hist. of Monmouthshire.

The time may come, when I, perhaps, may tread
 Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom ;
 Or o'er your stretching heaths, by fancy led,
 Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom.
 Then will I dress, once more, the faded bower,
 Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade ;
 Or crop from Teviot dale each lyric flower,
 Or mourn, on Yarrow's banks, the widow'd maid !

Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands, st. xlii.

The pleasure, which GRAY, whose poems exhibit a brilliant cento of polished diamonds, derived from the productions of Nature in general, may be observed in many passages of his poetical works ; and more particularly in his letters, describing the scenery around the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. This, of all our English poets, my Lelius, is the one, who, in common with Pliny,¹ Quintilian, and Virgil, has been reproached for solicitude in correction. As this is no common foible ; let it pass. Those who reproached them, are scarcely known, even by name ; while those, who were censured, claim the highest niches in the temple of Fame :—Virgil and Gray as poets ; Pliny as a naturalist ; and Quintilian as a critic.

The enjoyment, which Gray received from wandering beneath the shades of Cambridge, and on the banks of its classic river, we may conceive from the following passage in his ode to Music.

¹ And yet Pliny himself censures this solicitude in Protogens : xxxv. c. 10. And Cicero blames it in an orator. *De Orat.* 73.

Ye brown o'er-arching groves !
That Contemplation loves !
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight ;
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn ;
Oft would the gleam of Cynthia's silver bright,
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
With Freedom by my side and soft-eyed Melancholy.

Ode to Music, st. iii.

PORTEUS, the late bishop of London, was a lover of the more tranquil style of scenery ; and being, in the earlier part of his life, presented to the rectory of Hunton by the excellent Archbishop Secker, he embellished his parsonage with all the elegance of a refined taste. To this spot he was devotedly attached ; and even continued to reside there, for some months in the year, after his promotion to the bishoprick of Chester. Never was there a better man than Dr. Porteus ! And, for the honour of the age in which he lived, let him ever be distinguished by the title of the "GOOD BISHOP OF LONDON." To him are the slaves of Africa, in a great degree, indebted for the abolition of that monstrous traffic, which continued so long a disgrace to this happy country. He assisted in the formation of a society for their conversion to the Christian faith ; he was a warm encourager of Sunday schools ; and an early patronizer of the British system of public education. As a master, he was so kind and indulgent, that his servants shed tears over his grave ;—as a friend, he was ardent and sincere ;—as a preacher, so admirable in delivery ; in language so elegant ; in argu-

ment so striking; that a whole court hung with holiest rapture on his lips. And never, in the history of polished society, was a more admiring audience assembled, than at the lectures, which at the advanced age of sixty-seven, he delivered from the pulpit of St. James's church in the city of Westminster. Only one spot rests upon the memory of Porteus, Bishop of London! It is the following passage in his poem on Death:—

—————War its thousands slays :
Peace its ten thousands !—————

To confound *peace* with *luxury* argues little of logic ; and places a sword in the hands of the *hero*, which that most excellent bishop could never have intended.

XVIII.

France has produced many genuine lovers of Nature; among whom not the least distinguished are Rousseau and St. Pierre.¹ Fenelon, too, the amiable and illustrious Fenelon, the tutor of princes, and the

¹ St. Pierre, it must be confessed, was, in many instances, a visionary; but he was a beautiful writer: and what his editor, Mons. Louis Aimé-Martin, says of him is true to the very letter. "Buffon," says he, "has been called the painter of Nature; but St. Pierre has a title to be accounted her most ardent admirer. He dwells on her charms with unceasing transport, and no one is more successful in inspiring others with a kindred feeling. His pages are full of life and eloquence, because he felt himself what he told to others. Like Armida, he may be said to have constructed an enchanted palace, in which the spectator forgets, for a season, the foibles, the passions, and the vexations of his species."

shepherd of a flock, was a strict observer, and a beautiful describer of Nature, in all her serenity and elegance. How often has this archiepiscopal patron of those, doomed to blush at the severity of their wants, sat on the grass, with a group of villagers sitting around him. Realizing in his practice the scenes of Elysium, which he had described with all the grace and tranquillity of a pure mind, in his *Adventures of Telemachus*. In an age like this, how delightful is it to pause upon the memory of so wise and excellent a man ;—to meditate on the purity of his affections, the gentleness of his manners, and the nobility of his sentiments ;—the richness of his imagination, and the refinement of his sensibility. Breathing love and friendship round his palace, and benevolence to the whole circle of the world ;—penetrating and conciliating every heart ; we become enamoured of himself, as well as of his genius. He inspires us with a love of peace ; he delights our imagination ; satisfies our judgment : and, modulating our feelings, he consoles us in the midst of affliction, and we imbibe, for a time, no small share of his irreproachable purity and exquisite spirituality of character.

BURNS is said to have written most of his poems in the open air ; and many were composed upon the banks of the Nith, and near the ruins of *Lincluden Abbey*. WHITE of Nottingham !—His taste may be estimated by the following lines :—

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild ;
Where far from cities I may spend my days
And by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.

While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note :
 I shall not want the world's delusive joys.

But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
 Shall think my lot complete ; nor long for more ;
 And when, with time, shall wane my vital fire,
 I'll make my tomb upon the desert shore ;
 And lay me down to rest, where the sad wave
 Shall make sweet music o'er my lowly grave.

Many critics are there in Oxford, in Leyden, and at Gottingen, who would smile with contempt upon this humble sonnet : for my own part, I think it superior not only to any sonnet in Petrarch, but equal to any epigram in the Greek Anthology.

Cranch, who accompanied the expedition to the Congo, commanded by Captain Tuckey,¹ was such an active admirer of natural productions, that in search of a new object he would climb the most rugged precipices, and be lowered from high cliffs by peasants. He would explore the muddiest rivers ; into which he would wade even up to his arms ; and not unfrequently would he venture out to sea alone in a fisherman's boat to pick up insects or small shells off weeds, along the coast of Devonshire. At night he drew his boat on shore, and slept in it :

Far remov'd from civic splendour,
 Fate had fixed his niggard lot ;
 Comforts few, finances slender,
 Care still hovering near his cot.

¹ Introduct. to the Account of the Congo Expedition, 4to. p. 76.

Cold and bleak his humble dwelling,
Hid behind the heath-clad hill,
Wintry blasts its roofs assailing ;
Yet he seemed contented still.

Round him see the rugged mountains,
Rudely rise from Nature's hand ;
Roughly form the gushing fountains,
But they waste no *golden sand*.

Though he saw in fertile valleys,
Pomp and wealth indulge their fill ;
He could pass the proud man's palace,
Smile—and be contented still.

This humble lover of the beautiful died, at the age of thirty-four, in Captain Tuckey's expedition to discover the source of the Congo and the confluence of the Niger.

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

To the memory of Milton and Shakespeare our friend, Philotes, has erected monuments in one of the most retired recesses of a glen, as well as to the virtues of Epaminondas and Washington;—the glories of the ancient and the modern world; and a parallel between whom were even worthy the pen of Plutarch. The monument in honour of the two poets is surmounted by two alabaster vases:—that to the memory of the statesmen consists of a small pillar of white marble, standing on a pedestal of black granite. On the east side of this column is simply inscribed the name of the Grecian hero; on the west, that of the American. Round the pedestal is written, “THE BEST OF MEN MAN HAS DECLARED THEM;—THE BETTER OF THE TWO LET HEAVEN DECIDE.” Some little way farther on, is a tablet, commemorating the friendships of Tacitus and Pliny; Ovid and Propertius; Rucella and Trissino; Plutarch and Colonna; Sannazaro and Pietro Bembo; Boileau and Racine; Dyson and Akenside.

A temple, erected on a small mountain, which overlooks the vale, and which can be seen from the summits of all the larger ones, has been dedicated to

Liberty. In the niches are the busts of Alfred, Edgar, and Howel-Dha ; Hampden and Sidney ; Somers and Camden ; Wallace and Chatham.

—— Names, grateful to the patriot's ear ;

Which British sons delight to hear :

Names, which the brave will long revere

Wi' valour's sigh !

Dear to the Muse ! but doubly dear

To Liberty !

The names of a few others are inscribed on the ceiling. They are not numerous ; for Philotes has long doubted the evidence of historians ; and has learnt the necessary art of distinguishing between patriots and demagogues. In the library are suspended portraits of our best historians and philosophers :—Bede, the father of English history ; Robertson, the Livy of Scotland ; Gibbon, who traced the decline and fall not only of an empire, but of philosophy and taste ; and Roscoe, who illumines the annals of mankind by a history of the restoration of literature and the arts. There, also, are the busts of Locke, Bacon, Boyle, and Paley. In the saloon hang, as large as life, whole length portraits of Gainsborough, and Wright of Derby ; Sir Joshua Reynolds and Barry ; Fuseli and West. In the cloisters, which lead to the chapel, are small marble monuments, commemorating the virtues of Tillotson, Sherlocke and Hoadley ; Blair, Lowth, and Porteus ; men who, in a peculiar degree, possessed

———— That golden key,

Which opes the palace of Eternity.

Near the fountain, which waters the garden, stands

the statue of Hygeia ; holding in her hand a tablet, on which are inscribed the names of Harvey, Sydenham, and Hunter. Health, in the character of a Fawn, supports the bust of Armstrong.

On the obelisk, at the farther end of the shrubbery, hang two medallions ; one of Nelson, the other of Moore. These are the only warriors, to whom Philotes has been anxious to pay the homage of admiration and gratitude.

A column, erected on the highest peak of the mountains, celebrates the virtues and genius of Newton and Halley, Ferguson and Herschell. Embosomed in trees, through which are formed four shady vistas, exhibiting so many resemblances of fretted aisles, stands a temple of Gothic architecture. Eolian harps, concealed among mosses and lilies of the valley, decorate the windows ; near which stand the statues of Haydn and Handel, Pleyel and Mozart. Paintings by some of our best modern artists cover the walls and ceilings of the temple. The subjects of these pictures are represented, as indulging in various amusements. Taliesin is listening to the sounds of his own harp ; Chaucer is occupied in writing his Romance of the Rose : Spenser is reading the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto ; Shakespeare is dipping his pen in the overflowings of a human heart ; and Milton appears wrapt in silent ecstasy ; contemplating with awful devotion the opening of a cloud, which progressively unfolds to his astonished eye the wonders of the Empyrean. Otway is represented, as melting into tears, at the sorrows of his

own Monimia; Pope is receiving a crown of laurel from his master, Homer; Akenside is refreshing his intellectual thirst, at the fountain of the Naiads; Thomson and Dyer, Beattie and Macpherson, are standing in view of the four vistas, appearing to contemplate the beauties of the surrounding scenery; while Burns is wandering among his native mountains, and making their vast solitudes resound with the name of liberty. Leaving this temple, we walk to the farther end of the western vista; where we come to an Alpine bridge: and, after making a few turns, we arrive unexpectedly at a small lake, shaded by trees of every description; at the north end of which, we observe a portico of the Tuscan order.

On approaching it, we read on the entablature the following inscription:—

ILLE POTENS SUI
LETUSQUE DEGET, CUI LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI.

“Ah! he is indeed happy,” has Colonna often exclaimed, as he has passed this beautiful spot;—“he is of all men happy, who has the power of saying at the close of every day, ‘I have lived.’ Neither Homer, nor Horace, nor Tasso, nor Shakespeare, have ever uttered a greater truth than this!”

In an alcove, immediately behind this portico, stands a statue, leaning over a circular marble basin. The statue is that of a female, in whose countenance we immediately recognize the nymph of the FOUNTAIN OF TEARS. At the foot of the pedestal is in-

scribed an elegant Alcaic fragment from the pen of Gray:—

O Lachrymarum Fons!—tener sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quatuor
 Felix!—in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore, te, Pia Nympha!—sensit.

CHAPTER II.

FROM the splendid domain of Philotes, permit me to invite you, my Lelius, to a description of a small cottage, in which Colonna passed the summer of 1814. It stood in a garden with a small lawn before it, at one end of a village; of which was retired and well-wooded. The porch was covered with honeysuckles.—A grape vine and a pear-tree lined one wing; a peach and a nectarine-tree the other. The garden was an union of the flower, vegetable, and fruit garden. Before the lawn was a meadow of about two or three acres. At the bottom of this meadow ran a small rivulet. On the other side were several gardens belonging to the villagers. Beyond these a mossy terrace led to the banks of the river, which was about half a mile wide. Over this noble river rose a line of small hills, at the feet of which stood the village, Parsonage House, and church of St. Ismaels. On the right three green fields rising above each other, and studded, as it were, with cows and sheep, terminated at the upper end in a wood, the green of which was variously tinted.

Upon an eminence overlooking the whole were the ruins of an old castle, formed in the style of those, described in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:—Beneath which the river entered the great bay. In the perspective was seen rising over the waters, a rock, in which was a perforation, through which the sea rushed at half tide, and sometimes caused a repercussion, which shook their cottage to the foundation, though at sixteen or eighteen miles distance! In the river were frequently seen those curious boats, called in the language of the country, "*Coracles*!:" formed of wicker and lined with skins; and which the fishermen carry on their backs, on their return from fishing, and lay them in the sun near their cottage

1 From Cwrwgl:—In Irish "*Curach*."—The Greenland boats are also made with laths, tied together with whalebone, and covered with seal-skins.—In these slender vehicles they are said to be able to row upwards of sixty miles a-day; and the tops being covered with skins, they resist the fury of every storm. For when a wave upsets them, the boat rises again to the surface of the water, and regains its equilibrium.—When Frobisher first saw them in 1576, he took them for seals or porpoises. In the voyages of the two Zenos, they are compared to weavers' shuttles. They are used, also, in the islands of the North Asian Archipelago; where the Russians call them *Baidars*;* and are found to be of such practical use, that Lieut. Kotzebue, in his expedition to Baffin's Bay, and thence along the American coast of the Frozen Sea, took with him boats of a similar construction, in order to ford any rivers, that might obstruct his journey. Similar boats are used by the Samoides of Nova Zembla. They are also used in Labrador, Hudson's Bay, and Norton Sound.—They glide with almost inconceivable swiftness. The Arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay, however, have no method of navigating the water.—They never even heard of a canoe.

* Stæblin, p. 25.

doors, till the next voyage. These Coracles, which are also used in the Conway and other rivers in North and South Wales, are of great antiquity. The Ethiopians¹ were accustomed to form boats of bulrushes:—and it was probably something of this kind, that the mother of Moses constructed, when she laid him among the bulrushes.² Herodotus says, “of all that I saw, next to Babylon itself, what appeared to me the greatest curiosity were the boats. They are constructed in Armenia; where they are formed of willow, over which are placed skins. When the owners of them reach Babylon, they dispose of their merchandize, sell the ribs of their boats, and placing the skins over their mules, return with them into Armenia to employ them again in the same manner.”

These boats are now used in Thibet, and in many parts of Siberia. They were used, according to Lucan, on the Eridanus; on the Durance in Gaul³; and near Memphis in Egypt. The Britons frequently traversed the Irish Sea with them⁴; and they were made use of by the Picts and Scots, in their frequent invasions, during the decline of the Roman power. Cesar, too, approved of them so much, that he constructed a multitude of boats, on a similar plan, in order to conduct his army over a river in Spain.

¹ Isaiah, c. xviii., v. 2.

² Exodus, c. ii., v. 3.

³ Vide an inscription at Arles.—Thicknesse, vol. ii. p. 15.

⁴ Solinus, c. 35.

II.

In this beautiful spot Colonna and his family resided many months : and there they could have terminated their lives, had not unforeseen circumstances compelled them to revisit London. It is impossible to figure to the imagination a more agreeable life, than that they led. Sometimes they sat upon the green bench to watch the rising of the moon ; to behold the belt of Orion ; or to mark the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, seen between two fragments of the neighbouring castle. Sometimes, reclined beneath an old sycamore, Colonna listened to that beautiful passage of Thomson, where he describes an evening fire-side, enlivened by the virtues of the heart, and the enjoyments of philosophy. At other times they ate peaches in the bower they had formed, as a reward for their labour in the garden ; listening at intervals to the wind, that echoed the murmur of the sea.

One evening they paid a friendly visit to Ariosto. They surprised him in his orchard, leaning upon his hoe, under the shade of one of his apple-trees ; and looking towards those mountains which, rising over a country, wild, romantic and beautiful,—and to him endeared by so many early associations,—dissolved him, as Colonna saw by his manner, in all the soft luxury of melancholy enjoyment. How placid ! How dignified ! The sun, setting in the bosom of the Atlantic, imparted a solemn tinge of purple to the aerial perspective, which stood, as it were, “ centinel to Fairy land.” Soon after the greeting, the conversation turned upon the state of mind, in which death is viewed with least reluctance. “ Never,” said Ariosto,

“ have I felt so truly satisfied to die in adversity, as I have done in the hour of happiness ! And the reason I conceive to be this :—that, in the former state, we do not so readily recognize the goodness of a Creator, as in the latter ; and therefore I have felt inclined more to doubt of his justice in the other world, since we do not find it in this.—Such is the imperfection of human opinions !”

Ariosto was of that order of human beings, who, rising superior to fortune, exacts homage even from the proud ; before whom the shafts of envy fell blunted almost before they reached him ; and, best seen by his own lustre, he was always ready to assert the truth of Socrates,—that wisdom and virtue are the only immortality of all our possessions.

One day they made an excursion upon the waters of the bay. Keeping under the rocks, they had all the benefit of the sun, with the additional pleasure of having lichens and other plants to look upon. They dined in a large cavern ;—a fit receptacle for the Nereids. For at the entrance a small cascade fell upon the edge of a rock, which, dividing the rays of light, formed part of a semicircular rainbow. As they returned along the beach, a dark cloud glided up the eastern part of the hill.—There it rested for some time. Soon its edges became fringed with a light yellow from north to south : all beyond being of a deep blue. Then the cloud sunk a little behind the summit, and a star darted into existence, as it were, in a moment. It was Jupiter !—rising in conjunction, and as a harbinger to the moon. At length the moon herself appeared, throwing a light so mild

and radiant, that even the woods and rocks were softened into elegance.

A few evenings after this, the happy party walked upon the rocks, which shadowed the bay. The winds had long ceased to roar; but the waves had not ceased to swell; and a more magnificent sight they had seldom witnessed. Well calculated for the exercise of the genius of Lucretius and Hobbima, it gave them an awful idea of infinite power, and of an eternity of past and future duration. The waves, in their anger, sometimes covered them with their spray, and then subsided among the crevices of the rocks, like oil. How little, at that moment, appeared all the triumphs of the greatest warriors!—And how dreadful the desolations, they have, in all ages, occasioned!—A desolation similar to that, of which Florus speaks, when, having informed us, that the towns of the Samnites were destroyed, he adds, that “it were impossible to recognize sufficient materials for more than four and twenty triumphs.”

The storm, after a while, resumed its fury; and they sate a long time under the shelter of a jutting crag, deriving a pensive satisfaction in witnessing the fury, with which the waves dashed beneath their feet. Ah!—you, that bathe in all the vile luxury of a worthless circle,—little do ye think, how many instructive and delightful hours, ye lose; and how many a pang, ye are laying up in lavender, for age to feast upon! When, by a little exercise of the mind, and with a little indulgence of the heart, ye might, in scenes like these, acquire the conviction, that if allurements have their temporary pleasures yet Nature strikes with a

solemnity and a sublimity, far more touching to the heart, and far more grateful to the soul.

During their residence in this village, they received three curious and agreeable presents. The first consisted of a few bunches of grapes, in a Sumatra bowl, concealed by wreaths of flowers, consisting of roses, jessamines and carnations. The second was a dried evening-flower of the Cape.—This flower, when in its natural state, remains in its calyx all the day invisible : in the evening it expands its corolla, and sheds a delightful perfume, till the rising of the sun. For this reason they gave it the name of “ the Nightingale flower.”

The last present charmed them more than any, they had yet received.—It consisted of three folio volumes, containing about three hundred coloured sketches of Swiss and Savoyard landscapes ; extending into the country of the Grisons, Piedmont and the Tyrol. It was a cold winter's day, when they received it ; and, seated by a cheerful fire, they wandered at ease during the whole evening, up the enormous sides of Mount Blanc and Mount St. Gothard. At other times, on the ridge of Jura, on the top of Titlis, and on the mountains of Appenzel. Now they traversed the banks of the Aar ; visited the sources of the Adda, the Reuss, and the Tessino ; and beheld with astonishment the cataracts of Dorfbach, Stubbach, and the Lanfenburgh. Seated on a sofa,—with little Claudia sleeping beside them,—they visited the sources of the Rhine and the Rhone ; the vallies of Engadina, Delmont, Glarus and Luvina. Then the haunts of the chamois, and the bouguetin ; the abbeys of St. Gall, Enistdlin and

Engelberg; the bridges of Rapperschyl and Schaufhausen; the convent of St. Lucius; the torrent of Maira, and the celebrated heights of Morgarten. Then they visited the hermitages of Neuneck and St. Nicholas; the Julian columns, the colossal statue of St. Dominic in the heart of Mount Pilate; the cascades of Alpback and Miback, and the birthplace of the illustrious Erasmus.

The wind rising into a storm, Colonna left these stupendous scenes, in order to look out. The night was dark, and the snow fell;—all was cheerless! He returned to his social fire, and, with redoubled appetite, sat down: and opening the last volume, they mused, with renovated eagerness, on the rocks of Meillerie, the village of Clarens, the town of Vevay, and the beautiful environs of Lausanne. Then they paused over the glowing landscapes of the Pays du Vaud, the lake of Geneva, and those of Constance, Uri, and Yverdun; Thun, Lucerne, Zurich, and Neufchatel. It was, indeed, an evening of delight, on which their imaginations ever love to dwell upon!

III.

The country, in which Colonna and his family were residing, bore no little resemblance to the milder scenes of Switzerland. There is, in fact, many features of resemblance between Switzerland and North and South Wales: and many in decided contrast. On the coast of Carnarvon and Merioneth are seen cormorants, ring-ouzes, puffins, gulls, and penguins. These are unknown in Switzerland: but the peregrine falcon is seen there; as well as among the bays of Ormeshead, near

the mouth of the Conway. The charm of association is, also, kept alive by cuckoos, thrushes, woodlarks, blackbirds, wrens, redbreasts, and turtle-doves. In Wales, however, there are no nightingales. In the German district of the canton of Berne is seen the stag; the roebuck on the skirts of Mount Jura; and the chamois on the higher Alps, whence it gradually descends at the approach of winter; and the cries and roarings of the lynx, wolves, and brown bears, occasionally add to the savage wildness of the rocks and glens.

Near the lakes are seen the stork; the bittern, the kestrel; occasionally the wild swan: and not unfrequently the water-ouzel,—shy, silent, and solitary. The golden eagle, too, and the eagle owl; the great white pelican; the golden plover; the ptarmigan, and the snow-finch: the alpine warbler, the honey-buzzard, and the nut-breaker. Among groves, the black and green woodpecker build their nests; and in winter the wallcreeper haunts the villages. Most of these animals are unknown in Wales. But in the lakes of Zug and Neufchatel is found the *salmo alpinus* of Llyn Peris; and in that of Geneva the *gwyniad* of Llyn Bala.

In two instances, Wales and Switzerland present remarkable contrasts. In Switzerland, lawsuits are scarcely known; and in the time of Kaimes, many of the inhabitants had never heard of an advocate, nor even of an attorney. In Wales it is otherwise. For though in that country, as well as in Switzerland, travellers are safe, and bolts and bars are, for the most part, unnecessary precautions: yet the nearest of neighbours will sometimes ruin themselves, their wives,

and their children, merely from irritability, or a most extraordinary obstinacy of disposition.—Indeed, I have seen such instances, as,—speaking even philosophically,—has entirely and absolutely astonished me ! It is a species of mental and moral aberration, of which neither an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, can have any conception without repeated personal observation. What is the result ? Law is the curse of the land ; and lawyers,—with a few insulated exceptions,—the very disgrace of the soil ! An English solicitor is a very god, in comparison with a Welch one, who has little or no money in his pocket. This is strong language, but I appeal to all the more respectable Welch lawyers themselves, if I have not spoken the truth.—May this publicity effect some honourable change ! particularly since the people themselves are, for the most part, honest, hospitable, humane, and obliging.

The other striking point of contrast is exhibited in the penury of great men in the one country, and their abundance in the other. Howel Dha, Taliesin, Lloyd, and Inigo Jones, are almost the only men of Wales, whose fame has reached to Gloucester ; much less to London or to Paris. But Switzerland has made itself known by its writers, not only in Europe, but in almost every region of the civilized world. This may, in some degree, be attributed to the peculiarity of national language. The Welch speak a language confined to their own mountains : the Swiss, on the other hand, have no national language to boast. The books published at Geneva are written in French ; and those published at Zurich

in German. The Swiss, therefore, have all the advantages to be derived from two great literary countries; whose languages, as well as that of Italy, constitute their own.

CHAPTER III.

WITH what interest have we hung upon the lips of Philotes, when he has delineated the source of the Aar, where every object constitutes a picture; or the gigantic mountain of the Grande Chartreuse, on the top of which stands the celebrated convent of St. Bruno; near which several cascades dash to the vale, whence their echoes ascend in repeated repercussions. When he has described the lake near Naples, on the banks of which stand the Grotto del Cane, in the midst of scenery, beautiful and romantic, yet almost entirely deserted, on account of its poisonous exhalations, we have called to mind the accounts, we have received, of the deleterious exhalations of the lake Asphaltites; where Tasso places the garden of Armida,¹ and whence Dante is supposed to have conceived the idea of the bituminous lake, which he calls La Mortagora. Then we have contrasted the accounts of the same lakes by modern writers, in which its waters are described as swarming with fish; birds flying over its bosom in safety; fruits of exquisite flavour growing on its banks; and the scenery around composed of all that is awful, grand and stupendous!

¹ Jer. Del., cant. x. 62; xvi. 71.

With what earnest attention, too, have we listened to him, when he has sketched the scenery of Statenland ! where rocks, covered with eternal snow, terminate in a thousand ragged points ; or with cliffs, hanging over the sea, separated and rent in all directions. Then has he, with happy transition, wafted our imagination to the vale of Buccamet, which he has compared to the glen of Vacluse, or to the island of Samar, where wild beehives hang from the branches of trees ; and where the atmosphere is perfumed with wild jessamine and the roses of China.

I have frequented assemblies ; I have attended public meetings of various kinds ; I have mixed, occasionally, with men pre-eminent for wealth, station, fame and ability ;—I have listened to the most splendid and most logical orators of the age ; and I have seen the best dramas, performed by the best actors.—I have heard the finest performers exercise themselves in giving utterance to the finest of musical language ;—I have been present at most of the large public assemblages, for several years ; and a hearer of many of the most interesting and celebrated debates in both Houses of Parliament.—I have seen large fleets riding at anchor ; and have been present at reviews and mock battles, performed by ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand men. All these objects and scenes have affected me in various ways and in various degrees ; yet memory takes but small delight, in resting upon any one of them. From Nature and her varied phenomena, on the contrary, I derive enjoyment, whensoever I reflect upon them. I could dwell on them for ever ! and never do I see a

beautiful landscape, but I fix it so firmly in mind at the first glance, that I could write a description of it at any distance of time. The features of men I frequently forget ; but those of the natural world never ! But there are different degrees of feeling. Thus I can witness the moon rising in Hampshire, but I cannot derive the pleasure from it there, that I have enjoyed in seeing it rise over the mountains of Cader Idris, or over the valley of Langollen ! The Thames winds along villas, but it never murmurs like the Dee ; nor does it roll with such force and majesty as the Severn. The ocean rages on the coast of Norfolk, Kent, Lincolnshire and Sussex, but it sleeps, even with the slumber of death, when compared with the thunder, with which its waves strike on the rocks of Denbigh, Pembroke, and Carnarvonshires ! There, indeed, the sea is frequently a perfect emblem of a chaos ; and yet a chaos, which acknowledges for its creator a Power, capable of lulling it to peace.

CHAPTER IV.

IF from individuals we ascend to communities of men, we shall find the natural love of mankind for the pleasures of Nature still operating. It may be traced in hamlets and in villages ; in towns and in cities. There is scarcely a square in any of the larger cities of Europe, that is not embellished with plots of green ; with beds of flowers ; with shrubberies, or

with rows of chesnut and lime trees;—forming agreeable public walks, and shady promenades. Who is there, that has not witnessed, with a correspondent pleasure, the delight, with which the city pours forth “her populous hives,” on a fine summer’s day; or on those enviable days of rest, once known to our nobility by the hallowed name of sabbath? At those times, the gravity of the Spaniard, the phlegm of a Dutchman, the formality of a Chinese, the solemnity of a German, and the melancholy of a Briton, vanish before the influence of a cheerful sun.

The observance of this sacred day was expressly commanded from Mount Sinai. It is observed by the Mahometans on the Friday; by the Jews on the Saturday; by the Christians on the Sunday: and, in Odo’s constitutions, it was directed to begin at three o’clock, on the Saturday afternoon; and to continue till break of day, on the Monday following.¹ This regulation was afterwards altered to the present mode.

The Sabbath is one of the greatest of all earthly blessings; it is the most beautiful of all the institutions of society; and that the poor may never be deprived of this inestimable indulgence is my earnest, and most fervent prayer. But, I think, I observe a disposition, in some country gentlemen, to debar them of the comforts, arising from this sacred holyday. A sabbath should be a day of mental tranquillity to the old; and of innocent hilarity to the young, after the hour of thankfulness and devotion. The rich have their parties and their amusements; they even play at games, not sanctioned by the laws; and yet would they debar

¹ Spelman. Concil. c. i, p. 415, 445.

the poor from meeting on the green; and from indulging in healthful and innocent exercises. Thus converting their cheerfulness into melancholy; their gaiety into hypocrisy; and their religion into fanaticism. This is the truth:—and it is curious to observe, that one of the best observances of a gloomy faith is a **CHEERFUL SABBATH**.—In this let the catholics of the Romish church be religiously imitated.

In gratifying the love of Nature in the people consisted one of the numerous merits of the celebrated Kyrle. There was scarcely a foot-path near the town of Ross, so finely situated, as it is, on a cliff above one of the noblest windings of the Wye, that was not, in some way or other, embellished by that benevolent character.

Cæsar, animated by a desire of pleasing the Roman people, bequeathed to them his gardens; a favor for which, they ever after honored his memory. In the present day, they resort in crowds to the green oaks of the Borghese villa. Anthony, in his celebrated oration over the dead body of Cæsar, expatiates upon this instance of munificence: and, as a proof of his estimation of the gift, he does not inform the populace, that Cæsar had bequeathed to them his garden, till he has said, that he had left them a legacy in money:—as if he intended, that the former should operate as a climax to his eloquence.

Anthony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever;—common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Julius Cæsar, act iii, sc. 3.

Upon hearing this, the people immediately resolve upon burning the houses of all the conspirators!

The Romans were accustomed to plant trees by the side of columns, and before their houses, even in the city, (which contained forty-eight thousand houses), a considerable space of which was occupied by gardens; the names of some of which have reached the eye of modern research; such as those of Sallust, Lucullus, Agrippa, Titus, Seneca, and Domitian.

If we would know a people thoroughly, we must not only sojourn in cities, and visit mansions, but wander among hamlets and villages; eat cheese with farmers, and drink water with peasants. An English cottager is, for the most part, a great admirer of Nature:—for while his wife has her geraniums in the window, the peasant has frequently his crocus, polyanthus, sweetbriars, and honeysuckle; his bow at the gate; and his bower at the farther end of the garden. If to these we add a room, frequently white-washed, walls hung with sacred pictures, ballads, and portraits of the king, queen, and royal family; we have a complete idea of a British cottage. In Glamorganshire this picture might be improved: and often among the rocks, precipices and mountains, among storms of hail, and tempests of wind, in scenes, seldom visited even by the woodman, and not by men of education for centuries, how delightful have appeared the warmth, quiet, and repose of the cottages, occasionally half hid by woodbines and eglantines, down in the vales of that beautiful county; and which when seen from the wild precipices of the distant mountains, have appeared like cottages of Arcadian land.

A love of Nature is said peculiarly to distinguish the Dooraunes. "The delight, with which they dwell," says an observing traveller, "on the moments, passed in their beautiful vallies; and the enthusiasm, with which they speak of the varieties, through which they pass, when travelling in other countries, can never, in such an unpolished people, be heard without pleasure and surprise."¹

The public walks of the Athenians were along the banks of the Cephissus and Ilyssus: while those around the city of Smyrna, whose atmosphere is frequently charged with a light vapour, tinged with crimson, and washed by the waters of one of the most beautiful bays in all the world, are represented as highly pleasant and agreeable, particularly on the west side of the Frank: where there are groves of orange and lemon trees; which, being clothed with leaves, blossoms and fruit, regale three of the senses at the same time.

The public promenade, on the banks of the Neva, at St. Petersburg is represented as being as fine as any in the world. At Berlin the squares, which are the most elegant, are those, in which are planted shrubs and trees. The entire city is surrounded by gardens; while that of Vienna, whose dirty and narrow streets inspire nothing but disgust, is encircled by a wide field, having a singular appearance; and such as no other capital can boast. Most of the genteeler sort live within the ramparts in winter, but among the suburbs in summer. The gallery

¹ Elphinstone's Caubul.

of this city contains upwards of thirteen hundred paintings; forty-five of which are by Rubens, and forty-nine by Titian. Why is not this gallery translated into the suburbs?

II.

Even the Dutch merchant, dull, cold, and phlegmatic, as he is, and whom no one would accuse of being feelingly alive to imaginary delights, pleases his imagination, during youth, with the hope of retiring to a villa, on the banks of a canal; and on its portico inscribing a sentence, indicative of his happiness. "Rest and pleasure;"—"shade and delight;"—"pleasure and peace;"—"rest and extensive prospect;"—"peace and leisure." These, and similar inscriptions are frequently observed on the porticos of the villas near Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Leyden.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the terrace or Belvidere of the castle of Beziers, in France; commanding, as we are told, a most enchanting prospect of the fine country, adjacent to the town, and the valley (through which runs the Orbe), rising gradually on each side, and forming an amphitheatre, enriched with fields, vineyards and olive-trees. The city of Dijon, the ancient capital of the Duke of Burgundy, has delightful walks, both within and without the town:—the streets of Dantzic are studded with trees; and the inhabitants of Bruges have planted several stately rows, even in the public market place. Most of the cities in France are embellished with public walks. Those at Toulouse, particularly the esplanade

on the banks of the Garonne, and the promenade at Aix, in Provence, called the *Ortibelle*, are represented as being exceedingly delightful. The terrace, too, at Montpellier, called *La Place de Peyron*, and the esplanade shaded by olives, are remarkably fine. The latter enjoys a noble domestic landscape ; while from the former on a clear day may be seen, to the east, the Alps, forming the frontiers of Italy ; to the west, the Pyrenees ; to the south, the magnificent waters of the Mediterranean sea !—But of all the public walks in Europe, the Marina of Palermo is said to possess the greatest advantages : the Parks of Westminster, the Elysian Fields of Paris, and the Prado at Madrid, having, we are told by the Abbate Balsamo, nothing to compare with it. The cities of Sucheu and Hang-cheu, in China, too, are said to have so many public walks, that the Chinese believe them to be upon earth,¹ what the heavens are above.

III.

In England many are the towns and cities, which boast of agreeable walks and promenades. At Oxford, Cambridge, Hereford, Worcester, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Southampton, Carmarthen, and at Brecon, we have witnessed them. Among the last Helvidius and Constance stopt “ to dry their clothes after their shipwreck.” Their hearts were touched with all that they had suffered. Constance shed tears ; but Helvidius walked into the groves adjoining the priory,

¹ Thevenot, p. 124.

sub silentia lunæ, and casting his eyes towards the east and south-western horizon, beheld the planets, rolling, as it were, round the summits of the Beacons; and lifted his contemplation to that exalted Being, who alone has power “to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and to loosen the bands of Orion.”

He returned soothed and satisfied! and the more so, since it was on that very evening that your letter reached him, in which you were pleased to offer incense to his vanity, by asserting, with so much earnestness and so much affection, that it seemed to be his fate, as well as that of Constance, frequently to suffer from persons, entirely beneath themselves.

But London is the city; and its parks the Paradise of intellectual beings. The most picturesque views of this metropolis of the earth,—superior to ancient Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, and even Rome, in every point but architecture,—are from the Hampstead and Highgate Hills on the north, the Surrey Hills on the south, and from Greenwich Park on the south-east. The last of these is, of its kind, the finest in the world! There are other scenes in Nature, far more beautiful and sublime, in reference to landscape; but it is impossible to fix upon any spot, on the entire globe, where the reflections, excited by a combination of objects, *created by man*, are so varied and profound;—and where the emotions, which those reflections create, are so powerful and transporting.—Here—innumerable evidences bear witness to the astonishing powers of MAN; and operate, as so many arguments to prove

the divinity of his origin. In other scenes it is the God of Nature, that speaks to us;—in this it is the GENIUS of MAN. All the wealth, that the industry of nations has gathered together, seems to be extended before us:—and on this spot, the east, the west, the south, and the north, appear to concentrate. From the multitude of objects, presented to our sight, the idea of *infinity* shoots into the mind. The first feeling is the feeling of matter; the last feeling is the feeling of spirit. Tired of this diurnal sphere,—the soul acknowledges the divinity of its origin; it gravitates towards its centre; it springs forward, and rests in the bosom of the Eternal!

CHAPTER V.

IN the middle ages, all taste for the sublime and beautiful was confined to the monks. This taste did not originate with the earliest founders of the monastic orders; for Paul, the first hermit, resided in a cave; and St. Anthony on Mount Colzim, a dreary and pathless desert! The lives of hermits and saints afford as much solid entertainment, as the guilty pages of historians. St. Jerom devoted several years to solitude, abstinence and devotion, in a hideous desert in Syria: St. Isidore retired to a solitude in the neighbourhood of Pelusiot: Paschomius, among the ruins of a deserted village, on an island formed by the Nile, erected the first regular cloister; and

soon after founded eight others in the deserts of Thebais. This recluse never laid down; nor leaned against any thing.—He sate upon a large stone in the middle of his cell; and when Nature demanded him to sleep, he slept with reluctance, and then sitting.

St. Maron, founder of the sect, called the *Maronites*, led a life of austerity, in the solitude of a hermitage; St. Hilarion lived forty years in a desert; while Simeon Stylites, the celebrated Syrian shepherd, on a column, sixty feet in height, unmoved either by the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, lived for a period of thirty years¹:—hymning, as he thought, by his austerities and privations, a requiem for eternal rest.—A church was afterwards built round his pillar; and so persuaded were the inhabitants of Antioch of his sanctity, that they esteemed his bones more efficacious as a defence than the walls of a city.

Eugenius instituted the monastic order in Mesopotamia: St. Basil carried this taste for seclu-

¹ Vide Theodoret. in Vit. Patrum, lib. ix., 854.—In the *Acta Sanctorum* (ii. 107.) St. Anthony is called the “Father of Monastic Life.”—Those, desirous of investigating the manners and habits of the monks of the deserts, may consult with advantage Arnaud D’Andilly’s *Vies des Pères du desert*:—Rossweide’s *Histoires des Vies des Pères des deserts*;—and Villefore’s *Vies des Saints des deserts d’orient et d’occident*.—Of the monasteries in Tartary, vide *Memoires concern. les Chinois*, tom. xiv. 219.

Buddha, the great god of the Cingalese, is said to have been a hermit. *Trav. Marco Polo*; b. iii., c. xxiii. Something resembling the monastic and conventual orders prevailed among the ancient British Druids and Druidesses:—as may be seen by references to Ammianus Marcellinus,* and Pomponius Mela.†

* Lib. xv.

† Lib. iii. c. 2.

sion still farther into the east; while St. Martin, bishop of Tours, erected the first monastery in France. The followers of Hilarion, and those of the earlier hermits, anachorets, and ascetics, sought, as the seats of retirement, the most uncultivated solitudes and the most obscure wildernesses; where they cultivated vines, figs, and olives, for their daily subsistence. In process of time, however,—particularly after the discovery of the pandects of Justinian,—whence we may date the origin of modern science and taste, the love for natural beauty improved; and the founders of abbeys, priories, and other religious houses, became remarkable for selecting the most delightful situations for the seats of devotion:—and, having once established themselves, they were far from being deficient in the art of improving the natural advantages of the spots, they had chosen.

The hermits of St. John, the Baptist, lived in a kind of Laura, about twenty miles from Pampelona, in the kingdom of Navarre. They wore no shoes, nor linen; a large cross depended from their breasts; and a stone served them for a pillow. Those of Brittini led a life of austerity in almost perpetual fasting: and those of St. Jerome of the Observance, (the order of which was founded by Lupus d'Olmedo among the picturesque mountains of Cazalla) were almost equally abstinent and austere. St. Jerome first introduced the Hallelujah into the service of the church.

II.

There were various orders of hermits. Some devoted themselves entirely to a life of seclusion; and by abstinence thought they best conciliated the approbation of the Deity. Others lived in hermitages, attached to convents. These were allowed a small garden, as their only place of recreation; and their only relief from prayer was the liberty of rearing a few herbs.

Some of these recluses were females. Helyot gives a curious account of the ceremony, used in the devoting a female to perpetual seclusion. One of the most celebrated of these was the Theatine Order of the Hermitage, established at Naples by Ursula Benincasa.—Their whole life was a continued scene of prayer. There was an order of nuns, too, called the “Solitaries of St. Peter of Alcantara,” which was instituted by Cardinal Barberini. They kept almost perpetual silence, except to themselves; they were waited upon by temporal maid servants, to whom they never spoke; they went barefoot; wore no linen; and occupied themselves in spiritual exercises;—each nun believing herself to be *Sponsa Christi*.

The only institution, that bears any resemblance to that of nuns, among the ancients, was the order of the VESTAL VIRGINS; whose office it was to watch over the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta. They were admitted at ten years of age: and their period of service was thirty years: after which they were permitted to marry. The first ten years were de-

voted to acquiring a knowledge of their duties :—the second ten years to practising them :—and the last ten years to the teaching of novices. They were held in the highest degree of veneration ; and enjoyed many privileges.

In the island of Lipari, there are orders of nuns, who devote themselves to a life of celibacy, and yet live with their parents, and mix in general society. In the city of Aix there was a convent, near the residence of Count Kleist, in which hospitality was extended to strangers of whatever sex or circumstances ; and from which medicine was sent to the poor. The nuns of this convent were appropriately called the SISTERS of MERCY.

In some parts of India,¹ too, there are communities of nuns.—Among the most remarkable of Eastern saints was MARY the EGYPTIAN.—After a youth of irregularity, she retired to the desert beyond Jordan, where she passed a life of such austerity and seclusion, that for seven and forty years she did not see a single human being.—At length she was discovered by Zosimus. This holy man administered to her the Eucharist, and soon after departed. On his return to her solitude, the next year, he traced an inscription on the sand, by which he learnt, that Mary expected to die on the day she had received the sacrament : and that she wished him to bury and to pray for her.—The body had wasted ; but the bones remained. Zosimus performed the melancholy office, that Mary had assigned to him.

III.

The BASZILIANS wore no linen, ate no flesh, and cultivated the earth with their own hands: the CAPUCHINS walked barefoot, and shaved their heads: and the CARMELITES, presuming to trace their origin to the prophet Elias, debarred themselves from ever possessing property. They never tasted animal food; they habituated themselves to manual labour; were constantly engaged in oral or mental prayer; and continued in religious silence from the hour of vespers to the third portion of the succeeding day. The law, forbidding the use of meat, was, in some degree, mitigated by the Popes Eugene and Pius: in consequence of which, and a few other regulations, this order divided into two, under the names of *moderate* and *barefooted* Carmelites.

The BENEDICTINES always walked two and two; they never conversed in the refectory; they slept singly in the same dormitory; performed their devotions seven times in a day; and in Lent fasted till the hour of six. They had but a slight covering to their beds; slept in their clothes; and their wardrobe consisted of only two coats, two cowls, and a handkerchief. The CAMALDOLESE, a branch of the Benedictines, lived for the most part among the wild solitudes of the Apennines; in the bosom of which St. Romuald founded the order of CAMALDULIASANS. One of the rules of this order enjoined, that their houses should, in no instance, be situated at a less distance, than fifteen miles from a city. The CARTHUSIANS ate no meat, and kept a total

silence except at stated periods. The DOMINICANS¹ were the most infamous, as well as the most celebrated and powerful, of all the monastic orders. Attentive, at all times, to their secular interests, there was not a crime, of which they were not guilty, nor a meanness, to which they would not stoop, in order to augment their influence, or enlarge their possessions.² Difference of opinion they stigmatized as heresy; and fraud, treachery, and hypocrisy, never ceased to persecute, under the assumed motives of religious zeal. The CISTERCIANS, habited in a long white robe, and girt with a wooden girdle, spending the day in labour and in reading, rising to prayers at midnight, and abstaining from meat, milk and fish, were very powerful in political as well as in religious affairs. The FRANCISCANS professed poverty; yet, by the bounty of the Popes, were amply compensated by papal indulgencies.

These orders, much as they belied the meek spirit of their master, base as many of their followers became, in common with the CORDELIERS, seldom failed to fix upon the most beautiful spots, on which to erect their mo-

¹ St. Dominic invented the Inquisition:—he never spoke to a woman, or looked one in the face—and he caused eighty persons to be beheaded, and four hundred to be burnt alive in one day. When his mother was pregnant of this inestimable saint, she dreamed, that she brought forth a dog instead of a child; and that it held in its mouth a torch, with which it sate fire to the world:—that two suns and three moons appeared; and that meteors and earthquakes announced his nativity.

² How contrary to the injunctions of Hieronymus! “*Ignominia omnium sacerdotum est propriis studere divitiis.*”—*Ep. ad Nep. de Vit. Mon.*

nasteries, convents, and hermitages. In Italy they neglected not to use their privilege of selection : almost every religious house, therefore, in that country, was delightfully situated.

The order of GILBERTINES, founded by St. Gilbert in 1148, consisted entirely of married persons, who were divided by a wall. The men observed the rules of St. Benedict; the women those of St. Augustine. The order of CELESTINS was established by Peter de Meuron, a Neapolitan of mean extraction, who being afterwards advanced to the Pontificate, under the title of Celestin V., resigned the papal chair, from a fear, that he was unequal to its duties. The members of this order, of which there were upwards of twenty monasteries in France, and ninety in Italy, wore shirts of serge ; and ate no flesh. They rose two hours after midnight to matins ; and their habit consisted of a capuche, a white gown and a black scapulary. But there were some monks, who performed no manual service whatever ; who even renounced bodily action ; giving themselves up entirely to prayer, meditation, and the contemplation of heavenly things.—Hence they were called HESYCHASTES. Isidore of Seville, on the contrary, was accustomed to say, that it was not only the duty of a monk to work with his mind, but with his hands.—He therefore read three hours every day, and worked six.

The monks of ABYSSINIA devote most of their time to the cultivation of their gardens, which supply them with their principal sustenance.

IV.

The monasteries of Turkey are generally situated in retired mountainous districts; in deep vallies, and on rocky precipices. There were a vast number of monasteries once in China: but they were suppressed by one of the emperors, upon the principle, that they encouraged idleness.¹ "Our ancestors," says the Chinese ordinance, "held it as a maxim, that if there was a man or a woman, that was idle, somebody in the empire must in consequence suffer either hunger or cold."

The HERMITAGES near the city of Nantz, too, command fine views of that city and neighbourhood, through which the Loire winds in many a graceful curve. The hermitage of MOUNT SERRATO, in the island of Elba, stands in the midst of rocks, rugged and stupendous; wild and solitary; beneath a cloudless sky, well calculated to cheat memory of its cares; and to raise the soul to the exercise of some of its noblest and most sacred faculties. The convent of the Grand Chartreuse, in which resides the head of the order of CARTHUSIANS stands in a meadow, surrounded by precipices of gigantic character. No one beholds them but in awful astonishment!

The hermitage of Friburg is situated in a wild and awful solitude. On one side of a rock JOHN DE PRE, assisted by his valet-de-chambre, hollowed out several apartments, and there resided for the space of five and twenty years. His garden was with infinite difficulty

¹ Du Halde, c. ii. p. 497.—Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. vii. c. 6.

scooped out of the solid rock, and watered with the stream flowing from two or three fountains, which welled from the bowels of the mountains. Once a week he was supplied with provisions ; for which he ferried over the *Sane* in a small boat, that he had procured for the purpose. Having finished his cells, he resolved upon consecrating his chapel ; and to give greater dignity to his hermitage, he admitted several young persons to witness the ceremony. Towards evening he escorted his visitors over the stream, that flowed in the valley ; and, having landed them safely on the opposite side, fell into the water, as he returned, and was drowned ! (A.D. 1708.) — His memory is still cherished in the village of Newneck, lying about three miles distant from the town of Friburg.

There are several convents in Switzerland beautifully situated : among which we may instance the magnificent Benedictine abbey of Einsidlin, in the canton of Schweitz ; and to which upwards of ninety thousand pilgrims resort every year. St. Alderic, who built a hermitage in the isle of Ufnau, in the lake of Zurich, not far from Rapperschuyt, attained such a high character for sanctity, that the peasants believe him to have been capable of walking on the surface of the lake ; and to have been fed from heaven.

Most of the monasteries in the Holy Land, are embosomed among olive, fig and pomegranate trees ; and in Greece they are situated among forests, and on the sides of mountains ; always commanding beautiful prospects. How solemn are the monasteries, standing among the sublime solitudes of Mount Athos ! And how beautifully situated is the Basilian convent of the

Virgin of Jerusalem, overlooking the mountains of Locri, and the plains, watered by the Cephissus;—the monastery of Elias, standing on the scite of the ancient temple of Delphos;—and that of the All Holy Virgin in the valley of Sagara in the Thebaid. A valley, immortalized as the spot, on which Hesiod kept his sheep.—And what traveller but pauses with enthusiasm, as he beholds the monastery of St. Nicholo, in a recess of Mount Helicon, near the fountain of Aganippe, and the grove of the muses: or when he sees the convent of St. Cypriani, rising near a dell, shaded by the olives of the purple Hymettus, abounding in bees.

V.

In spite of all the calumnies, propagated against the DERVISES of the East, there is ample reason to suppose, that they constitute a valuable order of men.¹ In the Mogul States they are called *Fakers*: and they were once so highly esteemed, that Aurenzebe signified his intention of belonging to their order, before he obtained possession of the throne. De Pages gives an interesting account of those, he voyaged with, along the coast of Persia. Their discourse he found moral and intelligent; they showed indifference at the moment of death; and seemed to entertain “no notion of glory,” says De Pages, “or even of duty, where separated from moral rectitude, and the principles of a simple and charitable mind.” Other writers de-

¹ “The ordinances of a Dervise,” says Sadi, “consist in prayer and gratitude; charity; content; a belief in the unity and providence of the Deity; a resignation to his dispensations; and a brotherly love to all mankind.”

scribe their lives, as being remarkable for austeri-ty, poverty, and chastity. They go open breasted, and bare legged : they travel much from one province to another ; they frequently sing praises to Mahomet ; and accompany their hymns with the flute.—An instrument, the invention of which they attribute to Jacob ; to whom they consecrate it.—These are the better order of Dervises ; the first of whom was Mevelava.

Marco Polo relates, that there was in his time a class of hermits, in the province of Kesmur ; who practised great abstinence. These hermits are mentioned by Abu'lfayl,¹ who describes them, as being exemplary devotees themselves ; yet reviling no persons, on account of their religion :—a abstaining totally from flesh of all kinds ; having no intercourse with women ; and deriving one of their principal pleasures from the amusement of planting fruit-trees on the public roads, for the benefit of travellers. Many of their peculiarities remind us of the ancient magi of Persia ; who, according to Philo Judæus, were diligent inquirers into Nature ; and whose time was chiefly passed in meditation. A circumstance from which Vossius seems inclined to derive the etymology of their title.

In Hindostan there are Dervises, retired in solitudes, whence they never move. Their continual prayer consists of the following sentence :—“ Almighty Father ! look down upon me :—I love not the world, but thee :—and all this penance is for the love of thee.”

¹ Vol. ii. p. 155.

The JOGHI of East Malabar¹ retire, also, to caves and rocks. Never speaking to women, they have no possessions :—they practise the greatest austerities ; and believe in the existence of only one God.—While the Mahometan sect, called ESRAKITES, founding their creed upon the doctrine of Plato, place happiness in the contemplation of divine excellence. They delight in music, and in composing spiritual hymns.

VI.

Of all religious orders, one of the most useful to humanity, and therefore one of the most agreeable to the spirit of virtue, was that of the *Brothers of Redemption*. The object of these holy men was directed to the duty of travelling from province to province, to collect money, for the purpose of ransoming christians, detained at Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco. The founders of this order were Matha of Provence, and Felix of Valois. They abstained entirely from flesh ; went barefoot ; were clothed in white ; and bore on their breasts a cross of red, blue, and white colours, as symbols of the Trinity.—Their matins were at midnight.

The Benedictine abbey of Clugny was so extensive and magnificent, that one pope, one emperor, one king, and an ex-queen : two dukes, two heir-apparents, two patriarchs, twelve cardinals, three arch-bishops, and fifteen bishops ; six counts, with several lords and abbots, with their respective retinues, are said to have been entertained at the same time, without any one of the monks being

¹ Phillips' Account of Malabar, p. 16.

put out of his place. The situation of this abbey was worthy its extent and magnificence. When Arnold d'Ossat, the celebrated diplomatist, visited this monastery, he was charmed with it beyond measure. Having been made a cardinal, Cardinal de Joyeuse sent him a sum of money, a chariot, horses, and a damask bed to sleep upon. D'Ossat returned them all;—expressing a determination never to renounce the life of modesty and abstinence, he had always been accustomed to.

VII.

In Italy the towers of Chiaravalle, near Pavia, command a view rich and luxuriant beyond the powers of painting. Different from this splendid establishment is that of *La Trappe*. The abbey, in which the brethren of this order waste their miserable lives, is situate in the forest of Belligarde. The road to it is dark and intricate: a silence, chilling and undisturbed, prevails in every part: and every object seems in willing separation from all that breathe. The brothers never speak; and if they are even accidentally standing near each other, it is esteemed not only a fault, but a crime. And none of them knows either the age, the rank, or even the country, of a single member, but the Abbé. They are allowed neither meat, fish, butter, nor eggs. They take a slight repast in the morning; and two ounces of bread with two raw carrots serve them in the evening. In their cells are a few books relating to religion: a human skull, and a bed of boards.

VIII.

With this severity we may advantageously compare that of ANQUETIL DU PERRON, who passed many years among the peasants of India. "Bread and cheese," said he, "to the value of the twelfth part of a rupee; and water from the well, are my daily food: I live without fire even in winter; I sleep without bed or bed-clothes. I have neither wife, children, nor servants. Having no estate, I have no tie to this world. Alone and entirely free, I am in friendship with all mankind. In this simple state, at war with my senses, I either triumph over worldly attractions, or despise them. And looking up with veneration to the supreme and perfect Being, I wait with patience for the dissolution of my body." Surely this instance is not unworthy the best times of christian enthusiasm. And yet, there are many men, and even many women, who would see nothing in this example; nor indeed acknowledge any virtue in a monastery or a convent; merely because some monks and some nuns have perverted their orders to less legitimate purposes, than the adoration of the Deity.

Ye heartless many!—Ye, who know so well
To use th' intriguing faculties ;—and who,
Remorseless, poison all the purer springs
Of mental youth, and ridicule the soul ;
As insects, perforating buds of flowers,
Steal their sweet juice, and wither them away.

Away!—ye are unholy. Not a tear
Would swell your eye-lids, where the world to die ;
So that yourselves might live. In vain for you,
The CATHOLIC VIRGIN gazes on the light,
Which gilds her rosary of beads ;—in vain

Tears,—melting tears,—denote a broken heart;
While sighs,—responsive to her evening hymn,—
Steal through the cloisters of her convent grey.

Hymn to the Moon.

The abbey of Camaldoli, the occasional resort of Lorenzo de Medici and his elegant associates, was situated near a torrent, surrounded by mountains, clothed with forests even to their summits. The monastery of Grotta Ferrata, occupying the scite of Cicero's Tusculan villa, commands one of the most admirable scenes in Italy. On the summit of Fesole stands a Franciscan convent: each corridor of which presents a different scene.—Villas, towns, farms and convents, adorn every spot; the vale of Florence, with the Arno winding through it, stretches below; and a view of the towers, churches, and palaces of that celebrated city, animate the perspective.

The Benedictine abbey of Vallombrosa:—this religious establishment owes its origin to a Florentine nobleman (Giovanni Gualberto); who quitted the monastery of St. Minias, at Florence, in order to indulge in more secluded contemplations. Captivated by the solemnity of Vallombrosa,¹ situate in the heart of the Apennines, he forsook the world, and gave celebrity to a spot, till then known only for the profound silence and solitude, that pervaded its woods. A more

¹ ——— Vallombrosa

Così fu nominata una badia
Ricca, e bella, nè men religiosa,
E cortese, a chiunque vi venia.

Orl. Furios. xxii, st. 36.

romantic spot it were impossible to imagine! Unit- ing the character of savage life, with the deep, impressive, solemnity of religious feeling, this sacred spot was distinguished by the frequent visitations of Lorenzo de Medici and Galileo; while it impressed on the imagination of Milton some of the best materials for poetic painting.

The hermitage of the Paradisino is, by far, the most delightful in Europe.—Eustace,—your elegant, accomplished, and most excellent, friend, Eustace,—paused upon its beauties and conveniences with delight. “Never have I visited an abode,” says he, “better calculated to furnish the hermit with all the aids of meditation, and all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window he may behold the Val d’Arno, and the splendours of Florence, at a distance, too great to dazzle. Around him, he sees all the grandeur, and all the gloom of rocks, forests, and mountains. By his fountain’s side, he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of torrents: and, while absorbed in meditation, the swell of the distant organ, and the voices of the choir below, from the abbey of Vallombrosa, steal upon his ear, and prompt “the song of praise.”

The town of Salerno was once full of religious houses. “To whom,” enquired the president Dupaty, “to whom does that beautiful house, situated on the top of yon hill, belong?”—“To monks.” “And that on the declivity?”—“To monks.” “And the one at the foot of yon eminence?” “To monks.” “The monks then possess all Salerno.” “There are ten convents, five parishes, one bishoprick, two seminaries, and a chapter. There are so many convents in the

town, that there is not a single ship in the harbour!" On the shores of this gulph, Salvator Rosa studied Nature in all her splendid attitudes: and among the bridges, castles, aqueducts and ruins of the valley of La Cava, near the gulph of Salerno, Claude Lorraine was often observed to linger, many hours after the sun had set:—sometimes sketching by moonlight from the towers of a castle; sometimes from the arches of an aqueduct; and not unfrequently from the window of a cottage, festooned with grape vines and shaded by olive trees.

IX.

To a love of scenery and retirement, the Carthusians owe the origin of their order. Two brothers, natives of Genoa, were, early in life, wedded to the naval profession. After many voyages, which occupied as many years, the one wrote from Genoa to his brother, at Marseilles, to solicit his return to his native town. Receiving no answer to his affectionate letter, he undertook a journey, to enquire into the motives of his brother's silence. "I am weary of commerce, and navigation," said his brother; "I will no longer trust my safety to the mercy of the elements. I have fixed upon the borders of Paradise; where I am resolved to spend the remainder of my days in peace; and where I shall wait with tranquillity the period of my death." Upon his brother's requesting him to explain himself, he led him to Montrieu, situated in a deep valley, embosomed with wood, whence issued a multitude of rivulets. The charms of the surrounding scenery, and the awful silence of

the spot, so calculated for retirement, induced the latter to follow the example of his brother: and having sold their estates, they founded the order of Carthusians,¹ and gave themselves up to meditation and devotion.

In the year ****, a gentleman of Holland sought permission of the family of the De Coninks, to erect a small hermitage, at Dronninggaard, near the city of Copenhagen. He had fought the battles of his country; he had mingled in the bustle of a court; he was rich; and he was honoured. One fatal step marred all his happiness. He married! But, marrying to gratify his ambition, he became weary and disgusted with life. Travelling into Denmark, he was captivated with the romantic beauties of Dronninggaard; and obtained permission to erect a cell in a small wood, consisting only of a few pines. It was built of moss and the bark of birch trees. A few paces from this cell, he dug his dormitory with his own hands, and caused an epitaph to be engraven on a stone, he designed for his monument. In this total seclusion, the enthusiast resided several years. The Stadtholder, however, being upon the eve of a war, wrote him a letter, and desired his assistance. He did not hesitate to obey the call. On the evening, previous to his departure, he signalized his gratitude to Dronninggaard, by writing a farewell address to the spot, in which he had enjoyed so much repose and content. The first account, that reached Denmark, after the

¹ Life of Petrarch, p. 207. Some have attributed the foundation of this order to St. Bruno, A. D. 1084.

departure of the unfortunate recluse, was, that he had fallen, covered with glory, at the head of his regiment ! As a testimony to his virtues, his Danish friends erected in a grove, adjoining his hermitage, a small tablet of marble, on which is inscribed his farewell address to the landscapes of Dronningaard.¹

X,

The sacred character assigned to mountains, may, perhaps, have been the original cause of the custom of raising tumuli over the dead. This practice has prevailed in all countries of Europe and Asia. It may be traced from the tomb of Tityus, at the foot of Parnassus, to every district in Greece :—along the shores of the sea of Ozof;—in Troas ;—Circassia ;—the Cimmerian Bosphorus ;—in ancient Scythia ;—in Kuban Tartary ;—through Russia into Scandinavia ;—and thence to Germany, France, England, Scotland, and Wales. It has, also, been observed in New Holland and America. In every instance it bears the character of a sepulchral monument ; whether known under the title of mound, barrow, tumulus, cairn, or t pe.

Churches, chapels, and convents are more frequently situated on hills, and on the sides of mountains in Italy, than in vales. In the year 1764, three thousand peasants climbed up Notre Dame de la Nieve (said to be the highest elevation in Europe), in order to hear mass in a chapel, erected on that aspiring eminence :—and pilgrims, to the amount of eight or ten thousand resort annually to pay their vows to St. Michael, at

¹ Tour round the Baltic, p. 218.

Mount St. Michael, rising in the middle of the Bay of Avranches.

XI.

To say nothing of the religious houses of Germany, situated on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, who could exhibit a finer taste, than the founders of the Carmelite convent at the Battuécas, or of the monastery and hermitages of Montserrat? The one situated in a sequestered valley, almost buried beneath overhanging rocks and trees, which take root in their crevices; and the others on the most picturesque elevation in all Spain.—The Capuchin convents at Scicli and Chiaramonte, in the island of Sicily, are admirably situated:—so is the convent of St. Dominic, on the scite of Cicero's villa; that of the Cordeliers at Werstenlein; and the hermitage of Des Croix, in Switzerland, and of those on the eminences, overlooking the Loire, between Angers and Ancennis. Than the situation of the monastery, near Albano, nothing can be more admirable. Walking in the garden, belonging to this religious house, the Baroness Stolberg, as we are informed by Zimmerman, was so astonished at the scene, which there presented itself, that her voice failed in the expression of her admiration, and she continued speechless several days.

No spot in the neighbourhood of Holywell, could have been better selected, than the one, on which stood the abbey of Basingwerk, rising among rich pastures, and having a fine view of the Dee, the city of Chester, and the hills of Lancashire. Nor, in Hampshire could be found a scite, more suitable for

religious contemplation, than that, where now stands the ruins of Netley Abbey; partially screened by wood, on the shores of the Southampton Water.

The Cistercian Abbey of Whitland stood near the spot, which was once the favourite summer residence of the greatest, because the best, of all the Cambro-British monarchs, *Howel Dha*, the Solon and Justinian of Wales. A man, of whom it may be truly said, that, as Brutus was the last of the Romans, and Philopœmen the last of the Greeks, Llewellyn and he were the last of the ancient Britons.

The abbey of Cwm-Hir, near Rhaidr-guy, in the county of Radnor, sleeps, as it were, at the foot of a deep, woody, valley, watered by the Clewedog, over which high mountains form themselves into a grand and noble amphitheatre.—What an effect would the following elegant little *morceau* have upon the stranger, wandering in those regions, were it inscribed upon the simple portico of an hermitage !

INSCRIPTION.

O thou, who to this wild retreat
Shalt lead, by choice, thy pilgrim feet,
To trace the dark wood waving o'er
This rocky cell and sainted floor ;
If here thou bring a gentle mind,
That shuns by fits, yet loves mankind,
That leaves the schools, and in this wood
Learns the best science—to be good ;
Then soft, as on the dews below
Yon oaks their silent umbrage throw ;
Peace, to thy prayers, by virtue brought,
Pilgrim, shall bless thy hallow'd thought.

Stevens.

No spot could have been selected, more abounding in admirable accompaniments, than that on which stood the small priory, once belonging to a society of Franciscans, at Llanfaes; commanding a magnificent view of the north end of the Snowdon chain, and an admirable prospect of the bay of Beaumaris,—a bay not excelled, in all the empire, for its numerous picturesque combinations. Is there a scene, more romantic, than where the walls of Llanthony rear themselves at the foot of the Black Mountains, on the banks of the Honddy, in the sequestered vale of Ewias?—So retired is it, that at one time it was scarcely known to the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets. In this lonely recess, St. David formed a hermitage, and erected a chapel,—

A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pass
 In traveil to and fro : a little wyde
 There was an holy chapell edifyde,
 Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say
 His holy things, each morn and eventyde;
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Faerie Queen.

Walter de Lacy, one day in pursuit of a deer, discovered those mysterious erections; and being struck with the solemnity of the spot, he was visited by religious enthusiasm¹; disclaimed the world; and erected the abbey of Llanthony, for the use of the Cistercian order.

¹ Dugdale's Monasticon.

XII.

As the abbey of Tintern is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our gothic monuments, so is the situation one of the most sequestered and delightful. One more abounding in that peculiar kind of scenery, which excites the mingled sensations of content, religion, and enthusiasm, it is impossible to behold. There every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate Nature :—a sublime antiquity breathes mildly into the heart : and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish. Never has Colonna wandered among the woods, surrounding this venerable ruin, standing on the banks of a river, almost as sacred to the imagination as the spot, where the Cephissus and the Hyssus mingle their waters, but he has wished himself a landscape painter.—He has never sat upon its broken columns, and beheld its mutilated fragments; and its waving arches and pillars, decorated with festoons of ivy; but he has formed the wish to forsake the world, and resign himself entirely to the tranquil studies of philosophy. Is there a man, my Lelius, too rich, too great, too powerful, for these emotions? Is there one too ignorant, too vain, and too presumptuous to indulge them?—Envy him not.—From him the pillars of Palmyra would not draw one sigh; the massacre of Glencoe, the matins of Moscow, or the Sicilian vespers would elicit no tear! The description of

Tamerlane's walls and pyramids of human heads; the taking of Ismael, of Prague, and of Warsaw; the massacre of the Chinese in Batavia; or that of the Javans by the Dutch; even the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa, would be read with scarcely a single feeling of sympathetic horror. Know you such a man, my friend?—Shun him; despise him; have no intercourse with him. Having an heart that never feels, an eye that never weeps, he would squander the blood of the villager, or erect altars of sacrifice to the avaricious god of his idolatry!

The valley in which Tintern Abbey is situated, like that of Cwm Dyr, answers to the idea of what Milton calls “a bosky bourn;” meaning, as Wharton justly describes, a narrow, deep, and woody valley, with a river or rivulet winding in the midst. How often has Colonna's heart glowed within him, as he has watched the waters, falling from ledge to ledge among the woods, and listened to their murmur: and how much has that feeling been increased, when, listening to the notes of the nightingale, even at noon, he has remembered those passages in Milton, where the poet describes this bird, when giving a history of the creation; and that passage in a pro-lusion of Strada, where he celebrates the contest between a lutanist and a nightingale.

Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas

l. 32

Inciditque graves operoso verbere pulsat—

Iamque manu per fila volat: simul hos, simul illos,

45

Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.

Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, et artem	1. 23
Arte refert ; nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,	
Præbet iter liquidum labenti è pectore voci,	27
Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis	
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocatur ore.	

Strada, Prolus. Acad., lib. ii., prol. 6.

Then has he repeated the passage, where Dryden celebrates the power of this accomplished bird, in his *Flower and Leaf*, or the *Lady in the Arbour* :—then his fancy has wafted him to those gardens of Persia and Arabia Felix, where the nightingale is said to fly from one rosebush to another ; till, intoxicated with their odours, it falls, as if inebriated, to the ground. —Then he has meditated on the passage in Horace, where he stigmatizes the extravagance of two brothers, who were accustomed to dine upon nightingales, which were always of great price :—and, after remembering that nightingale's brains were fabled to be food for fairies, he has closed the mental excursion with the wish, that he could transport that aviary of nightingales, which stands in a garden of hyacinths, at Constantinople, to the very spot, on which the wish was formed.

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END OF VOL. III.

ON THE
BEAUTIES,
HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
NATURE:
WITH
OCCASIONAL REMARKS
ON THE
LAWS, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS
OF
VARIOUS NATIONS.

SECOND EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE
BEAUTIES, HARMONIES, AND SUBLIMITIES
OF
NATURE.

BOOK X.

CHAPTER I.

“WHEN we enter into magnificent palaces,” says Tully,—whose oratory never relapsed into a thrifty and sanguinary eloquence, as Tacitus¹ strongly expresses it,—“we are at first struck with the gilded roofs, the marble columns, the costly pavements, and all the other decorations of art. But when we have beheld them often, we are no longer charmed with them; and they make no impression of pleasure on the mind. Whereas, the prospect of the country never satiates us; it is, as it were, ever new, and every day puts on some fresh form to entertain and delight us.” Who, that

¹ *Lucrosæ hujus et sanguinantis eloquentiæ.*

Tacitus de Oratore.

takes pleasure in the cultivation of his shrubberies, has not an innate love of order and harmony, though opportunity, perhaps, has never been allowed for their cultivation? Who, that will stand for hours upon a precipice, and drink in rapture from the untouched scenes of Nature, has not the seeds of poesy planted in his mind? Who, that treads, with secret satisfaction, the spots, which the wise and the good have sanctified by their preference; and who, that delights to stand where the battles of former ages have been fought, would not,—were fortune to present the opportunity,—be the admiration of the world for their patriotism and inflexible constancy?

In those, who are alive to interesting associations, and who are travelling in a picturesque country, how glowing are the emotions, produced by those reflections, which, in such scenes, naturally arise! When Dr. Moore beheld the rocks of Meillerie, he was visited by the most agreeable associations. As he gazed, he seemed to discover the very spot, on which St. Prieux looked through his telescope, to catch a glimpse of the house, which contained his idolized Julia. In imagination he traced the route, where he sprung from rock to rock, after one of her letters, which the wind had snatched from his hands. With the same delight, he observed the point, where they embarked to return to Clarens; when St. Prieux, in a fit of distraction, was tempted to seize the lovely Julia (then the wife of another), and precipitate both her and himself into the midst of the lake!

II.

Numerous are the resemblances, we mentally draw, between those spots, which fascinate us, as we travel on, and those that we have heard described, or seen delineated. In a tour, which La Rochefort made in the summer ****, among the most delightful scenes, of which this island can boast, many were the ideal resemblances, he fancied. This river reminded him of the Arno, or the Brenta; this mountain appeared to exhibit all the beauties of the Pyrenees, or the Appenines; that wood recalled to his memory the groves, which decorate the classic shores of the Po and the Mincio; this hamlet resembled that, of which Pliny gives so beautiful a description; and that villa Scipio's seat on the banks of the Tiber.

These associations are peculiarly awakened on those spots, which have been the theatres of great events, or the abodes of eminent men. Something analogous to this Milton has embodied in the language of Adam; when the angel informs him, that the leaving the garden of Eden shall be the penalty of his disobedience. Adam, with melancholy feeling, anticipates the pleasure he should have enjoyed, in pointing out to his children the places, which had been sanctified by the presence of their great Creator.

How far more delightful is it to contemplate the beneficence, than the cruelty of man! How much more interesting are those scenes, on the banks of the Dee and the Clyde, on the plains of Devon, and

on the Grampian mountains ; now, that they are the abodes of the shepherd and the husbandman, than when the horn of the huntsman, and the trumpet of the warrior, were equal heralds of a bloody battle !

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
 No longer steel-clad heroes ride
 Along thy wild and willowed shore :
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All !—all is peaceful—all is still.

III.

When the French first beheld Moscow, they were delighted, beyond measure, at the beauty of the prospect, it presented to them.¹ From the summit of the hill they saw a thousand gilded spires and steeples, which, reflecting the brilliancy of the sun, appeared like so many globes of fire. Moscow, standing in the midst of a fertile plain, through which winds the Moskwa ; palaces, without number, surrounded with terraces ; obelisks ; gilt cupolas ; the Kremlin and the towers of Iwan rising above the whole, seemed like enchantment. The French soldiers, enraptured at the view, shouted "*Mosco !—Mosco !*" with extravagant delight.—But when they found that the Russians had set fire to their own city ;—when they saw even women applying firebrands to their own houses, and then hurrying away, as if alarmed at what they had done ;—when they saw, that street after street presented

¹ Labaume, *Campagne de Russie*, p. 198. Bourgois, *Campagne de Moscou*, p. 52.

nothing but disjointed columns, porticoes, and cupolas illumined by the blaze ; and the flames rising in a thousand places at once, and every street thronged with women and children, or desolated with the dying and the dead, nothing could exceed their rage and disappointment ! And yet, had the ruins, which every where presented themselves, existed for many ages, and been the result of the enterprizes of their ancestors, those very soldiers would have beheld the scene with awe and admiration. So different are the associations, when men see, than from those that arise, when they both see and suffer.

The effects of association, awakened by external objects, are well described by Gibbon. “ At the distance of five and twenty years,” said he, “ I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions, which agitated my breast, as I first approached the ETERNAL CITY. After a sleepless night, I trod, with lofty step, the ruins of the forum ; each spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, was present to my sight.” Poggio Bracciolini, amid the same ruins, took pleasure in revolving the various occurrences, each ruin had seen, or given birth to. And such was his proficiency, that he could trace the history of every palace and of every temple. Among the ruins of the Tarpeian rock, he contrasted the state of Rome,—proud and imperious Rome !—when Tully graced the bar, and Cato the senate, with those ruins, which, at the moment he viewed the city, lay scattered on every side around him.¹ Ruins, which, by

¹ Should the reader desire to form some idea of the ancient splendour of Rome, the Campus Martius, and its environs, he may consult with

their associations, recalled the memory of a thousand illustrious actions. “Even the water of Rome,” said Angelica Kauffman, “elicits all the nobler faculties of the soul !”

IV.

The melancholy appearance of these ruins was the remote cause of Rienzi’s attempt to re-establish the commonwealth: and with what genuine feeling did Petrarch lament, that the marble columns and fragments of antiquity, which had formed the glory of that once mighty city, should be transported from their native soil to adorn the palaces of Naples! Alas! how much more fallen now has become the City of the World, once the “delight and beauty of the universe;”—raising its melancholy ruins among fields, which appear, by their abandoned state, to have suffered from a conflagration, a famine, or a pestilence.

Pope Alexander the Sixth destroyed the pyramid of Scipio, to pave the streets with its materials:—and not a few of the noblest structures were defaced and destroyed by Gregory the Great, that pilgrims and devotees might not lose their enthusiasm in their admiration of antiquity. Robbed, insulted, and ruined by the modern Vandals;—men, who derived an exquisite pleasure in treading on all, that was great, illustrious, and magnificent, and who, in the

advantage Piranesi’s *Ichnography*, in *Il Campo Marzio Deil’ Antica Roma*, tab. iv. fol., and *De Fortunæ Varietate Urbis Romæ*, &c. The former is in the library of the London Institution, the latter in that of the British Museum.

fury and ignorance of barbarian pride, would have disfigured even an angel of Albano,—how many an awful event transformed Italy into barbarism, and left the finest country in the world desolate and weeping! Violence and rapine stalked upon her mountains; fire and slaughter depopulated her vallies; her palaces were despoiled of their treasures; and the master-pieces of Caracci, Raphael, and Guido, of Titian, Angelo, and Correggio, doomed to adorn the galleries of an exotic soil. Had the Colosseum¹ and St. Peter's been capable of removal, those eternal monuments, also, had contributed to the embellishment of a foreign capital.²—Where once stood Nineveh, wandering tribes slake their thirst, at a solitary fountain!

V.

It is impossible to contemplate Rome without sentiments of profound awe and admiration. For so transcendant is its power of exciting associations,³ that

¹ "These ruins cover about five acres of ground; and the space has, in the course of ages, become, as it were, a natural botanic garden: so numerous and so various are the plants, which grow there. Dr. Sebastiani, of Rome, has drawn up a list of them; and it is a remarkable fact, that out of two hundred and sixty-one, no fewer than one hundred and forty-eight are natives of the British Islands."—Williams' Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, vol. i. p. 389. The Flora is peculiarly interesting, not only to the botanist, but to the antiquary. It is entitled, *Enumeratio Plantarum sponte nascentium in ruderibus amphitheatri Flavii*.

² These works have lately been restored to their respective cities.

³ When Ariosto first saw *Florence* and its environs, he exclaimed,

'If all these palaces were assembled together, two Romes would scarcely

were St. Peter's, and all the remains of ancient and modern industry and art pulverized, as it were, into atoms, small as the sands of the desert; yet will that portion of the Tiber, near which they stood, be sacred to the poet, the pilgrim, the philosopher, and the statesman, till a new order of intellect has impressed upon mankind a new order of sensation, and a new method of employing the faculties of memory and perception.

Immortalized by three hundred and twenty triumphs: so magnificent, that a prince of Persia¹ could not refrain from congratulating himself, that men died there, as well as elsewhere: and now exhibiting, in one single monument, a structure so admirable, that the Abbé Barthelemy recognized in it all the grandeur of "*l'ancienne Egypte, l'ancienne Athènes, l'ancienne Rome*:" impossible is it to stand at the feet of antique columns; to see the numerous mutilated statues and imperfect vases; the fragments, and the half-defaced inscriptions; to walk upon the remains of tessellated pavements; and to read their history in coins and medals; without feeling the mind assume all the faculties of a poet. For the heart melts, as if it were awakened from the contemplation of a melancholy, yet delightful, dream: while a hallowed sensibility,—stampd in the moulds of delicacy and taste,—adds purity to the grandeur and sublimity of the soul.

equal the grandeur of Florence." When Napoleon invited Canova to take up his permanent abode at Paris, Canova replied, "*Sans son atelier, sans ses amis, sans son beau ciel, sans sa Rome*." So well did the sculptor feel the power and influence of that city.

¹ Ammianus Marcellinus.

VI.

Meditating on the rise of republics; the revolutions of empires; the changes of manners, customs, laws, and opinions; a progression of ages is exhibited to the mind, in characters and pictures, which, giving an enlarged view of human actions, speak a language, promising immortality: though every fragment bears for its own inscription, "*I die daily.*"

And yet all this is nothing to what is felt in the rude majesty of untamed Nature!

The stem
Of oak gigantic, wither'd by the blast,
More sacred is, than when it rear'd its head,
Peerless and proud, the monarch of the plain.
Th' embattled tower, o'ergrown with bearded moss,
And by the melancholy skill of time
Moulded to beauty, charms the bosom more
Than all the palaces of princes.—Rocks,
Which raise their crested heads into the clouds,
Piled in rude grandeur, form a scene sublime,
More rich, more soothing to the pensive soul,
Than Rome, with all its palaces and ruins;
When through the lucid atmosphere of CLAUDE,
In awful state, the glowing sun descends,
And every fragment wears the golden hue,
That robes the concave of Italian skies.

Hymn to the Moon.

In viewing these fragments, the mind seems as if it were born for high purposes: and it contemplates them, in consequence, with awe and solemnity. Towers, arches, and battlements seem to survive the silent lapse of ages, merely for the purpose of exciting to actions, worthy some mighty intellectual power. Fame seems to mantle every turret, for the purpose of throwing into remote perspective the comparative

littleness of all other men's attainments and pursuits: and, as the fall of Corinth and Carthage increased the wealth and influence of Marseilles, in the expiring fragments of former ages we read the rudiments of a glory, that shall never perish. But in the contemplation of the Colosseum, the agony of debasing passions acquire redoubled strength, if not a new existence: no tears of generous enthusiasm are shed; reflection knows no graceful pause; dazzled by riches, variety, power, and magnificence,—not splendid and imaginative, but sullen and expansive,—the soul seems to brood, as it were, over ruin and desolation, upon which the glory of chivalry has never shone.

VII.

LONDON.—This vast city,—containing a population, equal to that of the entire island, in the days of Cæsar,—with the exception of great monuments of antiquity, affords more objects for a sublime mind to contemplate, than any other on the surface of the globe. There is no where such freedom and comfort; it is the centre of the useful arts; the temple of science; and MAN is seen in the highest state of dignified cultivation and power. In one spot we see all the wonders of mineralogy¹; in others the splendour of vegetables²; in another we turn from the busts of Trajan,³ Hadrian, Severus, and the elder Gordian; the colossal head of Marcus Aurelius; and trophies, found upon the plains of Marathon; to behold the tenants of deserts and forests, quitting their recesses to dwell with man⁴;

¹ British Museum.² The Botanic Gardens.³ British Museum.⁴ Tower;—Exeter Change.

to partake of his virtues ; to feel the benefit of his guardianship ; and to be the objects of his care, his admiration, and endearment. Here the lion plays with the spaniel, and the tiger sports, as it were, with the kid. To this spot every country seems to have sent a representative. Panthers from Buenos Ayres ; tigers from Algiers, Ceylon, and Seringapatam ; hyenas from Abyssinia ; elephants from Africa ; and lions and lionesses from the jungles of Hindostan.—All sleeping, while man is active ; and roving the slender circuits of their cells, when the whole of civilized life are buried in profound repose.—Presenting, in the heart of the greatest of cities, the sublimest spectacle of savage nature, that the world exhibits !

VIII.

Next to the associations of Rome, are those of Paris. Entering that city, what melancholy reflections mingle with sentiments of awe and admiration : since more important events have occurred within its walls, than in any other city, if we except Rome, Babylon, and Jerusalem.

So many instances of magnanimity ; so many crimes ; a successive theatre for the best and worst of men ; so many massacres. Brissot ; Roland ; Robespierre and Danton ; the virtues of Malesherbes : the crimes of Mirabeau ; the spot where Louis was beheaded ; the massacre of September ; Napoleon. And what examples of eloquence ! how many sublime instances of affection, and all the nobler passions ! how many of treason, insurrection, rebel-

lion, and murder! So many monuments, attesting the spirit of the age; so many of the proudest institutions disorganized: how many a specimen of art destroyed; and replaced by those of other nations and of other ages. Every feeling of the human heart in exercise; man in his noblest and in his meanest attitudes! Science, ignorance, virtue, crime, occupying the same page: the mother, the wife, the sister; the lover, the son, the father; the husband, and the friend:—frivolity; wisdom; rapacity; honesty; wealth; penury; all ranks levelled, and again restored: the successive theatre of the noblest and the meanest of motives; an arena for wild beasts, in the form of men; and an Athenæum for the loftiest flights of human intellect. Throwing a magic mantle over every thing, the mind becomes poetical; the heart sensitive:—the Bastile; the confederation; the Champ de Mars;—so many instances of martyrdom; fidelity; devotion; and patriotism. Here royalty, republicanism, oligarchy, democracy, and anarchy, had successive trials. Here liberty received more fatal stabs from democracy, than it had ever received from tyranny. Here the public mind was elevated; now enervated; now sublimed; now debased; now palsied; now irritated; now electrified; now invigorated; now poisoned; now barbarized; and again civilized! The greatest generals; the most intriguing statesmen; the most energetic writers! The same men philosophers to-day, and worse—far worse, than barbarians to-morrow.

CHAPTER II.

These reflections are produced by that power of association, which alone produces all our ideas of beauty and sublimity. The secluded Vaocluse, rich in a grand assemblage of sublime objects, becomes more endeared to the eye of taste, when we reflect, that among those woods, those rocks, upon the banks of those torrents, the elegant and accomplished Petrarch composed his celebrated Sonnets. For, enamoured of the muses, as Professor Richardson remarks, in his *Observations on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters*, "we traverse the regions, they frequented, explore every hill, and seek their footsteps in every valley. The groves of Mantua, the cascades of Anio, are not lovelier than other groves and cascades; yet we view them with peculiar rapture; we tread as on consecrated ground; we regard those objects with veneration, which yielded ideas to the minds of Virgil and Horace; and we seem to enjoy a sort of ineffable intercourse with those elegant and enlightened spirits."

From the same source springs the satisfaction, we derive, in reading many of the ancient ballads and legends of the Scottish, Spanish, and Provençal poets. We assimilate our age with theirs; and by comparing their language and customs, their sentiments and misfortunes, with our own, we draw resemblances at our discretion; collateral emotions of pleasure are elicited from the simplicity of their manners and sentiments; and our misfortunes are tempered by the artificial magnitude of theirs.

II.

It is this divine faculty of association, that enables those, whose natural perception of beauty has been improved by a cultivation of the imagination, to derive so much more pleasure from scenes of Nature, than the ignorant or unfeeling; the man of the world or the pedant; the soldier or the statesman. Walking in his garden, the man of taste almost fancies, he sees Vertumnus and Pomona, hiding themselves among the fruit trees.—The vale he peoples with flocks and shepherds, resembling those, which have often delighted him in the *Bucolics* of Virgil, the *Idyllia* of Theocritus, the pastorals of Drayton, or the *Idylls* of Gesner. If he rise to the mountain, he compares its towering summit to that of Pelion, Hymettus, or Cithæron; and if he wander among rough and misshapen rocks, his imagination renders them more wild and savage, by groupes of salvatorial images. When he descends to the glen, the dingle, or the forest, fawns, dryads,¹ and hamadryads, peeping from their green vistas, appear to attend him at every step. If he rove on the banks of a river, near a fountain, or on the shores of a lake, he hears the language of the Naiads in the murmuring of waters:—if he repose on the edge of a fantastic crag, jutting over the sea, he listens to the warbling of the winds, and almost fancies he hears the music of syrens, whose forms were made, not in the figures of women and fishes, as Boccace supposes, but in those of fishes

¹ *Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas, de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.*—*P. Martyr*. Dec. i., lib. 5.

and birds; decked with various colours.—Or his illusion pictures fine-formed Nereids, in their robes of green, floating on the billows, or reclining on the rocks.

Cæruleos habet unda Deos; Tritona canorum,
Proteaque ambiguum, balænarumque prementem
Ægæona suis immania terga lacertis,
Doridaque, et natas; quarum pars nare videntur;
Pars in mole sedens virides siccare capillos:
Pisce vehi quædam.

III.

Thus the imagination gives to Nature and to life a charm, which converts every thing, it touches, into vegetable gold. Nature draws the outline, and arranges the groupes; but it is the imagination, which gives a richness of polish to their surfaces, and tints them with those colours, which administer, in so delightful a manner, to our perception. Nature,—always conceiving and producing,—furnishes the instruments; but it is the imagination, that touches the chords, and produces the melody. Nature showers down objects for our selection, and reason combines them; but it is the imagination, which we are justified in styling the synonyma of inspiration.

And what is imagination, but the result of a refined power of association? For no objects, as we have so often observed, are elegant, beautiful, or grand,

1 Wealth is substantial good the fates allot:
We know we have it, or we have it not.
But all those graces, which men highly rate,
Their minds themselves imagine and create. *Craſſe.*

(to our eyes), in themselves:—and they partake of those qualities only in proportion, as they create in the mind references and allusions to animate and sentient beings. When, therefore, objects meet the eye, which do not refer to earthly associations, they point to heavenly ones.—It is impossible for Colonna ever to forget those moments, in which, near a cottage, rising half way up one of the smaller mountains in the neighbourhood of Capel Cerig, he has, for a time, lost all traces of earthly resemblances! The morning had been devoted to the investigation of the admirable specimens of mountain-scenery, which present themselves along the road, leading from the picturesque bridge at Rhyddland-var to the ivied arches of Pont-y-pair; from the falls of the Conway, to the tremendous cataract of Rhaiadr-y-Wenol. The grand mountain of Moelshiabod, rearing its enormous head, frowned upon all below; while rocks of every size and every shape, now jutting bleak and bare from the woods, and now decorated with shrubs, here triangular, there ragged and pointed, met him at every step:—till, passing the bridge, stretching over the Lugwy, Snowdon burst forth, in all the majesty of a Peruvian mountain!

Upon the point of a rock overlooking two lakes, Colonna had leisure to reflect on the various astonishing scenes, which had elevated his imagination in the early part of the day; and to contemplate the magnificence of Nature, in one of the finest scenes in Britain. When he had reached the spot, on which he sate, the sun was shooting its

last rays upon the peak of Snowdon ; while, along its gigantic sides, dark grey clouds were rolling in various sombre columns. Scarcely had the sun ceased to illumine the west, when the moon, rising from behind a long line of dark blue clouds, irradiated all the East. Unmindful of the past—every thought was given to the future ; and Colonna wished for no other description of happiness, in a state of immortal existence, than that, arising from an enlarged faculty of receiving delight, from whatever may be still more magnificent, among the labours of the Eternal Architect, in other scenes, on other summits, and on other globes.

CHAPTER III.

SCENERY not only inspires the poet, but his reader also ; for when do we enjoy his pictures, and relish his sentiments, with such charmed perception, as when seated beneath a bower, under a tree, or beside a rivulet ? In such and in other scenes, even bad poetry and worse music are not unattended with a sensible delight.—“The flute of a shepherd,” Dr. Beattie remarks, “heard at a distance in a fine summer’s day, in a romantic scene, will give rapture to the ear of the wanderer, though the tune, the instrument, and the musician be such, as he could not endure in any other place.” The same association governs, in regard to sculpture and painting ; for we can pause before a picture in a cottage, or a statue

in a wood, which, in a palace or saloon, would excite nothing but disgust.

Often has Colonna experienced the truth of these observations : and he never reflects, but with pleasure, on the satisfaction, he enjoyed, in listening to a blind old man in the valley of Rhymney, about two miles from the grand towers of Caerphilly Castle. This valley is a narrow defile, winding at the feet of cultivated mountains, down which several streams occasionally murmur. It was one of the finest evenings in the month of August : every object was as tranquil, as if it had been midnight ; the sun shooting along the valley, and tinting every object in the most agreeable manner. Charmed with the spot, Colonna stopt his horse, dismounted, and sate himself upon the side of a bank, to enjoy, more at his leisure, the beauties of the scene before him ; heightened, as they were, by the sombre aspect of the distant ruins. As he was indulging in one of those delightful contemplations, which scenery like this seldom fails to awaken, he was interrupted by the approach of two men ; one hale, hearty, and young, the other old, blind, and decrepid. Entering into conversation with the younger, Colonna was informed, that his companion was a good singer, and “ a capable maker of songs.” Upon this he requested the old man to sing him one ; to which he consented with little hesitation. It was a history of love ; and though the lines were sometimes too long, and sometimes too short ; though the air was harsh, and his voice discordant, Colonna listened with enthusiasm, and praised with rapture.

Wandering once in this valley my eye was arrested by a misletoe, growing out of an oak. This circumstance gave interest to the whole landscape ; for it recalled the history of the Druids. In imagination, I beheld the Arch-druid ascend the aged branches of the oak ; cut the sacred misletoe with a sickle ; let it fall into his folded garment ; and then shew the invaluable gift of heaven to the people, who accompanied him. From this picture the mind diverged to the general subject of Druidism, and finished with a conviction of how little confidence can be placed in the decisions of etymologists. Thus the imagination may begin its flight in Siberia, and, with one stride, compass the globe. Johnson insists, that the word DRUID is derived from DERIO ; Salmasius (from Pliny) refers it to the Greek word $\delta\rho\upsilon\varsigma$;—Menage to the British *Drus*, a magician ; Vossius to DRUIS, a Celtic word for doctor of faith ; and Becarius to *Tru* and *Wis*, wise men. Pseudoberosus refers it to *Druyo*, fourth king of the Gauls ; Borel to DRY, a musician ; some trace its origin to DRUIS, a king of Gaul ; and some to a Hebrew or Arabic word, meaning a dervise. In the midst of this etymological contention, it is probable we may be nearer the truth, if we derive it from the old Armorican word, *Dryw*, signifying an oak. This is the more probable, since the *y* is frequently pronounced *u* ; and Druidh, in the Celtic, means a wise man ; and in the Gaelic, a natural philosopher.

In those days of superstition and ignorance, priests were esteemed the only wise men in the country ; and their principal symbol of divinity was a misletoe, grow-

ing on an oak. Diogenes Laertius classes the Druids with the Gymnosophists of Chaldea, the Bramins of India, and the Magi of the Persians.

II.

The power of association gives a charm to every thing. Hence particular places are adapted to the consideration of particular subjects. When leaning near the monuments of neglected genius, our thoughts naturally revert to the conspiracy of low societies against it ; to the relative fates of Corregio, Camöens, Cervantes, Chatterton, and Proctor : to the reluctance, with which almost all governments reward talent ; and to the sublimity, resulting from antiquity.

When we behold public buildings, we revert to the application of works of art to the purposes of public benefit : when we visit ruins, we behold, as it were, the crumbling of empires : in view of palaces, we compare the virtues of Trajan, Mauritius and of Tiberius II. with those of Alfred, Piastus, Stanislaus and Washington. When sitting in a bower, our thoughts sometimes recur to the want of poetic genius in Plato, Cicero, Pliny and Burke ; contrasting their oratorical qualifications with those belonging to poetry and music. We compare the relative merits of Pliny, Balzac, Melmoth, Gray and Pope as letter-writers : we trace the analogy between painting and sculpture : we associate the merits of Angelo and Salvator Rosa with those of Dante and Milton : and we mark the resemblance, subsisting between the genius of Ariosto, Chaucer, and Spenser. Then we revert to the cha-

racter of an agreeable melancholy ; to the uses of monasteries ; to the misfortunes of Rousseau ; to the style of Albani ; to the pleasures of the Golden Age ; and the music of the golden spheres.

In spring we frequently leave beds of perfume, to dwell in imagination on the plains of Tartary ; the deserts of Ethiopia ; the solitudes of America, and the snows of Nova Zembla. We wage an imaginary war with glory and ease ; sometimes siding with one, sometimes encouraging the other ; the mind delighting to unite, into one crown of beauty, virtue, happiness, and successful endeavour.

In summer we stand on the arches of a bridge, gazing on a cottage. The smoke curls above the copse ; the voices of children swell upon the gale ; the sun sinks in peace, and the whole scene is a scene of repose. Then subjects, allied to domestic enjoyments, steal upon the imagination, and soothe us to tranquillity.

In autumn we read, in the decline of the year, the retirement of statesmen to a private life. Xenophon, Scipio, Sully, and Bernstoff, rise before the sight ; we contrast Virgil's Corycian Swain with the Miser of Horace ; and Juvenal's Sejanus with Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

In winter we read the benefits of vicissitude ; we honour, as it were, the state of virtuous poverty ; we trace the prevailing causes of our errors and misfortunes ; we form a true estimate of the world's opinion ; we reflect on the ease, with which the mind accommodates itself to circumstances ; and in the corrected progress of the seasons, perceiving their

analogy with the life of man, we anticipate the period, when our epitaphs will testify, “ *Et Ego in Arcadia.*”

III.

Sometimes the most simple objects will give rise to recollections, which become the causes of many interesting reflections. Thus I never see the fragment of Pompey’s pillar, which a friend brought me from Alexandria, but I recal the history, in miniature, of that celebrated city. On the banks of the Severn, I have recalled the image of Sabrina and Comus; and while at Merthyr, (abounding in furnaces and iron mines), it were almost impossible to forbear associating it with the regions of Baliol and Moloch :

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of the livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful ? —

A cottage in ruins, belonging to an old French officer, who, after sharing the fortunes of Charles XII., led the life of a peasant in Finland, affected St. Pierre, more than all the palaces of St. Petersburg. The sight of an old man, playing upon a harp, recalled to the recollection of Gray the massacre of the minstrels by Edward I. : and to this incidental circumstance are we indebted, for one of the finest odes in the English language. The view of a picturesque cottage at Chéneviere, also, by producing many delightful associations in the mind of Marmontel, was the origin of his writing the tale of the Shepherdess of the Alps.

IV.

Why does Emilius regard the ice plant with delight? Because he was accustomed to see it in the hothouse of Eugenia, and to witness the pleasure with which she contemplated the icy surface of its leaves, which appeared in the sun, like chrystal; while its white, hairy, corolla challenged but little observation. The *cereus grandiflorus*! (introduced from Peru in 1690). This plant produces finely scented flowers in July. These flowers open between seven and eight in the evening; are full in blossom by eleven; and at four in the morning, they hang their heads, fade, and die. They shed an exquisite perfume, and scent the air to a considerable distance. The calyx, when expanded, is nearly a foot in diameter; and the whole appearance of the corolla is magnificent. Eugenia died in the blossom of her perfections: and her lover, associating her with this beautiful flower, never sees it in a hothouse, but he remembers his Eugenia, with a melancholy yet not unpleasing regret.

The plants, most interesting to this elegant scholar, are those, which he admired in the days of his boyhood;—those, which have charmed him in remote provinces, where he least expected to find them;—and those which he has beheld in the society of persons, whom he has esteemed and loved. They never fail to awaken agreeable associations of the past; and it does not depend on their beauty, or their fragrance, whether they please him or not. He has, therefore, often surprized those,

with whom he has been walking, when, in the midst of an interesting conversation, he has suddenly stooped to pick up a flower, and examine it with an attention, that would indicate an expectation, that it possessed some peculiar organization. Many of these associations he would find some difficulty to trace.—Why does the common heart's-ease, the bear's-foot, and the polyanthus, interest him more than other flowers, much more rare and beautiful?—Because they decorated the garden of a cottage, belonging to an old woman, whom he loved in his childhood. The violet, so beautiful and so odoriferous in itself, is still increased in interest by remembering how many a tranquil hour, he has devoted to the gathering bunches of it under the hedgerows, when a boy. For years, he was accustomed to see the purple digitalis,—so celebrated for its medicinal uses,—in all the lanes and hedges, without caring to examine its calyx or internal structure. But one day, visiting the garden of a gentleman, near Winchester, in which were assembled thirteen species of that plant: he has loved to recal the memory of them all, whenever he has seen the purple species in the fields, or along the side of a road. In this collection, they were arranged by the side of each other; and all in blossom. Besides the indigenous plant, there were the small yellow from the south of Europe; the great yellow from Switzerland; the minor, the thapsi, the small-flowered, and willow-leaved, from Spain; the broad-lipped from Greece; the woolly from Hungary; the blushing and the iron-coloured from Italy; and the shrubby from the

Madeiras. The two last were shrubs, and in pots; and had recently been taken from the greenhouse.

Why are moss, and ivy, and the vine, so agreeable to his imagination? Because moss recalls the hours, he has stolen from his studies on sand-banks, the only herbage on which were large tufts of moss:—Because ivy crept in abundance along his father's garden-wall; and because vines sheltered the first hive of bees, he ever possessed.—When he sees a wood-strawberry, why are his reflections agreeable? Because it grows abundantly in a wood, in the country of Merioneth, where he has often delighted to wander.—The wind-berry, the bog-berry, and the spider-wort?—Because, growing on mountains, they have associated themselves with liberty, with solitude, and with large flocks of sheep.

CHAPTER IV.

No faculty of the mind produces more delight or more profit, than a memory, well stored and well regulated:—being the chief antidote to

———— Ancient men's report,
That days are tedious; but that years are short.

Crabbe.

Those, who derive the most enjoyment from the exercise of this faculty, may be said to enjoy the longest lives; since, by bringing back a portion of their existence, they may, as Seneca finely observes, properly be said to have lived long, who draw all ages into one;—

and those to live but a short period, who forget the past, neglect the present, and are only solicitous about the future.

How delightful is it to remember those, we esteem, and admire, during a concert! How captivating is the thought of them, in the midst of sublime or beautiful scenery! Enjoying the exquisite landscapes of Tivoli, Dupaty remembered his friends, his wife, and his children, with enthusiasm. "Why," exclaimed he, with all the energy of genius, "why are ye not here?—you, who are so dear to me! It were impossible, my Adela, my Adrian, and my Eleonora, to pluck one-half of these beautiful flowers.—Adieu! thou valley, ye waterfalls, and rocks, ye flowers, and shrubs, and moss! In vain do ye strive to detain me.—I am a stranger! I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy;—and when I go hence, I shall see ye no more.—But, perhaps, my children! ye will one day witness these delightful objects; and you, ye objects, do you appear as beautiful to them, as you are now to their father." When in the gardens of the Borghese villa, —charmed with their shade and their flowers,—he bursts out, "why cannot I see all my children before me, at this moment? See them all running with their amiable mother; beautiful in her virtues and in her children, and filling my heart with their cheerful shouts of happiness and joy! How delighted should I be to see Emanuel, Augustus, Adrian, Adela, and Eleonora, dispersing themselves among these groves; striving to trample down these grass-plots; hiding themselves in all these shades of evening; and in their wanton sports, on the moss

and flowers, supplying the place of the zephyrs and the butterflies.”

II.

With what lively pleasure does our imagination rest upon scenes, among which our earlier years were past ! These associations are acknowledged by all orders of men ; though it follows, of necessity, that the charm of recollection must depend on peculiar circumstances and manners. Dante, goaded and irritated in manhood, doubly felt the loss of those hours of comparative delight, spent in the society of a mother, the most accomplished woman of the age, in which she lived. Tasso,—of a milder and more gentlenature,—enjoyed the same pathetic associations. Spenser had equal advantages ; and the days of satisfaction, enjoyed by Milton in his earlier years, are frequently alluded to in his poetical works ; and still more beautifully in those poems, written in the language, and after the best manner, of Tibullus.

These impressions were not unknown to Dioclesian ;—they were still more vividly felt by Henry IV. of France ; and Bernadotte, on the throne of Sweden, re-enjoys the hours of infancy and boyhood every day. Madame Necker, wife to the celebrated French Minister of Finance, remembered, in the midst of Parisian elegance and splendour, all the retired graces of her childhood ; passed in a valley, in the bosom of which she imbibed the purest of instruction from the lips of her father ; and qualified her mind and her heart to shed lustre over the public labours, and retired enjoyments, of the first statesman of his age.

III.

HAYDN—whose musical memory my soul loves!—Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, derived the most solid of enjoyments, when tuning those simple airs, which he had been accustomed to sing with his father and mother; when, being a child, he stood between them, and beat time with two pieces of wood:—one of which served him as a violin; and the other as a bow.—Rubens, in the zenith of his subsequent fame, always turned with pleasure to the time, when he studied under Van Veen; and when he laid the foundation of his eminence in the society of that painter's two beautiful daughters, Gertrude and Cornelia; both of whom arrived at distinction in their father's profession. Rousseau, in his old age, charmed his imagination with the airs, which, in a voice of sweetness, his aunt was accustomed to sing. "To her," says he, in his Confessions, "I attribute that passion for music, which has always distinguished me."

Equally agreeable, and still more sublime, were the associations of the BARON DE HUMBOLDT, when crossing the Equinoctial regions. Early in life, that accomplished traveller had imbibed an ardent wish to visit those regions; where he might behold the constellations, ranged around the Southern Pole. Impatient to visit that hemisphere, he could not raise his eyes to heaven, without indulging the silent charm of meditating on the cross. When, therefore, his favourite wish was realized, impossible is it to

describe the solemn interest, with which he beheld the two magnificent stars, that mark the foot and summit of the southern cross, appear above the horizon, and become almost perpendicular at the moment, in which it passes the meridian. The remembrance of his early years instantly fascinated his imagination; and he repeated, with enthusiasm, the following fine passage from the *Paradise* of Dante.

Io mi volsi a man destra e posi mente
All' altro polo e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Goder parca lo ciel di lor fiammelle;
O settentrional vedovo sito
Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle!

IV.

Few can estimate the rapture with which *ROUSSEAU* wrote the first part of his *Confessions* at the castle of Eri. Every thing, as he acknowledges, he had to recollect, was a new source of enjoyment; the beautiful scenes, he had beheld; the mountains, he had traversed; the lakes, he had navigated; the rivers, he had crossed; and the remembrance of the finest portion of his years, passed with so much tranquillity and innocence, left in his heart a thousand impressions, which he loved incessantly to recal to recollection. The *ABBE OLIVET*, too, always remembered with pleasure the sensations, with which he used, in his infancy, to wander in the gardens of Benserade, at Gentilly; where every tree and every spot possessed a relic of his genius. The recollec-

tions of MARMONTEL, also, were sources of real comfort and alleviation to him, at the period, when the demon of license passed over the horizon of France :—when—

No spot was hallowed ; sacred, no retreat ;
 No realm a sure asylum could afford,
 From fraud, injustice, rapine, and the sword.

Yriarte.—Belfour.

For in the hour of sickness or misfortune, memory, by that magic power, with which it is gifted, suspends for a time, the acutest torments ; while old age, if life has been well spent, receives as great a consolation from its properties, as youth enjoys from the flattering whispers of hope.—HOPE ! the nepenthe of the heart,—the restorer of the languid,—the medicine and refuge of the miserable.

CHAPTER V.

THE SCHOLIASTS number five methods of acquiring knowledge : observation, reading, listening, conversation, and meditation. They leave out the most important ;—suffering. But mere scholars, and men, who have been rich from their birth, and continue so till the hour of their death, ought never to take so great a liberty with common sense, as to think, they have ever possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind.

Felicity was deified by the Greeks and Romans ; but they found her the most ungrateful of all the

deities. The Scythians represented Fortune, as a woman having hands and wings, but not a foot to stand upon; yet many men think misfortune not only a disgrace, but a crime, till they come to be unfortunate themselves: and then they see, that those men are superficial, who assert, that every misfortune may be prevented by courage or by prudence. They find, too, that fortune not only triumphs over folly and imprudence, but not unfrequently over wisdom and virtue. Many worthy persons, however, seriously fancy their good fortune to be the result of their own management; when all, they have to do, is to sit still, and keep themselves warm!

Fortune, in robbing a man of his property, is not always so cruel, as she is represented: for she frequently gives pride of heart and peace of mind as equivalents. This pride and this peace are shields, consolations, equivalents; nay more than equivalents; they are rewards. For love and peace not unfrequently spring out of loss; as flowers rise out of beds of lava.

They speak profoundly, who say, that the world is like a theatre; where the best judges are obliged to sit in the worst places. But they would speak more profoundly still, if they were to add, that the best judges, notwithstanding the badness of their seats, frequently enjoy the spectacle more to the comfort of their hearts, than those, who sit on velvet cushions.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head.¹

¹ For this fable, vide Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvii. and Philostratus in Vit. Apollon. lib. iii. c. 8.

III.

Misfortunes never assume so difficult a character, as in their perspective: anticipation, like island chrystal, making every object appear double: While faith in ultimate justice operates as a convex mirror; in which every subject appears less. No man need feel ashamed of sorrow! Sophocles makes even Hercules sink beneath impressions of vicissitude. The man of virtue becomes sacred by misfortune: and every honourable mind feels disposed to address him, as the courtiers of Caubul address the person of their sovereign: “ may your sorrow be turned upon me!”

———— Little do they think,
E'en in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
How many, rack'd with honest passion, droop
In deep retir'd distress !

For there is a silent sorrow of the heart, which in some men, on some occasions, sap the very foundations of life. But the most juicy of fruits not unfrequently grows even among the sands of the deserts; and gold, the heaviest of metals, is so susceptible of expansion, that it can be wafted on the lightest breath of air. Bear up, then; the same decided contrast will be found in you. A masterly retreat is not less glorious than a brilliant victory: for, borrowing lustre from vicissitude, the ardent risings of an unsubdued mind will point, with confidence, to the soul's refuge: which, like the ambrosian chant,—strong, vigorous, and loud,—shall operate as a strengthener of every noble impulse.

IV.

“He that wrestles with us,” says Burke,¹ “strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. — Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.” Adversity is, indeed, the quickest and most unerring of all tutors; for she instructs more in weeks, than prosperity teaches us in years.

Can we exempt ourselves from misfortune? We may as well attempt to weigh light in a balance; to recal the day that is past; to measure infinity; to calculate the fluxions of eternity; or to wing our flight through the firmament, perforated by planets, comets, suns, and systems.

Can we prevent the lightning from striking us? The whirlwind from overwhelming us? Or the sea from swallowing a ship in the midst of a storm?—Let us yield, then, to a power, we have no force to controul. All we can do is to struggle; and the utmost malice of fortune can only oblige us to die.

And come he soon, or come he fast;
It is but death that comes at last.

Infancy creeps upon childhood; childhood upon youth; youth upon adolescence; adolescence upon

¹ Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution of France*, 11th ed. p. 247.

manhood; and manhood upon age. In a future state, perhaps, we may enjoy the advantages of all those states at the same time. The wisdom of age; the vigour of manhood; the grace of adolescence; the blossom of youth; the innocence of infancy.

Men should take particular care how they hope. Since misfortune sometimes assumes the colouring of that fascinating quality, as if to make the ruin, she meditates, more certain and complete. For, for one man, that despair ruins, hope ruins ninety; an hundred; nay, even a thousand. The temple of fortune was built of a species of alabaster, so transparent, that even when the doors were closed there was sufficient light. Look up when you would aspire; look down, when you would be happy. When you would be humble, compare your virtues with those of more virtuous men; and when you would be contented with your sphere, look with attention on those, who toil for days, for months, and for years, without one atom of reward!

V.

We deceive ourselves much oftener than others deceive us; for we are ourselves the greatest of our own flatterers. Yet we may as well look for Jerusalem in the Deserts of Libya, or for Mount Helicon in the forests of Finland, as for twenty men, who will acknowledge, that they suffer more from a want of ability or honesty, than from a want of opportunity. The world, however, I must say, cheats us of many a

good quality ; and thrusts upon us many evil ones, we never naturally possessed.

Man is never so strong, nor the operations of his mind so effective, as when they are called into action by some great, overwhelming, and destructive occasion ; and then Virtue is the best shield and bulwark of his nature. Magnanimous himself, a truism does the maxim appear, which asserts, that magnanimity is the sum and perfection of every earthly virtue. Throwing a grace over every mental energy, it gives beauty to grandeur and tranquillity to passion. As to envy ! who is there worthy of envy ? The fortunate have their imaginary evils ; the unfortunate their real ones. And whether real or imaginary are the easier to be borne, requires little skill in mental anatomy to determine. As to the Great ! If you would know, without the trouble of experiment, what their extravagance and insensibility is, and what their wedded attachments to life, it is only to read the “ Tyrant ” of Lucian. Those, whom we style “ great,” are only men, placed upon high pedestals ; and seen from which, they are, Heaven knows, little enough ! In our early years we approach them with awe, and with an assured expectation, that they possess something intrinsically eminent. When we view them closer—Gracious Powers ! how narrow are their views ; how frivolous their conversation ; and how violent their passions. How reluctant are they to forgive ; how sensitive are they to disrespect ; and how eagerly do they look for homage :—how do they burn for favours, which beggars ought only to sue for ; and how impatient,—how

fantastically impatient,—are they at honours, conferred upon an equal ! Rank ought to have much to give, in order to compensate for the trouble and the misery it occasions.

VI.

The landscapes of Claude are in the first class of excellence ;—serene, lovely, and romantic. In gazing we desire to become inhabitants of his regions ; to recline beneath his arches ; to bathe in his rivers ; to dance with his groups ; and to listen to the music of his shepherds. A similar feeling pervades us, when we read the “ *Aminta*” of Tasso, the “ *Pastor Fido*” of Guarini, and other productions of celebrated poets. In life how few enjoyments are commensurate with these ! Old men frequently complain how few pleasures, they have been able to enjoy : but they would make fewer complaints, if they had been susceptible of similar enjoyments. Fine feelings produce a multitude of fine enjoyments ; yet it must be confessed, that a man of exquisite sensibility undergoes many martyrdoms. “ For some men,” as an elegant writer has observed, “ kindle the torch of immortality at the funeral pile of their own misery.”

Wisdom, however, is tranquil. The best inheritances, a man can possess, are heartfelt serenity and sedate fortitude : as, in the cold solace of society, a constant and legitimate sense of inward worth is the first of all earthly consolations. The most beautiful object, that can engage the imagination, is that of a man, living serenely in the midst of privations and

tumult; as if he considered himself as living for eternity.

When we behold age, standing with one foot in the grave, and with another placed, as it were, upon an ingot of gold;—when we reflect how soon the season of life is over;—and that no one hour of the past can ever contribute a single moment to the future:—when we behold the young and the beautiful withering in their prime, or feel ourselves the last survivor of many friends, after having seen the best of their wishes vanish in disappointment, and the last of their hopes melt into nothing, what awful views of Nature and of life are presented to the imagination!

When we look around us, and behold the pride, the envy, and the malice, that oppress the general mass of mankind: when we consider how many virtues society nips in the bud; and with what industry it punishes those virtues, it is obliged in decency to commend:—when we see with what eagerness the feelings are insulted and the mind starved; and observe the delight, with which some men view the wretchedness of their fellow creatures; there is, assuredly, sufficient justification for the profoundest melancholy. When we pause upon the ruins of a countenance, melancholy and meditative, whose only dower of inheritance was independance of mind: when the captivating bloom of youth has faded into ugliness, penury, and age: when the electrical fibres of the heart freeze before the touches of selfish indifference; and when experience teaches, that wealth and grandeur and glory store up for old age an irritating horror of death, instead of picturing that trans-

cendant change, which, as with a magic wand, shall convert the wrinkles of age

————— into a blooming face,
On which youth shines celestial ;

there is, indeed, “sufficient justification for the profoundest melancholy.—” But in that melancholy there is hope !

VII.

Recollection, enjoyment, and anticipation are the yesterday, the to-day, and the to-morrow of life. To live in the recollection of those, we love, is a felicity of the first order :—In affliction, too, how delightful is it to recal the enjoyments of the past ! “Jerusalem remembered in the days of her miseries all those pleasant things, that she had in the days of old ; when her people fell into the hands of the enemy.” Many of our hopes are richer than realities ; and yet there are recollections even richer than our hopes. They give grace to reason.

Gibbon calls hope,—that dear prerogative of youth,—the best comfort of our imperfect condition : St. Paul styles it “an earthly immortality :” Thales said, that, of all possessions, it was the one, most universally enjoyed ; for they have it, who have nothing else. Indeed so delightful are its impressions, that Dante and Milton, when they would give the most vivid idea of the horrors, that surrounded the fallen Spirits, thought they could do so, in no manner so strongly, as by excluding them totally from the influence of hope.

Are we laid upon a bed of sickness?—Are not our groans, at intervals, interrupted by the anticipation of the enjoyment, we shall experience, when we shall rise with the lark, and imbibe the sweet scent of the fields? Hope! yes—

The fairest maid she is, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net;
Or let them waving hang with roses round them set.

With what rapture does a Swiss soldier, engaged in a dangerous campaign, anticipate the comforts of his cottage, the joy of his wife, and the smiles of his children! His garden, which he left so neat; his cottage, mantled with woodbine; his friends, who lamented his departure, and who will celebrate his return;—all pass in mental review before him. He enjoys, in perspective, the hour when he shall repose under the vine, which he planted when a boy; he already clasps his children to his breast; while with all the energy of anticipated rapture he beholds his wife, lifting up her eyes to heaven, in gratitude for his preservation, and exhorting him, with all the eloquence of a tried affection,

To think of nought but rural quiet,
Rural pleasures, rural ploys;
Far from battles, blood and riot,
War, and all its murdering joys.

VIII.

But what hope, for years, animated thy broken spirit, unfortunate GENEVIEVE!—Formed by the finger of Nature in one of her happiest moments, this

elegant and accomplished creature was induced, by a long series of vicissitudes, to bury her emotions in the silent and melancholy cloister.—A convent at Bruges was the theatre of her immolation. When monasteries and nunneries were suppressed by an order of the French legislature, in company with her adopted sisters, she sought a refuge from the fury of the Revolution, in the paternal mansion of the GAGES, at Hengrave, in the county of Suffolk. During the peace, in the year 1801, her order returned to Bruges, and in that city she died. It is probable, my friend, that the history of this unfortunate lady may be one day given to the world. At present, it is sufficient to observe, that she has more than once confessed to a common friend of our own, that, for five and twenty years, she never indulged the passion of hope, in reference to any thing, connected with the world!—Secluded from all the natural sympathies of life, and knowing no greater enjoyment, than that of walking in the gardens of her convent, the principal part of her existence was lost in an uninterrupted course of involuntary prayer,—a victim to hopeless misery! Unpitied and unknown to all the world, except the few sisters of her convent, she was debarred from every earthly bliss; and the grave was the only resource, to which she looked for consolation and freedom :—There at length,

Far, far removed from every earthly ill,
Her woes are buried, and her bosom still.

CHAPTER VI.

Scenes, however beautiful, are rendered more so by the association of ruins. In England there are Druidic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman and Gothic remains. In Scotland, Celtic; Roman; Pictish; Danish; and Gothic. In Ireland, Druidic and Scandinavian; with castles denoting the power and skill of Brian Boro, king of Munster. In France, antiquities are found so early as the period of Grecian manners at Marseilles. Others are of Roman origin: some denote the time of Childeric; and others indicate every intermediate age from the Carlovingian to the present. In Switzerland there are a few Roman remains; castles and monasteries; churches of the middle ages; and monuments, commemorating the struggles of liberty. In Germany there are a few Celtic specimens; many Roman vestiges; churches of the age of Charlemagne; and gothic castles in abundance. In Sweden are seen circles of judgment, and erections of unhewn stone: in Denmark and Norway, Runic fragments: in Prussia, tumuli and a few Slavonic idols. Russia, whether in Europe or Asia, has few antiquities except tumuli, and stone tombs, marked with rude sculptures.

The Netherlands contain erections of the middle ages; and Hungary has military roads with castles, churches and monasteries. In Italy is traced every species of antiquity, from the time of Romulus and the Sabines, up to the present. In Portugal are seen

Roman monuments, and a few remains of the Moors. In Spain, tumuli, Carthaginian coins, Roman aqueducts and gold coins of the Visigoths ; with mosques and other splendid monuments, marking the taste and learning of the Arabian dynasty.

If we turn our eyes to Greece and European Turkey, we shall see ruins and antiquities of almost every species ;—from the tumulus up to the temple. In Asiatic Turkey, antiquities are discovered, from the earth-heaps on the plains of Ilium to the columns of Heliopolis and the pillars of Palmyra. In Persia are the ruins of Persepolis ; with edifices and carved caves, preceding the age of Mahomet. In the valley of Moses, in Arabia, are the ruins of Wadi-Moosa, lately discovered by Mr. Banks. They once constituted the city of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa, conquered by Trajan, and annexed to the province of Palestine. These consist of chambers, sepulchres, and colossal statues ; an excavated amphitheatre, and a number of desolated palaces, and other edifices. But the ruins of Jerrasch are said to exceed in “ magnitude and beauty” even those of Balbec and Palmyra : and the theatre, the palaces, the three superb temples, and the two marble amphitheatres, are described, as being equal to all that papal influence has spared of ancient Rome.

Hindustan has numerous antiquities : some illustrative of Mahometan genius ; others of an age beyond research. Those of China are but imperfectly known. There are coins of ancient dynasties ; towers commemorative of great events ; triumphal arches ; and a stupendous wall, extending up mountains, along vales,

and rivers to the length of one thousand five hundred miles.¹

In Ceylon have been discovered gigantic ruins of pagodas; and works, indicating a degree of civilization far removed from the present. The excavations of Elephanta are monuments exceeding even the pyramids of Egypt. Of the remote grandeur of Java many remains exist in the architectural antiquities of that island. The ruins of Boro Bodo and Brambanan exhibit great beauty in their separate parts; and great symmetry in their relative proportions. They are admirably described and illustrated in Raffles' History of Java, and in the Batavian Literary and Philosophical Transactions.

II.

In Egypt, pyramids, lakes, ruins of cities, and fragments of temples, denote an age of very high antiquity; the histories of which are buried in the cemeteries of African² and oriental genius.

Among the tombs of the kings of Egypt at Thebes, Belzoni discovered the most beautiful remains of all antiquity: a sarcophagus of alabaster, carved both within and without with figures and hieroglyphics. In a pyramid, which he had the skill and science to

¹ The antiquity of this wall is a subject of reasonable doubt.—Some suppose it to be two thousand years old; others, from the silence of Marco Polo, not more than three hundred.

² The north of Africa must once have been a miracle of human skill and industry. Count Camille Borgia, when living at Tunis under the protection of the Bey, took plans of no less than two hundred and fifty half ruined towns.

open, he found bones, which upon being examined by Sir Everard Home and other surgeons, proved to be those of a cow. This may, in some measure, serve to illustrate the design and origin of the pyramids.

When the traveller approaches those vast monuments of human labour, the imagination seems to burst, as it were, the bands of ages; and the mind appears as if it had lived a thousand years. When the French were at Thebes, the whole army stopped among the ruins, and clapt their hands with delight: and when Bonaparte was about to engage the Mamelukes, who were advancing with loud cries, superbly accoutred, he called out to his army, “Behold! Yonder are the pyramids; the most ancient of the works of men. From the summits of those monuments forty ages are now beholding us.” The battle, which ensued, laid all Egypt at the feet of the French General!

III.

North American antiquities have been but little attended to. On the branches of the Ohio the traveller discovers monuments of former times, consisting of earth constructions of conical and pyramidal shapes. Tumuli have, also, occasionally been witnessed; military earthworks on the Huron in Kentucky, and other districts of the Western territory; and on the banks of a river ninety miles below Pittsburgh,¹ works, too, have been found resembling, in some measure, the cairns and cromlecks of our Celtic ancestors. In respect to all these vestiges the voice of tradition is entirely silent.

¹ Voyages dans la Haute Pensylvanie, vol. i. and iii.

Near Cincinnati are seen low circular earth-banks, mounds, and tumuli : at Marietta on the Ohio are, also, extensive Indian fortifications of earth ; exhibiting no inconsiderable portion of skill. Similar earthworks have been also found near the Lake Papin, and on the coasts of Florida. As to the gold coins, which were dug up (1815) in Kentucky,—one of Anthony, and the other of Faustina,—there is no credit to be given to them. They were either impositions in themselves ; or they were buried for the sake of being dug up again. Their having been carried thither in the eleventh century by Madoc is a supposition, as idle as the history of Madoc himself. If Madoc did ever traverse the Atlantic, it is not likely he should have fixed his residence at Kentucky ; and still less probable is it, that he should have taken a coin with him, belonging to an age, previous to the Roman settlement in his own country.

In Mexico are witnessed pyramidal tombs, symbolical paintings, and other monuments of art, civil, religious, and military ; the efforts of uncertain ages. In Peru have been found barrows, the interior of which contained curious specimens of the arts ; an ancient road of more than twelve hundred miles ; and buildings, denoting an age of what has been descriptively called “ barbaric civilization :” some of which seeming to challenge an almost eternal duration. Such are the obelisks of Tiahuanacu ; the edifices of Quito ; the fortresses of Herbay and Caxahuana ; the mausolea of Chahapoyas ; the fragments of Pachacamac ; and the ruined aqueducts of Lucanas and Condesayos.

CHAPTER VII.

Cicero tells us, that when he was at Athens, he could scarcely move one step without meeting some monument of art, or some record, as it were, of illustrious men. They were continually before his eyes. He seemed, as if he heard the thundering eloquence of Demosthenes, or listened to the divine ethics of Plato. At Salamis he thought of Themistocles ; and at Marathon of Miltiades :—the Parthenon reminded him of Pericles ; and other monuments, of Phocion the good.

Feelings, analagous to these, may be experienced even in the British Museum of London. For with what pleasure does an accomplished mind pause over the Torso of Hercules ; the Ceres ; the Venus ; the Barberini Fawn ; the Belvidere Torso ; and the Laocoon, restored to something of its primitive beauty. With what delight, too, does it dwell upon the Ilissus, or the Theseus ; and the mysteries of the Portland Vase. From these masterpieces of art, we turn to the head of the younger Memnon ; the Sarcophagus of Alexander ; and the porphyric columns of the ancient Leptis. With what interest do we behold the base of a column, brought from the plains of Troy ; a fragment from the tomb of Agamemnon ; and a circular altar, taken from Delos, ornamented with the heads of animals, festooned with flowers and fruits. Then, too, we see Hyperion, rising out of the sea ; the battle of the Centaurs

and Lapithæ;—the sacred procession at the festival of Panathenæa; and associating the whole with Athenian genius, a double pleasure is elicited from the reflection, that in these fragments we have witnessed specimens of the celebrated Parthenon.

XI

Respect for antiquity, without indulging those associations, to which we have referred so often, were an unfortunate malady of the mind, since it would appear to have its probable origin, in the desire of undervaluing all that is modern:—but by virtue of that noble quality, which constitutes one of the surest indications of the sacredness of mind, even those places and ruins, which, in themselves, present little to excite admiration or sympathy, possess a power of interesting our hearts, provided any remarkable deed has been transacted in their walls, or any illustrious person been connected with their history. There was nothing in the promontory of Actium, worthy of observation; yet GERMANICUS travelled many miles to see it, because the battle of Actium was fought in the bay below. He visited, also, the scite of Anthony's camp; and was, as Tacitus informs us, highly affected at the images, which there presented themselves, of the success of one ancestor, and of the misfortunes of another.

SOLYMAN, the Magnificent, dwelt with pleasure on the ruins of Troas:—LE BRUN took a voyage to Persia, solely for the purpose of seeing the ruins of Persepolis:—and no one but the idle, the dissipated, and the

worldly, ever visited Florence, Athens, or the shores of Lesbos, without veneration and delight.

Something of this kind was acknowledged even by the barbarous Totilas. Being master of Rome, he threatened to destroy that city by fire ; and not to leave one stone upon another. Belisarius, hearing of this, wrote him a letter ; in which he observed, “ that if Totilus conquered, he ought, for his own sake, to preserve a city, which would then be his own, by right of conquest ; and would, at the same time, be the most beautiful city in his dominions. That it would be his own loss, if he destroyed it, and redound to his utter dishonour. For Rome, having been raised to so great a grandeur and majesty by the virtue and industry of former ages, posterity would consider him as a common enemy of mankind, in depriving them of an example and living representation of their ancestors.” In consequence of this letter, Totilas permitted his resolution to be diverted. Thus respect for national monuments prevented Rome, and all its noble buildings, not only from becoming a huge mass of ruins, but from sharing the fate of Nineveh ; of which not a single monument remains.

III.

The ruins of Dinas Bran stand upon a conic mountain. The eminence, on which they are situated, is not so high, as to render every object inferior to it ; nor so low, as to lose any considerable portion of grandeur. If it want the sublimity of Arran Fowddy or of Carnedd Llewellyn, it more than compensates

the loss, by being far more beautiful than either. More than fifty mountains rise around it; forming partial screens to each other, and exhibiting a variety of amphitheatres, all increasing in height and in width, till the more distant lose themselves in the clouds. Below—lies the celebrated vale of LANGOLLEN!

Seated on an eminence, commanding a range so varied, so beautiful, and so magnificent, the small ruins of Dinas would entirely lose their effect, did we not recollect to mind, that the castle, of which they are the fragments, was once the residence of the lovely Myfanway Vechan, celebrated and beloved by Hoel ap Eynion.

A few mounds of earth, and a few solitary walls, are all, that remain of the ancient city of VERULAM. Who, that stands upon those earth-works, seeing little immediately around him, but a few enclosures, and a few dry ditches, feels the slightest emotion of pleasure, or curiosity? Connect this dull and uninteresting scene with its history:—how solemn are our reflections! This city once enjoyed all the rights of Roman citizenship. Near this spot Boadicea¹ defeated a Roman army, and massacred seventy thousand inhabitants! On this mound of earth, St. Alban received the honours of martyrdom: to the north is seen the abbey and monastery of St. Albans, erected by Offa: and in that abbey repose the mortal remains of Humphrey the Good, Duke of Gloucester. On this spot, too, we remember, that Britain has known six general dynasties:—1. British; 2. Roman; 3.

¹ Tacitus, Ann., lib. xiv. c. 35, 36.

Saxon; 4. Danish; 5. Saxon; 6. Norman;—and that we are, in consequence, descendants of them all. That is the abbey which Offa erected, in atonement for his sins, and which was exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction by Adrian, the only Englishman that ever sat in the chair of St. Peter: and who, when sitting there, declared, that all the misfortunes of his former life were mere amusements, in comparison with the Popedom. A little farther, stands the cross, built by Edward the First, in honour of Eleonora;—on the hills, not far distant, stood the camp of Ostorius; and in the plain below, Cassibelan¹ was defeated by the irresistible Cæsar!

IV.

What sensation moves us, when we walk in the fields of the small village of KENCHESTER, in the county of Hereford? When we visit the foundations of what is supposed to have been a Roman temple; and survey the spot, on which were found a tessellated pavement, and a Roman bath; our ideas diverge from the mere circumstance of property and the nature of soil, to contrast its present comparative insignificance, with the more splendid era, when it far exceeded the city of Hereford, in the magnitude of its buildings, and in the number of its inhabitants.

When we visited the city of Ely, and had surveyed its cathedral, what could recompense us for the sight of fens, rivers, and dykes, which surrounded us on

¹ Cæsar, de Bell. Gallic., lib. v. c. 17.

all sides? We reverted to its history, and acknowledged its importance, in the annals of our country. We paused, with melancholy, too, on the fate of Alfred, son of the *Pearl of Normandy*. He was deprived of his eyes; and, being shut in this monastery, died within a few days. His attendants were tortured in a horrible manner.¹ Their bodies were ript up; and one end of their bowels being tied to a post, they were wound round it with the strings of their own intestines!

In surveying the estuary of Milford Haven,—expanding into one of the finest harbours in all Europe, and wearing the appearance of an immense lake, sufficiently large to contain the entire navy of the British Crown, secure from winds and tempests, and where a large fleet might manœuvre with the greatest safety,—what ideas of power and magnificence are awakened in the mind! Then, by a magic glance, we traverse the tempestuous Channel to the Irish Coast, and call to mind the various crimes and injuries, which that ill-fated country has committed and received. Returning to the spot, whence we had travelled, beholding the creeks and bays, the woods, and various agreeable accompaniments, which embellish this majestic estuary, who is there, that does not derive the highest satisfaction, in recalling to memory the beautiful scene in *Cymbeline*, where Imogen, in the character of Fidele, has flowers sprinkled over her grave, and a solemn dirge performed in honour of her memory!

¹ Brompton, 935. Rushworth's *Histor. Collect.*, vol. iv. p. 411.

V.

When we have listened to the organs in the naves of Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Bangor, Winchester, Oxford, Ely or Norwich, have we forgot to associate with the music the good deeds of the bishops, deans, and prebendaries, who repose within the walls? And when we have visited the mansions, palaces, or castles of our nobility, seldom have we neglected to investigate the causes of their elevation, and recount the deeds of their ancestors.

When we arrive at the miserable village of *Cerig-Druidian*, in the county of Denbigh, standing in the midst of naked and barren mountains, without one object of an agreeable character, on which the eye may repose, what a shivering idea of poverty and desolation presents itself! An idea heightened by a recollection of the magnificent scenery of Pont-y-Glyn; where an arch, of considerable span, bestrides a vast and horrific chasm, through which the Glyn rushes with unceasing roar. After taking a survey of the wide heaths, on every side, turn to a neighbouring farm, and view with attention the various fragments, which lie scattered around. Vaens and cromlechs are before you! From age to age, those sacred relics have remained, in this wretched village, monuments of the superstition of our druidical ancestors. This spot was once the rendezvous of the British druids! Here they sacrificed;—to this village the sacred misletoe was brought;—from this mountain the barbarous pontiff delivered his anathemas! A little way farther

on, upon the top of a hill, which commands a view of the surrounding country, bleak, extensive and barren, are a few remains of walls and ramparts. The scene is altogether wild and desolate. In the midst of summer, the veins of youth are chilled; in the midst of winter, the nerves of age warm with pity, and burn with indignation, when it is recollected, that those walls and ramparts once contained the patriot king, Caractacus :—here he made his last stand, after the fatal battle of Caer-Caradoc;—from these walls he was betrayed;—from this spot, ceasing to be a king, he was conveyed prisoner to Rome !

VI.

Does the traveller stand at the foot of Mount Stella, near Angora ?—This was the spot, in which Pompey conquered Mithridates ; and in which Tamerlane afterwards vanquished Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks. Is he in the village of Soguta in Bithynia ? He traces the origin of the Ottoman empire on the birth-place of Othman. Near the ancient Sestos, he meditates upon the enterprise, which introduced the first Turk upon the soil of Europe. Orcan having made himself master of the shore skirting the sea, that separated Asia from Europe, his son Solyman resolved, if possible, to gain the castle of Hanni (*Sestos*), the “key of Europe :” but the Turks had neither pilots, ships, nor boats. Solyman stood meditating on the beach, one fine moonlight night, for some time. He had come thither with about eighty followers on a hunting expedition. Beholding the towers of Hanni rising over the

opposite shore, he resolved to secure them for his father and himself. He communicated his thoughts to his followers. Wondering at his resolution, they regarded him as frantic. He persisted;—and they made three rafts, fastened on corks, and bladders of oxen.—When the party had finished their task, they committed themselves to the waters; and, with poles instead of oars, succeeded in gaining the opposite shore:—the moon shining brilliantly, as they stepped off the rafts, almost immediately under the walls of Hanni. As they marched along the beach, they met a peasant going to his work; it being now morning. This man hated his prince; and being bribed with a sum money, he told Solyman of a subterraneous passage, leading into the castle. The little band availed themselves of this information; and quietly entered the walls. There was no regular garrison; and the few inhabitants were still asleep. They fell an easy prey, therefore, to the adventurers.

Having thus gained the first object of their enterprize, they assembled the pilots and vessel-owners of the town; and, offering them considerable sums of money, induced them to steer their vessels to the opposite shore. Four thousand men were then embarked; and in a few hours they were wafted under the castle walls. This was the first landing of the Turks in Europe: they ever after kept possession of this castle: ninety-six years afterwards they sacked the city of Constantinople: they now reign in the eastern metropolis of the Cæsars; and tyrannize over Athens and Corinth; the country of Philip

and Alexander ; the city of Epaminondas ; and the plains of Plataea.

VII.

Near Athens there is a field, which has every delightful accompaniment. It lies in scenery, as beautiful to the imagination, as the most romantic fancy can require. Six mountains form an amphitheatre towards the sea ; the river Charadrus flows across the plain ; while ruins, columns and tombs, give additional interest to the whole. Can the name of this plain give an interest, superior to all the charms, which Nature has bestowed upon it ? Read the inscription on yon column of marble, gentle stranger, and judge for thyself. It is the PLAIN of MARATHON ! And the tomb, which lies yonder, is the tomb of MILTIADES !

The man of abject soul in vain
Shall walk the Marathonian plain ;
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
That still invests the guardian pass,
Where stood sublime Leonidas,
Devoted to the tomb.

Wordsworth.

“ I have visited the birth-places and the tombs of many excellent men,” said Helvidius, “ but there are three monuments I would traverse half the globe to visit. The first is that of KAMHI, Emperor of China, to whom Czar Peter the First sent an embassy in the year 1719, and whose reign was called the *Tay Ping*, or “ the reign of great rest and peace.” The second is that of PIASTUS, who from a peasant became a king ; and who, from being the pride of the peasantry, became the glory of Poland. The third is that of WIL-

LIAM DE PORSELET, the only Frenchman, who survived the massacre of the French in the island of Sicily. This plot was three years in forming, and executed in one night; the French being barbarously murdered, at Easter time, when the bells rung to vespers. The massacre lasted only two hours; and in the morning only one Frenchman remained in the whole island. This man was William de Porselet, who received the indulgence, because, while governor of a small town, he had recommended himself to the Sicilians, by his probity and humanity.

CHAPTER VIII.

When we visit the sepulchres of the good, or the monuments of the great,—which we never do but in reverential silence,—the same causes produce the same emotion. Leo Allatius¹ made a pilgrimage to Bolissus, near Chios, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of a house, which tradition had assigned, the birth-place of Homer. He wept with his companions.

The Athenian dramatic writers were accustomed to recite their verses at the tomb of Æschylus: the Spartans held an annual festival in honour of Lycurgus for several centuries;—Longinus honoured the memory of Plato in the same manner; and Plutarch, visiting the tombs of Plato and Socrates, celebrated their anniversaries. How much more grateful must his feelings have been, than those arising to Alexander, when per-

¹ Leo Allatius de Patriâ Hom., c. xiii. Ess. on Homer, sect. i. p. 38.

forming rites at the tomb of Ajax!¹ Silius Italicus, whom we may style the *Drayton* of Italy, and who, in his latter years, retired into the country, and devoted himself to the study of philosophy and the cultivation of the Muses, and who possessed several villas, one of which belonged to Virgil, and another to Cicero, took a sensible pleasure, in annually visiting the tomb of the former¹;—that Plato of poets! as Lampridius calls him; and in performing funeral² rites in honour of his memory. Statius performed the same annual ceremony.

At the same tomb, after the expiration of several centuries, Giovanni Boccacio resolved to quit the profession of a merchant, and to dedicate his life to poetry and literature. The tomb of Virgil!—Ah! who would hesitate to climb the summit of the Apennines, or descend the deepest cavern of Calabria, to pluck a flower, or steal a little dust, from the monument of Virgil?—That monument, inscribed with the names of so many kings, so many statesmen, and so many poets.

Hélas! je n'ai point vu ce séjour enchanté,
Ces beaux lieux où Virgile, &c. &c.

Alas! I've never roved those vales among,
Where Virgil whilom tun'd his sacred song;
But by the bard I swear, and muse sublime,
I'll go!—O'er Alps on Alps oppos'd I'll climb;
Full of his name, with all his frenzy fir'd,
There will I read the strains, those heavenly scenes inspired.

Anon. 1789.

¹ Diod. Sic. lib. xvii.

² Plin. lib. iii. ep. 21.

³ The Greeks and Romans frequently kept the anniversary of the death of their friends.—What an affecting instance is that in the *Æneid*, where Andromache observes this interesting ceremony.—*Æn.* lib. iii. l. 301.

II.

At Kew, we neglect the palace, to pause over the tombs of Meyer, Zoffany, and Gainsborough ; and, at Richmond, with what delight do we visit the monument of Thomson ; and sit in the bower, in which he used to listen to the nightingales :—

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

On the Tyrrhene shore of Italy stand the ruins of three large temples, nearly entire. For nine hundred years, those ruins had not once been heard of. In the middle of the last century, however, they were discovered by accident : and roses, blooming upon the walls, first suggested the truth, that those temples were the only remaining vestiges of the ancient city of Pæstum. Polybius says, that Paulus Emilius destroyed seventy cities in Epirus : and yet the fate of all those cities combined does not excite our sympathy, so much as the fragments of this single one.

With what eagerness should we trace the grove, in which Virgil wrote the first line of his *Pastorals* ; with what subdued melancholy should we enter the cave, in which Camöens composed the chief part of his *Lusiad* ! — “The angel grows up in divine knowledge,” says Mùlòvi Manovi ; “the brute in savage ignorance ; and the son of man stands hesitating between the two.”

In these associations the mind approximates to the nature of angels: for the soul seems to acquire a quality, beyond its general value, as the imagination lingers on the fragments of Italian temples; the glowing atmosphere of the Greek islands; the serene skies of Gascoigny and Languedoc; the recesses of Madagascar; the glens of the Andes; the walls of Memphis, and the pyramids of Giza; the caves of Elephantia, and the prostrate columns of Palmyra.

Pompeii becomes more endeared to the memory, when the guide has pointed to the house, still standing, which once belonged to Sallust: and the time will, perhaps, one day come, when the tombs and birth-places of Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey; Crabbe, Bowles, Campbell, Montgomery, Bloomfield, and other British poets, will be visited with nearly an equal delight.

When Dupaty was at Frescati, the ancient Tusculum, his guide proposed to conduct him to the villas Pamphili, Ludovisi, and Moudragone.—“No,” said he, “shew me the villa of Marcus Tullius Cicero!” It was no longer to be seen. And when Cicero himself arrived at Syracuse, he desired to be immediately led to the tomb of Archimedes. No one knew that such a tomb existed. They conducted him, however, to the place of sepulchres; and there, after some search, he discovered a small column, bearing the figures of a sphere and a cylinder, entirely concealed by brambles. The inscription was almost defaced.—“Thus,” exclaims Tully, in his *Tusculan Questions*,¹ “one of the

¹ Lib. v. 3.

noblest and most learned cities of Sicilian Greece would have known nothing of the monument of its greatest ornament, had it not fortunately been discovered by a native of a small town in Italy !”

III.

Cicero never ceased to remember the pleasure, he derived from his voyage to Greece, after his youthful education had been completed, in which he visited all those persons, remarkable for attainments, and almost every spot, celebrated in Grecian story. Milton and Addison, when in Italy, reflected with awe, delight, and admiration, on the grandeur, and majesty of Virgil ; on the diversity and comprehension of the elder Pliny ; on the copious eloquence, the heart, and the soul, of the father of his country ; as well as on the vigorous impregnations of Lucretius. Without these associations, the best landscapes were, comparatively, but “sterile promontories.” For scenes, unconnected with great personages, or great events, fascinate us only for a time. Hence it arises, that the forests and solitudes of America attract so few travellers to enjoy their beauties. They have no retrospects to other ages. “They stand,” as a modern writer remarks, “vast masses, in the midst of boundless solitudes ; unenlivened by industry, and unadorned by genius. But if a Plato, or a Pythagoras, had visited their recesses ; if a Homer, or a Virgil, had peopled them with heroes ; if a people had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses ; then, indeed, they would

assume a dignity and importance, and excite interest in the mind of every traveller.”

These associations are some of the greatest results of education, and some of the best satisfactions of human life.—They shed lustre even over Hesperian land; and he, who visits a village, a town, or a city, without them, loses not only the chief, but nearly the whole, of his enjoyment. He has no poetry in his soul; nor has he any richness in his feelings. When Silius Italicus stood near the lake of Trasimene, could he forget that fifteen thousand Romans had fallen upon its banks? When Ausonius plucked fragrant roses at Pæstum, could he forget to investigate the obscurity, that hung over the origin and progress of that splendid city?—And when Dante beheld the triumphal arch of Trajan, formed of Parian marble, at Beneventum,—almost every part of which is adorned with sculptures, illustrating the achievements of that magnanimous prince,—could he forget the various struggles its ancestors, under the general name of Samnites, had waged in defence of its liberties, against the aspiring genius of the Roman Republic?—Struggles, which, during the tyranny of Sylla’s dictatorship, closed in the almost total annihilation of the Samnite people; the memory of whose virtues still live,—blooming in the annals of their inveterate enemies.

IV.

You and I, my Lelius, have visited many places, presenting little to attract the eye of the ignorant ; and little to command the attention of persons, living in the neighbourhood ; but which, to us, afforded infinite satisfaction. When we were at Ipswich, we recognized the fortune of the Suffolk Cardinal. The father was a butcher ; yet the son enjoyed preferments, no subject but himself ever enjoyed. Rector of Lymington ; Prime Minister to Henry VIII. ; Bishop of Lincoln, of Durham, and of Winchester : Archbishop of York ; Administrator of Tournay ; Bishop of Bath and Wells ; Administrator of St. Albans ; Lord Chancellor ; Cardinal ; joint Legate ; and lastly, the Pope's Legate for life.—Ruined in a day, with all his preferments ! Miserable ; yet, with all his vices, not unworthy of our admiration for his abilities ; and not unworthy our esteem for many great and splendid qualities.—“Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye.” To the memory of this man Shakespeare has been more faithful even than historians.

With the fate of Wolsey, we associate the rise, elevation and fall, of Menzicoff ; who, from being the son of a soldier, became the favorite of Czar Peter the First, and the conqueror of Charles the Twelfth, in defeating General Lewenhaupt. Then we behold him created field-marshal, first senator, regent !—and so rich in lands, that he could travel from Riga, in Livonia, to Derbent, on the frontiers of Persia, and sleep every night on an estate,

belonging to himself. His vassals consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand families: he became chief minister to Peter the First, to Catherine the Czarina, and to Peter the Second; and so powerful, that kings deigned to court his favour. In this meridian, he was stripped, in one night, of all his authority and influence; divested of all his honours and wealth; and from being the greatest of subjects, sunk into being one of the lowest. Banished to Beresow,—one of his daughters mended his clothes, and washed his linen; while the other,—who had been betrothed to Peter the Second,—undertook the care of his kitchen.

Nor could we pass St. Anne's Hill, without visiting the farm, which affords so remarkable an instance of hereditary possession: it having been occupied by a family of the name of Wapshote, from the time of Alfred the Great. An instance not to be paralleled in Europe; though many occur in India, China, and Japan. There are, also, in the vale of Florence, many farmers, who occupy lands, which were tilled by their ancestors, in the last days of the Florentine republic.

V.

At Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was slain; and where the rebellion of the Earl of Northumberland was finally quelled:—at Northampton; at Leicester; at Coventry, the walls of which were levelled by order of Charles's commissioners, because their inhabitants had signalized their zeal, in the cause of the parliament; and in the New Forest we lingered, where the deaths of two sons and one grandson seemed to

revenge the cause of the peasant and the yeoman, for the desolation of William the Norman, who dispeopled a circumference of thirty miles to make a forest, for the habitation of those beasts, it was his pleasure to hunt. With much more satisfaction, did we behold the room, in which Edward the Sixth was born; where we reflected with admiration on the singularity of the circumstance, that one of the most ambitious of mankind, one of the most virtuous of heroes, one of the most illustrious of patriots, and one of the best of monarchs, were brought into the world by the Cesarean operation.

When we were at Southampton, my Lelius, we saw, in imagination, Henry the Fifth embark for France, previous to the battle of Agincourt: we beheld, too, the Danish king, seating himself in a chair on the beach: “Oh! Sea! thou art my domain, and the land I sit on is mine; presume not to wet the feet of thy sovereign.” From this time Canute never wore his crown; but caused it to be placed upon the head of the crucifix, in the city of Winchester.¹

When at Marlborough, it were impossible not to reflect on the parliament assembled there, in the reign of Henry the Third, which erected that body of statutes, which make so considerable a figure among the laws of England, known by the name of the statutes of Marlbridge. When at Framlingham, we heard, as it were, Mary “the cruel” first assume the

¹ Cæsar; Scipio; Edward vi.

² William of Huntingdon: Brompton, and Matthew of Westminster.

title of queen. When sailing along the Dee, we saw Edgar the peaceable, reclining in his barge rowed by the king of Cumberland, the lord of the Isles, and six Cambrian princes. At Rising, we read the history of the mother of Edward the Third. For eight and twenty years this queen mourned the loss of *du gentile Mortimer* ; who, after a worthless life, being hanged ignominiously at Tyburn, his being condemned *unheard* was the cause of his descendants, by the male line, mounting the throne of England.

At Chelmsford we remembered the noble struggle of Boadicea. In the night, however, we were fated to witness a scene, more horrible, than we had ever yet beheld. A fire broke out in the dead of night, and two young women perished in it. We saw them, and we heard their shrieks and cries :—the blood ran cold from the head to our feet ; a sublime stillness pervaded the crowd ; all seemed petrified ; no tongue, no pencil, no pen, can describe the horror of the scene !

VI.

With what melancholy interest did we survey the walls of Berkeley castle ; where the shrieks of Edward the Second echoed through the woods ; while his execrable assassins were thrusting a red hot pipe into his body, burning his bowels, and terminating his life.—The contemptible John ! At Lynn we beheld his sword ; at Kidwelly, in the county of Carmarthen, we entered the castle, in which he sought refuge from his barons ; and at Runnymede we almost kissed the field, in which he signed his celebrated charter.

With what pleasure did Burns visit the scites of Scottish battles. We too, my Lelius, have stood upon the theatres of national renown. We have examined the field near Glendowry in the county of Denbigh, which, becoming a subject of dispute between the Lord Grey de Ruthin, and Owen Glendower, was the origin of the war between the Welch and the English in the reign of Henry the Fourth. —Glendower, after many vicissitudes, retired to a remote spot, where he lived unknown, and died unrecorded.

After beholding the hills, raised by Canute, as monuments of those killed in the battle of Ashdown, in which the flower of the English nobility fell with swords in their hands, interesting was it to trace the retreat of Edward Ironside to the small island of Alney, near Gloucester ; now presenting a plain frequently covered with sheep, horses, and oxen. There the two contending monarchs signed a treaty of partition, dividing the realm between them.

On *Caer Caradoc*, we almost fancied, that we heard *Caractacus* exhorting his troops to signalize, by a victory, a day and a spot, on which they were to give liberty to themselves and countrymen, or to be led into perpetual slavery. In the *Isle of Wight*, we meditated on the beautiful *Claudia Ruffina*, the British lady, so celebrated in the reign of *Cláudius*, born in that island ; and in the illustrious circles of Rome acknowledged to have been the most accomplished of women ; uniting, in her own person, the honesty and simplicity of her country to the elegance of Rome, and the soul of Greece.

VII.

At Bangor, in the county of Flint, we recalled the massacre of the thousand monks by Adelfrid, king of Northumberland. At Conway, we beheld the walls, built by Llewellyn, the last monarch of Wales; and the precarious retreat of Richard the Second, previous to his surrendering himself to the Duke of Lancaster. When Richard arrived at Flint to meet the duke, — afterwards Henry the Fourth, — he said, “cousin of Lancaster, you are welcome.” “My lord, the king,” returned the duke, bowing three times to the ground, “I am arrived sooner, than you appointed me; because the common report of your people reached me, that you have, for one and twenty years, governed them rigorously, and with which they are by no means satisfied. It is my desire, if God be willing, to assist you to govern them better for the future.” “Fair cousin,” returned the wounded monarch, assuming an air of cheerfulness! “Fair cousin, since it pleases you, it pleases me also.” The king and the duke soon after made their entry into London, which Shakspeare has described so beautifully. Richard resigned his crown; and, as a recompense, was soon after murdered in Pontefract castle.

In the vale of the White Horse we recognized one of the most beautiful objects of antiquity, that any nation can boast:—Near Barnet we perused the inscription on a pillar, commemorating the victory, which Edward the Fourth obtained over Warwick the king maker:—on the fields, adjoining, were buried the remains of more than ten thousand men; it being

a battle fought with the most determined fury; no quarter being given on either side. Then we stood upon the fields of Tewkesbury, where, eighteen days after the battle of Barnet, Edward obtained another victory over the army of Margaret. She was taken prisoner, with her son, who was murdered the next day. These two battles were the eleventh, and twelfth, that had been fought in the quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster.

At Edington, in the county of Somerset, we stood upon the spot where Alfred surprised the Danes, and obtained his memorable victory over them; and where by a single blow, he entirely ruined his enemies, and sent all those, he had reason to fear, out of the country. With what admiration did Helvidius stand on the very ground, in which this illustrious hero sought refuge in the cottage of his neatherd!—One path only led to the cottage, which was hid in briars and bushes:—there the monarch made bows and arrows, and other warlike instruments. His actions!—more splendid were they, than those, described in the basso relievos of Trajan's column.

VIII.

This feeling was much encouraged by the military statesmen of ancient Rome: and many instances are recorded of heroes travelling to view the most celebrated scites of battles:—the field of Marathon; the plain of Plataea, and the glen of Thermopylae: Pharsalia, and Philippi. What Swiss but delights to behold the heights of Morgarten? who would not wish to pause upon the fields of Cressy, of Agincourt,

of Blenheim, and of Waterloo? Nor is there a Frenchman, who would not contemplate, with enthusiasm, Gemappe, Lodi, Hohenlinden, Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena. The imagination loves to repose among the heroes and patriots of our country; and sighs with regret, that, among a multitude of annalists, we in vain look for a Thucydides, a Livy, or a Tacitus.

At Blenheim we call to mind the fortunes and engagements of the most celebrated of our generals. Sent into Flanders to prepare for the arrival of King William,—CHURCHILL was soon after disgraced; turned out of all his posts, and committed to the tower. Restored to favor, he was constituted general of the forces;—sent ambassador extraordinary to Holland; and declared generalissimo of the allied army against France. Then we see him taken prisoner by a party of French; but, being unknown, he escapes; is raised to a dukedom; and, after many engagements, wins the battle of Blenheim. He is then presented with the manor of Woodstock, and a palace, built by Vanburgh; and, resuming the command, gains the battle of Ramillies. Then the battles, treaties, and honours that followed, melt, as it were, before a charge of corruption exhibited against him: he is dismissed from all his employments: while libels and a prosecution harass him on every side. He is acquitted. Then ensues his challenge to the Earl of Paulet;—setting the first example of party duels. Then we see him quitting his country in disgust, on the death of Lord Godolphin; and returning to it again at the invitation of Lord Bolingbroke,

he enters London at the time, in which Queen Anne lies dead. He is received with favour by George the First; and made captain-general of the forces. Then we behold him seized with an apoplectic fit at Blenheim, in 1716: from which he never entirely recovered, though he lived six years afterwards. Dying June 16, 1722, he deserved the glory of having broken the power of France;—of having raised his native empire from a state of depression to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune;—and of having confirmed the liberties of Europe.

IX.

At Eton, the college of which being founded by Henry the Sixth, we are presented with the picture of a king, whose meekness of character deluged, for many years, the whole country with blood. After a life of incessant vexation, and a reign of many tragedies, he was murdered in his prison by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. His body was then carried through the streets to St. Paul's; there exposed to public view; and on the next day it was buried ignominiously at Chertsey, "without priest or clerk;" says Stowe, "torch or taper; singing or saying."

At Feversham we reflect on the fate, that attended the ashes of Stephen, king of England: a valiant, clement, generous, and magnanimous prince: who never, even when barbarism was almost characteristic of the times, executed an enemy: and who, if he had been permitted to enjoy the throne in peace, had proved a blessing to the whole kingdom. To him are

we indebted for the revival of the best portion of the Saxon laws. He died at Canterbury, and was buried in Feversham abbey. When monasteries and abbeys were dissolved, his bones were taken out of the leaden coffin, in which they were deposited, for the sake of the lead; which being sold to a plumber, his bones were thrown into the neighbouring river! During this prince's reign, there were four remarkable fires, and a great famine. The first of these fires broke out in London: the second at Rochester, which consumed the cathedral: the third at York, the day after, destroyed its cathedral, and thirty-nine churches: and the fourth, which occurred also within a few days, destroyed nearly the whole city of Bath.

X.

What Scotsman is there, that roves among the Grampian mountains, without remembering the battle between Agricola and the Caledonians, fought at their feet? And who treads the field of Flodden, that does not bewail the loss of the king,¹ slain in the battle? On the banks of Bannockburn he rejoices in the stratagem of his ancestors, by which the English suffered a loss, greater than they had sustained, since the memorable battle of Hastings. At Dumferline, he pauses with melancholy interest over the remains of Robert Bruce; the restorer of the Scottish monarchy; and one of the most illustrious of its kings. While on the fields of Falkirk he pursues the history of Wallace to the period, in which he was

¹ James IV.

betrayed, by Sir John Menteith, into the hands of Edward the First ; who caused him to be dragged to pieces by four horses ; his quarters to be sent to four of the principal Scottish towns ; and his head to be placed upon the tower of London.

At Inverness we behold Lady Macbeth, reading the letter, in one of the rooms of its castle, that first imparts to her the hope of future greatness. We witness the excitement of her husband, and the bending up of “ each corporeal agent ” to effect the murder. Then we listen to Macbeth’s soliloquy, when he fancies that he sees a dagger in the air. Then follows the murder of the good old king ; and the horror of the assassin, when he relates to his wife the issue of his horrific purpose. Then we hear the knocking at the castle gate ; see the entrance of Macduff and Lenox ; and mark the horror of the former, at the discovery of the king’s murder. Then we transport ourselves to the palace of Foris ; become a guest at the banquet ; and afterwards follow Macbeth to the heath, to consult the wisdom of the weird sisters. We listen to their dubious prophecies, and mark the usurper’s interpretation of them in his own favour. Then we thrill at the agony of Macduff, on learning that Macbeth has surprised his castle, murdered his wife, and all his children ! Towards the conclusion of this sublime tragedy, we enter the castle of Dunsinane ; where, Lady Macbeth, walking in her sleep, betrays herself to be a martyr to all the horrors of conscious guilt. Then we behold Macbeth and Macduff’s encounter in the field ; and the fulfilment of those prophecies, “ kept to the ear, but broken to

the hope," which, filling the soul of Macbeth with despair, enervates his arm, and causes him to fall before the sword of his adversary.

XI.

At Boulogne, the birth place of Godfrey prince of Lorrain, we meditate on his refusal, after taking Jerusalem from the Turks, to wear a diadem of gold in the same city, in which the Messiah had been crowned with thorns.

When we visit the tomb of Fontenelle, what is the circumstance, with which he is connected, on which we pause with the greatest pleasure? It is this:—"I am now eighty years old," said he to one of his friends,¹ "and I am a Frenchman; but never have I once treated the smallest virtue with the smallest ridicule."

In the village of Domreni, near Vaucouleurs in the province of Lorrain, we revert to the catastrophe, that closed the fortunes of Joan of Arc. On the plain of Poitiers we hold the Black Prince, riding through London in triumph, on a small mean looking horse, and in the plainest attire; while his captive,—the king of France,—clad in royal apparel, was mounted on a milk white steed, remarkable for its symmetry and beauty. And is it possible, my friend, to stand upon the cliffs, near Cherburg, without remembering the fate of the unfortunate Arthur, who fell a martyr to the ambition of his uncle John?—Who, failing in the instrument he had engaged to put out his eyes, brought him from Rouen to Cherburg. Then the

¹ Mad. de Stael. Germ., vol. iii. p. 309.

scene between the young prince and Hubert, so transcendantly painted by Shakespeare, passes before our eyes.—A scene, unequalled for the exquisite pathos and simplicity of the pleading.

Then we listen to the heart-rending grief of the lady Constance ;—

O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world ;
My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's care !

King John, act iii, sc. 4.

Then we revert to Cherburg. When John arrived in that city he mounted his horse, and desired Arthur to ride before him. After riding some little way, John distanced his attendants, and advanced to a high cliff, impending over the sea. He then rode furiously up to Arthur's horse¹; ran the unfortunate youth through the body; pulled him from his horse; and dragging him on the ground, threw him over the precipice!

There is a small town in France, too, which no one can enter without interest from the consideration, that Demetrius Commene once lived there : a man boasting a pedigree, that traced him from the line of the Roman Emperor Trajan.² He was living in the time of Voltaire; and was a captain in the French army. His pedigree was the noblest of any man then living, or that since has lived. For he had twenty-six kings for his ancestors; and eighteen emperors. Of these six

¹ D'Argentre, *Hist. de Bretagne*, cap. lxxxiii.

² Mignot's *Hist. Turks*, vol. 1, p. 158. In notis.

were emperors of Constantinople; ten of Trebizond; and two of Heracleus Pontus: eighteen kings of Colchis, and eight of Lazi.

XII.

When our friend, Helvetius, was in Poland, with what enthusiasm did he visit the birth places of Casimir the Third, and of Piastus king of that country. To Casimir is Poland indebted for its principal towns, churches, and fortresses. He was the Alfred of Poland; and so equal was he in the administration of justice, that the nobles, in derision, called him “king of the peasants.” Piastus was actually a peasant; but proved one of the best kings, that Poland has ever known. On such a spot how natural was it to revert to the instances of celebrated men, who have risen to sovereignty from a low estate. Justin, the fifty-fifth emperor of Rome, was originally a herdsman’s boy in Thrace, that could neither write nor read: yet was he afterwards elected emperor; and became more distinguished by his courage, wise laws, and the due administration of them, than most monarchs, born and educated expressly for the exercise of sovereignty.

Pertinax was an artificer; Diocletian was the son of a scrivener; Valentinian of a ropemaker; Probus of a gardener; and Maximin of a wheelright. The celebrated Eumenes was no higher than the son of a charioteer; Arsaces, the founder of the Parthian dynasty, was the son of an herdsman; Agathocles of a potter; and Iphicrates of a cobbler. Tarquinius Priscus was the son of a foreign merchant;

Servius Tullus of a female slave; and the mighty Tamerlane of an herdsman. Prismislaus, king of Bohemia, was the son of a peasant; the ancestor of the dukes of Milan was a poor labouring man; Pope Nicholas was the son of a poulterer; and Pope Sixtus the Fourth of a mariner: while the most celebrated of all the kings in the universe, (David), kept the flocks of his father.

XIII.

On the three mountains, overlooking Goodesburg, a beautiful village near Bonn, a city on the west side of the Rhine, are the remains of three castles, once belonging to three brothers. These brothers, like most of the ancient German nobility, having established themselves in those castles, sallied out upon travellers; and, robbing their more industrious neighbours of what they wanted, either for immediate consumption or for future support, became the founders of three distinguished families.—They had one sister,—Adelaide; who was one of the most beautiful women in all Germany. But having had the misfortune to lose her parents, the care of her devolved upon her brothers. A young knight, whose name was Roland, and who lived in a castle on the eastern shore of the river, having occasionally seen her, at her brothers' revels, became enamoured of her; woo'd her; and won her affections. An ancient feud had unfortunately formerly subsisted between the families: and though this enmity had, for many years, subsided, it still remained sufficiently powerful to induce the three brothers to obstruct the union. Not choosing however to rekindle the feud, they stipulated

with the lover, that he should proceed to Palestine; join the crusading army; and, after a certain number of years' service, if he returned with honour, he might renew his suit, and become a member of their family.

The lovers took an affectionate and reluctant farewell of each other. Roland pursued his destination; and Adelaide remained at the fortress of Drakenfelds, situated on one of the three mountains; and rendered still more inaccessible by towers and bastions. After a certain period had elapsed, a pilgrim arrived at the outer gate of the castle, and requested to be admitted. Being ushered into the great hall, he, with many tears, related that he had, after escaping many dangers, arrived from the Holy Land with a message and token of love from Roland, who had fallen in a battle against the Saracens. Adelaide, believing the tale, devoted herself from that hour to the memory of her deceased lover: and rejecting several suitors, introduced by her brothers, founded a convent in a small island of the Rhine; from the casements of which she could see the three castles of her brothers, on the one side, and that of Roland on the other. In this retirement, after passing several years in religious duties, she was surprised by the unexpected return of her lover! It was then, for the first time, she discovered the cruelty of her brothers' device:—but the discovery came too late; her health had gradually been undermined by affliction; she lived in her convent, therefore, but a short time after her lover's return; and then died, to the great grief of all the neighbourhood.

Roland, overcome with sorrow at her loss, built a small castle on an abrupt rock, that overlooked the convent; and there, absorbed in silent sorrow, died a martyr to his disappointment. To these unfortunate circumstances we are chiefly indebted, for Ariosto's poem of Orlando Furioso.

XIV.

Places, too, in which remarkable customs prevail, are frequently agreeable to the imagination; particularly if those customs are illustrative of moral feelings. Thus when our friend, Captain Southcote, was in Persia, he was charmed with a festival, held every year, at Demawend, to celebrate the death of the tyrant Zohak. The people of the town and villages meet together in the fields, some on mules, and others on horses, and white asses; when they ride about with great shouts, and in the evening illuminate their houses.

In Montpellier the magistrates caused every quack, who entered their town, to be placed upon the poorest ass, they could find; with his head towards the ass's tail. They then caused the unfortunate mountebank to be led through the streets; attended by the vilest of the populace; who loaded him with shouts and upbraidings; beat him; and pelted him with all manner of filth. In Marseilles, on a particular day of the year, the inhabitants were once accustomed to take the vilest of their prisoners out of their gaol; cloth him with rich garments; feast him with rich meats and wines; and, having done so, charge

him with all the sins of the inhabitants; lead him to the gates; and then hiss and hoot him out of their city. By the former of these instances the physicians pretended to purge their town of ignorant practitioners; by the latter, the inhabitants imagined, that they washed the sins of the whole city away.¹

XV.

Who can visit Venice, rising like Venus out of the sea, without reverting to the many illustrious citizens by whom it has been distinguished? Can we visit Arezzo without remembering, that it was the birth-place of Mæcenas, Petrarch, Guido, Aretino, and of Pope Julius the Second? The very walls are eloquent. In Italy—

The very weeds are beautiful; her waste

More rich than other clime's fertility:

Her wreck a glory; and her ruin grac'd

With an immaculate name, that cannot be defaced.

Childe Harold, canto iv, st. 26.

There is one circumstance, connected with Italy, exceedingly remarkable. With Schlegel,² we may associate the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus with the groupes of Niobe and Laocoon: but at the tomb of Alfieri, we meditate without fathoming why, in every age but that which gave birth to him and Foscolo, dramatic genius should have been denied to a country, so emi-

¹ The Biajas of the east, says Dr. Leyden, in his remarks on the Indo-Chinese nations, load a boat with the sins and misfortunes of the nation; send it out to sea; and the crew, which first meets with it, are supposed to bear the burthen of both.

nently productive in every other species of genius.—Tragedy is said¹ to have sprung completely armed from Æschylus, like Pallas from the head of Jupiter : but the Romans,—so happy in their general imitations, and so skilful in the performance of tragedies in real life,—could never write an imaginary one ! Those of Seneca are mere emblems of dulness and bombast.

XVI.

Few natives of Sienna visit the once pestilential district of the Maremma without remembering the melancholy fortune of Madonna Pia. This beautiful creature was married to Nello Della Pietra in the town of Sienna. Soon after the marriage, the husband, hearing the beauty of his wife celebrated through all Italy, became diffident of his own accomplishments, and jealous of her. This jealousy became at length so insupportable, that he resolved to destroy her. With this view he took her to the Maremma, a country at that time entirely destructive to delicate habits. Here they lived, for some time ; with unavailing wonder and repinings on her part ; in silent and cold brutality on his. He would neither answer her questions, nor listen to her remonstrances : he preserved a ferocious and disdainful silence. They lived alone :—she saw no friends, and he no acquaintances. Death was preferable to a life like this : and Donna Pia saw it approaching with melancholy satisfaction.

When her last struggles were over, Pietra continued to live ; but, corroded with anguish, he doomed himself to perpetual silence. To this history

¹ Schlegel, vol. i. p. 95.

Dante alludes in a passage justly admired for its pathetic beauty.

——— Recorditi di me ; che son la Pia ;

Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma.

Salsi colui che inannellata pria

Disposando m'avea con la sua gemma.

Purgator. cant. v.

XVII.

Simple occurrences and fine sentiments frequently survive the memory of great battles. Vellore has been a theatre for every species of military outrage ; yet the following instance of manly fortitude in a boy will be remembered, when all those outrages are entirely forgotten. The son of Col. Lang,¹ Governor of Vellore, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ali, he was ordered into the presence of the despot ; who desired him to sit down and write a letter to his father ; offering him a splendid establishment, if he would but surrender the city, of which he was governor ; but in case of refusal the son should be sacrificed. The boy coolly rejected the service ; and upon Hyder's pressing him with many threats, he burst into tears, and exclaimed : “ If you consider me base enough to write such a letter ; on what ground can you think so meanly of my father ?—You may, if you please, present me before the ramparts of Vellore ; and you may cut me into a thousand pieces ; but you cannot make him a traitor.”

¹ Wilks' Sketches of the South of India, vol. ii. p. 280.

If we stand upon the birth-spot of the Emperor Theodosius, we overlook the many wars, in which he was engaged, to dwell upon his ejaculation, when he once set several prisoners at liberty :—" I would to Heaven," exclaimed he, " that I could also open the graves, and give life to the dead."

Other spots give rise to associations of a different character. Is the traveller at Jaffa ? The history of its massacre,—no longer denied by the French,¹—sheds eternal infamy on the warrior of Lodi and Marengo. Three thousand prisoners were murdered in cold blood, by the command of the French general ; and a pyramid was formed, not only of the dead, but of the dying, streaming with blood !

Among the woods and pastures of La Vendée we contemplate an opposite picture. The account, given of the natives of this province by Madame la Marquise de Larochejaquelin is exceedingly picturesque and agreeable. The country, which is chiefly of pasturage, is a very sequestered region. It rises in small hills ; is well wooded ; has numerous rivulets ; and a multitude of small enclosures, containing a labyrinth of paths. The chateaus, which are of considerable antiquity, stand in the neighbourhood of farms and cottages. Fashionable life is entirely unknown in them ; there is no ostentation ; nothing is too great ; and the gentry, farmers, and peasants are so cordial with each other, that the higher orders generally go to the weddings and christenings of the

¹ Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie. Par J. Miot.—Miot was an eye-witness.

lower. The peasantry are plain, simple, honest, and unsophisticated : and hunting is an amusement partaken of by all ranks. Religion, it is true, is not a little tinctured with superstition ; but the clergy are exceedingly beloved ; and chearfulness is diffused in every cottage and in every face. Vices are seldom indulged ; and crimes and lawsuits almost entirely unknown. When the traveller is in this part of France, he dwells with delight upon the struggles, the humble inhabitants long made against the spoilers and usurpers of their country.

XVIII.

The Greek district of Parga excites still more vivid recollections. Parga is a town, situate on the coast of Epirus, on a conical rock ; the base of which is surrounded on three sides by the sea. The fortress commands a magnificent prospect of the isles of Santa Maura, Paxo, and Antipaxo ; the promontory of Leucate : the mountains of Cephalonia ; and the small territory of Parga, bounded by the mountains of Albania and the Ionian Sea.

In this territory of only three miles are no less than twenty-five springs, fountains, and rivulets ; which make it exceedingly fruitful. In the valleys are citrons, oranges, and cedrats : and the fields and vineyards are interspersed with woods of olive, plane, and cypress trees. Indeed, it is so beautiful a little spot, that wonder has often been excited, that the ancient Greeks should have made it their entrance to the infernal regions. The natives live generally

to an advanced age : they are courageous ; and in such a constant state of hostility with the Turks, that they go into their fields armed with a musket, a dagger, a sword, and a brace of pistols.

XIX.

In Portugal, we visit with enthusiasm the grave of Camöens, and the tomb of Emanuel. The former, the most illustrious of its poets : the latter the most illustrious of its kings.

In Spain, Saguntum is not less visited than Italica, the birth-place of Trajan, Adrian, Theodosius, and Silius Italicus : or than Seville, the city in which were born Isidore, Mahomet Geher the astronomer, Ferdinand Herrera, Murillo, the painter, and the three celebrated poetesses, Safia ; Maria Alphaisali ; and Feliciana de Guzman. Malaga was the birth-place of the Moorish botanist, Ibnu el Beithar. Cordova is celebrated for having produced the two Senecas, and Lucan ; Aben-zover, the physician ; Averrhoez, the philosopher and statesman ; Paul Cespedes, the painter ; and Admiral Gonzales Fernandez. The ruins of Saguntum (Murviedro) suggest the successive authorities of the Carthaginians, Romans, Moors ; of the Austrian dynasty, and the Bourbon family. Thence the imagination pursues the history of the Spanish nobility, divided into blue blood, red blood, and yellow blood. Nobility !—nobility of blood !—As if we were not all of one and the same original family. The best nobility is that of the soul ; and the best preservative of that high eminence is

honest industry. Whereas in Spain—at least so Laborde assures us,—the inhabitants have always fortitude enough to endure privations ; but never courage enough to encounter work : and still less the power of surmounting the shame, he thinks attached to it. But the mountains of Asturias boast a soil productive in heroes and brave men.—Men, who were subjects neither to the Carthaginians, the Romans, or the Moors ; men, in whose districts Pelagius laid the first foundations of the Spanish monarchy.

Are we at Grenada ?—we behold the luxury and magnificence of the Moorish dynasty, in one of the finest prospects in all Spain.—At Merida ? It is a spot, where the Romans were ambitious of concentrating all their monuments. It is now full of ruins and fragments of columns, vases, statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, vestiges of a circus, a theatre, a naumachia, aqueducts, and triumphal arches. When Musa, the Moorish chief, first entered this city, after conquering the Goths, he is said to have been absolutely terrified at its grandeur.

Are we at Cordova ? The whole reign of the Omniad Caliphs pass, in mental review, before us. Once the seat of Arabian art, gallantry, and magnificence, the southern kingdom of Spain was rich and flourishing. Agriculture was respected ; the fine arts cultivated ; gardens were formed ; roads executed ; palaces erected ; and physics, geometry, and astronomy advanced. The inhabitants were active and industrious ; accomplishments were held in esteem ; and the whole state of society formed a striking contrast to that of every other in Europe.

Every thing, indeed, seems to have worn an air of enchantment. But these pictures wasted into air during the weak reign of a subsequent prince of the same dynasty.

XX.

Is the elegant traveller at Leyden, in the dull states of Holland? The first and the last impression is associated with the magnanimous Adrian de Verf. During a period of famine, the inhabitants insisted on surrendering their town to the Spaniards. "Friends!" exclaimed he, "here is my body. If you are hungry, divide it among yourselves, and satisfy your appetites; but never think for one moment, of surrendering yourselves to the Spaniards." They took his advice; and the town was saved. With this famine is connected one of the most beautiful passages in Darwin's *Economy of Vegetation*. The plague being at its height, a young man was seized with it, and retired into a garden to die, or to recover alone. Thither he was followed by a young lady, to whom he was betrothed.

- " With meek unsteady step, the fainting maid
- " Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade :
- " Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
- " And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
- " On wings of love her plighted swain pursues ;
- " Shades her from winds ; and shelters her from dews ;
- " Breathes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms ;
- " And clasps the bright perfection in his arms.
- " With pale and languid smiles, the grateful fair
- " Applauds his virtues and rewards his care.
- " Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
- " And with his keener arrows conquer'd DEATH."

XXI.

Switzerland is a country, so interesting for the variety and beauty of its lakes, vallies and mountains ; for the number of its illustrious writers ; and for its arduous struggles for the best of all national properties, that we naturally associate it with Greece, with Rome, and with Britain. Who, therefore, breathes not with renovated satisfaction, when he stands on the fields, which are immortalized by those heroic actions, which confirmed to the Swiss the liberties they enjoy ? And when do we feel the full value of the human character more, than when we stand upon the heights of Morgarten, where Leopold, Duke of Austria, with an army of twenty thousand men, were totally defeated by one thousand three hundred Swiss,¹ advantageously posted upon the rocks and mountains ? At Sempach, in the Canton of Lucerne, another Austrian duke was slain ; and the liberties of the Swiss established². At Nœfels, in the Canton of Glarus, three hundred and fifty Glarians and fifty Switzers routed a large Austrian army³; and on the burial ground near Basle a battle was fought between the Swiss and the Dauphin of France, equal in almost every respect to that of Thermopylæ. The spot is planted with vineyards : and the natives of Basle resort every year to an inn, in its neighbourhood, to celebrate the event ; and the wine of the vineyards is called the blood of the Swiss.

¹ A. D. 1315.

² A. D. 1386.

³ A. D. 1388.

But the charm of this country arises, principally, out of the beauty and magnificence of its scenery. There almost every object constitutes a picture. The negligent graces of Nature are but little embellished with the nice discretion of art; but the maiden turf of the hills gently undulating; sylvan sides and slopes; cottages and spires in diminished perspective;—all exhibited among snows, without feeling the presence of winter, present a region of enchantment, worthy of being styled the paradise of the elegant in the golden days of poetry. The vales of Usk, of Glamorgan, of the Towy, of Langollen, Llandisilio and Ffestiniog, are remembered with delight; because they belong to the land of our forefathers: but they yield to a country,

Where rocks and forests, lakes and mountains grand,
Mark the true majesty of Nature's hand.

Ridge, rising behind ridge, succeed on the vision. These adamantine masses inspire terrific ideas, and awaken terrific sensations. All is wild, capricious, and sometimes even grotesque. Nature clothes herself in her rudest form, and in some instances the mind is even repelled by scenes of hopeless sterility:—scenes,

Stiff with eternal ice; and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago.

Deep caverns, contracted lakes, fragments of ice, projecting crags, and impending avalanches; and summits of distant mountains, rising in rude majesty till they are lost in mists and clouds, rolling over their

summits like the waves of the ocean, realize scenes, so transcendent, that the traveller seems passing, as it were, from one world into another. And a magnificence is imparted to his imagination, beyond the descriptive genius even of Arabian poets. Every object seems to have existed in their present form and station from the first construction of the globe; and furnishes presumptive evidence, that they will exist, if not to eternity, at least to its dissolution. The solitude is holy; every feature is, as it were, sacred; every thought arising out of their contemplation a hymn; and a sublime melancholy impresses itself upon the soul.

It is impossible to describe these scenes: and neither the pencils of Claude, of Salvator Rosa, or of Titian himself, could give an adequate sketch of them. All their efforts could only produce an outline: but as to the variety, the structure, and the colouring, it is Nature alone, that can do justice to her own works. They are beheld in silent transport, and in silent adoration;—the only species of homage worthy an Omnipotent and Eternal Power. They acquire, too, additional value from the certainty, that they will be remembered to the last moment of life:—that they will constitute some of our most beautiful remembrances; and that they will rise to our imagination, in all their grandeur and majesty, to soothe and to enchant the soul; when it would otherwise be rivetted by the afflictions of life. And awakening a mild and awful gratitude for the wealth of mental acquirements, they teach us to acknowledge, that positive wealth exists only in a pure conscience, and a cultivated mind.

XXII.

To visit towns, castles, abbeys, and fragments of antiquity, without connecting with them their history, is, as we have before observed, not only to lose a part, but the best part, of the pleasure, that may be derived from visiting them.

When Da Rosa journied into Asia, he derived much enjoyment from analogous associations: not only at Jerusalem but at Antioch. This city perished under the vengeance of Chosroes, king of Persia, in the reign of Justinian. Of all the cities of Western Asia, this, with the exception of Constantinople, was the most rich, populous and beautiful. The conqueror, however, spared neither sex, nor age:—all were either killed, or converted into slaves. He set fire to the city, and totally destroyed it; and it has also been twice destroyed by earthquakes.

At Hameden, the ancient Ecbatana, he reflected on the policy of Dejoces, king of the Medes. There, too, he sighed at the fate of Parmenio, that friend of a king; and that general, of whom it was said, that Parmenio had gained many victories without Alexander; but that Alexander had never gained one without Parmenio. From the fate of Parmenio he reverted to the death of Hephæstion, whose body was bathed with the tears of Alexander.

Is the accomplished traveller standing among the pillars of Palmyra? He beholds Zenobia, flying on a dromedary, and leaving her city and her counsellor, Longinus, to the mercy of the enemy. Then he beholds her adding to the glory of Aurelian; who, drawn by four stags, yoked in a car, once belonging to the

king of the Goths, and followed by his victorious legions, bearing palms and laurel branches, entered the city of Rome in triumph. While Zenobia, clad in rich garments, decked with jewels, and bound with chains of gold, inspired with awe the hearts of all beholders. Beautiful in her countenance, and majestic in her deportment, she commanded an universal admiration; not only as a woman and a queen, but as a queen, only to be conquered by the first general of the age, in which she lived.

XXIII.

At Samarcand, in Usbeck Tartary, he remembers that, in the time of Jenghiz Khan, thirty thousand men, women, and children, were made captives; and thirty thousand put to the sword. While at Delhi even the massacres at Prague and Ismael shrink into comparative insignificance, in the remembrance, that, on the conquest of that city by Tamerlane, he ordered a general massacre of the Hindoostanees; and that in consequence one hundred thousand men, women, and children, were murdered by the sword, in the short space of one hour!

At Bergamo (Pergamus) he remembers, that to gain possession of it, Aquilius was obliged to poison its fountains:—that a library, consisting of two hundred thousand volumes, once existed there; and that parchment was there first invented; while in those walls were born Apollodorus, the preceptor of Augustus; and Galen, the friend of Marcus Aurelius;—next to Hippocrates, the greatest physician, that ever adorned the annals of medical science.

Nor can the traveller stand upon the point at Constantinople, commanding the Euxine on one side, and the Marmora on the other, standing on Europe, and yet beholding the vast continent of Asia, without a mental review of the reigns from Constantine to the time, when Mahomet conveyed eighty gallies over land,—a space of eight miles,—by means of mechanical engines; and thence to the final assault on that imperial city. The attack commenced at three in the morning of the 29th of May (A.D. 1453), and after a dreadful struggle on both sides, terminated in the Turks making themselves masters of the city.—The Emperor was slain, towards the close of the assault; and the ferocious conqueror giving the city to plunder, the whole became an arena, washed with the blood of its inhabitants. Three days this almost unexampled scene continued! On the fourth, Mahomet commanded it to cease; and on the fifth made his triumphal entrance into a city of profaned churches and empty houses; and established, upon the ruins of the eastern part of the Roman empire, the dynasty of the Turks: one thousand one hundred and twenty-three years after its establishment by Constantine, and two thousand two hundred and six from the foundation of Rome.

Are we standing on one of the points, commanding the Dardanelles? With the poem of Musæus full in our recollection—we see the light on the opposite shore; we behold Leander struggling ineffectually with the waves; and we see Hero descending from the height, and throwing herself into the sea.

XXIV.

Does the moralist touch at the small island of Scio? He recollects the assertion of Strabo, that the crime of adultery was unknown in that island for seven hundred years: while, during a period of six hundred years, there was only one divorce in the city of Rome: and that for barrenness. Stands he on the Isthmus of Corinto, parting two of the most beautiful seas in the universe? he sees the remains of a city, next to Athens and Lacedemon, once the most powerful in Greece.¹—Choosing to overlook its luxury, he pauses on the sentiments of its better days, when the inhabitants were accustomed to say,—“ Our fathers have ascended to fame, through rugged, steep, and untrodden paths: let their example be ever present to us; and let us not lose by wealth and indolence, what labour and poverty, with so much difficulty, attained.”

Then, perhaps, he turns his eye towards Sparta; and reverting to the western islands of Greece, beholds Ulysses and Penelope. The father of Penelope loved her with such affection, that he importuned Ulysses, on the day of his marriage with her, to remain in Lacedemon so urgently, that Ulysses told Penelope she might do as she pleased; embark for Ithaca with him, or remain in Lacedemon with her father.—How did the emblem of modesty signify her wish? She gave her hand to Ulysses; blushed in silence; and covered her face with her veil.

¹ Corinth.

At Sparta, too, he meditates on the constitution, established by Lycurgus; in which the three branches were first established for the purpose of preserving the balance of power: which, forming so great an analogy with the great political institution of our own country, present the first rudiments of the British Constitution.

XXV.

Are we leaning under an olive tree growing on the plains of Pharsalos? We behold Pompey, retiring from the field of battle, arrive at the camp, enter his tent, and seat himself in all the agony of silent despair. He is told, that Cæsar is about to attack his camp. “What?—my camp too?” He lays aside his emblems of dignity; steals out of the Decuman gate; flies through the valley of Tempe, where he stoops to drink out of the Peneus; and takes the road to Larissa. While Cæsar, entering his camp, beholds it adorned with rich carpets and hangings; tables spread as for a feast; sideboards covered with gold and silver vessels; and flowers scattered on the couches: all which the army of Pompey had prepared, in order to do honour to the victory, they thought themselves sure to obtain. Fortune, however, directed a melancholy reverse: and Rome was destined to lose her liberties, with the loss of twenty-five thousand men, twenty-four thousand prisoners, eight eagles, and one hundred and eighty ensigns. While that of the conqueror sustained a loss of only two hundred men and thirty centurions. Such were the fatal consequences

of one of the best Roman generals permitting himself to be unnerved at the beginning of a battle !

XXVI.

Does the traveller stand at the foot of Mount Pin-dus,¹ or among the groves and rocks of Helicon?—They seem almost worthy to be residences for the divine spirit of wisdom.

——— Sapiëntia dia

Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno

Humanas aperit mentes, nova guadia monstrans,

Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores :

Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.

Gray : de Principiis cogitandi.

Nor is it possible to behold Mount Oeta without reflecting on the conduct of Dejanira, as described by

¹“ In my life,” says a recent traveller,* “ I was never so enchanted, as by the vast extent of prospect, that I enjoyed from this justly celebrated mountain. The sublimity of the tremendous mountains around, and the softer beauties of the valleys, formed a striking contrast. The boundless extent of the view, till the eye was lost in rocks, whose shrubs were confused in the distance ; the path winding in every direction, on which was occasionally seen a passing villager, or a flock of frolicksome goats, formed a magnificent whole that none can conceive, who have not seen. Before us, at the extreme distance, lay Olympus ; beneath it, was Thermopylæ ; and to the right Parnassus. On the plain before me winded the Achelous, and the Peneus. I dare not enter on the feelings, with which I was inspired by these famous spots. I was gazing on a mountain, to which many an ancient Greek had turned an eye of devotion ; on the scene of one of the most splendid actions of human valour ; and on the hill, that had been so often invoked by the poets of antiquity.”

* Turner, *Levant*, vol. i, p. 150.

Sophocles, in his Tragedy of the Trachinian Virgins.—
Learning the death of Hercules;—

————— She conceal'd herself
Where none might see her. Then she wail'd aloud,
Prostrate before the altar, that her state
Was become desolate.—And if she touch'd
Aught which before her hands had us'd, she wept.

Then she visited her nuptial bed; and beholding the
coverings, once pressed by Hercules, she seated her-
self upon the bed, and pathetically addressed it.

————— Then with dispatchful hand unloos'd
The golden clasp, which o'er her swelling breasts
Confin'd her robe.—Thus was her side laid bare,
And her left shoulder.—

————— When the attendants came,
They saw her side deep wounded ;—to her heart
The sword had pierc'd !—At that sad sight her son
Groan'd in the anguish of his soul.

Sophocles.—The Trachinian Virgins.

Do we stand upon the spot, once dignified by the
presence of the Pythian oracles? Instantly we recur
to a passage in one of our sublimest poets, in which
he traces the march of Poësy to the shores of our
own delightful, energetic, land!

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilyssus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep ;
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !

Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next—thy sea-encircled coast !

Gray.

XXVII.

It is impossible for any one, that has contemplated the ignorance of savage, or the vanity of half civilized nations, to contemplate the map of Greece without the liveliest emotion. There is an eloquence, residing in the very lines and letters of its various parts. Contemplated, as a whole, what a magnificent mental panorama is presented to the imagination ! The very thought of this country refreshes the soul ;—particularly in an age, when wealth is the great god of almost every man's idolatry ; from the beggar, who wants every thing, to the peer, who wants nothing essential to the purposes of life, but the mind to estimate the grace, and the heart to enjoy the bounty of his fortune.

If, in the map of the world, from the peninsulas, promontories, islands, and coasts of Greece, we turn to the north-west coast of Africa, all our associations, except those attached to Carthage and the temple of Jupiter Ammon, present images of ferocious rapacity. Scythia, to the north, awakens some recollections of a people hardy, but rude and

uncivilized. Asia presents pictures of despotism ; and America detached groups of savages, in comparison with whom the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals, were Greeks and Romans. Greece, then, monopolizes most of our ideas of taste, elegance, patriotism, the elegant arts, and the domestic virtues. As to the Archipelago,—there is not such a cluster of islands in the world. Let us, for a moment, cast our eyes upon the Archipelago, of the North Pacific; or of the Indian Ocean:—what nests of comparative barbarians monopolize their soils and climates! In those of Greece what beauty! what grace! what science! and, above all, what a multitude of virtues! There is scarcely a city, or even a town, that is not hallowed by some great action; by the memory of some model of art; or by having been the cradle, or the grave, of an eminent man. Not a mountain is there, that has not been celebrated; and not a river, but what is almost as familiar to us, as the Wye, the Avon, the Thames, or the Severn. In fact, the islands, capes, bays, and promontories of Greece are the mental properties of the whole world.

To this splendid country Rome is indebted for many of its best laws; and for almost the entire circuit of its literature. For Roman literature is little more than Greek; divested of the Greek dress. Even the generals of Rome imitated the generals of Greece. Who has not read, and who has not admired, the example of arrogance, afforded to Antiochus by Popilius?—Yet the thought was originally taken from Greece. In the Peloponnesan

war, the Spartans and Athenians equally sought an alliance with the Persians. When the Athenian ambassador had finished his oration, the Spartan drew two lines;—one crooked and the other straight;—but both finishing in the same point.—These lines the Spartan exhibited to Tissaphernes, and exclaimed “*chuse.*”

CHAPTER IX.

Places thus impart a charm to the pages of poets and historians. Who, that has perused the Greek and Roman writers with pleasure, would not read them with still greater delight on the spots, which they commemorate; or in the places, in which they were written. Hence it would be a gratification of the first order to read Virgil's Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice on the banks of the Hæmus:—Lucan's *Pharsalia* in Thessaly; Cæsar's Commentaries on the Lake of Geneva; and Plutarch's *Lives* in Rome, at Athens, at Corinth, on the hillocks of Sparta, or upon the plains of Mantinea.

Former ages, says Quintilian, seem as if they had laboured only for us:—antiquity having left us so many examples, that we have little more to do, than quietly enjoy the advantages, she has bequeathed to us. If such remarks were applicable in the time of Quintilian, how much more so are they in the present!

When we stand among the African architraves, capitals and pillars, sent to the Regent of England by the Dey of Tripoli:—when we cast our eyes on

the Rosetta stone, commemorating the coronation of Ptolemy the Fifth, at Memphis : and when we behold the bust of Memnon, the younger, once decorating those ruins, which, having survived the art that formed them, are still more magnificent in decay, than the noblest of modern buildings ;—the imagination supplies the deficiencies of barbarism, and the accidents and wastes of time. When from the Theseus we turn to the Ilyssus ; thence to the sarcophagus of Alexander ; and lastly to the Portland vase ; the mind transports itself to distant ages, and imparts a glow of eloquence, worthy the most poetical of poets.

II.

At Parma we may study the masterpieces of Corregio ;—at Bologna those of the Carracchi ;—and at Venice those of Titian, Tintoret and Paul Veronese. —But at Rome pictures present only subordinate attractions. There we trace the glory and decay of empires : for, from the monuments of Roman authority, we revert to the dynasties of Macedon, Persia, Babylon, Assyria, and the still more ancient ones of China. In imagination, we behold the mud palace of Romulus, the farm of Cincinnatus, and the cottage of Curius ; which we contrast with the “marble city of Augustus,” or associate the whole with the triumph of Aurelian, made glorious to the Romans, but melancholy to posterity, by captives, belonging to no less than fifteen different nations.

Heightened by these moral and classical associations, we seem to be cotemporary with all ages ; and every

spectacle, familiar to our youth, seems to be renewed ; from the first triumph of Tarquinius Priscus to those of Diocletian and Maximian ;—the last celebrated in Rome. Thence to that of Belisarius, the last recorded to have been witnessed at Constantinople.—Spectacles exceeded only by the splendid march of Xerxes into Greece through Asia Minor ; or by Alexander's magnificent entry into Babylon.

But what a reverse presents itself in the subsequent devastations of the Goths: when Totilas having sacked the city, the wife of Boethius, and many of the most illustrious ladies in Rome, were reduced to such distress, that they begged their bread from door to door. Nor,—since intellectual power stands in the first rank of Nature's phenomena,—do we reflect without scorn and derision, that in a time, when Rome was threatened with a famine,¹ three thousand female dancers, and many other persons connected with theatrical exhibitions, were allowed to remain ; when vast numbers of persons, who professed the liberal arts, were desired by a public edict to withdraw !

III.

When Da Rosa entered Genoa, he remembered the history of the time, when the families of Spinola and Doria filled the whole city with slaughter and dismay. When, for four and twenty days, they fought in the streets, and raised battering rams against each other's

¹ Ammian. Marcellin. lib. iv.

houses. And when the whole coast of Genoa, formerly adorned with palaces and vineyards, presented a picture of such desolation, that no eye could behold it without astonishment and horror. (A. D. 1317.)

When he beheld the amphitheatre of Verona, the churches of Venice, the master-pieces of Corregio and Parmegiano, in the city and environs of Parma; and those of Albano, at Bologna; how rich were the feelings of his heart! When he entered the walls of Padua, did he forget Livy? When at Cremona, did he forbear to meditate on the life and accomplishments of Vida? When at Verona, had he no sense of the merits of Cornelius Nepos; of Vitruvius; of the elder Pliny; of Politian, or of Fracastorius? When at Milan did he forget Ausonius? When at Vicenza was not Palladio always in his memory? And when at Lucca, was it possible for him to forget, that the magnanimous Countess Matilda was born within its walls? Could he fail to pause, with melancholy regret, on the spot, where,—nineteen centuries before,—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus met to divide the Roman world between them? When he was at Pavia did he not desire to be led to the plain, bordered by the Alps and the Appennines, where Francis of France was taken captive by the imperial army? Or did he neglect to visit the tomb of Boethius, raised by an Emperor¹; or to read his epitaph, written by a pope²?

Not one of all these were absent, either from his memory, or his admiration! And when lulled to

¹ Otho III.

² Sylvester II.

tranquillity at the feet of Fiesole, the shades of Val-lombrosa became more rich and more magnificent, by being associated with Lorenzo, with Galileo, with Raphael and with Milton.

With what enthusiasm did he visit the haunts of Petrarch; his villa of Arguato, now the house of a farmer; his garden shaded by olives; and the laurel, which still lives, a monument of his love. Then the ruin, covered with ivy; the shrubs, screening a multitude of violets; and the nightingales warbling among the neglected olives.—Why, my Lelius, has fortune debarred me from such luxuries as these?

IV.

Alexander travelled a considerable distance to visit the tumulus of Achilles. An interesting circumstance occurred there. For Hephæstion, observing Alexander place a crown upon the monument of Achilles, immediately put another upon that of Patroclus; intimating that what Patroclus had been to Achilles, Hephæstion was to Alexander. Upon which the latter said with a sigh, “Achilles was indeed not only happy but pre-eminently so, to have such a friend to love him while living; and such a poet, as Homer, to celebrate him when dead.”

Germanicus visited Athens with veneration; and, during his stay, divested himself of every insignia of power.¹ Atticus paused, with awe, among its tombs and monuments: Julian shed tears, on quitting its bowers and groves; Leo Allatius wept, with melancholy delight, over the ruins of a house, which was

¹ Tacitus, *Annal.* ii. c. 54.

said to have belonged to Homer ; and Cicero¹ beautifully alludes to the pleasure, which every accomplished mind experiences, when exercised on the spots, once sanctified by the presence of illustrious characters.

V.

Michael Bruce could never meditate by the side of Loch-Leven, without a sigh of regret at the fate of Mary, queen of Scotland. That beautiful and unfortunate queen, falling into the power of her enemies, was committed to the tyranny of her bitter enemy :— she, who had, for a time, been queen of France ; who was then queen of Scotland, and heir to three kingdoms, fell under the bondage of a proud, imperious, woman, who had not even sufficient magnanimity to abstain from insulting her in her distress. The castle, in which she was confined, stood in an island of the lake, which was not more than an acre in circumference. The landscapes, seen from the loopholes, were wild and romantic ; and the towers of the priory of St. Servanus gave solemnity to the whole.

There the queen lived a considerable time. She saw no one but the household of her enemy ; and even the French ambassador, who had journied thither to see her, was denied admittance. From this captivity the unfortunate queen was at length relieved by the gallantry of Douglas, half-brother to the regent ;² who, captivated by her beauty and accomplishments, resolved to rescue her. This youth stole the keys of the castle, while the

¹ *Movemur, says he, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem, &c. &c.*

² Buchanan, Camden, p. 410.

countess was at dinner: he locked the door of her apartment: the guards, whom he had bribed to his interests, marched to the portcullis, which opened on the lake: a boat was in readiness: Douglas handed the queen into it: a few attendants jumped in after: the rowers plied their oars with all possible expedition: they landed,—and arrived the same night at Hamilton, about twelve miles from the city of Glasgow. The escape of the queen, connected with the landscape, were a subject worthy the pencil of Claude, in the most fortunate season of inspiration!

VI.

With what pleasure did we visit the house, in which Chatterton was born; that in which Milton wrote his *Samson Agonistes*, and the castle of Ludlow, where he wrote his *Masque of Comus*. When we have beheld the cottage, overlooking the Towy, in which STEELE buried the remembrance of his inconveniences; or the hermitage of St. Iltid, near the windings of the Usk:—when we have stood near the tombstone over the celebrated monk of Lydgate; paused near the birth-place of Chaucer (Woodstock), where also was born the most accomplished prince, that England has produced; who can describe the various sensations with which we have been moved? Emotions enjoyed with equal force at Rushcomb in Berkshire, where died the admirable PENN; and at Thurstaston, where the mild, elegant, and benevolent HURD spent many years in studious retirement. He was afterwards a bishop, and—content! Even the see of Canterbury was beneath his acceptance: “Too happy am I,”

said he, when offered the translation, “too happy am I, to form a wish to change!”

VII.

If it is a subject of pride to be born in the same town or village, with an illustrious character, it is a still greater subject for the indulgence of our pride to repose near their ashes. What Frenchman would not rejoice to sleep beneath the same roof with Fenelon, Malesherbes, Sully and Bossuet? How charmed were Wieland and Schiller and Goëthe, were fortune to permit them to mingle in the same earth with the ashes of Gessner, Haller, and Klopstock. Men of different genius, indeed, and of different countries; but animated with the same love of the beautiful, and the same admiration of the sublime. How grateful to the shade of Sannazarius to ensure immortality for his eclogues, by reposing near the tomb of Virgil! And how proud a circumstance for the spirits of Gray, Mason and Cumberland, to hear Handel's anthems rolling, in magnificent volumes, in the society of Chaucer and Spenser, Dryden, Shakespear, and Milton!

The desire of literary distinction is the most innocent of all ambitions. No city is sacked; no country is laid waste; not a tear flows;—no blood is shed. The fame of virtue is alone superior to it. The Roman emperors frequently sighed for the loss of an army, a famine, an earthquake, or a pestilence, in order to constitute an era in the page of history. Caligula set the example. “I wish for all these,” said he; “for there is so great a prosperity throughout the empire,

that my name and my reign are in danger of being utterly forgotten!" What a contrast to those, who desired to be remembered only for the splendour of their genius, or the multitude of their virtues.

VIII.

The imagination often delights in making excursions into the regions of poesy. With what various impressions does it become impregnated, when, in the page of Euripides we behold Orestes entering the groves of Delphi in a traveller's garb; with a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other:—when we see Beatrice, in Dante's *Paradisio*, welcoming him to the happy regions;—and when we behold Una's arrival among the satyrs, in the wild mazes of the Fairy Queen. At those times, Euripides, Dante, and Spenser, rise to the fancy, like angels of light.

Shakespeare too!—Desdemona eagerly listening to the oft-told tale of Othello; or remembering, with melancholy interest, the fate of her mother's maid named Barbara:—the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda in the *Tempest*:—the ill-fated Imogen at *Milford Haven*:—the flowers, the tresses, and the wild warblings of Ophelia:—the language of Lorenzo and Jessica in the garden:—the wild touches and descriptions in *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—the wit, the beauty, and the love of Rosalind; with the pastoral scenes of the *Winter's Tale*, pass over the imagination like the rainbows of heaven.

With what pleasure, too, does the imagination picture Numa among the woods of Etruria; Pindar

under the shades of Delphi; and Cicero amid the temples of Athens! The soul is equally impregnated with rich images, when the mind pictures Michael Angelo anticipating the completion of his design beneath the dome of St. Peter's;—Gibbon before the coliseum and the arch of Titus;—Barthelemy in the cabinets of Italy and France;—and Handel, Haydn, Pleyel, and Mozart, listening to the symphonies, they had themselves embodied, through the medium of voices and instruments of exquisite sweetness, and variety of compass.

How agreeably, also, are our delusions, when fancy paints Linnæus surrounded by his families of plants;—Swammerdam among herbs, covered with insects of various kinds; or Hubert, blind, yet contemplating the manners and economy of bees.—Buffon seated in his summer-house, investigating the instincts of animals;—Pallas amid the solitudes of the Crimea;—or Humboldt, analyzing the natural productions of Chili, Mexico, and Peru; while thunder rolls and lightning flashes, in awful sublimity, at his feet.

IX.

But not to towns and cities only do these associates belong. Amid the wild scenes of Nature the mind is perpetually reverting to similar intellectual influences. A woodman, returning from the forest, or a peasant measuring his steps to his cot, remind us of several passages in the Georgics, the Seasons, and Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.—A harvest scene recalls the history of Ruth, the Lavinia of Thompson, and one of the compartments in the shield of Achilles. A shepherd,

tending his flocks, reminds the painter of Corregio's picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds.

See we a stag bounding in a forest? The mind instantly recurs to the fate of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV., and Richard III.¹:—or to the killing of the stag by Ascanius,² that occasioned the war in Italy:—a passage, in which Virgil has exhibited his almost unequalled powers of engaging the affections.

Silvia, the daughter of Latinus's deer-ranger, having a stag, she cherished it with the tenderest care: bathing its body every day; and decorating its horns with wreathes of ribbons. She fed it at the board of her father; and permitted it to wander in the neighbouring forest, during the chief part of the day; since it regularly returned every night.—As this stag was swimming along the stream to quench the heat of its body, Ascanius saw it; and bending his bow, discharged an arrow into its side. The stag feels the wound; rushes out of the water; and flies to the hearth of the ranger, where it dies in the arms of its mistress. The whole country rings with the injury.—and a bloody war succeeds.

Many spots are there in the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Montgomery, and Carnarvon, in which we might meditate with delight on the memories of Linus, Orpheus, and Musæus: and in which the enthusiast might read, with a corresponding glow of pleasure, Marmontel's *Shepherdess of the Alps*, Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné*, St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia*, Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*, or the *Mysteries of her Castle at Udolpho*. Spots, in which suiting the

¹ Rapin, vol. 1, p. 623, folio.

² En. vii.

melancholy Jaques, the calm and gentle fear of the world, that distinguishes many elegant minds, the corrosive sadness of Hamlet, or the misanthropy of Timon, we might with propriety exclaim,—“These spots are suited to them all.”

X.

We associate, too, the most remarkable animals and vegetables with the countries, in which they abound; and when travelling or voyaging near them, our imagination dwells with interest on their manners, habits, or peculiar properties. Thus with Batavia we sometimes associate the scorpion,—one of the few animals, capable of committing suicide; which it performs by stinging itself on the back of the head. The beaver we connect with Canada; the reindeer with Lapland; and the crocodile and hippopotamos with the Nile and the Niger.—With Arabia, Egypt, and Morocco, we associate the dromedary; with Ethiopia the camelopard; and with Chili and Peru the armadillo and the lama. With the Falkland Isles we connect the circumstance of their having been originally peopled with Antarctic foxes, by their being accidentally conveyed thither, from the extreme coast of South America, on islands of ice, broken from the mainland, and driven thither by the winds and currents. With the Bahama Islands we associate vast numbers of violet crabs, which breed among their mountains; sally from the stumps of trees and crevices of rocks, at a stated season of the year, in bodies of several millions; pursue the course of the banks of rivers; and in one unvaried and undeviating progress,

keep their way, during the cool of evening, to the ocean, where they deposit their spawn. While in Barbary we observe the cervicapra follow the pipe of the huntsman, delighted with the fumes of tobacco; or behold it hunted by a falcon, running from the plains to the rocks, with the talons of the bird, sticking in its body.

XI.

From associations of this kind, we may turn to those general appearances of Nature, which, to the vulgar eye, afford nothing worthy of admiration; but which to a philosophical one presents objects, pregnant, as it were, with subjects of sterling value.

How many tranquil hours have we past, my Lelius, in the bosom of deep glens, and on the sides and summits of elevated mountains. My heart loves to recal those hours of repose! While breathing the vigorous air among clouds, coloured by the sun's morning rays; while listening to the call of the hunter, or to the echo of a shepherd's pipe; amid the haunts of foxes, woodcocks, grouse and black game, I have often reflected on the errors of those philosophers and moralists, who, in scenes so rough and rugged, have fixed the residence of virtue. This is an allegory adapted only for times, when virtue consisted chiefly in courage, and in states which were in perpetual fear of losing their liberties. In modern times, virtue has descended from precipices, and fixed her abode in towns and hamlets; and access to her is become so easy, that all may associate with her, if they are but so disposed.

XII.

As we were one day sitting on a stone half covered with moss, near a small whitewashed cottage, that stood on the verge of a brook, which murmured down the deep valley, that winded below, we were struck with the variety, which was presented to the imagination: and being in the humour to indulge in meditation, we gave wing to our thoughts. The sun shone brilliantly; and a large sycamore expanded over our heads, wreathing what Milton happily calls "Mosaic." On both sides of us rose two steep mountains, lined with wood; but not sufficiently so as to screen the flocks, that grazed upon their summits.

As these woods presented various species of trees, we were naturally led into a consideration of the manner, in which Nature had formed them for enjoyment. The Scotch fir rose at intervals, and gave solemnity to others of a brighter foliage. These, we remembered, in common with every other species of pine, bear distinct male and female flowers; the males being arranged in what botanists call "brotherhoods." The oak, the beech and the chesnut, which rose high in air; and the hazel, which formed the underwood, have also distinct males and females on the same tree; but the males are not disposed in brotherhoods. Then the ivy, which crept up their trunks, exhibit, when in bloom, five males to one female; while the moss, which in detached portions made their arms and trunks of a dusky green, entirely conceal their methods of fructification. The holly, which graced the hedges, presented an example

of equal marriages; each corolla containing four husbands and four wives. The hawthorn exhibited, as it were, several lovers courting two sisters.

In the hedges were violets and primroses, having one female to five males; the violet giving shelter to a small red insect, which had caused red tubercles to appear on the outward part of the calyx. Beyond were rising stems of fox-glove,—the most powerful of British officinal plants; with four males, two lower than the others: while in the shepherd's-purse an instance was afforded of six husbands, four distinguished above the other two by superior height.

On the banks of the brook we marked the alder and the willow;—two plants assimilating in no small degree in soil and natures; yet differing in one essential particular. The alder bears distinct sexual flowers on the same branch; the willow on two different plants; while the rough-leaved willow produces flowers and leaves from the same bud.

As we were remembering these peculiarities, a king's-fisher darted along the rivulet, agreeably associating itself in our imaginations with the halcyon of antiquity. The stagnant part of the brook was covered with a green coating; which, upon examination, we found to consist of a prodigious number of animaculæ, affording nutriment to several species of birds and insects.

Soon after a boy passed with a bird's-nest in his hand. Upon examining it, we found it lined outwards with wood-moss, speckled with moss off walls. The inside was lined with asses' hair. There were three

layers : one of moss ; a second of feathers ; a third of hair :—and the body of the nest was made up of all those materials, mixed with greenish grass, pieces of cotton, dead grass, light feathers, fibres, roots, dead leaves, and hemp straw.

Then we observed a large fly flit before us ; so beautiful, that, after the manner of the Chinese, we might have called it a flying flower. It was the dragon-fly ; and, as its history is curious, we dwelt upon it. This insect in summer gives life to almost every landscape, through which a river winds, or a brook murmurs, by its green, scarlet, blue, and crimson colours. Now glittering like silver, and now gleaming like gold ; and yet it was once an inhabitant of the water ! The mother drops her eggs in the surface of the stream, in the form of a cluster of grapes ; the weight of which sinks them to the bottom ; upon breaking the shells of their eggs the new formed insects assume the shape of a worm with six legs. They continue to creep and to swim in the water for some time, feeding on mud and glutinous substances. At length, swimming to the surface of the water, they crawl up the banks ; hide themselves in the grass, or under a stone ; disengage themselves from their larva skins ; and fly first from grass to grass, and then from shrub to shrub. Some of them having black bodies, variegated with bright blue or deep green ; with wings presenting a transparent network of various hues.

Now we heard the woodlark.—Then we saw a large hill of ants ; and not far off a garden spider,

watching in the centre of its web.—We broke the web, and suspended the spider in the air: when, as fast as it could work, it swallowed the whole of its own web. Upon which we placed it on the leaf of a tree, and left it to begin its toil, and to use its silk over again.

At this moment we saw a hedgehog creeping along the fence. We touched it with a light rod, and it rolled itself up like a ball.—The next object, that came across our path, was a beetle. Upon taking it up, we found it infested with lice; we dropt it; and it soon hid itself in the grass. Then we saw two other species of spiders;—one that finds a home wherever it may chance to wander: and another, which throws out its web, and rises upon it high into the air.—In the course of the afternoon, too, we saw a water-spider, weaving its web in the water.—Enclosed in bubbles of air, this wonderful insect never touches the water; but eats, and spins, and sleeps in conscious security;—the bubble seldom bursting.

A greenfinch and a bullfinch now sung at a small distance.—A redbreast soon after perched upon the wall: and a peacock butterfly hovered over the petals of a flower. Its colour was an orange brown, dotted with white.—Bees now flew past us almost every minute. We observed also five mason bees; five or six humble bees; and two or three leaf-cutting bees.—The last of these insects were employed in a very curious manner. They are black, with a belly downed with yellow. They line their nests

with bits of leaves either of the chesnut or of the rose.—These leaves they cut with great celerity : and as circularly as with a pair of scissars.—We observed them in this employment, and could not but admire the art with which they performed their curious task.

Now we noted a linnet; and then several goldfinches. At length we saw several woodpigeons fly over the valley, followed by a hawk.—The hawk soon pounced upon one of them : the feathers flew ; and the hawk, fixing his talons in the breast of the woodpigeon, began plucking it, as he hovered into the air.

At length we turned to a neighbouring cottage ; and after partaking of a glass or two of milk, with which the hospitable matron presented us, we sauntered into the garden. What variety of beauty and perfection was here, totally unknown to its possessor !—In one corner was the lily, opening its flower-bud a month before its time ; the drops falling from the petals of which were once supposed to produce new lilies.—There too, was the elegant Solomon's seal ; and the tulip, the hyacinth, and the narcissus exhibited their six males,—all equal in height,—to the admiration of one female : none of which were defended by a calyx.—That shield which protects the majority of flowers in the bud, and supports them in their age.—At a short distance, too, appeared the wild vine, and the oak ; the one barren from the abundance of its sap ; and the other injured in its grain by having been planted in too rich a soil.

In the buds of parsley we saw five males and two females, like hemlock; and in those of the potatoe five males and one female, like the deadly nightshade;—two plants producing juices, which cause death by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood; and thereby stopping its circulation. In the lilac we recognized two husbands to one wife: in pinks and London pride, two wives to ten husbands: while in the raspberry and strawberry we witnessed many husbands to many wives, growing in the same corolla; and guarded by strong calyxes. The two former eliciting an exquisite perfume; the latter affording an exquisite fruit.

Climbing up the sides of the cottage, and over its roof, the vine promised in the happiness, that one female enjoyed in the society of five lovers, that the result of their united affections would be a fine cluster of grapes. On the roof sat the houseleek;—the only genus of its order, growing in Britain.

Thus in a single woodland landscape we observed objects, too familiar to awaken, in vulgar minds, the smallest reflection; and yet presenting data sufficient to excite the admiration, and to baffle the judgment, of the loftiest intellect. St. Pierre remarked, that the history of the smallest plant transcended his highest powers; and he gives, in confirmation, a history of a strawberry, and the insects that he found upon it. While Whiston inquired of Dr. Clarke, who had presented him with a volume of sermons, how he dared to enter into subjects so far beyond the mental research of men; when the meanest weed, that grew in his garden, more

effectually proved the existence of a Deity, than all his metaphysical arguments and subtleties.

XIII.

The sun now rested his “substantial orb” on one of the distant mountains. A light shower fell from the skirts of a dark purple cloud; when, sheltering ourselves behind a sycamore, we listened, with no little pleasure, to the cooing of the stock-doves; and to the rich warbling of the missel. The rain soon ceased: when the woodbines and sweetbriars, which grew in the garden and over the porch of the cottage, the earth beneath, the meadows below, and the woods above, sent forth a most delicious fragrance. While the distance became enveloped in one of those blue nets, so mysterious to the eye, and so delightful to the lover of landscape.

The rivulet, swelled with the rain, flowed more copiously along; the mountains teemed with mist; woodmen were seen in the distance; cows marched in a line before the milkmaid; the cottages and farmhouses sent up their blue volumes; and children, in loud accord, were imitating the owl at the bottom of the valley. Then they called to the distant rock, which overshadowed a deep hollow,—the mother of a gentle spring. Upon which, Echo answered with apparent delight, from the head of the glen.

The sun still pursued his blue journey; and the bosom of the rivulet reflected its purity and splendour. The atmosphere, clear, transparent, and unbroken, gradually acquired glowing hues; while the air, wafting the volumes, gave a moving

diversity to the distance ; and softened the golden hues of Titian into that lemon tint, which Claude Lorrain depicts so beautifully.

At length the sun sunk entirely ; and the moon exhibited her thin crescent in the neighbourhood of Venus, who gave new grace to the heavens. The owl flitted past us ; and the missel was still heard in the distance. But the nightingale never frequents the glens and mountains, either of Scotland or of Wales.

XIV.

The imagination of a superior mind imparts a rich construction to the images of the poem, that is read, or to the painting, that is observed. In awakening this faculty, the powers of poets and painters are principally shewn.—Apelles and Raphael are said to have disputed with Nature the truth and purity of beauty. Apelles and Raphael had no such power : —but they possessed the rare faculty of converting almost every one, that gazed upon their productions, into poets of the time. I have seen many women as beautiful as the Venus de Medicis ; and many a man more than equal to the Apollo, in the unity of manly grace and strength. When will reason and experience subdue the prejudices and presumption of pedantry ? Nature is not to be surpassed ; let poets, painters, critics and pedants, presume, judge, and cavil, as they will. Nature is not only not to be surpassed, but she is not to be equalled :—even in the associative idea itself, that man is pleased to form of beauty.—Men and women are not seen.—If good

morals would allow such exhibitions, the Antinous, the Mercury, the Venus, and the Apollo, would soon fall from their pedestals ;—matchless as they are, as specimens of art.

In landscape, who has paused with greater delight, than I have, on the paintings of Poussin, Bassano, Claude, and Salvator Rosa ? All captivating the eye by their majesty of outline, far more than the labour-ed finish and delicacy of Pietro Testa. Who, I inquire, has, in our age, paused with greater rapture on their beauty, their grace, and their magnificence ? But how feeble, how confined, how indigent, have they appeared, when I have remembered them amid the solitude, solemnity, and immensity of Nature !

Thus meditating, and thus drinking in that species of delight, of which mere men of the world are so proudly and profoundly ignorant, we could almost fancy, that Nicholas Conti, the Venetian, merely meant to convey his idea of the value of Nature, when he fabled that in Java there grew a tree, which produced a rod of gold in its pith :—That Isabella had a similar design, when she fabled herself to possess the secret of distilling from herbs and plants a liquid, which would render the human frame invulnerable :—And that the Turkish kief was a substance embodying all those advantages ; since it excites in those, that use it, a thousand images of the most delightful nature. While, on the other hand, mere worldly pursuits seem chiefly to resemble the Wong-li-choon rose of China ;—which, though the most slow in growing, and the most difficult to propagate, has less scent than any other species of rose.

The ruins of ** ——— Castle now rose on the immediate perspective. Still grand in their outlines ; and still magnificent from the associations connected with them ;—they seemed to whisper, that time, though constantly moving is ever present. While the sombre aspect of the woods, the deep-toned murmur of the waters, and the solemnity of the heavens, seemed to heighten the silence of ruins, which, being of Roman origin, recalled powerfully to the imagination that fine passage in Montesquieu, where he says, that Rome had so greatly annihilated all nations, that, when she was conquered herself, it appeared, as if the earth had brought forth new nations to subdue and destroy her.

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and 'scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where Night and Desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.¹

¹ Beattie.

BOOK XI.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no object in the city of Paris more gratifying to the heart, and no institution more conducive to good morals, than the Museum of Monuments. It is situated on the scite of the *ci-devant* convent of Augustine monks, and was established by Monsieur Alexander Le Noir, whose name it will immortalize. Who, that has not lost all the best feelings of his nature, would not take pleasure in musing among the monuments of so many illustrious dead? Where, surrounded by cypresses, roses and myrtles, stand the cenotaph of Molière, and the busts of Sully, Fénélon and Bossuet; Montesquieu, Fontenelle and Malesherbes; where a sarcophagus contains the ashes of La Fontaine; and where a medallion perpetuates the memory of Chevert!

As I was writing the name of "Chevert," my Lelius, the letter, in which you tell me, that you are become a prey to the profoundest melancholy, was brought to me. Ah! my friend, if every man were to note down all the experiments, he has tried; the number of established adages, he has found to be false; the observations, he has made on fortune and mankind; the cruel scenes, he has witnessed; the miseries he has endured; and the times he has been injured, calumniated, and de-

ceived; what a melancholy catalogue of human woe and infirmity would be present to his mind!—"But Heaven," as Sterne beautifully says, "temper the wind to the shorn lamb;" and for nothing ought we to be more grateful to that Heaven for, than that accommodation of mind to circumstance, which alone prevents the miserable from laying down,—even with rapture,—the load with which some are so intemperately burthened. In every country and in every age the good and wise have been the sport of fortune!

————— So many great
 Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough
 To consecrate distress, and make ambition
 E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune.¹

Those are the men, against whom fortune takes an unerring aim, and sharpens her most fatal arrow:—"Fortuna immeritos auget honoribus," says a celebrated writer, "*fortuna innocuos claudibus afficit, justos illa viros pauperie gravat, indignos eadem divitiis beat: inconstans, fragilis, perfida et lubrica.*" What more ought to convince you, that fortune is not of ethereal origin? What argument is required farther, than the knowledge, that, appearing to disdain virtue, she wrongs the bosom of wisdom? To be revenged of her, my Lelius—for in a case like this revenge assumes the character of excellence),—let me exhort you to draw

¹ In this wild world the fondest and the best
 Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.

solace from her frowns. Since you cannot woo her to be your *mistress*, exert all the energies of your nature, and resolve to become her *master*. Be like the granite, impervious to the weather, and unassailable by time. Firmness of hope gives patience to endure; and the frost, which nips the leaves of the mulberry tree, kills not the silkworms curdled in its leaves. The enemy, we have not the power to conciliate, therefore, must be subdued. In the struggle fortune will wound you, but the wound,—if you do not convert a difficulty into an impossibility,—will be healed by the touch of resolution; and as the swan subdues the eagle, when he ventures to attack her upon her own element, so will you, my Lelius, master Fortune, since she attacks you undeservedly. And when you have mastered her, from that moment she becomes your friend. For Fortune, wild and fickle and indiscriminate as she is, has still the virtue to admire, when she finds she has no power to conquer. And when Fortune stoops to admiration, the man, whom she admires, is the admiration of the world!

The good are better made by ill;—
As odours crush'd are sweeter still!

Roger's Jacqueline.

But has melancholy no resources?—Has she no charms?—Had the daughter of genius, as Milton calls her, no captivations, when she wooed Numa and Tully; Petrarch and Ariosto; Dante and Tasso; Milton and Euripides; Gray, Spenser, and Collins?

Believe me, my friend, those were men, not to be captivated by meretricious blandishments.

II.

Melancholy, which implies a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation, softens the heart, tunes every fibre with the nicest touch, and, flattering our feelings, even in the lap of misery, disposes the mind to derive an elevated satisfaction, from every grand and beautiful feature of Nature ; from every virtuous exertion ; and from all the secret sources of association and sympathy. This is that sacred passion, to which Dyer alludes in his ruins of Rome :

————— 'There is a mood—
(I sing not to the vacant and the young—)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.—

This is the species of melancholy, which soothes, delights, and captivates the soul. Indulging this infatuating propensity, the intrusion of mirth is grating to the feelings and offensive to the heart. It unhinges, by its turbulence and intoxication, the faculty of thought ; it deranges the charm, by which we are bound ; and dispels the luxury of meditation. In wild and uncultivated scenes melancholy loves principally to reside. Magnificent buildings, splendid equipages, and crowded streets, associate but ill, with that delicacy of taste, which prompts the mind to seek the shade of some favourite grove, or the cool banks of some murmuring rivulet. These, and the cloud-

capt mountain, the deep and sequestered glen, the ivied ruin, and the setting sun, are objects, which she most delights to contemplate. And sounds, most grateful to her ear, are the soft and melting accents of the flute; the aerial warblings of an Æolian lyre: the howling of the midnight storm; the distant voice of thunder; the foaming cataract, and an angry ocean.

Milton loved to indulge in scenes, which conspired to awake emotions, arising from philosophic melancholy;—a passion so exquisitely personified by Collins, in his Ode to the Passions; and by that noblest of all descriptive poets,—Thomson!

“I sat me down,” says Milton,—

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill.

This is not “the green and yellow melancholy,” to which Shakspeare alludes in *Twelfth Night*: nor the passion, pointed at by Fletcher in the poem whence Milton is supposed to have taken the idea of his *Il Penseroso*: still less is it the corroding “offspring of phantasie,” described in Burton’s *Anatomy*; but, as defined in the context, “a disposition for the indulgence of contemplation:”—and to this elegant affection we may refer the solution of an expression, so common in Homer, in holy writ, and in Ossian;—

“The joy of grief;” and the “*est quædam flere voluptas*,”¹ of Ovid.

III.

From the agreeable nature of this elegant feeling arises the paradox, which asserts, that no obligation, a friend can bestow, endears him so much to our memory, as his death. Something of this feeling was experienced by Epaminondas. Hence, when some of his relatives inquired, which of his friends he valued most, he replied, that such a question could not be truly answered, till one of them was dead. While our friend lives, we feel, as if it were possible, that his station could be occupied by another.—He dies!—The thought appears to assume the nature of constructive treason; and we weep the more, because we begin to fear, that we had never estimated his friendship at its proper value.—His grave we consecrate;—and memory loves to linger on his virtues with a mild, yet melancholy regret.

¹ Trist. El. iii., v. 37.—Seneca has an analogous sentiment, Epist. 99. Vid. also Epist. 69.—Thus sings a Javanese poet:—

“While Dêwi Nâti and all the sons of Pandu met together with mutual delight,

“And discoursed in turn of the hardships of her being incessantly obliged to retreat to the hills;

“The more she poured out her griefs, the greater was the joy, that followed; even to shedding of tears.”

Analysis of the Brâta Yudha, a Javanese Epic.—Raffles’ Hist. Java (Poetry), vol. i., p. 489.

O D E

TO THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

I.

FROM thy soft fountain flow those showers,
 That deluge man's majestic eye,
 When despots wield their giant powers
 Against the sons of liberty.
 When a noble patriot falls,
 When a sacred poet dies,
 Thine is the influence, that calls
 Our best and holiest sympathies.

II.

When listening with enchanted ear,
 The copse beneath, to that soft tale,
 Which tells all Nature, far and near,
 The sorrows of the nightingale;
 A tender youth,—of Petrarch's school,—
 Has some fair Laura's loss to mourn;
 Ah! who with reasoning would controul
 Those tears, that bathe her funeral urn?

III.

Those tears are thine which gem the eye,
 And all her fears and anguish smother;
 First, when an infant's feeble cry
 Proclaims the lovely fair "a mother."
 And when that infant,—grown a man,—
 O'er seas beset with wild alarms,
 (Contracting space into a span,)
 Shall spring into that mother's arms,
 Who that e'er felt, as mothers feel,
 Would her soft trickling tears forego?
 Not all the gold that burnish'd steel,
 E'er won upon the field of woe,
 Could tempt the mother, father, wife,
 To check the rapturous throbs and tears,
 Which quicken into instant life,
 When that delighted son appears!¹

¹ There is a simile in Horace almost superlative. I quote it, not be-

IV.

When TASSO'S fate, when DANTE'S page,
 Beguile the bosom's overflow;
When want, disease, and helpless age,
 Dissolve the heart in speechless woe.
And when the maniac's piercing cry
 Loud o'er the echoing torrent swells;
And when his robe, his lyre, his eye,
 Too truly mark where misery dwells ;
Who can withhold their starting tears ?
 And who their heaving sighs suppress ?
Those,—only those,—whose iron ears
 Are never open to distress.

V.

When SIRACH'S or ISAIAH'S page
 Subdues the heart, or fires the soul ;
When, glowing with celestial rage,
 Their bold and burning measures roll :
And soaring on the boldest wing,
 That ever graced poetic flight,
Tune their best and favourite string,
 To set the human heart aright ;
And justify the ways of heaven
 To every weak and dubious eye,
By teaching, that a good is given
 With every painful mystery,

cause I have imitated it, but because it may serve to awaken in the mind of the reader the most affecting associations.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longiùs annuo
 Dulci destinat à domo,
Votis, ominibusque & precibus vocat ;
Curvo nec faciem littore demovet :
Sic desideriiis icta fidelibus
 Quærit patria Cæsarem.—Lib. iv. od. v. l. 9.

The bosom heaves !—In every clime
 Each eye distils with holy tears,
 To see how simple and sublime
 The plan of Providence appears !

VI.

And when from towering cliffs we view,
 With wondering eye and ravish'd breast,
 Old Snowdon, capp'd with purple hue
 Of sun—declining in the west.
 And when at midnight's solemn hour,
 The soul is dazzled with the blaze
 Of countless orbs, whose matchless power
 Hymns vespers to th' Eternal's praise ;
 Astonish'd, charm'd, and rapt, the mind
 Springs from the earth and soars the skies ;
 Where pure,—exalted,—and refin'd,
 To heaven's high throne it glorying flies !

IV.

In a calm evening of summer,—a time, sacred to the indulgence of grief, and the study of wisdom,—when we are seated on the decayed trunk of an oak,—or on the basis of a rustic monument, how does the mind love to recal the memory of those friends, who are gone to that mysterious country, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest !” At those moments, our memory, like a magic mirror, improves their features to those of manly beauty ; their manners to a bland and amiable elegance ; and their language to a persuasive and bewitching oratory. Virtues, which we loved, while exchanging the mutual offices of friendship, are heightened to enthusiasm ; and even their foibles give additional splendour to their portraits.

In a retired spot of his domain, the survivor raises a column, at once expressive of his grief and friendship. To this hallowed spot he retires, at close of day, and exemplifies the motto of Shenstone, on the urn of the elegant and beautiful Maria!—Such was the conduct of Mason. With what mournful pleasure did he embellish his alcove with an urn and medallion of his friend, the melancholy Gray! A lyre was suspended over the entrance, inscribed with a motto from Pindar; and underneath was written on a tablet the following stanza from his celebrated elegy¹:—

Here scattered oft the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

V.

Aristotle was accustomed to say, that melancholy was ever attendant on superior genius; and, the more to confirm the truth of his observation, he instances the examples of Hercules, Plato, and Ly-sander. It was this gentle affection, that soothed the soul of Drummond among the rocks and cascades of Hawthornden; of Dyer, when wandering among the mountains of Cwm-Dyr; and of Petrarch, when, among the solitudes of Valchiusa, he formed the wish, that there his friends should raise his funeral urn.

Recurring, my Lelius, to the circumstance of your melancholy, let me recal to your recollection, that, as melancholy is the daughter of genius, and sorrow

¹ First Edition.

the offspring of misfortune, both the one and the other may be productive of long and lasting happiness. No one will venture to assert, that vicissitude is an object of desire; but few will be hardy enough to deny, that vicissitude may be productive of essential good. For as some medicines are healing to the stomach, which are bitter to the palate; and as it is by bruising and dividing its particles, that cinnabar assumes a vivid brilliancy, and thence becomes vermilion; so, by the storms and trials of an adverse fortune, patience exalts itself into resignation, and resignation into gratitude.

CHAPTER II.

Plato gives it as his decided opinion, that all misfortunes, which befall a virtuous man, will ultimately redound to his advantage; either in the present or in a future state of existence¹. And so assured am I of the truth and justice of this consolatory doctrine, that I esteem it a duty, imperative on polemics, to wave every disputed point in theology, in order to unite all men in the persuasion, that every misfortune occurring to the just, is a root, which will produce a harvest, far more than a thousand times commensurate with the evil, previously inflicted.

Riches and rank, grandeur and power, it is true, command the gaze and admiration of the vulgar; be that vulgar clothed in rags or in lawn, in ermine or

¹ De Repub. x. Cic. De Lge. v.

in purple. But what gives their possessors a *gout* to enjoyment? What but that "*felix infelicitas*," which is mingled with our fate, and which operates as a bitter on a satiated palate. Does any one recline upon the bosom of love, and find not his delight heightened, when he recalls to mind the difficulties of his early passion? Thus sings the elegant and accomplished Sadi:—

How oft, when far from her I lov'd,
I've wept the sleepless nights away!
The anguish, Sadi, thou hast prov'd,
Augments the raptures of to day!

As well may we expect to gather the fruit of the vine, before the tree has blossomed, as to expect happiness without first tasting of vicissitude. It is a cavern, my Lelius, through which all must pass, before they enter the Elysian fields. Had Flavius Boethius never been imprisoned by Theodore, he had never written his *Consolation of Philosophy*. Had Grotius never visited the Hague, he had never composed his treatise on the *Truth of the Christian Religion*. In the plenitude of absolute authority, the haughtiest despot, that ever disgraced a throne, has no power to imprison or enthrall the mind. The captive, dead to all the world but himself, if possessed of virtue and a cultivated imagination, if once delighting in the noble and more beautiful scenes in the material world, or gratified in gathering food for meditation in the intellectual, still is free. His mind, which is a quarry, in

which he gathers riches, far more valuable, than either silver or gold, roves round the frontiers of the creation ; while memory paints to his mental eye fields, rocks, mountains, and forests. Those objects, ever beheld with lively pleasure, and now remembered with melancholy satisfaction, charm and lull his anguish to repose. From Nature he looks up to Nature's God : breathes with a low and solemn voice the history of his wrongs : and rests securely satisfied, that no prayer, springing from a source so pure, is ever frowned upon. All his powers of association are brought into action ; passages of his favourite poets are recited with energy ; the principles of those sciences, to which he had been attached in his youth, are analysed and confirmed ; he hears those airs in music, which once had power to charm him, again titillate his ear ; those domestic landscapes, which once delighted him, are drawn with strict fidelity on his mental canvas : while the paintings of Correggio, Claude, Poussin, and of Bassano, appear to decorate the walls and niches of his prison. Again in fancy he treads the abode of the great and the good ; he beholds the marble columns of the rich, and the woodbine cottage of the indigent ;—he sighs at the music of the torrent ;—treads, with solemn footsteps, the mansions of the dead ; or, with happy transition, reclines beneath the oak, that shelters his paternal dwelling.—Now he becomes sensible of what he has lost by imprudence, or gained by experience ;—truth is seen in all its sober hue ;—prejudice is dissolved ;—

every motive of human action is observed through the medium of a clear and faithful mirror ; and the mind is purged of errors, by which it has been long abused.

II.

Such are the advantages of a brilliant imagination and corrected judgment under circumstances, which would almost annihilate the faculties of inferior minds :—circumstances, which begin by deadening, but finish in stimulating an exalted and heroic spirit.

Those evils, which, for a time, may have cast a sombre hue on all our prospects, when beheld in a retrospective mirror, not only lose half of their keenness, but are converted into sources of present comfort. How soothing is it to reflect upon a danger escaped, or on the miseries we have endured ! And when undergoing those miseries, or escaping those dangers, let us, my friend, remember, how near a companion pleasure is to pain. Let us recollect, that roses bloom in profusion on the banks of the Tenglio¹ ; that one of the most beautifully coloured flowers, and one of the most splendid of vegetables grow near mount Hecla² ; that coral, ambergris, agates, and chrystals, are found upon a stormy coast ; that verdure adorns the bottom and sides of the burning mountain of Guadaloupe : and that porphyry hardens the more it is exposed to

¹ A river in Lapland.

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit ; et urticæ proximasæpe rosa est.

Ovid.

² Andromeda Hypnoides, and the Chamænerium halimifolium.

the elements. Let us reflect that the Chinese paradise is surrounded by deserts ;—that not only chrystals but insects are sometimes found within the hardest rocks, and diamonds in the deepest mines :—that the magnet, which is the hardest tempered, retains its power of affinity longer than others ; that one of the loudest of musical instruments¹ is susceptible of the softest cadence ; and the hardest marble of the finest polish.

Then let us remember, that the most bitter of all vegetables has a sweet and aromatic root² ; that the silver mines of Peru are elevated to the height of perpetual snow ;—and that medicinal waters spring even among the burning mountains of Japan ;—that vipers, so hideous and so noxious to our sight, act as restoratives to an emaciated habit ;—while mercury, so ineffective in its primitive state, when separated into particles, and combined with mineral acids, becomes, as it is administered, the most violent of poisons, or the most admirable of remedies.³ And while we recal all this to our recollection, let us not forget, that it is the consonance of discordant sounds, which constitutes harmony in music ; and that it is inculcated even on the chimney-piece of an inn, at Brisack, in the canton of Friburg,⁴ that patience is the antidote of life, and that if we would learn to conquer, we must learn to suffer. For as richness of colour is the result of repeated touches of the pencil, and as strength of mind is the concomitant result of continued dis-

¹ The serpent.

² Absinthium.

³ Vid. Art. Argentum vivum.

⁴ Antidotum vitæ patientia, sola malorum Victrix.—Si bene vis vincere, disce pati.

appointment; so happiness is not unfrequently the result of our having the power of comparing our present comforts with our past misfortunes.¹

CANZONET.

FROM THE SPANISH.

The days of our happiness gliding away,
A year seems a moment, and ages a day;
But Fortune converting our smiles into tears,
What an age a diminutive moment appears;
Oh! Fortune,—possess'd of so fickle a name—
Why only in this art thou ever the same?
Oh! change!—and bid moments of pleasure move slow,
And give eagle plumes to the pinions of woe.

III.

Do we ever taste the pleasures of our fireside so highly, as when we have been exposed, for the greater part of the day, to the frost and snow without? With what joy does an old pilot, whose youth has been spent upon a rough and boisterous element, retire to the place of his nativity, to enjoy the rewards of meritorious industry! What comfort does he derive in his little hut, reared upon one of the cliffs, that overlook the ocean! Seated by his cheerful fire; and surrounded by his family, how does he delight, as he feels a few remaining impulses of a once adventurous spirit, to recount the numerous hardships, he has

¹ Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Æneid.

Suavis est laborum præteritorum memoria.

Apud. Cic. De Finibus. lib. ii. c. 32.

endured upon a distant main! Those winds and storms, that howl at midnight, and which once were accustomed to fill his mind with apprehension, now sweeten the remembrance of affliction, and lull him to repose. Thus the halcyon builds its nest in stormy weather, to enjoy the luxury of a lasting calm.

Have we been tossed upon a bed of sickness¹? How is our frame reanimated, when, escaping from our chamber, we inhale the breath of the morning! All Nature, at that period, renders us satisfaction; the song of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the bubbling of waters, are music to our ears. Nature, dispensing, as it were, for us, the most agreeable perfumes, expands all her beauties; while every object we see, and every sound we hear, are so many inspirers of that ardent gratitude, which distends our breast.

When the mind has been weakened by severe application, when the heart, lacerated by acute sorrow, refuses even to be charmed by a changing fortune;²

¹ Les plus simples objets; le chant d'une fauvette,
 Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois;
 Le fraîcheur d'une violette;
 Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois
 On voyoit avec nonchalance,
 Transportent aujourd'hui, présentent des appas
 Inconnus à l'indifférence,
 Et que la foule ne voit pas.

Gresset.

² Pectora, longis habetata malis,
 Non sollicitas ponunt curas;
 Proprium hoc miseros sequitor vitium,
 Nunquam rebus credere lætis.

Redeat

and when we would not hesitate to give the price even of a village for that vegetable,¹ which has the power of healing debilities, arising from those powerful causes; what can more ameliorate the influence of the one, or give a decided tone to the other, than the view of fields and meadows, peopled with rural animals, or adorned with the assemblages of rural industry? The effects of all these are equal to that of the Lydian or Eolian modes of music: they pacify the storms of ill fortune, and soothe the sallies of passion.

IV.

Have we lost a dear and affectionate friend? Has the world neglected our merits, or insulted our virtues? Do we wish to remember only the hours of our infancy? Do we desire to be lulled to the slumber of death?—What sight shall delight our eyes, what sounds enchant our ears, what odour charm our senses, like the perfumes of the fields, the music of torrents, and the gay and animated visions of Nature! These are those notes, which form that Phrygian mode of mental music, which Lactantius writes of, that seem as if they possessed the power, by leading the

Redeat felix Fortuna licet,
Tamen afflicto gaudere piget.
Nulla surgens dolor ex causâ
Hos flere jubet, sed vagus intro
Terror oberrat, subitò fundunt
Oculi fletus; nec causa subest,
Imber vultu nolente cadit. *Seneca Thyestis.*

¹ The ginseng. *Panax quinquefolia*:—a native of China and North America. Bot. Mag. 1333.

mind to a contemplation of higher agents, of administering to the heart the most elevated consolations. For in the hour of despair no scenes like those can alleviate our melancholy: rising from the couch of disease, nothing reanimates our frame like the sunshine of a vernal morning: corroded by disappointed affection, or at those times, when the world presumes too much upon our misfortunes, and anticipates too little from our courage, where shall we look for consolation, but in the cultivation of our better feelings; in the conscious integrity of our hearts; and in those awful and sublime scenes of Nature, which in so powerful a manner, charm, delight, and elevate the fancy? While nothing points by stronger, or more undeceptive associations, to ETERNAL GLORY, than the tranquil splendour of an evening sun,—blushing in purple.

If, at any time, my friend, the distress of the moment makes days of past affliction appear days of comparative happiness, and the sorrow of the present is too much for human infirmity to bear with resolution and with constancy, range among the rocks of St. Catherine, the groves of Dynevaux, or the towers of Careg-cannon; while the one echo with the dashing of the waves; the other sigh with responsive whisperings; and the last ring with portentous sounds. Climb to the summit of the mountain; rove on the banks of rapid rivers; or among the solitudes of a sequestered glen; and let their melancholy consonance whisper peace to your heart. One hour, so past, is worth an age of common existence: and every step, so taken,

is one step towards heaven. Ah! my friend, how much are the feelings of sorrow subdued, and those of admiration excited in scenes, so grand and so impressive! Scenes in which while indulging, we lose in meditative silence all sense of the past; while the most serious causes of sorrow melt into insignificance! The mind, elevated above those little cares, which agitate the ambitious, the malignant, and the proud, looks up with awe; while the breast heaves with conscious gratitude, as we reflect, that the God, we contemplate in those magnificent monuments of eternity, is a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the unfortunate.

V.

Shall a yeoman esteem himself better, than his neighbour of another village, because the sun shines upon his fields to-day and not upon his neighbour's? Neither ought the fortunate to triumph over the unfortunate, because they bask in that fortune to-day, which may equally illumine the forehead of the miserable on the morrow. What honour accrues to the player of piquet, by gaining a repique? a success, having all the advantages of victory, without one particle of the honour. That labour ensures profit;—that the difficulty, attending the first acquirements in science and language, should produce delight;—that the greatest of benefits shall be attended with evil;—and the greatest of evil by some secret good;—are all exemplified in the Phenician fable of the goddess of beauty marrying the demi-god of deformity. Would you form

a ship's ropes of spider's webs? Would you weave to canvass the gossamer of a frosty morning? Why, then, attempt to erect the structure of happiness solely on the smiles of a wanton? The character of fortune is, for the most part, the character of an harlot. Build then upon the perfection of virtue! The most violent of all hurricanes has no power to disturb the serenity, which prevails in the bed of the Pacific; nor shall the calamities of life melt the foundation on which a good man builds. Honest hope shall never die like a vapour;—and when misfortunes would turn his sanctuary into a theatre of tumult and confusion, he shall repose on the bosom of his virtue, as a chaste wife shall repose on the bosom of her husband.

How sweet to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to our breast;
And lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink, at last, to rest.¹

Hammond.

VI.

In the hour of affliction, moderated by time, the imagination is frequently the best friend, we possess. But from the beauties of Nature, he will be found to derive the most perfect consolation, whose soul,

¹ From Tibullus. Sophocles has a similar sentiment; quoted by Cicero: Attic. ii. 6.

————— How sweet,
Under the covert of a sheltered home,
With mind serene, and eyes disposed to slumber,
To hear the pelting of the pitiless storm!

not poisoned by meretricious refinements, is untainted by promiscuous intercourse with society. For in the same manner as planets revolve with a velocity, proportionate to their proximity to the sun ; and as a poet is more estimated by those, who can boast a kindred spirit, and whose minds are capable of rising or falling in unison with his¹ ; so does he derive the most enjoyment from natural beauty, who possesses an elevated fancy, and corrected judgment.

In youth the love of Nature, which ever attends a cultivated imagination, is attended by lasting and most beneficial results. It contributes to inspire delicacy ; and to encourage a taste for whatever is beautiful in Nature, amiable in morals, or captivating in art. In manhood, when realities too much occupy the mind, were it not for the enjoyments, which the palate of a polite taste is enabled to relish, the journey of life would appear a weary pilgrimage. When the ignorant and unfeeling, the avaricious and the envious, possess so many opportunities to display their passions, and so much inclination to palsy the exertions of industry ; tortured by anxiety, we should be ready to exclaim with the highly qualified Cicero, that were the gods to offer to repose us, once more in the cradle of infancy, we would renounce the boon. But, captivated by the sweet allurements of the imagination, the misfortunes of the world are counterbalanced by the enjoyments of taste. When active life is super-

¹ *Quorum omnium interpretes, ut grammatici poetarum, proxime ad eorum, quos interpretantur, divinationem videantur accedere.*

seduced by the imbecilities of age; and the old are no longer flattered by the credulities of hope;—if they no longer derive health and comfort from exercise, nor perceive the brilliancies of colour; if they extract no satisfaction from novelty, nor melt with the tenderness of love; conscious that the storms of ill fortune have subsided; and being unreprieved by conscience; they enjoy a rich consolation in the approving whispers of an honest heart. Feeling no aching void;—remembering no unworthy deed;—the fairy visions of hope are succeeded by agreeable recollections; sympathy diffuses its spells; and anticipations of a better station modulate their feelings to profound repose.

INSCRIPTION.

(SCENE—THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG.)

Dost thou, oh Stranger! from the world's turmoil,
 Seek in these awful scenes a safe retreat
 From all the ills of life?—Ere thou dost build
 Thine humble cottage on the rocky banks
 Of this wild torrent, read these simple lines,
 Carved on this bark by one, who knew the world too well!

* * * * *

“ Seek'st thou Contentment in this lonely spot?
 “ Examine first the secrets of thine heart.
 “ Hast thou fulfill'd the duties of thy station?
 “ If not—return thee to the world again;
 “ And, in its busy scenes, reclaim those hours
 “ Which Vice wrung from thee; for, in Solitude,
 “ No happiness awaits that wretched man,
 “ Who leaves the world, because the world leaves him.
 “ No!—He, who'd find enjoyment when alone,
 “ Must first be wise, be innocent, and good.
 “ But if, oh stranger! thou art hither driven
 “ By wrongs of fortune, or the wrongs of man

- " Charm'd with the rude and awful character
 " Of these wild rocks and mountains,—look around ;
 " Scan every object with a curious eye ;
 " Let not a spot be lost ;—since SOLITUDE
 " Has built her temple here. These towering rocks,
 " These woods and mountains, and this winding stream,
 " Welcome thy coming : every object round
 " Tells thee, that here, from passing year to year,
 " No bold intruder will disturb thy rest.
 " Contentment reigns within the glen below,
 " And freedom dances on the mounta'n's top.
 " At early morn the hunter's call is heard ;
 " At close of day the shepherd's simple pipe
 " Charms the lonely valley with its rustic note.
 " — Pause, wanderer, here then, go no farther on !
 " And near this spot, which overlooks the glen,
 " Erect thy home :—for here, in happy hour,
 " What time the sun had shed his evening ray
 " O'er all the prospect rude, a gentle MAID
 " (Form'd in kind Nature's best and happiest mood),
 " In all the sweet simplicity of heart,
 " Call'd this '*the sweetest spot that she had ever seen.*'"

VII.

When we have been annoyed by the defects of imbecility, the conceit of ignorance, the dulness of pedantry, the arrogance of unlettered pride, the offensive impertinence of a fool :—When we observe men, gifted with fine talents, more solicitous to gain a wide, than an honourable reputation ; and eager to prostitute their integrity, by becoming panders to all the base passions of the rich :—When we are disgusted with the malice of man to man, and irritated, in beholding the baseness of woman to woman :—When, in our intercourse with the world,

we perceive societies, whose folly is their pride, and whose ignorance is their satisfaction, forming conspiracies against taste, learning, and genius, and becoming, as it were, scavengers to the lowest dependants of malignity :—When among the high, the intermediate, or the abject orders of vulgarity, we observe men (whose information extends no farther, than to the refuted follies of their associates, and whose industry is exerted only in the propagation of their errors), when we observe men of this contemptible proportion actively employed, in a vain endeavour to reduce the consequence of others to the disgraceful standard of their own littleness,—let us turn to the vale, the valley, or the glen, and listen to their echoes !

VIII.

When you behold genius and virtue destitute of bread, and ignorance and vice, rolling in chariots, and honoured by the world :—When you see men, sliding into indecent age, without having derived one practical maxim from experience, and without enjoying one solid comfort from a retrospect of the past :—When you observe characters, to whom the world has long looked up for consistency of conduct, bartering an honest independence, for the meretricious splendour of a title :—When men, the greatest libels on whose lives and characters are the ironical mottoes on their escutcheons, catch a fugitive importance from a dignified employment :—When the rector, filling an honourable and a sacred station, and belonging to that highly respectable order, who are the ministers of that admirable master who said, “take my yoke upon

you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart;”—When the rector, offensively inflated with imaginary consequence, “plays such pranks before high heaven, that e’en the angels weep:”—When you see envy, inverting the order of nature, by weeping when others rejoice, and rejoicing, when others weep:—When you see folly smiling with rapture at the occasional weaknessess of genius, and the unconscious misconceptions of excellence:—When men, whose only qualifications arise from wealth, from influence, or from rank, usurp the chair of magistracy, and stretching or relaxing the laws, as best accords with passion or convenience, induce you to regret there is no college for magistrates:—In those moments of pity, disgust and mortification, my Lelius, descend to the margin of the river, which washes your domain; and, catching impressions from the emblem of eternity before you, resign your thoughts to meditation; and in the day-dreams of your fancy anticipate exemption from all recollection of the past, and increased enjoyment from a contemplation of the future!

ODE.

Written at a Fountain, near Cader-Idris, Merionethshire.

I.

THE winds are hush'd;—the woods are still;
 And clouds around yon towering hill,
 In silent volumes roll:—
 While o'er the vale, the moon serene
 Throws yellow on the living green;
 And wakes a harmony between
 The body and the soul.

II.

Deceitful calm!—Yon volumes soon,
 Though gilded by the golden moon,
 Will send the thunder's roar:—
 Gloom will succeed the glowing ray;
 The storm will range with giant sway;
 And lightnings will illumine its way
 Along the billowy shore.

III.

'Tis thus in life from youth to age,
 Through manhood's weary pilgrimage,
 What flattering charms infest!
 We little think beneath a smile,
 How many a war, how many a wile,
 The rich, confiding, heart beguile,
 And rob it of its rest.

IV.

Then let me near this fountain lie;
 And let old time in silence fly,
 Stealing my youth away!
 Far from the riot of the meau,
 Oh! let me o'er this fountain lean;
 Till death has drawn the darksome screen,
 That hides eternal day.

CHAPTER III.

As conscience sooner or later, revenges herself upon those, who have had the folly to wound her; so does happiness revenge herself upon all those, who have presumed to confound her name and her qualities, with the name and the qualities of pleasure.—Pleasure and happiness, my Lelius, are as distinct from each other, as pedantry is from learning, and oratory from logic:—between all of which, though by the vulgar they are so often confounded,

there is as wide a difference as between earths and plants, insects and animals. Pleasure consists in the indulgence of the senses; happiness in the cultivation of the mind, and in the right direction of our passions. While the one soothes us into content, the other intoxicates, as the bird of paradise becomes intoxicated with the strong sent of the nutmeg; and, as was finely observed by Tertullian, stings us to death. Philosophy, teaching the knowledge of things, as language teaches the knowledge of words, like an argument ending in a just corollary, never fails to reward her followers with a commensurate measure of happiness. For as the Saracenic architects multiply and combine arches in every possible direction, so virtue and philosophy open a thousand inlets to happiness, multiply our capabilities, and teach us that useful and acknowledged truth, that as one philosopher is worth a thousand sophists, so one moment of real happiness is to be preferred to a thousand of illegitimate pleasure.

He can never be esteemed an honest well-wisher of society, who would teach us to indulge in pleasure; who would take fear from the eyes of the base; or who would rob unmerited misfortune of its best and cheapest consolation. Who robs us of our purse, steals that, which is of little value;—who robs us of our reputation steals that, which may be again recovered;—but he who weakens and undermines our faith in the justice and the love of heaven, takes from us all consolation for the past, all happiness for the present, and all hope for the future. Were

I a Mahometan, I should wish to believe in Mahomet, till the man, who told me he was an impostor, gave me a better and a nobler creed than his. Why will our sceptics rob us of our diamonds, and give us pebbles in return?

II.

True philosophy, despising those dogmas, which, resting on secondary causes, would undermine the happiness of millions, without leaving an adequate value in return, is as grateful to the soul, as it is one of the highest enjoyments of life, to meet with objects, worthy of our esteem, and capable of exciting an honourable admiration. Naturally inducing mildness of manners and an enlightened enthusiasm, you will find in the cultivation of it, enjoyments which no wealth can purchase; of which neither treachery nor envy can deprive you; and which has this peculiar excellence, that the more the world seeks to render you miserable, the more will she struggle to render you happy. It was a knowledge of this, that enabled Colonna to reply to a waspish kind of neighbour, who occasionally annoyed him:—"Nature has endowed me, Sir, with such a disposition for happiness, that I should be in danger of losing all appetite for enjoyment, had she not kindly blest me with such an enemy as you, to act as an occasional pungent to my palate." Philosophy, my friend, like other great and good characters, has been much mistaken by the weak, and wantonly injured by the subtle.—As the wolf is fabled to have borrowed the fleece of the

sheep, so have the artful and designing, of every age, assumed the robe of Philosophy ; and sparkling with fictitious splendour, imposed upon the credulity, and insulted the faith of the ignorant and imbecile. And to such an extent has this imposture been carried ; and with such success has the empiricism been attended ; that Philosophy herself,—pure and immaculate as she is,—having so long been associated with such dishonourable companions, has been in urgent danger of a total dissolution. As the palm-tree, however, when burnt to its root, rises again more beautifully than ever ; so Philosophy, elevating herself above every difficulty, rises, like the phoenix, from her own ashes. Deceived by the gravity of the pedant,—a gravity which is the essence of imposture ! —the world, undervaluing precision of thought, and a consequent perspicuity of style, has long conceived philosophy to be dull, obscure, and mysterious. Totally ignorant, that real science is simplicity personified, they mistake mystery for depth ; and an affectation of knowledge for the quintessence of learning : not being sufficiently advanced in the grand school of Nature to know, that mystery and pedantry are nothing but hiding-cloaks for the concealment of ignorance and nonsense. Hence arises the spurious association of real with fictitious philosophy. The latter, always at war with truth, like an inverted pyramid, stands upon a slender basis, and must, of necessity, be difficult of comprehension :—while the former never becomes obscure, till, ceasing to be solid, it degenerates into the latter ; which, in all ages, has been ac-

tive in the propagation of error, and industrious in the composition of fools.

III.

There is no one, who has not heard of the clown, that was lost in astonishment, when he discovered his sovereign to be a man like himself. In the same manner, those, who conceive Philosophy to be abstruse, would be equally astonished to find how elegantly simple she is.¹ To find her so, however, it is, of course, necessary to seek her in the proper road, and after a proper manner. The man, desirous of learning Greek, consults his grammar before he turns the pages of a lexicon; and a mechanic, before he presumes to erect a steam engine, thoroughly acquaints himself with the nature and properties of heat. No one must aspire to enter the temple of phi-

¹ "When men," says Professor Stewart,* "have succeeded at length in cultivating their imagination, things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms, invisible before. The same objects and events, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul: the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man, who, after having lost in vulgar occupation and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth.—

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale;
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

* Philosophical Essays, 4to., p. 509.

losophy by the cupola;—there is but one entrance, and that entrance is the vestibule.

Well was it observed by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, “that though a man may not be a logician, or a naturalist, yet he is not the less so, for being either liberal, modest, or charitable.” For his mind is not the less philosophic, who, making allowances for the natural imbecility of human nature, and knowing the influence of opinion, cultivates the respect and the admiration of the world at large. In this experiment, however, never will he be anxiously solicitous. An over-weaning desire of obtaining the esteem of every man we meet is a sure indication of mental imbecility. He is not, at all times, the best of men, of whom the generality of mankind speak well: for, in its estimate of character, the world, captivated by appearances, too often overlooks motive; and too frequently, associating fortune with virtue, mistakes ostentation for charity, in the same manner as it mistakes license for liberty, and freedom of morals for liberality of sentiment.

IV.

Neither is he to be esteemed the worst of men, of whom a certain description of persons speak ill. Vice and virtue will no more willingly associate with each other, than seeds will germinate in oil; mercury amalgamate with iron; or exotics naturalize in Egypt. The votaries of the one, therefore, are, of necessity, enemies to the other; with this remarkable distinction;—that virtue (from the excellence of its own nature) is not capable of hating vice to the excess, that vice is capable of hating virtue. To

minds of a common stamp, talents and genius are unpardonable provocations ; for, speaking by a synecdoche, the world makes war upon excellence, and almost induces us to call those unfortunate, who dare be eminent in any thing. Reputation, therefore, which is sometimes gained without merit, is as frequently lost by the exercise of our virtues, as of our vices;—our good qualities, as one of the first moralists of the age has truly observed, often exposing us to more hatred and persecution, than all the ills we do. To the malignity of vicious men, my Lelius, employ the expressive eloquence of silence. When they smile upon you, remember that the serpent sometimes assumes the innocence of a worm, and the condor the gentleness of a dove. When they would play upon you, recal to your memory that fine assertion of Young, that “affronts are innocent when men are worthless.” And yet—listen to their reproaches! Amid all their folly and extravagance, like the ass in the fable, they will sometimes stumble upon truth by accident. That truth will do you more essential service, than all the promises of a friend at court. But mean, and grovelling, and contemptible is he, who bears with every one’s humour; simpers in every coxcomb’s face; shakes every villain by the hand; and looks, and smiles, and flatters every wretch he meets, for the indigent satisfaction of wearing the honours of what the world contemptuously denominates, “*a good sort of man!*” To be universally well spoken of, we must either possess a vast fund of good-nature; be inordinately weak; or inordinately vicious. We must crawl to the great; stoop to the

rich ; flatter the weak ; and listen to the calumnies, which every unworthy knave, if he has not the baseness to invent, has the constructive baseness to circulate, without a look of abhorrence, or a smile of contempt ! We must be rich ; and, above all, we must not aspire to independence of character !

V.

Three of the principal reasons, why men of enlarged and liberal minds are beloved so little by the world in general, arise from a certain degree of fear, with which they are regarded by the vulgar ; an acknowledged sensation of awe, with which the great observe them ; and from the circumstance of their being so difficult to be played upon by ordinary minds. They frequently require a master's hand to draw from them harmony, melody, or even euphony. The touch of vulgar fingers elicits nothing but the discord of sincerity. For, measuring every object by its proper standard, it is with difficulty they conceal their utter contempt of pride and vanity, vulgarity and ignorance. Independence of character is a quality, therefore, which few have the magnanimity to forgive ; though few are so base, but they are capable of admiring. Whither, in this wilderness, shall men of such superior order turn for comfort ? For they have virtues, which prompt them to love mankind ; sympathies, which need only to be awakened to draw most exquisite music ; and though they respect, admire, and love but few, those they do respect, admire, and

love, may play upon their nerves just what stop they please.

In this world of selfishness and error, where all the homage of a general respect is usurped by the rich and the dignified, whither shall they turn for comfort? Is any comfort to be found, my Lelius? You pause!—Yes!—Even in this world comfort—excellent comfort—can be found. For though, for the most part, men, who are lost in hopeless insignificance, hate genius with as much cordiality as the ugly and deformed hate beauty,¹ there are nevertheless a few,—a noble and discriminating few,—scattered through the world, to cultivate whose esteem; to deserve whose love; and to excite whose admiration; who would not climb Mount Etna, even in the midst of winter? or toil through all the sands of Ethiopia, even in the midst of summer? The esteem of such men as these—one friend—one mistress—and one God! Oh! this world, this vain and anxious world, my Lelius, is a paradise after all!

Six things my heart abhors.—A treacherous lawyer; a proud priest; a partial magistrate; a man of low cunning; a woman of a flatulent tongue; and one who speaks irreverently of his benefactor. Seven

¹ We may compare the conduct of persons of this description to that of an ourang-outang: a species of beings, who shew no mercy, when they unfortunately get a MAN into their power. While they are kept in awe and subjection, they are tame and submissive; but the moment an opportunity arrives, their malice is inveterate, and their vengeance is complete.

¹ Tria in uno.

orders of men my heart respects.—A peasant, who loves his children, regards his master, and his interests, and honours his God :—the prince, who loves his people's ease, better than false glory :—a high-minded man, steeped in misfortune :—a man of genius, undeformed by eccentricity :—the man who fights for liberty in the senate ; he who bleeds for it in the field ; and he who, in the midst of obloquy, still pursues an honourable purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

Gifted with an exalted fancy, the admirer of Nature feels all the raptures of a poet, though ungifted with his inspiration ; and, without the talent for poetry, possesses, at intervals, something of the *vaticinatio furentis animi*, which, in all moments, elevated the genius of Plato and of Cicero. Those elegant men were lovers of the sublime and beautiful, to an unlimited extent. But Cicero, though he combined the most refined taste with the noblest genius ; and though he was one, who, as Quintilian observes, received not the waters of heaven, but whose waters flowed from himself, as from a living fountain, was ungifted with poetic fire.¹ Plato, whose writings formed two of the finest of poets, arrived at no eminence as a poet himself :—and Burke, that splendid but eccentric genius, who, in many of his works, displayed a mind superlatively gifted ; and

¹ Virgilium illa felicitas ingenii in oratione soluta reliquit : ciceronem eloquentia sua in carminibus destituit.

who joined to the nicest sensibility an imagination, at once grand, vigorous, and creative, confessed his inability to aspire to the soft and delicate touches of the muse. Thus we find, that though one art may have a necessary connexion with several others, as oratory has with poetry, and poetry with music, yet a different genius is required for each. Handel could never equal Gray in poetry ; nor could Virgil equal Hortensius or Cicero in eloquence.

But though all admirers of Nature are not poets ; all poets are admirers of Nature. They people every grove ; deck every object, whether animate or inanimate, in glowing colours ; and having formed a captivating picture, become, like Pygmalion the sculptor, enamoured of their own creations. For this faculty they are indebted to the powers of a brilliant imagination ;—that noble quality of the mind, which gives alluring colours even to the most abstruse of sciences ;—and which in consequence exalts its possessor far above the common standard of humanity. The imagination is the mistress of the mind ; reason its sovereign :—the powers and pleasures of the former of which, as Plato said of the soul, are like the harmony of an harp, invisible, immaterial and divine. And in personifying which, Apelles would have selected Urania for his model ; in describing her, Ariosto and Spenser would have employed the utmost power of their genius ;—and Palladio, in erecting to her a temple, would have laid the foundations on a rock, commanding, on one side, the Ionian Islands ; while the shades of Athens, the ruins of Corinth, and the plains of Argolis, decorated the other. In delineating her charac-

ter, Maximus Tyrius would have dwelt, with enthusiasm, on the brilliancy of her colours, the intensity of her feelings, the beauty of her sentiments, and the nobleness of her designs.

II.

As a foil to these beauties, and to these virtues, Locke would sometimes have doubted her representations ; suspected that her mansion is a labyrinth ; her charms meretricious ; her plans visionary ; and her brilliant promises so many harbingers of disappointment. Not insensible to the objections, which may be raised to the cultivation of the fancy, the deference which we pay to the judgment of Locke, we will not extend to his taste ; and since the imagination, well-governed, ameliorates inquietude, enlivens retirement, and expands the affections ; since it mellows love, dignifies friendship, and sublimes virtue, who would not be proud of possessing so admirable a quality ?—A quality, like Chloris, scattering roses, travel where it will.

While indulging its poetic attributes, a hermitage seems more beautiful than a palace ; visions of happiness melt into the heart like marmalade ; affection acquires a more dignified impression ; every scene is converted into a sentiment ; the heart glows with a mild and contemplative rapture ; and the world's pleasures and the world's jargon sink into ridicule : while the sober and satisfying delights of the mind lengthen in effect, as shadows acquire longitude the nearer the sun approaches the horizon in the west. And while

the mind loses all its wish for wandering, past sorrows operate as harbingers of future benefits. And every object, speaking to the imagination in language tender, glowing, and eloquent, the mind recognizes its birthright of immortality, since *ESTO PERPETUA* appears to be engraven on every sensible sign.

III.

In youth, the imagination arrays hope in fairy forms and brilliant colours. At that period, when every joy is in perspective, no bound is fixed to our projects or our wishes. One height, climbed, presents others, yet more high to overcome ; and one desire gratified becomes a mean, by which youth expects to indulge another, more expanded and more promising. Present difficulties fly before the resolution of a young and ardent mind :—animated with the *vis vivida animi*, it rushes boldly on, climbs the mountain, nor stoops to enjoy the landscape, it has left behind. The horse of Statius¹ is not more eager and impetuous.

Such are the aspirations of those youth, in whom the God of Nature has implanted a faculty of perceptive elegance, or an innate sense of harmonic feeling. For, in the same manner as the wind, fluttering upon the wires of an Æolian harp,² produces the most

¹ Stare loco nescit, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis angula campum.

² For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains ;—&c. &c.

tender and bewitching music, so has Nature's hand

To certain species of external things
Attun'd the finer organs of the mind.

When youth has lost somewhat of its elasticity, the effects of joy and of sorrow upon minds, so tuned, are far different from those, which affect men of ordinary feeling, and of common capacity. Joy produces a soft, mellow, pathetic solemnity of thought; sorrow a chastened dignity of manner, which raises man to the rank of a Petrarch; and woman to the elevation of a Madonna. With Nature for their friend, her flowers, her odours, her real and aerial landscapes, have power to charm, when the world has wounded their feelings, or fortune divested them of her favours. —Stretched upon a rock, lulled to reveries beside the

Akenside seems to have caught this idea from a passage in one of Moliere's comedies:—*Mademoiselle*, says Diaforius, *ne plus, ne moins que la Statue de Memnon rendoit un son harmonieux lorsqu'elle venoit à être éclairée des rayons du soleil: tout de même me sens-je animé d'un doux transport à l'apparition du soleil de vos beautés.*

Le Mulade Imaginaire, act ii., sc. 5.

There is a passage in some degree allied to this in Lope de Vega's heroic poem of “*La Hermosura de Angelica*.”

Que coma con la musica se haze,
Concorde son, &c. &c.

For as in music concord is produced
By various different sounds, that symphonize,
And from their union harmony is born;
So in the human frame harmonious parts
Compose one perfect whole; and touch the keys,
That wake such sounds melodious, as entrance
The hearer with delight.

Southey.

fall of a fountain, beholding Nature here rough and untutored, wild and majestic ; there soft or gay, elegant or enchanting ; feeling her separate and contrasted charms whisper peace to their hearts, they resemble travellers, who, having, for a long time, wandered over dreary and pathless deserts, find themselves, on a sudden, in a narrow, winding defile, where the perfumes of aromatics, wholesome fruits, and clear springs, invite to enjoyment, to admiration and repose.

But I think I hear you, my Lelius, whisper, that the imagination must be chastised by the sober dictates of judgment ; and that those pleasures, which it undoubtedly affords, lead only to disappointment, if, in giving unlimited sway to our fancy, we indulge in all the wild varieties of its nature ; and wanton, free and unfettered, in all the enjoyments it promises. Doubtless, my friend, your argument is correct. I promise you, in the cultivation of the imagination, no solid satisfaction, unless it be corrected by reason, good sense, order, and propriety. So corrected, the imagination is ever pointing to something beyond the limits of our present state of imperfection.

IV.

It is this invincible love of grandeur, which prompts the mind to the contemplation of those objects, which raise our thoughts in gratitude and admiration ; and which, even from the pre-existence of time, are supposed to have had the love of the Deity himself. For,

—as Akenside observes, in the true spirit of Plato, and with all the sublimity of Milton and Lucretius,—

————— Ere the radiant sun
Sprung from the east, or midst the vault of night,
The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorned the globe,
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
Then lived the ALMIGHTY ONE¹:—Then deep, retired,
In his unfathomed essence, view'd the forms,

¹ This passage seems to have been conceived from a few lines in a poem, containing an insufferable degree of bombast with some portion, and more imitation, of Miltonic fire.—It is entitled *The Last Day*; written by J. Bulkeley, Esq., of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who died September 1718, in the 24th year of his age. His poem was published in 1720.

Ere Titan learn'd to shower his golden streams,
Ere clouds adorn'd the air, or stars the void,
Nature droop'd dormant, in the bosom lost
Of savage chaos.
Rude rocks, mishapen hills, and globes unform'd.
When rose the ALMIGHTY, &c. &c.

B. ii, c. 64.

This poem seems to have furnished Akenside with many of his cadences ; and some of those diamonds, which by polishing he knew so well how to make his own. Blair, too, seems to have been under some obligation to it.

It is not improbable, also, that Akenside read Georgius.—

Unus perfectus Deus est, qui cuncta creavit,
Cuncta fovens, atque ipse fovens super omnia in se:
Quis capitur mente tantum, qui mente videtur ;—
&c. &c.

Franc. Georg. in lib. de Hermo de Mund.

The forms external of created things ;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration ; till in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being.—Hence the breath
Of life, informing each organic frame ;
Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves,
Hence light and shade, alternate ; warmth and cold ;
And clear autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair varieties of things.

There is a singular coincidence of thought between this fine passage and a beautiful one in an Hindoo hymn to “ the spirit of God ; ” translated by Sir William Jones. There is also a similar idea in a fragment of Orpheus, quoted by Proclus ;—and another in the Edda of Sæmund.

V.

But however agreeable the visions of Nature may be, the imagination has the power of forming scenes more captivating to our fancy, than any she unfolds to us. Not that scenes, so drawn, are in reality more beautiful ; but they are more adapted to our peculiar ideas ; every person having the power of comparing and associating for himself, in a manner, most conformable to the justness or viciousness of his taste, and in a measure proportioned to the width and compass of his own mind.

From this argument, and from a consciousness, that the painters more frequently delineate what they wish to see, than what they do see, we might be tempted to infer, that the pictures of the poets, the more substantial creations of the painter, and the more splendid visions of the imagination, are, in reality, more beautiful, than the productions of Nature herself. But, though this arises from the circumstance of our taking only a superficial view of colours and forms, and from our inability to view Nature in detail and in combination too, and thence tracing the beauty of contrivance to the importance of its end, we will admit of the argument for the sake of the corollary.—A proof, a decisive, as well as an argumentative proof, of the ETERNITY OF THE MIND is established by it!—For, as man can never be supposed to have arrived at his proper sphere in the universe, while he is capable of conceiving objects more grand, or more beautiful than those, which Nature has thought proper to set before him; the very circumstance of his ability to conceive a combination of objects superior is, in itself, a sufficient ground for conviction, that the ETERNAL ARCHITECT HAS OTHER SCENES TO EXHIBIT TO HIS ADMIRATION. The proper sphere for immortality is that, in which no objects can be imagined superior to those, presented. If, when our friend Harmonica has arrived at the third heaven, she is capable of imagining something superior even to that, I would instantly declare, in the face of all the sceptics in the world, that there was a FOURTH HEAVEN. The state of absolute perfection is

that, in which the mind, having lost the faculty of imagination, finds sufficient exercise in the contemplation of its own beatitude.

CHAPTER V.

Through the medium combination of scenery frequently appears to have the power of partaking our delights, or of sympathizing in our misfortunes. As are our feelings, so does all nature seem to accord. Are we cheerful and gay? Every bird, every field, and every flower, are objects of delight. Are our spirits worn down with sorrow? Melancholy

round us throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens all the green ;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

Inanimate objects thus become, as it were, associates in our grief; and, not unfrequently, by the lessons they prefer, administering angels of consolation. When Cicero lamented the death of his daughter, Tullia, **SERVIUS SULPITIUS** wrote him a letter.—“Once,” said he, “when I was in distress, I received a sensible alleviation of my sorrow from a circumstance, which, in the hope of its having the same influence upon you, I will take this opportunity of relating. I was returning from Asia; and as I was steering my course, I began to contemplate the surrounding country. Behind me was Egina; Megara in the front: the Piræus occupied my right hand,

and Corinth my left. These cities, once flourishing, were now reduced to irretrievable ruin. ‘Alas!’ said I, somewhat indignantly, ‘shall man presume to complain of the shortness, and the ills of life, whose being in this world is necessarily short, when I see so many cities, at one view, totally destroyed?’ This reflection, my friend, relieved my sorrow.”¹

Such was the influence of scenerial accompaniments on the mind of the elegant Sulpitius; and such, it may be presumed, was the consolation, derived even by the sanguinary MARIUS among the ruins of Carthage:—where, as LIVY² finely observes, Carthage seeing Marius, and Marius Carthage, the one might serve as a consolation to the other.

The answer of Marius to the prætor of Africa is one of the finest indications of a strong mind, recorded in history, and is well suited to our argument. Oppressed with every species of misfortune, Marius, after escaping many dangers, arrived at length in Africa; where he hoped to have received some mark of favour from the governor. He was scarcely landed, when an officer came to him, and addressed him after the following manner:—“Marius, I am directed by the Prætor to forbid your landing in Africa. If, after this message, you should persist in doing so, he will not fail to treat you as a public enemy.”

¹ Cic. Ep. ad Famil. lib. iv. Ep. 5.—Pausanias has a similar reflection, lib. ii.

² *Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posset esse solatio.*

—Struck with indignation at this unexpected intelligence, Marius, without making any reply, fixed his eyes, in a stern and menacing manner, upon the officer. In this position he stood for some time. At length, the officer desiring to know whether he chose to return any answer ;—“ Yes,” replied Marius, “ go to the Prætor, and tell him, that thou hast seen the exiled Marius, sitting among the ruins of Carthage.” ¹

II.

How often, my Lelius, when sauntering along the gardens of Kew and Kensington, leaving the giddy throng with our admirable friend, Agrippa, have we desired him once more to traverse the shores of Greece and Egypt!—Then he has described to us the awe, with which he stood on the spot, which the natives had assured him was that, on which the city of Memphis² formerly stood. A city, which was destroyed before Nineveh ; and the fate of which was so freely foretold by Ezekiel and Jeremiah.³ Then he has glanced to Thebes ;—the ruins of which are still visible at the village of Luxor ; and at the

¹ Plut. in Vit. Mar.—The picture of Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa, at Rainham, in the County of Norfolk, is supposed by some to be a Marius :—but it has not sufficient ferocity in the character of its expression.—Among the Oxford marbles is a fine whole-length figure of Marius ;—a perfect emblem of bodily strength !—And Dr. Chauncey had a gem on cornelian ; with an expression worthy the peculiar attention of a Lavater. But there is no resemblance between this head, and that of Belisarius.

² Memphis is generally called Noph and No in scripture. Nahum, c. iii. v. 8.

³ Ezek. c. xxx. v. 13. Jerem., c. xlv., v. 19.

sight of which he stood, for some time, rapt in silent astonishment. Ruins which, extravagant as the accounts which Strabo¹ and Diodorus² have left of the length and height of the temples, this city contained, have proved to be even below the truth.

Then we have desired him to revert to Greece.—To Achaia—to Corinth—to Athens, and to the shores of Lesbos and Mytelene; and to describe to us the erections, associating the styles of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides³; and the feelings, with which he visited the birthplaces of so many sages, poets, and historians; so many wise legislators; and so many celebrated statesmen. All residing in matchless scenery, rendered still more enchanting by a matchless climate.

Who could behold the ruins of the citadel, the temple of victory, and that of Minerva at Athens;—the marble fragments of the Erechtheum, and the prodigious columns of the temple of Jupiter Olym-

¹ Lib. xvii.

² Lib. i., par. 2.

³ Potter,—one of our best critics,—has three beautiful illustrations. “The sublime and daring ÆSCHYLUS,” says he, “resembles some strong and impregnable castle, situated on a rock, whose martial grandeur awes the beholder; its battlements defended by heroes in arms, and its gates proudly hung with trophies. SOPHOCLES appears with splendid dignity, like some imperial palace of richest architecture, the symmetry of whose parts, and the chaste magnificence of the whole, delight the eye and command the approbation of the judgment. The pathetic and moral EURIPIDES hath the solemnity of a Gothic temple, whose storied windows admit a dim religious light, enough to shew us its high embossed roof, and the monuments of the dead, which rise in every part, impressing our minds with pity and terror at the uncertain and short duration of human greatness, and with an awful sense of our own mortality.”

pius; the column of Arcadius at Constantinople; or the various fragments, which adorn the memory of a country, whose splendour is attested by its tombs, monuments and ruins, without sympathy and melancholy? When a traveller was attended by **POUSSIN** over the ruins of Rome—a city now but a monument of itself!—**Poussin** is said to have gathered in his hand a small quantity of earth, in which were a few grains of porphyry: “place these particles in your cabinet,” said he, “and tell those, who see them, *Questa è Roma antica.*”¹ With what solemn rapture did **BRUCE** view the ruins, which arrested his attention in Africa!—And few writers have described their emotions, with more glow of feeling, than **SONNINI**, when he beheld the fragments of what once constituted the city of Thebes;—than **SHAW**, while surveying the ruins of Barbary;—and **DYER**, when delineating the various fragments of ancient Rome.

No poet, ancient or modern, has described the effect of ruins on the imagination with greater grace, or with more solemn colouring, than the author of the *Fleece*, *Grongar Hill*, and the *Ruins of Rome*. How beautiful and how impressive is the passage, “Behold that heap of mouldering urns, &c.” Equally graphical is that beginning, “Fall’n, fall’n, a silent heap;”—while the contrast, exhibited in that passage of the *Fleece*, which relates to the siege of Damascus, is inferior to nothing, on a similar subject, in the whole range of descriptive poetry.

¹ Lives of the Painters—art. Poussin.

The author of "The Pleasures of Memory," too, has a fine graphic simile :—

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall,
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace.

Another poet, comparatively unknown, has beautifully connected ruins with the memory of a bad action.—It is a passage not often surpassed in these days of tinsel and affectation.

Will no remorse,—will no decay,—
Oh ! memory, soothe thee into peace ? —
When life is ebbing fast away,
Will not thy hungry vultures cease ? —
Ah no !—As weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank, yet verdantly,
Twine round a ruined tower ;
So to the heart, untamed, will cling
The memory of an evil thing,
In life's departing hour.—
Green is the weed, when grey the wall,
And thistles rise, while turrets fall.

Neele.

CHAPTER VI.

From the sympathy, to which we have alluded, arises the awe, which pervades every one, while contemplating the ruins of a once great and mighty city; and which renders them far more attractive to all the best feelings of our nature, than if, by a magic wand, those ruins could be gathered together, and once

more display themselves in all the method of the Doric rule, the symmetry of Ionic form, or all the splendour of Corinthian architraves. For, to the eye of taste, the ivied tower, the fragments of an embattled castle, and the ruins of a triumphal arch, are more congenial, than all the palaces of Moscow, or all the verandas of Venice.

A temple, in possession of regular symmetry, is *beautiful*; when broken into parts, it is *picturesque*: when falling into ruins it is *sublime*. For, as patience is the greatest of friends to the unfortunate, so is time the greatest of friends to the lover of landscape. It resolves the noblest works of art into the most affecting ornaments of created things.

The fall of empires, with which the death of great characters is so immediately associated, possesses a prescriptive title, as it were, to all our sympathy; forming, at once, a magnificent, yet melancholy spectacle; and awakening in the mind all the grandeur of solitude. Who would not be delighted to make a pilgrimage to the east to see the columns of Persepolis, and the still more magnificent ruins of Palmyra?—Where awe springs, as it were, personified from the fragments, and proclaims instructive lessons from the vicissitudes of fortune.

In the midst of all these evidences of change, one consolation remains:—arising from the reflection, that though the affairs of men and of empires change from year to year, yet Nature still remains the same. Lizards still bask beneath the pyramids; swans still glide upon the Euphrates; roses still delight the night-

ingales of Persia: and flowers still adorn the wilderness of St. John.

II.

How often, my dear Lelius, have I heard you desecant, with melancholy pleasure, on the ruins of Melrose abbey, and of Cadzow castle. And how often have we surveyed, with kindred rapture, the remnants of what once constituted the castles of Carisbrooke, Chepstow and Tenby; the towers of Ragland, Pembroke and Caerphili; the picturesque fragments of Druslyn and Dinevawr, in the vale of Towey; the walls of Oystermouth, rising over the bay of Swansea; and those belonging to the Earl of Bulkely, near the unequalled bay of Beaumaris!—Equally solemn and affecting have been our emotions, at beholding the sacred walls of Glastonbury and Strata Florida:—ruins, which have so strongly reminded us of Ossian's description of those of Balclutha; and of a similar passage of the Lebeid, where the poet says “desolate are the mansions of the fair, the stations in Minia, where they rested, and those, where they fixed their abode! Wild are the hills of Coul, and deserted is the summit of Rijaans.” Scenes which, presenting emblems of mourning mortality, still the tempests of the mind; awaken all the best sympathies of the heart; and quell, for a time, each tumult of the passions.

In contemplating these awful remains of former ages, how much more solemn and affecting are our emotions, when we view them with reference to the events, which they have witnessed!—When we behold the grand towers, rising over the Conway, is

it possible not to be struck with admiration? But when we call to mind the many midnight murders, they have been witness to, how is our admiration tempered with sensations, partaking of terror!

III.

How different are our feelings, when we survey the consecrated ruins of NETLEY and LLANTONY, the unrivalled abbey of TINTERN, or the Cistercian arches of VALLE CRUCIS! The first situated near the Southampton water: the second in a sombre and sequestered valley: the third surrounded by woods and mountains, on the banks of the Wye: and the fourth in a deep romantic vale, encompassed on all sides by towering rocks and mountains, which render it worthy the pen of Dyer, the harp of Taliesin, and the touch of Wou-
vermanns.

You, my Lelius, even in the scenes of active life, have never ceased to associate happiness with those lovely and romantic ruins!—Ruins, which in connexion with the vale, in which they are situated, proclaim that harmony of character, which it is my pleasure and my pride, to hope subsists between us. Years have passed over our heads, since we bathed in the river, that flows along the bottom of that valley! Many a storm has passed over my head, since that time, so innocent and so happy;—while you, on the other hand, have pursued your way to riches and to honour. The management of men's affairs, so open and so easy, as it appears to those, who see where others only see, is nevertheless beyond the reach of human intellect: whatever some may choose to thin

of it. And not till Nature shall consent to open some of her choicest secrets to our view, shall we absolutely learn, that we have as much merit in our relative success, as a seed has in reference to its flower; an egg to its bird; or a child to its manhood. Part of the time, which you have devoted to the acquirement of wealth, I have devoted to literature and science. Many are the remonstrances, you have sent me; and many are the resolutions, I have formed, to quit the bower of philosophy. Those remonstrances and resolutions, you will be sorry to hear, have been too weak in their operation, to check the bias of my inclinations; and the force, or, as you may be pleased to call it, the folly of my nature.

IV.

Few, who have witnessed the solemn beauties of Valle Crucis, can do justice to their character. Reclining among its scattered fragments, how interesting, how powerful, how captivating are the associations, which arise in the mind, when we reflect upon the storms those fragments have weathered; and on the vast numbers, who, from year to year, have experienced the same emotions, and made the same reflections with ourselves. While surveying those awful characters of ruined faith, who does not hear the solemn dirge, and sacred requiem, chaunted over the grave of a lovely, unfortunate, and lamented sister?

Departed soul, whose poor remains
This hallowed, lowly, grave contains;

Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
 Whose pains and sorrows are no more!

* * * * *

Departed soul, who in this earthly scene
 — Hast our lovely sister been—
 Swift be thy way to where the blessed dwell;
 — Until we meet thee there—farewell!—farewell!

Bailey.

Musing on this slumber of forgetfulness, with what awe do we contrast its silence and its solitude with that sacred time, when the pealing anthem and the choral hymn have echoed through the woods; and, ascending in symphonious columns, the silent and devout have listened, till the sounds, dying away in undulating murmurs, have appeared, not as if they had ceased to echo; but as if the form of humanity alone prevented the listener from gliding with them, even to the gates of heaven.

V.

Ruins affect us in various different ways. In **ENGLAND** they indicate the wealth, the power, and the pride of nobility: in **SCOTLAND** they bear evidence to the prowess of petty chieftains: in **WALES** they are monuments of irritable families—of frantic passions; of refuges from predatory excursions; of forts to annoy invaders; and of retreats to make the last stand of defence. In **FRANCE** they are witnesses of religious quarrels; and in **GERMANY** of feudal tyranny. In **ITALY** they exhibit medals of—every description: the rise and decay of taste and of genius; the splendour and the meanness of large states and diminutive re-

publics; savage amusements; elegant accomplishments; ferocious banditti; patrons of the nobler arts; the former existence of many kingdoms; the simplicity of a rude and innocent people; and a nobility of peasants¹:—the prisons of papal tyranny; the magnificence of an empire, shining in its zenith; and the pride of barbarians, striking it with their battle-axes, and reducing it to ruin.

¹ There are many persons, even of information, who will gaze with admiration, and enquire what this term means :—Colton shall illustrate the propriety of the term. “In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self denial, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great :—an heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many, or the admiration of the few ;—yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave. A spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the falls of the Missouri in the natural : and like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.”

BOOK XII.

CHAPTER I.

Is it possible, my Lelius, to travel where Nature does not speak to us? If we coast the shores of the Mediterranean, or behold the sun, setting in unclouded majesty in the Adriatic; if we inhale the temperate breezes of the Levant, or drink the odours, wafted by the winds over an Arabian sea; if we measure the vastness of the Pacific, encounter the snows of the Northern, or the ices of the Antarctic ocean,—still do we behold Nature operating on her usual plan; her laws still fixed; her bounty still munificent. What ambrosial ideas of long, unbroken, universal slumbers fasten on the mind; when, as we muse along the seashore, the waters touch the beach without a murmur; and our spirit seems, as if it were capable of gliding to eternity, on the tranquil surface of the deep! In the east, the moon, rising like an immense exhalation, tinges the edges of the clouds with many a golden tint; and reflects her serene countenance on the bosom of the waters.—All is still.—To the north a distant cloud suspends in the horizon! Its blue tints gradually shade into a deep sable; thunder murmurs in remote volumes; the sea appears, for a while, to listen; its waves at length begin insensibly

to agitate; its bosom swells; the waves break; the cliffs are whitened by the surf; while the caves and rocks re-echo with the roar! It is a scene, which the good man contemplates with awful pleasure; the conqueror with a mixture of awe and terror; the atheist with fear, with horror and dismay.

II.

Scenes, like these, observed in whatever part of the globe,—in common with ample solitudes,—create the most enlarged ideas of that infinity, in which the Eternal centres; in whom it originates; and to whom it is alone reserved to calculate its boundless measure. Extension being one source of the sublime, that science, which most expands our faculties of comprehension, is undoubtedly that, which is, in itself, the most noble and the most transporting. Nothing, therefore, can more indicate the vastness of those powers, which Nature has implanted in man, than the faculty of investigating the several branches of natural philosophy; and, above all, that most wonderful of all the sciences,—**ASTRONOMY**: The science of devotion; the science of an awful silence;—a silence more sublime even than that, which reigns in the bay of Port des Français, on the north-west coast of America.—These mountains rear themselves to an immense height; while no verdure, no plant, form a contrast to the snows of their peaks. All seem condemned to eternal sterility. The bottom of this bay is so deep, that no line can fathom it. The air is tranquil; the surface of the sea unruffled;

and nothing disturbs the solemnity of the silence, which reigns there, but the occasional falling of the rocks into the bay; and the voices of the various sea-birds, which build in their cavities. This bay was discovered by Peyrouse. The olive-coloured inhabitants of the adjacent country have no priests, no temples, nor any place of public worship. Their religion is that of the heart: and the sun seems to be the great object of their gratitude, admiration, and idolatry. But they will lean for hours over the peaks of these crags, and gaze with an interest, like that of fascination, upon the stars, reflected on the bosom of the sea below.

There might we woo SIMPLICITY,—the maid
Whom wisdom loves, and innocence adores.—
No more by wild and angry passions tost ;
No more by ill-placed confidence betray'd ;
No more by envy's low-bred cunning crost ;
There might we hail the hour when love shall rule,
And bland affection bind the willing world.

The Fall of the Leaf.

III.

When the poet beholds the evening star, he dwells upon the fate of Hesperus, who, journeying up Mount Atlas to observe the motions of the planets, and never returning, was fabled to have been transformed into the star of evening. When the eye glances over the group, forming Cassiopeia, we remember that splendid star, which appeared in its arena in 1572, with a size and a brilliancy equal to Jupiter, and which gradually disappeared in eighteen months:

having during that period been an object of surprise and terror to every part of Europe. When we watch, in the middle of August, for the emersion of the dog star from the rays of the sun, we reflect, that from the rising of this,—the largest and the brightest of all the stars,—the Egyptians and the Ethiopians calculated the beginning of their year. When Arcturus first rises from the sun's sphere, we listen in imagination to the lyre of Iopas, singing the causes of the sun's eclipses; the varied motions of the moon; whence proceed showers and meteors; whence the rainy Hyades, and whence the bright Arcturus. When we observe an eclipse, we behold the gigantic, yet ruined, form of the lost archangel,

————— proudly eminent,
Standing like a tower !—

When we mark the rising of a comet, the imagination wings into the regions of infinite space; and on its return from the excursion, dwells on the mortal comets, with which the world has occasionally been pestered. Cambyses in Ethiopia; Alexander in India; Brennus in Greece: Attila in Italy; Odin in Scandinavia; and Cortez in Mexico. All of whom, to the astonished nations, they invaded, seemed like comets,

————— Which from their horrid hair
Shake pestilence and war !

Then glancing with a poet's eye, through all the circle of the hemisphere, a splendour dazzles the

imagination, far more transcendant than the magnificence of Theodoric, when he appeared in the amphitheatre of Rome, with his guards, his nobles, and his clergy, in the midst of all that was great and glorious in the world. Fulgentius gazed in silent astonishment and admiration on this splendid exhibition. "If earthly Rome," exclaimed he, at length, in an ecstasy, "is so glorious as this; how much more glorious and magnificent must be the heavenly Jerusalem!—And if men are capable of being so much transported with the pomp and grandeur of this world, how much more glory and delight must the saints derive, in the pleasure they enjoy, in the contemplation of the God of Truth!"

IV.

What were the awful raptures of a Galileo, a Descartes, a Copernicus, or a Newton, no one, but those, who are conscious of a flight as soaring, are capable of conceiving. But from the smaller impulse of an humbler mind, I am persuaded, my Lelius, that they assimilated in a much higher degree, than ourselves, with those of the Eternal mind. You, my friend, have a high delight, as I have often heard you declare, in the cultivation of astronomical science. For my own part, I am ready to confess, that, after venturing into the ocean of infinity, I desisted for some time out of pure cowardice. Satellites, planets, and suns, hanging on their centres in the arched void of Heaven by a single law; and systems, connected

to each other by the revolution of comets,—all floating in the vast ocean of infinity,—were far too vast, too mystic and magnificent, for a mental ray, so limited as mine.¹—Passing the bounds of place and time (*flammanitia mœnia mundi*), I could glance from earth to Heaven, and give to the various orbs their various appellations, and calculate their courses.—But when I began to perceive, that the work of creation is always going on;² that the alteration of one system produces the germination of another; that though light travels with an almost incredible swiftness, there exist bodies, which, from their immensity of distance, have not yet visited the eye of the astronomer: when I began to perceive, that even if it were possible to transport myself to the most distant of those orbs, which are unmeasured suns to immeasurable systems, I should then be only standing in the vestibule of Nature, and on the frontiers of the creation, imagination ceased to have the power to soar: feeling became painful; and the faculty of thought, by being too much extended, wasted into nothing.—By seeking to know too much, we voyage out to sea without a compass, and become bewildered

¹ “The progress of astronomy,” says Laplace, “has been the constant triumph of philosophy over the illusions of the senses.”—In some studies, the imagination can supply what is wanting to perfection:—in astronomy, imagination is in itself nothing:—it is, as it were, less than nothing.

² Vide Herschell’s paper on the Sidereal Heavens. Philosoph. Trans. for 1814, p. 248.

and confounded!—Like the peasant of the Alps, we gain nothing by our search :—

“ Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”¹

I have searched the depths of caverns; I have thrilled beneath high and impending rocks; I have contemplated the vastness of the ocean; and climbed one mountain, while the sun has risen from behind another, and all around has been one continued scene of wonder and glory. In those moments, I have been lost in admiration and astonishment, at the power of that tremendous Being, who alone was capable of forming such gigantic works as those. But what are high and impending rocks; what are the giant heavings of an angry ocean; and what the proudest summit of the Andes; when placed in the scale of such interminable vastness, as the creating, balancing, and peopling of innumerable globes?—In contemplating systems, so infinite, who can forbear exclaiming,² “ What a mole-hill is our earth, and how insignificant are we, who creep so proudly on her surface?”—

¹ *Scienter nescius, et sapienter indoctus.*

Grotius has a similar passage :—

Nescire quædam magna pars sapientiæ est.

St. Gregory said of St. Benedict, “ Recessit scienter nesciens, et sapienter indoctus.”

² Lambert.

CHAPTER II.

How many are the enjoyments, which the progress of the seasons affords us !—What can be more delightful, than that season of the year, when Nature, weary and exhausted by her own efforts, clothes every object in renovated gladness ; when the snows are melted away, and the trees are bursting with leaves ; when the flowers are painting themselves with every variation of colour ; the rivers rolling with temperance ; and when every hill and every thicket ring with the modulation of various notes. At this season, the mind, enraptured, seems as if it were capable of building castles in the ocean, and pyramids in the skies.

If **SPRING** is the most delightful season to the poet, because it affords him a greater multitude of images, **SUMMER** is no less so to the contemplatist, than the season of **AUTUMN** is to the enthusiast. What can be more transporting, than the splendour of the rising sun at this season of the year, with all the scene of rural industry it unfolds ; when subjects for the poet and the painter are as infinite as they are transcendent ?

An evening and a morning sun, when skirted with bold masses, is said to have fired Barry with ungovernable rapture.—Virgil, in his picture of **Elysium**, says that the sun has a purple light at all times. And it is from this beautiful appearance of the sky, before and after sunset, that we associate the idea of

beauty and grandeur with purple :—hence purple has, in most ages, been esteemed a royal and imperial colour.

Sensible of these glories of early day, the disciples of Pythagoras, after the manner of their master, prostrated themselves, as soon as the disk of the sun was seen above the horizon. Whenever they saw it,¹ they recognized the splendour of the Deity. Actuated by the same awful admiration, Aristippus, when at the point of death, directed his friends to carry him to the city gates, and to place his couch immediately opposite the lattice, that he might, even to the last of life, enjoy the verdure of the fields and the splendour of the setting sun. While Caniz, one of the German poets, upon the bed of death, requested to be raised from his couch, in order to take a last look of that glorious luminary.—“ Oh,” said he, with sublimity of enthusiasm, “ if a small part of the Eternal’s creation can be so exquisitely beautiful as this ; how much more beautiful must be the Eternal himself !”

II.

So enthusiastic an admiration had Eudoxus² for this luminary, that he would willingly have suffered the fate of Phaeton, for the delight of approaching it. He prayed, therefore, to the gods, that he might once be permitted to see it so closely, as to be able to comprehend its form, its magnitude and beauty, and then to die by the heat of its beams.

It is curious yet melancholy to observe, with what atheistical horror some theologians listen to argu-

¹ Max. Tyrius, Dissert. xxv.

² Plutarch.

ments, derived from Nature. An instance of this kind occurred, some little time since, in Spain :—where a prisoner, we are told,¹ was gagged at an *auto de fé*, merely because, after being confined many years in prison without seeing the light of the sun, he was struck with such rapture, at again beholding it, that he exclaimed, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, “ How is it possible, that men, who see that glorious orb, can worship any other Being, than the one, who created it !”

Rousseau in his last illness was heard to ejaculate, “ Oh ! how beautiful is the sun ! I feel as if he calls my soul towards him² !” —Indeed the sun is so glorious a body, that it can excite no wonder, that, in the more early ages, it should have received the honours of deification.—Josephus informs us, that the people of Judah issued out of the eastern gate of the city to salute the sun on its first rising.³ The sun, as well as the moon, was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians,⁴ Germans,⁵ and British Druids.—The Persians worshipped it also ; but they did not

¹ Southey's Letters from Spain and Portugal, p. 317.

² This naturally calls to our recollection the passage in Tasso, where Olindus and Sophronia are represented, as being tied to the same stake. —Sophronia enquires of her friend, “ why dost thou lament ?—Behold yon sky !—How beautiful it is !—Look, too, at the sun—oh ! how he consoles my heart !—He looks, as if he summoned us to his glory.”

³ Vide also 2d Kings, c. xxiii.

⁴ The Egyptians of ancient times, says Diodorus, the Sicilian, contemplating the arch of the Heavens, and admiring the harmony which prevails in the universe, esteemed the sun and moon deities. The one they called Osiris, the other Isis.

⁵ Caesar de Bell. Gall., lib. vi. c. 21.

for many ages permit any symbol to be made of it.¹ Such was the creed of the first Zoroaster² (*Zer-dusht*); the second, however, decreed the erection of temples, and the institution of the sacred fire. The fire-worshippers of Persia and India do not, however, believe the sun to be the Deity; but that his throne is centred there.

III.

In Egypt the sun was hieroglyphical of the fructifying power; in Greece it was an emblem of human life; and in Rome of the sovereign majesty of the empire. In the finest of all soliloquies,—that of Satan on beholding the splendour of the sun,—the hatred of the fiend does not debar him from acknowledging how worthy that luminary is of being worshipped as a deity.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this NEW WORLD: at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads: to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams;
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell;—how glorious once above thy sphere.

¹ Xenoph. *Cyrop.* viii.

² There appear to have been five Zoroasters: 1st. Chaldean; 2d. Bactrian; 3d. Persian; 4th. Pamphylian; and 5th. Armenian.

³ This word is obscure. Perhaps we may render it less so by referring to a passage in Boethius:

Quem quia respicit omnia *solus*,
Verum possis dicere *solem*.

Lib. v. Metr. 2.

The Persians worshipped the sun under the name of Mithras: a deity, who, in the respective times of Statius and Claudian, was venerated at Rome. On his altar was inscribed *Soli Deo invicto Mithræ*. But there existed in Persia a sect, which thought higher and more nobly. When they looked at the sun, therefore, they frequently ejaculated, “Oh, thou master of yon glorious orb! enlighten my mind; and keep me this day from evil.”

The Massagetæ also worshipped the sun. This people dwelt in tents; had their wives in common; and were accustomed, not only to kill their parents at a certain age, but to eat them. They are mentioned by Herodotus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Justin, and Maximus Tyrius. In fact, the sun seems almost universally to have been venerated in ancient times as a God. The Chaldeans worshipped him under the name of Baal: the Egyptians called him Osiris; the Syrians Adonis; the Greeks and Romans Apollo. The Massagetæ, the Scythians, and the Romans, sacrificed white horses to him; the Greeks, wolves, lambs, bullocks, and hawks; and with him Alexander¹ offered up the elephant, which had fought so bravely in his war with Porus.

The Peruvians were accustomed to dip the tip of their fingers in cups, then lift their eyes to heaven, and give the sun thanks for the liquor they were about to drink. The sun was their principal deity.

¹ Philostrat. in Vit. Appollon. l. i. c. xii.

It was once worshipped, too, in Macassar : the natives of which also venerated the moon, and the stars. One of their kings, however, at length became weary of this national worship ; in consequence of some Christian and Mahometan missionaries having arrived in that island. The king having listened with attention to both orders, ascended a high mountain, accompanied by a great multitude : and stretching out his hands to heaven invoked the Deity ; declaring, at the same time, that he would adopt that religion, the ministers of which should first arrive in his dominions : and as the winds and waves rose and fell by the express power of the Deity, the Deity would himself be to be blamed, if, under these circumstances, he should embrace an erroneous doctrine. After this declaration he sat down, and with his people waited the result from heaven. Mahometan missionaries soon after arrived ; and the natives of Macassar immediately embraced the religion of Mahomet, in which faith they continue to this day.

IV.

We are told, that when a native of Sumatra beheld a clock, and was made sensible of its uses, he said, “ the sun is a machine of a similar construction.”—“ But who winds it up ? ” required one of his companions. “ Who but Allah ? ” was the reply. The Numidians, who counted time by nights and not by days,¹ worshipped both the sun and the moon. The Druids of Ireland also worshipped the same luminaries ; and

¹ Nic. Damascenus in Excerpt. Vales. p. 521.

many are the remains, yet in existence, on the summits of those mountains, called (*Cnoc Greine*) hills of the sun. The Athenians¹ took great delight in basking in its beams ; and no one, who has ever been in Cumana, but retains a grateful remembrance of the hours, he has passed under an atmosphere, which the sun colours with tints, worthy the imagination of the finest poet. On the other hand, there was once a people, near Mount Atlas,² who were accustomed to curse the sun, every morning and evening, for the scorching power, which it possessed. And while some Ethiopians, in common with the Sabæans of Arabia Felix, consecrated to it the cinnamon tree, others³ esteemed it their implacable enemy.

The Arabs of South Barbary pray five times a day⁴: and though they no longer pay adoration to the sun, they are regulated by its motions in the observance of their religious duties. At the first blush of morning, they thank heaven for the repose, they enjoyed during the night : at the rising of the sun they pray to be blessed through the day, begun : at noon they pray that the day may finish to their profit : at the setting of the sun they give thanks for the day past : and at evening they pray for a calm and quiet sleep.

“Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath.”⁵ Alluding to this command of St. Paul, Bishop Horneck⁶

¹ Philostrat. in *Vit* Apollon. lib. vi. c. 6.

² Herodotus.

³ Diodorus Siculus.

⁴ Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego, p. 145.

⁵ Ephes. c. iv. v. 26.

⁶ On the fifth chapter of St. Mathew, vol. ii, p. 64.

relates, from ecclesiastical history, that two bishops, having quarrelled in a most intemperate manner, one of them sent to the other the following message:—"Brother, the sun is going down." Upon receiving this message, the offended bishop forgot his anger, ran to the house of his episcopal brother, fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

V.

Milton compares the joy, succeeding the melancholy of the fallen spirits at the council of their chief, to the pleasure elicited, when the sun shines suddenly over a darkened landscape. Lord Kaims and Mr. Burke present also two very fine similies. "We see," says the former,¹ "in the history of mankind, frequent instances of the progress of nations from small to great; but we also see instances, no less frequent, of extensive monarchies being split into many small states. Such is the course of human affairs; states are seldom stationary: but, like the sun, are either advancing to their meridian, or falling down gradually till they sink into obscurity." The simile of Mr. Burke,² referring to the morning star, not less just in its application, is even more beautiful; since it touches one of the finest chords of the heart,—"It is now sixteen years," said he, "since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles: and surely never lighted on this orb, which it hardly seemed to touch,

¹ Sketches, vol. ii. p. 270.

² Reflections, p. 112.

a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere, she just began to move in : glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy. Oh ! what a revolution ! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall.”

VI.

Among the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes still remains a fragment of that basaltic¹ statue of Memnon, which, many writers attest, sent forth harmonious sounds, when first touched by the rays of the sun ; as the fountain of Chindara is said to have elicited music at the rising, mounting, and setting of the moon.—The fact being supported by Strabo, Pliny, Juvenal,² Pausanias, Tacitus, and Philostratus, it is assuredly not to be doubted³ :—Though the art, by which the mysterious symphony was produced, still remains an enigma, notwithstanding many ingenious attempts at solution.—The first injury, this

¹ Philostratus says it was of black marble. In Vit. Apol. vi. c. 4.

² *Dimidis magicæ resonant ubi Memnone Chordæ.*

³ There are many inscriptions on this statue, commemorative of the persons who had heard the sounds :—Among which are those of the Tribune Mithridates ; Sabina, the wife of Adrian ; and Publius Balbinus. As the colossal head of Memnon, now in the British Museum, bears no resemblance to that of the musical Memnon, it is only sufficient to observe, that it is a noble monument of Egyptian, or, perhaps, of Grecian art.

statue received, was from Cambyses; who caused it to be sawed in two,¹ in order to get at the secret. It was afterwards thrown down by an earthquake.

Memnon who was fabled to have been the son of Aurora, the younger sister of the Sun and Moon, was represented on Roman gems, as being drawn by white horses in a rose-coloured chariot, opening the gates of heaven; pouring dews upon the earth, and quickening the growth of herbs and plants. Of Memnon little certain is known. That he was a king of Ethiopia is probable; and that he was not at the siege of Troy, as many writers assert, is certain. Of his virtues nothing remain:—but his ability is amply attested² by his almost miraculous invention of the alphabet.

Some have supposed, that the sounds, alluded to, were produced by the mechanical impulse of the Sun's light. Others that, being hollow, the air was driven out by the rarefaction of the morning, which occasioned the elision of a murmuring sound. Some even affect to assert, that it saluted the morning and evening sun differently:—the former with animating sounds; the latter with melancholy ones.—Darwin, in the true spirit of poetry, describes this statue as sending forth murmurs of indignation, at the ravages of Cambyses.

Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphinx's tongue;
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung.

¹ Pausanias.

² Plin. Nat. Hist. vii. c. 56.

In another passage, equally poetical, he makes it view with delight the waters of the Nile, rushing from the cataracts of Ethiopia :

Gigantic Sphinx the circling waves admire ;
And Memnon bending o'er his broken lyre.

VII.

In many parts of the east the custom still remains of proclaiming the sun by the sounding of instruments. That similar signals were given in Egypt is not to be doubted, since the custom is almost as old as solar adoration itself. That the Sun was worshipped in that country is equally established : both being rendered the more certain by the ceremony of sounding harps at sunrise having been introduced into Italy by Pythagoras, who had long sojourned with the Egyptian magi. The sounding of Memnon's statue, then, might have been an artifice of the priesthood ; to effect which many methods might have been adopted.¹ Either the head of Memnon contained wires, like the strings of an Æolian harp ; or the sounds might have been pro-

¹ Extract from a London Journal, Dec. 17, 1820.—“ The British ambassador at the court of Rome has received a letter from Sir A. Smith, an English traveller, who is at present at the Egyptian Thebes. He states, that he has himself examined the celebrated statue of Memnon, accompanied by a numerous escort. At six in the morning, he heard, very distinctly, the sound so much spoken of in former times ; and which has been generally esteemed fabulous. “ One may,” he says, “ assign to this phenomenon a thousand different causes, before it could be supposed to be simply the result of a certain arrangement of the stones. The sound proceeded from the Pedestal.”

This account wants confirmation.

duced by the touching of a stone.¹—The observance of the effects of air upon strings is of high antiquity. Horace alludes to it; and the Babylonian Talmud assures us, that the harp of David, being every night touched by the North-wind, warbled of itself. Plutarch and Lucian record, that when the Thracian bacchanals murdered Orpheus, his harp was thrown into the Hebrus, with his bleeding head resting upon it. The harp, breathed upon by the wind, elicited a solemn melody. Borne by the current of the river, it arrived at Lesbos; where the inhabitants, taking it up, buried the head of the poet in the temple of Bacchus; and suspended the lyre in that of Apollo. To this circumstance Spenser alludes in his ruins of time.

Descending to a later period, we find Ossian and Cassimir² observing the same enchanting effect.—“The blast came rustling through the hall,” says the former in *Darthula*, “and gently touched my harp; the sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb.”——“My harp hangs on a blasted bough;” (in *Berrathon*) “the sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, O harp; or is it some passing ghost³?”—In supposing that the head of Memnon

¹ Part of these observations I sent, some years since, to a periodical publication, and they were afterwards inserted in a small essay, written by the Poet Bloomfield, on the Eolian Harp; entitled “*Nature’s Music.*”

² *Sonora buxi filia sutilis,*

Pendebis alta, barbite, populo,

Dum ridit æer, et supinas

Sollicitat levis aura frondes :—&c.

Cassimir, lib. II. Od. III.

³ Also in *Temora* :—“Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of death. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.

elicited sounds, because strings might have been placed in the throat, or in the mouth of the image, an objection might be raised, that if such were the cause, the image would send forth sounds at other times, as well as in the morning. Authorities are not wanting to prove that it did so. One string would act as well as five, in this instance ; for modern experience assures us, that a single string will sound all the harmonic notes besides the unison. But if the wind were not permitted to perform this office, the hand of a priest, who might regularly conceal himself every morning for that purpose in the statue, most certainly might ; and this is, doubtless, the more likely of the two : for Pausanias says, that the sound was similar to that of a bow-string ; breaking with too much tension. It is no argument to say, that it is not probable, such an artifice should be practised from the time of Strabo to that of Philostratus (two hundred years) ; since the hereditary practices of priests have descended from Lama to Lama, in Tartary, China, and Japan, for thousands of years.

VIII.

But it is more probable, that the sounds proceeded from gently knocking a stone, enclosed at the base, or in the bosom of the statue :—some stones naturally emitting sound upon being struck by any other body. In the labyrinth of Alcahous was a stone, that elicited sound, upon being struck ever so lightly ; Grosier relates, that some streams abound in stones, which

sound on being touched¹; and that they were frequently strung into beads, in order to form a kind of musical instrument. Pausanias also relates, that he saw at Megara a stone, which, when struck, produced a note like the vibration of the string of an instrument. And in one of the pyramids there is still a sarcophagus resembling an altar, which emits a peculiar sound when struck with any hard substance. I have myself seen an instance of this kind, near the chapel of St. Gowen, situated in an amphitheatre of marine rocks, in the county of Pembroke. This idea is rendered more probable by an assertion of Strabo, assuring us, that the sound issued from the pedestal, and that it resembled that produced by striking something on a hard body. From these accounts it would appear, that the actors in this pontifical drama did not always strike with the same force, nor with the same material.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the sun has quitted the world with reluctance, and the glow of heaven sits, as it were, upon the mountains; and the whole concave is robed in purple majesty and splendour :—and when

——— in some sequestered vale

The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal ;

¹ Humboldt having heard of stones, which the missionaries of the Oroonoko call *Laxas de Musica*, gives rather too fanciful a probability for the music of Memnon's statue. Vide Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 560.

how soft, how lulling and serene, are all the objects of the vast creation!—Then, while the eye and the imagination are indulging in the contemplation of progressive twilight, the heart vibrates with many a gentle impulse; the passions modulate to divine repose; and the soul, partaking of the general hush of Nature, and awed by its solemn imagery, exalts its meditation far beyond the orbit of the visible creation: and appearing susceptible of an earthly immortality, anticipates the sacred character of that golden age, to which the virtuous will be called.

For then the serene faculties of the soul are awake, and feed on thoughts worthy of paradise. Time seems to be our own; we meditate with satisfaction on the evening of life, of which the scene is an emblem; and we feel even capable of exclaiming, “The portals of eternity are opening; my life seems closing; my heart swells with transport; and my soul feels, as if it were already starting into a new existence!”—As to men of the world!—Let them slumber in the midst of these hallowed associations:—

——— And be their rest unmov'd

By the white moonlight's dazzling power:—

None, but the loving and belov'd,

Should be awake at this sweet hour.

Moore.

An evening calculated to elicit emotions and reflections, commensurate with these, is described by Homer (or rather by his translator), in a passage, which, for its solemnity, pathos, and picturesque imagery, can never be sufficiently admired!—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll ;
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole :
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head :
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 And floods of glory burst from all the skies !

Such a scene as this impregnates the imagination with the unity of a sublime and pathetic moral. For when the mind is enriched and diversified with science, every object has its beauty ; and every beauty adorns itself with the colouring of moral eloquence :—

The passions, to divine repose,
 Persuaded yield : and love and joy alone
 Are waking :—love and joy, such as await
 An angel's meditation.

II.

To worship JEHOVAH, under the hope of receiving rewards for the homage, is insulting to his benignity, and deserves, for an age of adoration, an eternity of disappointment.—Such is not the religion of the heart ; nor is it the religion, that astronomy teaches us to acknowledge. The faith of astronomy insinuates itself into the soul, like the soft vibrations of the most delicate music, emanating from amid the compass and grandeur of the noblest and sublimest of harmonic sounds.

In this repose of the passions, evening diffuses a fascinating charm ; and every star, as it were, become

the mother of devotion. Watching the emersion of Jupiter's satellites ; contemplating the two thousand five hundred stars in the constellation of Orion ; or viewing the whole capacious firmament ;—every system, that we see, hymns, as it were, a perpetual hallelujah. The mind is ravished and the soul transported.—Harmonizing with all the nobler passions, love assumes a chaster character ; and we turn with delight to that beautiful passage in Milton, where Adam and his companion, arriving at their shady lodge, and beholding “ the moon's resplendent globe and starry pole,” burst out—

—— Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day !

Recalling this sacred passage, the fragment of Sappho, preserved by Demetrius Phalareus,¹ sinks into nothing !—And, gazing on the vast concave of the hemisphere, what are all the mausoleums, the triumphal arches, the palaces, and the pyramids in the world ?

WRITTEN IN A GLEN, NEAR VALLE-CRUCIS ABBEY, IN
THE COUNTY OF DENBIGH.

TIME ;—*Sunset.*

HERE let me rest !—In this sequestered glen,
Far from the tumults of a giddy world,
The joys, the hopes, the energies of life,
Pleas'd, I'd resign.——
Those mountains rude, which rear their heads so high,

¹ Vesper omnia fers ;
Fers vinum, fers capram,
Fers matri filiam.

And those dark woods, that screen their giant sides,
 Should shield my monument from northern snows ;
 And that wild stream, which rolls unseen below,
 Should murmur music near my humble grave.
 As in oblivious silence I reposed,
 Ah ! how delighted were my peaceful spirit,
 Should some sweet maid, at midnight's solemn hour,
 (Led by the radiance of th' approving moon,)
 Approach that spot, where long in soft repose,
 Pleased I have slept ; and water with her tears
 The rose and jasmine, that around my tomb
 In chaste, in generous, circling clusters grow.
 While from her lap she scatter'd flowers around,
 Cull'd in the evening from the cottage door
 Of some good peasant.—All around would smile ;
 And sigh to know, what dear, enchanting maid,
 Could be so chaste, so faithful, and so good !
 While from my tomb, with pleasure and regret,
 My heart would whisper, it was—JULIET.

III.

When the evening star sinks gradually behind the
 hill ; and when, rising from among clouds, the moon
 has thrown her solemn mantle over all nature ; who
 is there with soul, so abject and depraved, that does not
 elevate his thoughts to heaven, and deify its architect ?
 The soul acknowledges the powers of poetry ; and
 while the various orbs are advancing with silent
 rapidity through the repose of night, how often do
 we recur to the sublime descriptions of the sacred
 writers !—In Milton, we behold one of the archan-
 gels leading his radiant files, nightly, through the
 confines of heaven, dazzling the moon with their
 splendour ;—and in the Apocalypse¹ a woman, wear-

¹ Rev. c. xii.

ing twelve stars upon her head, as a crown; while the sun and the moon are standing at her feet. In one passage of the *Paradise Lost*, we behold Satan steering his course among the constellations; and pursuing his voyage through the kingdom of Chaos, and the vast regions of space, while a bridge is thrown over the infinite void. In the *Revelations* a great burning star falls and embitters the third part of the waters¹:—in another passage a star falls from heaven to whom are given the keys of hell²; then at the sound of an angel other stars fall³; the sun, and moon, are smitten and darkened,⁴ as was threatened to Egypt in the days of Ezekiel,⁵ to Babylon in those of Isaiah,⁶ and as written to precede the second coming of the Christian Messiah.⁷ Then, reverting to the description of the Evangelist, we behold a picture of the new Jerusalem⁸:—walls of jasper; gates of pearl; streets of transparent gold; walls with emeralds, sapphires, beryls, and amethysts;—all illumined with a light, far surpassing that of the sun.

IV.

AUTUMN,—the most solemn and affecting season of the year,—succeeds: and the soul, dissolving, as it were, into a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, acknowledges that silent pathos, which governs without subduing the heart. For Nature, as it were, robes herself in a

¹ Chap. viii. v. 10, 11.² Ch. ix., v. 1.³ Ch. vi., v. 13.⁴ Ch. viii., v. 12.⁵ Ezekiel xxxii., v. 7.⁶ Isaiah xlii., v. 10. Joel ii., v. 31, iii., v. 15.⁷ Acts ii., v. 20.

Matt. xxiv., v. 29.

⁸ Rev. xxi.

more sober mantle; the mountains assume a deeper hue; the torrent a bolder swell; the woods vary themselves with every tint; and the clouds roll themselves into a thousand magnificent volumes.

This season, so sacred to the enthusiast, has been, in all ages, selected by the poet and the moralist, as a theme for poetic description, and moral reflection: since now, all nature, verging towards old age, reminds the young, as well as the old, of the shortness of life, and the certainty of its decay. This reflection gave occasion to many of the ancient poets, to draw a comparison between the regular march of the seasons, and the progress of the life of man:—and, since they were unenlightened on the argument of futurity, the subject in their hands became pensive and ungrateful. Melancholy allusions to the renovation of natural objects and the eternal sleep of man, are, therefore, but too frequent among the ancient poets. A striking instance of which occurs in the poem of Moschus on the death of Bion, so well imitated by Horace, in the eighth ode of his fourth book. To these complaints the whole doctrine of the christian testament furnishes a beautiful reply, and in no part of that consolatory book more than in the writings of St. Paul. Whatever may have been his reading, and whatever may be his faith, we may triumphantly challenge the boldest of critics to produce a poem, more admirable in the choice of language; more abounding in that union of the solemn and magnificent in manner; and more productive of sublimity of feeling, than the 15th Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. Had it been written by Mahomet,

even Louth must have confessed, that Mahomet had exceeded the sublimity of Job; and been touched with holier fire, than even Isaiah himself. To us, whose hopes of immortality rest upon a firmer basis, AUTUMN, presenting nothing from analogy, that ought to excite our fears, or to weaken our attachments, affords additional argument for our hopes, by animating our prospects with the promise of eternal spring.

V.

Awed by the progress of time, WINTER, ushered into existence by the howling of storms, and the rushing of impetuous torrents, and contemplating, with the satisfaction of a giant, the ruins of the year, still affords ample food for enjoyments, which the vulgar never dream of, if sympathy and association diffuse their attractive spells around us! In the bosom of retirement, how delightful is it to feel exempt from the mean intrigues, the endless difficulties and tumults, which active life ensures; and which retirement enables us so well to contemplate through the telescope of recollection. When seated by the chearful fire among friends, loving and beloved, our hopes, our wishes, and our pleasures are concentrated; the soul seems imparadised in an enchanted circle; and the world,—vain, idle, and offensive as it is,—presents nothing to the judgment, and little to the imagination, that can induce the enlightened or the good to regret, that the knowledge, they possess of it, is chiefly from the report of others; or from the tumultuous murmur, which, from a distance, invades the tranquillity of their retreat, and operates as a discord in a

soft sonata. These are the moments, which affect us more than all the harmony of Italy, or all the melody of Scotland;—moments, in which we appear almost to emulate the gods in happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

Perpetual changes glide on in eternal continuity. Plants spring up spontaneously among the ruins of conflagrated cities;—vallies rise to mountains;—mountains sink to vallies;—the ending of Summer is the beginning of Autumn; and in the womb of Winter are secreted the embryos of Spring. Flowers acquire new colours, as they expand; red changes to blue; blue to yellow; yellow to white; and white to purple. The ocean leaves a sandy shore and gains upon a rocky one¹: where once it rolled with violence now bloom innumerable flowers: and fields, formerly waving with harvests, now vegetate with marine plants and fossils.

Shells from a slimy liquid harden into pearls; from pearls they crumble into dust. The chrysalis, as some one has elegantly observed, is the cradle of the butterfly, at the very moment, that it becomes the tomb of the caterpillar. “Change is the great Lord of the universe,” says Feltham²; “and time is the agent, which brings all things under his dominion.” Em-

¹ A great portion of the Coromandel coast was gradually formed by the retirement of the sea; and the lower districts of Bengal have also the same origin.

² In his *Resolves*;—a neglected book, which, with all its quaintness, is worth a thousand ingots of gold. Vide also Spenser; *Faerie Queene*. b. vii.

pires, like men, move also in funeral procession; and systems of philosophy, with the exception of those relating to morals and geometry, have experienced a similar fate; from Zoroaster to Aristotle; from Pythagoras to Bacon; from Des Cartes to Newton.

Islands have immersed out of the bosom of the sea¹; whole continents have, on the contrary, been torn asunder; rocks have been shattered into precipices; and cities melted into lakes: while the largest monument of human industry and pride constitutes a tomb!

There have not been wanting some even to suppose, that mountains may lose at one time, and recover what they lost at another²; either after the manner of vegetables, or by the operation of internal volcanoes.—Ælian says, that it was the general opinion, in his time, that Mounts Parnassus, Olympus, and Etna, had much diminished in size; and it is an undoubted fact, that one of the Downs, in the Isle of Wight, has decreased in height within the knowledge of many persons in that island. On the other hand, Euripides calls Etna “the mother of mountains³,” and the epithet is applied with singular felicity, if we may credit the assertion of Kircher, that the quantity of matter, expectorated by that mountain, exceeds

¹ In 1707 a new island rose out of the sea near Sautorine, with several volcanic explosions of great violence. *Payne's Geographical Extracts*, p. 252:—and what is still more curious, an island, which was thrown up in 1783 at a little distance from Iceland, in 1785 totally disappeared.

² Theophrastus—in *Philo.* p. 513.

³ Monte Victoria “the most beautiful of her children.”

twenty times the original size of its own bulk¹! The birch tree, in a similar manner, bleeds, when deeply wounded, so copiously, that the matter is said to equal the weight of the whole tree and root.

II.

The shepherds of Abruzzo drive their flocks to the plains of Apulia in winter, as they did in the days of Horace and Varro; but what a mighty change has time effected in the general aspect of the country! "Change is indeed the Lord of the universe." Such is the fate of the earth; such the fate of vegetables; such the fate of animals; and such the fortune of towns, cities, countries, and empires!

In many parts of Egypt, Syria, and the East, little is there to relieve the eye, but ruined towns and villages, lying like skeletons of large animals. Where is GAZNA? —once the capital of a mighty empire? In vain do we

¹ Kircher:—Mund: v. i. 202. Borellus of Pisa having visited Mount Etna in 1669, in order to analyze the matter expectorated, calculated that if it had been extended in length and breadth upon the surface of the terraqueous part of the Globe, it would, taking 1000 paces to a mile, have more than four times covered the earth. Burnett, ii. 82. Dion Cassius says, that the ashes from Vesuvius, during the eruption in the reign of Titus Vespasian, were carried over the Mediterranean not only into Egypt, but into Syria—Lib. lxvi. Signor Recupero calculated, that the lowest lava of Mount Etna must have issued from that mountain upwards of 14,000 years ago. Brydone relates, that a Sicilian writer of credit, Signor Massa, had visited a bed of lava at Catania eight years after the eruption of 1669, and that in many places it was still warm.*

search for it in the map of Asia. NAZARETH is dwindled to a village.¹ CAPERNUUM, in former times the metropolis of Galilee, has fulfilled the prophecy, and now consists of only six fishermen's huts ;—and where flows the waters of the lake Asphaltites, once flourished more than thirteen cities.² TRIDAT, formerly the most delightful spot in Cyprus, and breathing every charm of pastoral comfort, is now a dreary, cheerless, and infectious marsh. The territory of CAMPANIA,³ producing a double spring of flowers, and once so fruitful, that Pliny called it, “ the work of Nature in the height of her felicity,” is now desolate : and ENNA, once so fruitful, that Diana and Minerva were fabled to inhabit it six months every year, is now a marsh, full of toads and water-reeds. The LEONTINE fields, so

¹ This village will be long remembered for a conversation between Dr. Clarke and an Arab, whom the Franciscan Friars had taught Italian. “ Beggars in England are happier, far better, than we poor Arabs.”—“ Why better ? ”—“ Happier,” returned the Arab, “ because they live under a good government ; better, because they will not endure a bad one.”

² Strabo, lib. lxvi. In the reign of Tiberius, says Suetonius, twelve cities of Asia were destroyed by an earthquake. *Suet. in Vit. Tib.* vi.—This was the great convulsion of nature, which is recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew, as occurring at the time of the Crucifixion. *St. Mat.* ch. 27. v. 51. The fact is confirmed by Tacitus : *Ann. lib.* 10. c. 47. and by Pliny. lib. 11. cap. 86.

³ Thus Lucius Florus.—*Omnium, non modo Italiæ, sed toto orbe terrarum pulcherrima Campaniæ plaga est : nihil mollius cælo : denique bis floribus vernat ; nihil uberius solo : ideo Liberi Cererisque certamen dicitur.* *L. Flor.* lib. i. c. 16.

highly extolled by Cicero, and now called the plains of Catania, are little frequented, less cultivated, and present a curious and melancholy medley of every description of flowers, growing among miniature forests of weeds and thistles.

Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe
Soothe the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherd's kingdom.

The Fleece, book i., p. 521.

The nation of SOLYMI?—so entirely was it destroyed, even in the time of Pliny, the naturalist, that no traces remained of it. Its vineyards had become desolate, and its sons had perished. The city of VEII has been a solitude, for nineteen hundred years;—ETRURIA, once the scene of heroic achievements, is now a desert; and the roses, so celebrated by Ausonius, no longer decorate the ruins of *Pæstum*.¹ Shapeless masses—monuments of the power of Genseric, king of the Vandals,—now occupy the spot, where Hannibal lost the fruits of victory, among streets, palaces, and public buildings, which even surpassed those of Rome itself.

III.

CORINTH?—a comparatively modern city, in which only two capitals remain of that order, to which its name was given: and in vain the Nereids lament its destruction in the epigrams of Perdiccas.

¹ Capua.

This fate attended ancient cities, much more frequently than modern ones. Hence arose the minuteness, which gives such value to Herodotus. "I shall, as I proceed, describe the smaller cities and larger communities," says he;¹ "for many of these, at present possessed neither of opulence or power, were formerly splendid and illustrious : others, even within my own remembrance, have risen from humility to grandeur. From my conviction, therefore, of the precarious nature of human felicity, they shall all be respectively described." SPARTA?—It is occupied by the hut of a goatherd, whose wealth, says Chateaubriand, consists in the grass, that grows upon the graves of Agis and Agesilaus. Sparta no longer remembers Lycurgus ;—while in the solitudes of ASIA, innumerable cities, whose fabrics were beautiful and magnificent, have pulverized like the dust of insects.

VENAFRO has been twice destroyed by earthquakes ; once by fire ; and twice depopulated by the plague. In what condition is the city of DELOS, and the island, on which it was situated : an island, so celebrated by Pindar and Callimachus, and once the richest in all the ancient world ? The city is a confused mass of rubbish ; and the island totally destitute and abandoned :—without a temple—and without a hut ! All that remain of the ancient part of TENTYRA, are two gates and four temples ; while the isle of ELEPHANTINE is covered in its south part with ruins half buried beneath the soil.

¹ Clio v. Beloe.

IV.

A multitude of palaces are still to be seen, at the bottom of the sea, in the neighbourhood of *Baiæ* and *Puteoli* ; and *Gaurus*, once the most fruitful mountain in all Italy, now smokes with sulphur : while HERCULANEUM and POMPEII lie concealed beneath large beds of lava. Dion Cassius informs us, that these two cities were destroyed in the first eruption of Vesuvius ; the endeavour to investigate the causes of which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny. From the silence of Pliny the younger, however, the account of Dion Cassius has been made a subject of doubt.¹ But this silence is no argument. For it was not the duty of that orator to give Tacitus a general description of the *whole* catastrophe, attending that remarkable eruption ; and of which Tacitus was, there is little doubt, as well informed as himself ; but only that part of which he was a witness, (*quorum pars fuit*;) and which affected him in so serious a point as the loss of an uncle. The portion of Tacitus, in which this event was recorded, has been lost.²

¹ Some have attempted to prove, that neither Pompeii nor Herculaneum were overwhelmed by the lava of Vesuvius ; but by a rising of the waters of the Mediterranean ; which deposited over them stratified rocks.*

² That historians should still assert, that this eruption of Vesuvius was the first visitation, with which it had been agitated, will be sufficiently curious to those, who will take the trouble to consult critically, the following referential passages.—*Diod. Sic.* lib. v. c. 21.—*Vitruvius*, lib. ii. c. 6.—*Strabo*, lib. v.—Should the reader entertain a wish to form

If we are to doubt the evidence of historians because their facts are not confirmed by others, we may call in question many of the most important events, recorded in the history of the world. Several incidents, related by Suetonius and Velleius Paterculus, are passed over by Tacitus ; and Livy gives no account of innumerable particulars mentioned by Plutarch :—while the conflagration of Alexandria, which is so particularly described by Abulfaragius, is not even alluded to by Eutychius. Voltaire omits a multitude of important events in his general history ; Robertson is exceedingly deficient, both in facts and authorities ; and Plutarch, in his life of Cæsar, overlooks all the events, related in the third and sixth books of that great general's Commentaries. Quintilian omits the name of Polybius, in his enumeration of historians ; and Dion Cassius himself, who records the eruption, that gave occasion to these remarks, has omitted the event of Hadrian's voluntary resignation of Trajan's conquests :—one of the most important instances of prudential policy, recorded in history !

form some adequate idea of the ornaments of Herculaneum, he may consult with advantage, *Di Bronzi di Ercolano*, published at Naples, in nine volumes, folio. He will find it in the library of the London Institution. A Neapolitan writer insists, as we have observed in the preceding note, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place at the time alluded to ; and that Pompeii and Herculaneum were most probably destroyed by an overflow of water, which covered them with a bed of papillo ; similar to that which is formed every day by the waves on the shore of the Bay of Naples. It is certainly very curious, that in the imperial library at Vienna there should be a map of the Itinerary of Theodosius, of the fourth century, in which are set down on parchment the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum ;—supposed to have been destroyed three centuries before.

V.

Ferrara was so ruined in the time of Misson,¹ that it was said to have had more houses than inhabitants : and so poor and desolate, that it could not be seen without compassion. The once powerful city of TARQUINII is sunk into a field for corn ; and the plough frequently turns up medals, intaglios, and fragments of inscriptions. On the sea-shore, near Puzzioli,² are also found seals, coins, cornelians, and agates ; bearing impressions of ears of corn, grapes, and vine branches ;—ants, eagles, and other animals. These are thrown up by the waves after violent storms ; and commemorate the magnificence of a city, now forming part of the great bed of the ocean.

What were the feelings and reflections, my Lelius, of your friend Eustace, among the ruins of POMPEII ? Can any thing be more beautiful than his description of them ? It is a passage assuredly uniting all the enthusiasm of Petrarch to the delicacy and elegance of Cicero. “ The ruins of Pompeii,” says he, “ possess a secret power, that captivates and melts the soul ! In other times, and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us ; nay an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column was beheld with veneration :—but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond

¹ Misson, vol. i. p. 315.

² Misson, vol. i. p. 439.

but hopeless longing. Here not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a house, but a whole city, rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets ; tread the very same pavement ; behold the same walls ; enter the same doors ; and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects ; and out of the same windows we contemplate the same scenery. In the midst of all this not a voice is heard ; not even the sound of a foot, to disturb the loneliness of the place, or to interrupt his reflections. All around is silence ; not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation ; the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant :

“ Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.”¹

The streets are paved with lava ; the houses are richly inlaid with Roman and Mosaic pavements ; and even the names of their ancient inhabitants still remain inscribed over the doors.

VI.

Little more than a few huts, rising among ruins, denote the splendour of ancient SARDIS² ; and URJEUSH is now lost in dust³ ; though it was once the capital of the kingdom of Karasm. In the year 1221

¹ Virg. En. book ii. Eustace, vol. iii. p. 57. 8vo.

² Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor, p. 253.

³ The sands of the Lybian Desarts, driven by the west winds, have left no lands capable of tillage on any parts of the western banks of the Nile, not sheltered by mountains. The encroachment of these sands on soils, which were formerly inhabited and cultivated, is evidently seen.

the Mungols put one hundred thousand of its inhabitants to the sword¹ ; and in 1388 Tamerlane² caused it to be razed ; and the land, on which it stood, to be sowed with barley. DAMASCUS is the oldest city in the world, that bears its original name. It was in existence in the time of Abraham ; and Josephus says it was built by Uz, the son of Shem, the grandson of Noah. It still retains much of its ancient beauty. The ancient splendour of LAMBESE, however, is attested only by its Corinthian pillars ; its amphitheatre ; and its temple of the Ionic order. Who, in the village of Balbait, would recognize the city of BUSIRIS ? Its ruins, proud as they are, and exhibiting exquisite specimens of beauty, as they do, are but faint outlines of its celebrated temple.

VII.

TYRE, of “ perfect beauty,”³ whose merchants were princes,⁴ and styled “ the honourable of the M. Denon informs us in the account of his travels in Lower and Upper Egypt, that summits of the ruins of ancient cities, buried under these sands, still appear externally ; and that, but for a ridge of mountains, called the Lybian chain, which borders the left bank of the Nile, and forms, in the parts where it rises, a barrier against the invasion of these sands, the shores of the river, on that side, would long since have ceased to be habitable. Nothing can be more melancholy, says this traveller, than to walk over villages, swallowed up by the sand of the desert, to trample underfoot their roofs, to strike against the summits of their minarets, to reflect, that yonder were cultivated fields, that there grew trees, that here were even the dwellings of men, and that all has vanished.”—*De Luc, Mercure de France, Sept. 1807.—Jameson.*

¹ La Croix, Hist. Genghis Khàn, p. 256.

² Hist. Timûr Bék, vol. i p. 306. ³ Ezekiel, ch. xxvii. v. 3.

⁴ Their ships were frequently of cedar ; the benches of ivory ; fine
em-

earth,"¹ once the emporium of the East and a mart for the West, is now a rock for fishermen to dry their nets upon!—Such is its condition, and such was the prophesy of Ezekiel.²—In a similar state of decay is SIDON, the most ancient of maritime cities; illustrious for its wealth; for the sobriety and industry of its inhabitants; for the wisdom of its councils; and for its skill in commerce, geography, and astronomy. Who can trace the power and splendour of ancient CARTHAGE, once, as Strabo informs us, forty miles in circumference, and which took seventeen days in burning, in the small village of Melcha?—Not a column of porphyry or of granite remains.

SYRACUSE, at one time manning powerful fleets, and raising large armies within its walls, is little more than an extensive heap of ruins and rubbish.—Where, too, is the city of MEMPHIS?—*Etiam periere ruinæ.*—No three travellers agree as to the place on which it stood: while a solitary obelisk alone, overlooks the fragments once belonging to the Egyptian HELIOPOLIS. Fragments, attesting, with most Egyptian ruins, a people, who loved peace so well, that they kept armies only for their defence; whose learning and arts brought even Greece for a pupil; and whose empire, says Bossuet,³ had a character, distinct from every other.

embroidered linens of Egypt was used for sails;—and their canopies were of scarlet and purple silk.—Ezekiel, ch. xxvii.

¹ Isaiah, ch. xxiij. v. 8.

² Ezekiel, ch. xxvi. v. 5, 14.

³ Univ. Hist. part iii. Progression of Empires.

EPHESUS, called in ancient times “the most illustrious;” a city once possessing a temple, adorned by Scopas and Praxiteles, and boasting of pillars, formed by the manual labour of kings, is now become the habitation of a few herdsmen and shepherds, who find a shelter from the inclemency of the weather, beneath its mighty masses of crumbling walls:—awful and affecting monuments of sublunary grandeur!—BALBEC has long been employed as a miserable receptacle for a few poor, who cultivate maize, water-melons and cotton. There is not a column of marble among its fragments, that does not tell a melancholy history. They present the boldest plan ever exhibited in architecture.¹—The hundred gates of THEBES?² awful and magnificent

¹ Vide Ruins of Heliopolis. London, 1757, p. 6, fol.

² “Very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers.—It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas, that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples, as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller, at once, one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains, that project to a great height above the wood of palmtrees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphynxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once

are they in their ruins!—PERSEPOLIS?—Its majestic pillars attest its pristine splendour; its fragments afford innumerable nests and dens for beasts and birds of prey, for toads and serpents, and other noxious reptiles.—When a learned orientalist, now living, first beheld these ruins, he assured me, he was for some time unable to speak! The “proud NINEVEH,” and the “Golden BABYLON,” the most populous and most magnificent cities, that ever adorned the earth, retain not even a stone to tell the melancholy history of their fate!—Babylon, “the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of Chaldees, shall never be inhabited, nor shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.—The Arabian shall not pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their folds there; but wild beasts of the desert shall be there; and their dens shall be full of doleful creatures.”²—Babylon, built by

of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among the wonders. The temples of Gournon, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c. are all objects, worthy of the admiration of the traveller; who will not fail to wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.”—Belzoni's Narrative, p. 37, 38.

¹ “He will stretch out his hand against the north, and destroy Assyria: and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness: and flocks shall lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations.”—Zephaniah, ch. ii. v. 12, 13.

² Isaiah, ch. xiii. v. 19, &c.

Semiramis, was first injured by Cyrus, who, diverting the Euphrates, converted the neighbouring country into a morass.—Darius Hystaspes lowered its walls and demolished its gates : gates formed of brass ; and walls so thick, that six chariots could run abreast.¹—Then followed the building of Seleucia, and the conflagration of the Parthians. In the time of Pausanias nothing remained but the ruins of its walls and temples. It became a park for those kings of Persia, who succeeded to its ruins, after the Parthian empire was destroyed, to keep their wild beasts in² : in 1173, some ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace only remained³ ; in the days of Texeira, these were reduced to a few footsteps :—now, even the dust, into which its fragments pulverized, have long been wafted to the Deserts.—Its site has neither name nor remnant.⁴—The country, round this city, was once a paradise. The soil, says Quintus Curtius, and Niger, was so fruitful, that it produced corn twice a year :—and the herdsmen were accustomed to drive

¹ As the walls of Pekin are seventy-five feet high, and so broad, that it is guarded by sentinels on horseback, should Pekin gradually experience the fate of Thebes, Memphis, and Nineveh, it will present, for a series of ages, a mass of ruins, the most wonderful, that ever the world saw.

² St. Jerome, Comment. in Isaia, cap. 13, 14.

³ Benjamin's de Tudela. Itinerarium, p. 96.

⁴ Since this was written, Mr. Rich has published two volumes on Babylon. He found the whole face of the country covered with vestiges of buildings, brick walls, and a vast succession of mounds of rubbish : among which is only one tree ; which is an evergreen, resembling the *lignum vitæ*. The ruins commence at Mohawil, nine miles from Heliah, and about thirty-eight miles from Bagdad : and these ruins, he says, are the ruins of the ancient Babylon.

their cattle from pasture, lest they should die of satiety. Strabo asserts, that it was covered with palms; and “as for its millet and wheat,” says Herodotus, who travelled thither, “the former grows to the height of a tree, and the latter produces more than two hundred fold. Of all regions, that I have seen,” continues he, “this is the most excellent.”

VIII.

PALMYRA, once a paradise in the centre of inhospitable deserts, the pride of Solomon, the capital of Zenobia, and the wonder and admiration of all the East, now lies “majestic though in ruins!” Its glory withered, time has cast over it a sacred grandeur, softened into grace. History, by its silence, mourns its melancholy destiny; while immense masses and stupendous columns denote the spot, where once the splendid city of the desert reared her proud and matchless towers. Ruins are the only legacy, the destroyer left to posterity. Beholding, on all sides, a wide and abandoned waste, that loses itself in an interminable horizon, the eye rests on disfigured capitals, entablatures, and pilasters, all of Parian whiteness; which, exhibiting, in various quarters, broken and disjointed skeletons of a city, once the seat of a mighty empire, the imagination luxuriates in a thousand elevated contemplations.—The dream of life assumes a more sublime character;—and, beholding the noblest labours of man, the pride of his heart, and the finest monuments of his genius, lying prostrate and in ruins, desolate and deserted, the mind recog-

nizes the progression of time ; and, reposing on these last witnesses, as it were, of human duration, the memory glides, in solemn awe, to dwell on the walls of BABYLON ; the ramparts of NINEVEH ; the hundred gates of THEBES ; the seven-fold walls of ECBATANA ; and the solemn wrecks, that still survive the fortune of PERSEPOLIS.

IX.

Indulging these associations, the soul, impressed with sublime imagery, loses itself in the unfathomable depth of infinite duration. Striking,—august,—romantic, and magnificent,—they form at once a sepulchre of human labour, and a monument of human genius :—affording the noblest subjects for meditation in the vastness of their bulk, and in the greatness of their manner :—yet bearing ample evidence of inevitable ruin.

The melancholy and interesting fate of JERUSALEM has a character of its own. Once the pride of Western Asia, it has often sat, as it were, silent, solitary, and desolate, amid the ruins of her walls and temples. Judah, being led into captivity and rendered tributary, Jerusalem, as the prophet Isaiah most affectingly expresses it, “sat as a widow; the tears were on her cheeks; and her daughters were in bitterness.” Though often ruined, and once furrowed with the plough, fortune has never entirely forsaken her ! She has risen from her ashes, and still lives ; “shorn of her beams,” it is true, but deriving consolation from her former greatness. The destruction of Jerusalem by Titus ! History pre-

sents no parallel. Previous to the siege, the city was a prey to the most intolerable anarchy; robbers having broken into it, and filled almost every house with thieves, assassins, and broilers of every description. The best citizens were thrown into prisons, and afterwards murdered: without even so much as a form of trial. At this time Titus appeared before the gates; a vast multitude having previously arrived in the city to celebrate the feast of the Pass-over. During this celebrated siege there were no less than three earthquakes; and an aurora borealis terrified the inhabitants with forms, which their fears and astonishment converted into prodigies of armies, fighting in the air, and flaming swords hanging over their temple. They were visited with a plague, so dreadful, that more than one hundred and fifty thousand were persons were carried out of the city, at the public charge, to be buried; and six hundred thousand were cast out of the gates and over the walls!—A famine ensued; and so horrible was the want, that a bushel of corn sold for six hundred crowns: the populace were reduced to the necessity of raking old excrement of horses, mules, and oxen, to satisfy their hunger; and a lady of quality even boiled her own child, and ate it!—a crime so exquisite, that Titus vowed to the eternal gods, that he would bury its infamy in the ruins of the city. He took it soon after by storm:—the plough was drawn over it; and with the exception of the west wall and three towers, not one stone remained above another. Ninety-seven thousand persons were made captives; and

one million one hundred thousand perished, during the siege.¹ Those, made captives, being sold to several nations, were dispersed over a great portion of the ancient world; and from them are descended the present race of Jews, scattered singly, and in detached portions, in every province of Europe, and in many districts of Africa and Asia. Thus terminated this memorable siege!—a siege, the results of which meet the eye in every Jew we see.²

¹ Vespasian, to immortalize the sacking of Jerusalem, stamped several medals in silver and gold, in which Titus and himself were represented on one side, and a female on the other, sitting in a melancholy attitude under a plane tree; and with the spoils of the city decorated the temple of peace. Trajan erected an arch to Titus, in memory of this victory. Under this arch the Jews never pass:—It still remains; and is said to exhibit a thousand beauties. In the grand picture of the Prophets, in the Sistine Chapel, Jeremiah is represented, as exhausted by lamentation, mourning over the ruins of Jerusalem. —It is alluded to by Fuseli, p. 128.

² Solomon's Temple was built in the year 1008 before Christ:—The second temple was finished under Darius in 515;—the third by Herod in 19. This temple was destroyed by Titus, A.D. 70; and Julian attempted to rebuild it in the year 363. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Adrian rebuilt the city A.D. 130, and changed its name to *Ælia Capitolina*. Two years afterwards the second Jewish war commenced, which lasted three years; and finished in the final banishment of the Jews from Judea. Previous to the destruction of their city, the Jews were a remarkable people. We are told by Philostratus,* that they were aliens to the rest of the world; and that even their neighbours were less strangers to the people of Susa and Bætica, than they were to them. Even Josephus bears testimony to the impracticability of his countrymen. So many villainies prevailed in the city, that the Jewish historian says, in the sorrow of his heart, "I verily believe, that had not the Romans come up against Jerusalem, as they did, the earth would have
swallowed

* Philost, in Vit. Apol. lib. v. c. 33. Olearius. Lat. Ed.

CHAPTER V.

The Pythagoreans derived the greatest consolation from that everchanging aspect of material objects, to

swallowed it; another deluge would have overwhelmed it; or fire and thunderbolts would have fallen from heaven to destroy and consume it."* From this period to that of Arcadius and Honorius,† the Jews became contemptible to all men:—from the east to the west; and to the very extremity of the known earth. Moses himself seems to have predicted this ruin:—"Thou shalt plant vineyards and dress them," says he, "but shalt neither drink the wine, nor gather the grapes.—*** Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all the nations."‡ It is curious, however, to observe, that when the city had been sometime rebuilt, and a large portion of it peopled with Christians, it was taken, during the reign of Heraclius, the sixty-first Emperor of the Roman succession, by Chosroes, king of the Persians; when he sold no less than 90,000 Christians to the Jews; who reeked their vengeance by inflicting upon them barbarities, scarcely to be paralleled in the history of the most savage nations.

The associations, connected with this sublime city, would lead us into a field more hallowed, than I feel myself qualified to enter upon. I shall therefore merely remark, that a picture has been painted, within these few years, which, if I mistake not, exhibits a promise of future excellence, which England has hitherto been entirely unaccustomed to. I allude to HAYDON's picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. We might well confess to me, one day, as I was observing him at work upon his celebrated picture of Christ Rejected, that there was an artist, he understood, rising amongst us, whose fame might, as far as he knew, eclipse them all.—A magnanimity, worthy the genius of that amiable character!

When I first saw this picture, I was far from being satisfied with the principal figure.—It was not a likeness!—There was neither an imitation

* De Bell. Judaic, lib. vi. c. 16.

† Chrysostom, orat ii., Contra Judæos.

‡ Deut. ch. 28.

which we have alluded. There is not a finer passage in all Ovid, than that wherein he makes his celebrated

of Caracche, nor of Raphael :—it was neither of heaven nor of earth. But upon a more mature reflection, I became reconciled to the propriety of this apparent anomaly.—And I now esteem it the most wonderful countenance, that was ever sketched by the hand of man. It could only have proceeded from a genius of the first pictorial order.

In the portraits, however, there are two lasting errors :—and one of these the painter, with all the humility of true genius, confessed to me, one evening, in conversation, when I alluded to them. He has introduced Newton, Voltaire, and Wordsworth.—Wordsworth is a fine poet,—he is one of the true sons of Nature : but Milton—Milton ought to have represented the Christian cause in a picture like this.—But the great error is the anachronism.—It turns a real scene into an imaginary one.

From a fine poetical picture to a fine picture of poetry : and this, too, from one of those, who, neglected and comparatively unknown, are far more worthy of being so, than many of those, who force their way to public notice by friendly criticisms, or criticisms written by themselves.—Indeed the neglected poetry of this country constitutes a mine of secret wealth, entirely without a parallel, either in France, Italy, Germany, or Spain.

The mourner* speechless and amaz'd,
On that mysterious stranger gaz'd ;
If young he were, 'twas only seen
From lines, that told what once had been ;—
As if the hand of time
Had smote him ere he reach'd his prime.
The bright rose on his cheek was faded,
His pale fair brow with sadness shaded—
Yet through the settled sorrow there,
A conscious grandeur flash'd—which told
Unswayed by man, and uncontroll'd,
Himself had deign'd their lot to share,
And borne—because he will'd to bear.

Whate'er

* 'The Widow of Nain.

digression from Numa, to give a history of the natural and moral philosophy of Pythagoras¹: The founder of the Copernican system of astronomy and the

Whate'er his being or his birth,
His soul had never stoop'd to earth ;
Nor mingled with the meaner race,
Or shared or swayed his dwelling place :
But high—mysterious—and unknown
Held converse with itself alone.

And yet the look, that could depress
Pride to its native nothingness,
And bid the specious boaster shun
The eye, he dared not gaze upon,
Superior love did still reveal.

Not such as man for man may feel—
No!—all was passionless and pure ;

That godlike majesty of woe,
Which counts it glory to endure—
And knows not hope nor fear below ;

Nor aught that still to earth can bind
But love and pity for mankind.

And in his eye a radiance shone :

Oh, how shall mortal dare essay,
On whom no prophet's vest is thrown,

To paint that pure celestial ray ?

Mercy and tenderness and love,

And all that finite sense can deem

Of him, who reigns enthron'd above,

Light—such as blest Isaiah's dream,

When to the awe-struck prophet's eyes,

God bade the star of Judah rise.

There heaven in living lustre glow'd ;

There shone the SAVIOUR—there the God.

Dale ;—the Widow of Nain.

¹ For a representation of a fine bust of this philosopher in the Vatican, vide *Statue del Museo Pio Clementino*. Tom. vi. pl. 26.

greatest man, if we except Homer, Aristotle, and Newton, Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, that ever graced the annals of the human mind !

The passage alluded to¹ was, doubtless, Beattie's prototype.

Of chance or change, oh ! let not man complain ;
 Else shall he never, never, cease to wail ;
 For from the imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears his lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel the force of fortune's fickle gale ;
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
 Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale ;
 And gulphs the mountains mighty mass entomb'd ;
 And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

Beattie.

The sea now separates Britain² from France ; Sicily from Italy ; Terra-del-Fuego from Patagonia ; Suma-

¹ Lib. xv. l. 262.

² The chalk cliffs of Calais in many essential points resemble those of the coast between Dover and Folkstone. Vide Phillips' paper read to the Geological Society, Nov. 6, 1818. In the time of Diodorus Siculus, Lib. v. s. 22, the shore was so shallow between the Isle of Wight and the main land, that at low water it was dry. The ports of Tornéa, Uléaborg, and others in the Northern Gulf of Finland, on the contrary, lose water every year :—while an old map of Heligoland* attests the evidence of temples, citadels, villages, rivers, and woods, now no longer in being.

The recession of the sea on the coast of Chili is very evident. Even some way up the western declivities of the maritime mountains, grottoes are seen hung, as it were, with shells and spars. On the coast of Juana in Japan the sea is retiring, every year, from the great accumulation of shoal, mud, and sand-banks. Many parts of New Holland, too, exhibit evident marks of having been recently covered by the sea.

* Clarke, Scandinavia, 8. 4to.

tra from Malacca; Haman from Quantong; Ceylon from the Carnatic; and the Island of Madagascar from the Continent of Africa. It is more than probable, that all these islands were separated from the main land by some vast convulsion of Nature; and Herodotus even conjectures, that all Thessaly was anciently an entire lake; while Pallas conceives that, in remote times, the Crimea was an island, and that the Black Sea surrounded it. Java, Sumatra, Bali, Sumbaya, and Parang¹ are also believed to have formed one continent; and to have been separated by an earthquake². Indeed almost all the Asiatic clusters may reasonably be supposed to have been severed from the Asiatic continent. Some have even supposed, that from the circumstance of similar bones having been found in the the alluvial soils of Cerigo, Cyprus, Italy, Sicily, Santorini, and Iceland, that the whole space from Iceland to Cerigo was anciently one entire continent.

II.

That the sea once covered the earth is clearly established by bones of animals, petrified fishes, strata of shells, and beds of vegetables, under those marine substances, having been found in many countries, in

¹ Parang was separated from Sumbaya A. D. 297. Its separation is recorded in the Javan annals. In 1506 there was a great earthquake in Java:—in 1575 a great inundation and the appearance of a comet:—in 1586 another comet is recorded: and in 1594 and 1657 great eruptions of volcanoes.

situations much higher than the sea ; and not unfrequently on the sides and even summits of mountains. Some mountains in Chili¹ are formed entirely of shells ; few of which are in a state of decomposition : and on the Descaheyado,² one of the Andes, not much inferior to Chimborazo, are oysters and periwinkles, calcined and petrified.

Bivalve shells have been also found on Mount St. Julian in Valencia, enclosed in beds of gypsum, surrounded by detached pieces of slate : and petrified sea substances in a mine of virgin mercury in a steep hill near San Felipe. And in a crag of marble on Mount Olympus³ has been observed petrified fishes, three hands long, and three fingers broad, with gills clearly discernible.

Though shells have been observed in all ages to be component parts of mountains, Bernard Palassy was the first, who asserted them to be real shells ; and that they had once been inhabited by fishes :—and he defied the schools of Paris and all the arguments of the followers of Aristotle to prove the contrary.—These beds of shells are sometimes discovered in positions horizontal, undulated and vertical : and so thick as not only to check, but to suffocate vegetation.

They are frequently divided into strata, the lower one consisting of shells, unlike those now found in the sea ; the upper resembling those generally known. The latter circumstance fully refutes an argument, which might be drawn from the supposition, that the

¹ Molina, i. 52. Ulloa.

² Molina, i. 50.

³ Turner . *Levant*. iii. 185.

former were the remnants of earthly animals now unknown. These antediluvian monuments a French writer would call “medals, commemorating the deluge.”

III.

In Iceland, large logs of wood have been found in soil of considerable depth; and in Ireland have been dug up enormous antlers of an elk, extending fourteen feet from tip to tip¹. This is an animal now entirely unknown.

The jaw of an elephant was found in Iceland: two teeth of an hippopotamus were discovered thirty feet beneath the soil at Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; and the remains of an elephant were also discovered imbedded in a rock, which fell over the beach at Mundesley in the county of Norfolk. Teeth of sharks, too, have been found at Hindershef in Yorkshire; in the mines of Cornwall large timber trees, even at the depth of fifty fathoms: and bones of the crocodile and the mammoth have been discovered in the Isle of Wight.² In Siberia³ bones of the Arctic elephant are found by persons digging wells:—and at the foot of a mountain of ice in North-West America, Kotzebue found fragments of animals, with

¹ The French geologists will not allow these to belong either to the elk, or rein-deer; but to a wholly unknown class:—also the deer of Scania; and the large buffalo of Siberia. The Irish antlers were found in alluvial earth beneath peat moss.

² Phil. Mag: vol. lii. p. 68.

³ Nov. Comm: de ossibus Siberia fossilibus.

teeth similar to those seen in such vast quantities in Siberia, and on the shores of the Tartarian Sea.

In the coast of Lincolnshire are large relics of submarine forests. The skeleton of a species of crocodile,¹ now in the British Museum, was dug up in Nottinghamshire; a similar skeleton in a quarry near Caen in Normandy; and fossil bones of an immense lizard have been dug up near Maestricht: in Sweden, leaves of pine and cones of fir have been found imbedded even in iron ore.

On the clefts of the calcareous rocks of Gibraltar² are found brecchia, penetrated with bones of carniferous and herbivorous animals;—elephants' bones near the Toledo gate at Madrid, and in the village of Concud,³ as well as in many other parts of Spain, have been dug out of the earth fossil bones of various descriptions. Indeed, many rocks of that country seem to be almost entirely composed of river and oceanic shells, mixed with bodies beneath other rocks in beds

¹ Philosoph. Trans. vol. xxx. p. 963.

² Cuvier* has some curious remarks on the osseous conglomerate, or brecchia, found in the limestone rocks and hills of Gibraltar;—Cette;—Nice and Antibes;—Corsica;—Dalmatia;—Cerigo;—Concud in Arragon;—and in the Vicentine and Veronese districts. Upon these phenomena he remarks, that the osseous brecchia, not formed by a tranquil sea, or by a sudden irruption of it, are posterior to the last resting of the ocean on our Continent;—that the well-ascertained bones belong to herbivorous animals:—and that the greater number belong to animals, now existing in the neighbouring country.

³ Dillon's Trav., p. 227. 4to. 1780.

* Professor Jameson, p. 294.

of blackish earth. Even *cornuæ ammonis*, which are natives of very deep oceans, have been found in elevated regions. On the calcareous strata, near Bezieres in France, are large beds of oysters:—and an assemblage of marine petrifications have been discovered in the heart of a marble quarry near Aix,¹ fifteen miles from the Mediterranean; and 648 feet above its level.

Large masses of sea shells have been found on the surface of plains in several parts of Asia;—and groups of tall trees under the great basin near Calcutta. At Dum-Dum not only trunks of trees, but the bones and horns of deer² in a soil of great depth. Fossil bones of deer have been discovered, also, in a deep bed of gravel on the Kylas mountain, one of the Himalaya range:—16,000 feet above the sea.

In the region between Rochester and Chester,³ in the United States of America, are several organic remains, indicating the former dominion of the ocean: on the Missouri⁴ back-bones of a fish, forty-five feet long, petrified: and bones of the mammoth in soil not above six inches deep, at Goshen, Orange Country, sixty miles from New York. From the anatomy of these bones, the animal, to which they belonged, seems to have been larger than the elephant:—it has, therefore, been called the great mastodonton. Among

¹ Muirhead's Trav. p. 352.

² Asiatic Journal, vol. ii. p. 57.

³ For particulars see Dr. Mitchell's letter to Dr. Clinton, May 27, 1817.

⁴ Gass's Travels through the Interior of North America to the Pacific, 8vo. p. 52.

the rocks between the Zand and the Orange river, north-west of the Cape in Africa, petrifications of shells are seen; some of which lie in situations one hundred and fifty¹ feet above the level of the sea.² And as a still further corroboration of some vast change, it may be remarked, that in many places, where pebble strata have been examined, some have been found broken, whose pieces lie very near each other. A circumstance, which proves to demonstration, that at some distant time, they have suffered a violence, which broke them into pieces; and in the very places, too, where they have been found.

IV.

At the foot of Glyder Vawr, on the banks of Llyn Peris, are large fragments of stones, in which marine

¹ Paterson's Travels in Africa, 4to. p. 110.

² It is curious that Linnæus, having a knowledge of these circumstances, should assert, that he perceived many vestiges of a former world, but none of a deluge!—But Cuvier,—the Newton of this science,—says, “I am of opinion with M. Deluc and M. Dolomieu, that if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or 6000 years ago;—that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men, and by the other animals that are now best known;—that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which now forms all the countries, at present inhabited;—that the small number of individuals of men and other animals, that escaped from the effects of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and that the countries, which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this last revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more remote era, if not by man, at least by land animals.

shells are imbedded. No volcanic specimens have ever yet been discovered in North Wales, where Llyn Peris lies ; but detached places bear striking evidence of fluidical power. The hills of quartz, on the Congo, also, exhibit similar appearances.

Shells have often been discovered in English clay-pits. Among which are the *conchæ anomiaë* ; and the *nautilus græcorum* ;—materially altered from their original state, by being impregnated with stone and clayish particles : near Wakefield, in alluvial soil, shapes of muscle shells in a fossil state, lying in a stratum of block limestone. The marbles and limestone in the neighbourhood of the caves in Yorkshire are described, as being made up of testaceous and piscaceous relics : and some have even supposed that all the chalks, marbles, gypsums, and limestone of this kingdom are formed of marine shells and animals :—An extravagance scarcely to be credited : yet Hutton¹ extends the idea even to the supposition, that the earth is, in a great measure, composed of the exuviae of marine animals. Dr. Fisher, on the other hand, believes that shells, thus discovered, are real stones : and the plants stone plants, formed after the manner of figured stones. And Misson inclines to the probability, that those shells never contained animals ; but were generated, where they now are, in the same manner that chalks and other substances are :—a position contradicted by all the rules of analogy and experience ; as well as by the certainty, that the veins of coal, called

¹ Winch's Letter to the London Geological Society.

coal pipes, were originally small branches of trees. Indeed a large tree with its branches has lately been dug up, with its leaves, in a bed of fire-stone at High Heworth, near Newcastle.—Its trunk and larger branches were siliceous; but its leaves and twigs had been converted into coal. At Ardrossan, in Scotland, a tree was also discovered, by the blowing up of a rock; changed into an appearance of white stone. Even the colour of its bark and branches were distinguishable.

Coal-pits and slate quarries frequently exhibit impressions of vegetable substances. Even the trap rocks of Sweden are evidently of aqueous formation; impressions of ferns and fishes having been discovered in them. On the Ohio¹ are found leaves, insects,² and marine shells mixed in limestone; in the caves of Green Briar,³ in Virginia, the bones of the megalonyx; and in the alluvial soil of Teneriffe⁴ clayey calcareous tufa, containing similar imprints. Trunks of palm-trees⁵ have even been thrown out of volcanoes:—and in the fissure of a lead-mine at Pontprian,⁶ near Rennes, a beech was discovered among a few sea-shells; the centre of which had been converted into coal;—the bark into pyrites; and its sap-wood into jet.

¹ Palmer's Travels, p. 67.

² A superb specimen of zoophyte, three feet long and two feet wide, was lately discovered in blue lias formation, at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire.

³ Americ. Transact. No. xxx.

⁴ Humboldt's Voy. Equinoct. vol. i. p. 237.

⁵ Mém. of M. de Fleurian, Humboldt, Voy. Equin. vol. i. p. 238.

⁶ Journal de Physique, Mai, 736.

V.

In Touraine,¹ there are 130,680,000 cubical fathoms of shells, unmixed with either stone, sand, or other extraneous matter, thirty-six leagues from the sea.—The farmers manure their land with them. The environs of Paris afford, too, many striking phenomena. There bones of unknown animals occupy whole districts: near which lie remains of animals, now natives of other climates. Vast collections of marine exuviae have been discovered, in the very neighbourhood of which shells of fresh water fish are deeply imbedded. Let us examine the manner, in which these phenomena bear reference to each other.

I. The first formation is that of chalk, in which are unconnected flints disposed in beds. There are also organic remains, of which twenty-two species have been described by Cuvier and Brogniart.² II. This stratum of chalk is covered with a bed of plastic clay, containing no calcareous, but some siliceous matter. It is, in some places, seventeen yards thick; in others not above three inches. III. The stratum in succession is that of coarse limestone:—sometimes separated from the clay by a bed of sand. In this formation have been found six hundred species of fossils. These have been described by De France and De la Mark. IV. The fourth stratum consists of siliceous limestone, lying parallel with the above: but no or-

¹ Buffon, vol. i. p. 222.

² Essai sur la Géographie Minéralogique des Environs de Paris. 1811. 4to.

ganic substance whatever has been discovered in it. V. Lying upon the siliceous limestone is a formation of alternate beds of gypsum, and of calcareous and argillaceous marls. In which have been discovered scattered bones, and entire skeletons of unknown birds and quadrupeds; and a few shells, evidently of a fresh water kind.

A little above these remains have also been found the bones of a tortoise, and of a crocodile; of a Parisian opossum; a fine species of paleotherium¹; five of anoplotherium²; a species of hog, and of a Parisian dog; a few fishes, and four unknown species of birds.

VI. The sixth formation is of marl; in which have been discovered not only the remains of shells and fishes, but of a palm-tree. And immediately above these, in marl of marine origin, twenty-six species of fossil remains. VII. The seventh stratum consists of sand and sandstone without shells: over which is found—VIII. Sandstone, containing objects of marine formation; sixteen³ of which have been de-

¹ Palæotherium magnum.

———— medium.

———— crassum.

———— curtum.

———— minus.

² Anoplotherium commune.

———— secundarium.

———— medium.

———— minus.

———— minimum.

³ Oliva mitriola.

Fussus?—

Cerithium cristatum.

Cerithium lamellosum.

———— mutabile?

Solarium?

Melania costellata?

Melania?

Pectunculus pulvinatus.

Crassatella compressa.

Donax retusa?

Cithærea nitidula.

———— lævigata.

———— elegans?

Corbula rugosa.

Ostrea fiabellula.

scribed by French geologists. IX. Is that of Buhr, used for millstones. X. Consists of marl and millstones,¹ in which are found shells, belonging to rivers and lakes; with twenty species of seeds, reeds, siliceous wood, and other vegetable substances. XI. The eleventh formation is a stratum of what is technically called “travelled earth;” consisting of marl, rounded pebbles, pudding-stone, clay, sand, gravel, and peat moss. In these substances were trunks of trees, and the bones of oxen, rein-deer, elephants, and other large mammalia.²

¹ It is interesting to remark, that part of this formation* (fresh-water) extends not only into the departments of Cher, Allier, Nièvre, Cantal, Puy de Dome, Tarn, Lot, and the Garonne, but the same has been recently found in the Roman States, and in Tuscany; in the vicinities of Ulm, Mayence, and Silesia;—and in several districts in Spain.

² Webster has lately observed a series of rocks of the same general nature, resting on the chalk formation in the south of England: for a minute account of which the reader is referred to the Geological Transactions. The succeeding list of organic remains will sufficiently confirm the propriety of the inferences, which may be drawn from the existence and dispositions of organic with geological substances.

Organic Remains in the lower Marine Formation above the Chalk in England.

Names given by De la Mark.

Astroitæ.	Oliva.
Calyptrea trochiformis.	Voluta spinosa.
Conus.	—— musicalis.
Cyprea pediculus.	—— bicorona.
Terebellum convolutum.	—— crenulata.
	Buccinum

* Jameson.

VI.

Upon minute investigation, Cuvier ascertained, that of the fossil remains, comprising seventy-eight diffe-

Buccinum undatum.

Harpa.

Cassis carinata.

Rostellaria macroptera:

Murex tripterus.

——— *tricarinatus*.

——— *tubifer*.

Fusus longævus.

Murex clavellatus.

——— *rugosus*.

Pyrula nexilis.

Pleurotoma ?

Cerithium gigantum.

Trochus agglutinans.

——— *monilifer*.

Solarium caniculatum : or

Delphinula ?

Turritella terebellata.

——— *imbricatoria*.

——— *multisulcata*.

Ampullaria patula.

Dentalium elephantinum.

——— *entalis*.

——— *dentalis*.

——— *straitulum*.

Serpula.

Nautilus imperialis.

——— *pompilius*.

——— *centralis*.

Lenticulina rotulata.

Nummulites lævigata.

Pinna, two species.

Mytilus modiola.

Pectunculus pulvinatus.

Cardium porulosum.

——— *asperulum*.

——— *obliquum*.

Crassatellata lamellosa.

Venericardia planicosta.

Capso rugosa.

Chama lamellosa.

——— *calcarata*.

——— *sulcata*.

Ostrea edulis.

Pyrus bulbiformis.

Caryophyllia.

Teredo navalis.

Jaw of a crocodile.

Turtle.

Fish teeth, supposed to belong to the shark.

Molar teeth of the bufonites.

Palates of several fish.

Tongue of a ray.

Tail of a sting ray.

Scales of fish.

Vertebrae of various species of fish.

Twenty species of crabs.

——— lobsters.

——— prawns.

Wood, often pierced by the *teredo navalis*, and filled with pyrites or calcareous spar.

Fruits, branches, excrescences, ligneous seed vessels, and terries impregnated with pyrites.

Organic

rent quadrupeds, forty-nine are of species distinct from any, known to naturalists of the present day.¹ Eleven or twelve species are now known; and sixteen or eighteen belong to others bearing considerable resemblance to known species. He ascertained, also, that the remains

Organic Remains in the Upper Marine Formation in the Isle of Wight.

Cerithium plicatum.	Ancilla subulata.
———— lapidum.	Ampullaria spirata.
———— mutabile.	———— depressa ?
———— semicoronatum.	Murex reticulatus.
———— cinctum.	Bivalve of the genus Erycina.
———— turritellatum.	Helicina ?—
———— tricarinatum.	Murex nodularius.
Cyclas deltoidea.	Melania.
Cytherea scutellaria.	Natica Canrena.
Ancilla buccinoides.	Ostrea, approaching to Deltoidea.

In the same Formation at Harwich.

Patella spirorostris.	Ampullaria rugosa.
Fissurella labiata.	Natica canrena.
———— emarginula.	———— glaucina.
Calyptra sinensis.	Mactra.
Eburna glabrata.	Venericardia senilis.
Murex corneus.	Lucina.
———— erinaceus.	Pholas crispata.
———— contrarius.	Pecten plebeius.
Trochus sulcatus.	———— infirmatus.
———— alligatus.	Balanus.

Upper Fresh Water Formation.

Planorbis, four species.	Linneus acuminatus.
Ampullaria.	———— corneus.
Cyclostoma.	Gyrogenites, the petrified seed of
Linneus longiscatus.	a species of chara.

¹ Vide the second volume of this work, p. 214, &c.

of oviparous animals are found in more ancient strata, than those of the viviparous class. From these data it would appear, that, in the formation of one hundred and ninety-six yards, being the depth from the top of the eleventh to the lowest point of the chalk, there have been no less than ten¹ geological epochs; in which the sea appears to have twice covered that part of the globe; and twice retired from it.²

¹ It is to be remembered that the third and fourth strata lie parallel with each other.

² The laws, which associate the unknown species of animals with the strata in which they are imbedded, are thus developed.

"It seems clearly ascertained, that the remains of oviparous quadrupeds belong to more ancient strata, than those of viviparous quadrupeds. The crocodiles of Honfleur and of England are underneath the chalk. The lizards of Thuringia are still more ancient, if the slate in which they are contained is to be placed, as some mineralogists suppose, among the most ancient of the secondary formations."

"The earlier appearance of fossil bones seems to indicate, that dry land and fresh water existed before the formation of the chalk strata.—But it is not till we arrive at strata of a far more recent date, that we come to the fossil remains of mammiferous land quadrupeds.—We begin, indeed, to discover the bones of mammiferous sea animals, such as the lamantin and the seal, in the shell-limestone, which immediately covers the chalk strata in the neighbourhood of Paris; but no bones of mammiferous land animals are to be found in that formation, nor till we come to those, which lie over this limestone stratum: after which the bones of land quadrupeds are discovered in great abundance."

"Thus we are led to conclude, that the OVIPAROUS QUADRUPEDS began to exist along with the FISHES, at the commencement of the period, which produced the secondary formations, and that the land quadrupeds did not appear till long afterwards."

"There is also a determinate order observable in the disposition of the bones of this latter kind, with respect to the strata in which they are found.—The genera, which are now unknown; as the palæotheria, anaplo-

VII.

Leaves of trees, trunks of bituminous wood, vast quantities of shells, with bones of fish and other marine animals, are perpetually found among the Sub-Apennines of Italy. On the sides of Monte Sarchio, between Rome and Naples, are found shells mixed with blue marl. Similar remains have been discovered in Monte Tabor. At the feet of the Ligurian mountains a tract of breccia is found, agglutinated scales of mica, and pieces of quartz, in which are imbedded shells, bivalve, and univalve; and a profusion of madrepores. Similar organic substances have been found on the Superga, near Turin; two thousand and sixty-four feet above the level of the sea; and along the Apennines overlooking Modena, Parma, Piedmont, and Placentia. In Modena, the waters of the wells spring from beds of gravel mixed with marine shells. These shells are more than sixty

anaplotheria, &c. are found in the most ancient of the formations of which we now speak, or those which are directly over the coarse limestone.—They are chiefly what occupy the regular strata, deposited from fresh water. Along with them are found some lost species of known genera, but in small numbers.”

“The most remarkable of the unknown species belonging to known genera, as the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, and mastodonton are never found with those more ancient genera; but are contained in alluvial formations of a later date, and never in the regular rocky strata.”

“Lastly, the bones of species, apparently the same with those now living on the earth, are never found, except in the very latest alluvial depositions, such as are either formed on the sides of rivers, or at the bottoms of ancient lakes, or marshes now dried up. These bones, though the most recent of all, from being nearest to the surface, are the worst preserved.”—*Cuvier.*—*Kerr.*

feet in depth ; and yet more than one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

VIII.

The shells, thus found, have a general analogy with each other ; though many of them belong to species, long supposed to be natives of other oceans. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved, that many of those shell-fish, which have for ages been supposed to belong only to the Indian, African, and Northern Seas, the insulated recesses of the Caspian, the bays of Nicobar, and the coasts of South America, have not only been found in the neighbourhoods of Naples and Ravenna, but, as above described, imbedded in strata of blue marl in the bosom of the Sub-Apennines ; sixty feet below successive strata of black earth mixed with vegetable substances.

On a hill, distant about twenty miles from Verona, are found stones, disposed in slates ; which, being split, discover in each the half of a fish. Its species is known by the head, the eye, the spine, and the tail. Many of these were preserved in the collection of Vincenzo Bozza of Verona ; who formed a collection of petrified fishes, taken from Mount Bolca :—some of which the Abbé Fortis identified with fishes on the coasts of Otaheite. The borders of Mount Baldo, on the lake Du Garda, exhibit large pieces of greyish marble, full of sea-shells, converted into a substance of white spatha¹:—near the sanctuary of Corona, flints mixed with fragments of star-

* Il Mercurio Italico, Volta, 1789.

fishes; and on the side of the Altissimo marks of fishes in calcareous stone. The walls of Megara were formed of stones containing cockle-shells, dug out of a neighbouring quarry. Entire skeletons of animals, supposed by some to be whales, have been dug up in Tuscany, Bologna, Piedmont, and Placentia, out of strata of blue marl. Indeed so many of these fossil remains have been found in the Superiore Valdarno, that Targione is said to have called it "the Cemetery of Elephants." In this district also have been discovered bones of rhinoceroses, and hippopotami; as well as near Leghorn, Viterbo, Verona, Rome, Naples, and in Calabria.¹ They lie, for the most part, not more than a few feet below the surface; but in one instance, near Rome, those of the elephant lie imbedded twenty feet deep in volcanic tufo. Some of those, found so near the surface of the earth, may, however, have been buried by the Romans, who were accustomed to collect great numbers of Asiatic and African animals for their savage exhibitions.

Those dug up in Valdarno Superiore and near Placentia were incrustated with oyster-shells²; which

¹ Immense beds of bones have also been found, between the mouths of the Lena and Indigerka, of mammoths, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses.—A vast multitude are also seen in the caverns of the German mountains. These mountains form a chain, two hundred leagues in extent. The cave most rich in remains is that of Gayleureuth, in Franconia. Most of the bones are in a shattered state; and exhibit the anatomy of a bear, the species of which is no longer known. None of them exhibit any resemblances of marine formations.

² For a descriptive catalogue of the fossil shells of the Sub-Apennines, vide Bracchi's *Conchiologia Fossile Sub-Apennina con osservazioni Geologiche sugli Appennini sul Suolo adjacente*. Vol. ii.

adhered so closely to them, that to break the bones was to break the oyster-shells at the same time. But it is probable, that as these bones are found among marine shells, they are really not the bones of elephants, but of some marine animals resembling their anatomy.

It is to be observed, that the fossil shells, found near Paris, are, for the most part, totally distinct from those of the Sub-Apennines.

The ruins of Agrigentum stand upon a mountain composed of a concretion of sea-shells, as hard as marble;—and a stratum of bones has been found in Istria and Ossaro, under rocks of marble, forty feet in thickness. Marble itself, also, has been found in Egypt, Italy, and Scotland, in which sea shells are compactly indurated in the quarry. Elephants' teeth, too, have been dug out of a marble quarry in Saxony: they are preserved in the Royal Museum of Copenhagen. It is possible that these marbles were once of a soft nature, like mud; and that they have become hard by the retirement of the water.

IX.

Tournefort believes, that the Black Sea has been separated from the Mediterranean.¹ Herodotus and

¹ Relation du Voyage au Levant, tom. i. p. 80; ii. p. 63-4.—The ancients even insisted, that the Mediterranean itself is but of comparatively recent formation:—That there was a time, when the whole space, it now occupies, was dry land; and that it was formed by the Atlantic rushing in between the opposite promontories of Ceuta and Gibraltar.

Diodorus the Sicilian, state it as their opinion, that Egypt, particularly the Delta, formed once a part of the same sea. Many changes are recorded along the coasts of Greece¹; while in 1446 the sea broke in at Dort, in Holland, and destroyed upwards of one hundred thousand persons. Oxyrinchus, near the Lybian range of mountains, was swallowed by the sands of the Desert: while part of the deserts in the neighbourhood of the Caspian once formed a sub-portion of the ocean itself.

The inhabitants of Cashmere have a tradition, that the whole of their country was once a vast lake. Abbé Fortis supposes, that Spain was once joined to Africa. The space between the shore of Kam-schatka and the neighbouring islands was probably once dry land. Indeed the Kurili and the Aleuthian Islands, with the whole Northern Archipelago, with the islands of Corea, may be esteemed as so many vast mountains, whose bases are imbedded beneath the ocean. The Phillipine Islands once formed a continent; their seas are shallow:—And that some capes of North West America, on the contrary, were once islands, there are many presumptive proofs.

America and Africa may even have formed one vast continent, notwithstanding the Atlantic flows between them. The sailors of Columbo, when they beheld the collection of weeds, four hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands, believed the land to have sunk.—It is not impossible, but that it may

¹ See particularly *Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce*;—also a remark of Galbano; *Hist. Mar. Disc.* p. 13.

have done so ; for the rocks of the Congo are primitive, and resemble those on the opposite shores :— and Sienite at the falls of the Yellala, being covered by a thin black crust with a shining surface, composed of oxides and manganese, like the effects of the waters of the Oroonoko, König¹ conjectures, that the mountains of the Congo and the Loango were primevally connected with those of Rio and Pernambuco.

Whether America is really separated from Asia, or whether the two continents actually join, has not yet been ascertained¹ (1820).—But an union would be no more extraordinary, than that subsisting between Asia and Africa, at the isthmus of Suez. The points, which mark the two hemispheres, are flat ; and the sea more inclined to shallowness than depth. Volcanic matter has been found on the shores of Behring's Straits : and it has, therefore, been reasonably conjectured, that if the two continents do not connect at present, they may have done so formerly. Earthquakes are frequent in Kamschatka ; and some vast visitation of that nature may have rent asunder the isthmus that united them.

Sea shells are witnessed on Perdu, more than ten thousand feet above the waters of the ocean. Among the mountains of Castravan are seen great varieties of fishes ; on the summit of one of the mountains of Arsagar are seen the bivalve shells of the Caspian² ;

¹ Letter to Barrow, Nov. 5, 1817.

² The Caspian loses by evaporation the quantity of water, it receives from the rivers, that flow into it.—Between this sea and the Black Sea,

and rings for cables are still observed in the rocks near Sevastopole in Tartary; where the inhabitants insist the sea once flowed. Thus, while fossil shells have been discovered in the quarries of Flanders, and among the Alps behind Genoa, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, Athos, Lebanon,¹ Ararat, the Riphæan Ridge, the steep mountains of New Ireland,²—the Andes, and the Cordilleras, present strata, either of shells, sea-weeds, or skeletons of fishes, amphibia, and other animals, not only at their feet, but in their girdles, and near their very summits. Indeed, multitudinous are the evidences, in almost all parts of the globe, that what is now dry land, quarry, rock, and mountain, have, at some distant period of time, been in a state of liquidity.

X.

From these phenomena it would appear, that all systems, founded upon the doctrine of universal formations, must be wrong at the root. For it is evident, that all the instances, hitherto adduced, refer only to particular districts: and they all seem, most forcibly, to oppose the idea, that any formation circumvolved the globe. But it may be remarked, that

the Caucasus rises like an immense wall; yet M. Olivier imagines the two seas once to have communicated towards the north of the Caucasus.—Pallas inclines to the same opinion; and M. Dureau de la Malle has also shewn the probability of its having once had a communication with the lake of Ural.—Tournefort has suggested a probability, that the Euxine and the Mediterranean were separated at the time of Deucalion's Deluge.

¹ Herodotus, *Euferpe*. xii.

² Labillardiere, *Voy. in Search of La Perouse*, vol. i. p. 258.

the formations, to which the Parisian strata apply, were made at different epochs of time; that each stratum was once the surface of that part of the globe in which it is now situated; and that the animals, found imbedded, there lived, and there perished. It is, indeed, said, that some species lie in a stratum, which extends several hundred miles, unmixed with the other strata above or below. Now this is very possible; and there ought to be little doubt expressed as to the fact; but we are no more to apply this comparative greatness of extent to the whole globe, than the natives of the deserts of Asia are to suppose, that deserts pervade the entire surface of the earth.

Strata, containing vegetable remains, seldom discover marine shells or bones. Little can be accurately inferred from this; the whole subject being wrapped in ambiguity; but it is not improbable, that each successive epoch has been marked by phenomena, peculiar to itself. And it is no great stretch of reasoning to suppose, as others have supposed, that the whole has several times been peopled with animals and vegetables, different from those now in existence. From this probability has arisen the supposition, that there may be a succession of animal and vegetable species, as, in the course of years, there are individuals.

XI.

In the survey, hitherto taken by geologists, it has been observed, that no organic remains have been discovered in the interior substances, of which the stones of primitive mountains are composed. They

being found only in those mountains, called secondary : which rest on the sides, and which sometimes even cover the summits of primitive ones. It has also been observed, that all fossil remains of viviparous land animals have been found in alluvial soil ; or near the surface of the earth :—and that as no remains of the human species have yet been discovered in ancient alluvial ground, it may reasonably be inferred, that the changes, so frequently alluded to, took place before the present race of man¹ was formed. Skeletons have been dug up in various places : but from no position invalidating the correctness of this argument ; for they have been evidently imbedded and

† “ When I assert,” says M. Cuvier, “ that human bones have not been hitherto found among extraneous fossils, I must be understood to speak of fossils or petrifications properly so called :—as in peat depositions or turf bogs, and in alluvial formations, as well as in ancient burying grounds, the bones of men, with those of horses, and other ordinary existing species of animals, may readily enough be found :—but among the fossil palæotheria, the elephants, the rhinoceroses, &c., the smallest fragment of human bone has never yet been found. * * * Every circumstance, therefore, contributes to establish this position :—that the human race did not exist in the countries in which the fossil bones of animals have been discovered, at the epoch when these bones were covered up ; as there cannot be a single reason assigned why men should have entirely escaped from such general catastrophes ; or, if they also had been destroyed and covered over at the same time, why their remains should not be now found along with those of other animals. I do not presume, however, to conclude that man did not exist at all before these epochs. Perhaps even the places which he then inhabited may have been sunk into the abyss, and the bones of that destroyed human race may yet remain buried under the bottom of some actual seas ; all, except a small number of individuals, who were destined to continue the species.”—*Cuvier ;—Theory of the Earth.—Jameson.*

agglutinated at no very distant period of time. In the villa Ludovici, near Rome, is a skeleton, encrusted with stone; and in the British Museum is a fossil human skeleton found in Guadaloupe, imbedded in limestone. At the founding of Quebec, a savage was dug up, petrified, from the lower strata; with his arrows and his quiver. A skeleton was, also, found in a lead mine, mixed with stags' horns, in 1744; and in a mine at Falun, in Sweden, two human bodies were, at different times, found impregnated with vitriol of iron:—at Andrarum impregnated with sulphur: and in Norway impregnated with copper, on a bed of loadstone. Others have, also, been found in mines, wearing a mineralized appearance.

Whether the changes, we have alluded to, took place, prior, or subsequent to the formation of man, it is now impossible to ascertain. What is now sea, as we have before observed, was once dry land; and what is now land was, probably, in great part, an entire ocean.¹ This supposition involves difficulties of the first importance; but it is the only rational one, that, in the present state of geological science, can reasonably be entertained. Future discoveries will produce more correct data²: and time and unwearied application to the general subject may render that evident, which is now mys-

¹ The Egyptians told Herodotus, that since the creation the sun had altered his course four times: and that the earth and sea had as often changed into each other.—*Herod. lib. ii. c. 123. Diod. Sic. lib. i.*

² “Collect facts,” says Bacon, “with judgment; and describe them with exactness and fidelity. After a thousand years we may systematize.”

terious :—this science, like many others, being still in its infancy. An analogy is, however, offered to us in the changes, presented in Jupiter's belts : for these belts frequently exhibit appearances, as if the sea quitted the land, and returned to it again.

That a vast deluge has, in remote times, paralyzed vegetation and desolated the earth, is evident. It is recorded in history¹; it is recorded in the traditions of all nations²; and, above all, it is recorded in the natural history of the globe. But neither historical record, nor tradition, nor conjecture, can at present fathom those awful operations, which exhibit instances of power, to contend against which were mere waste of resolution; and to attempt to fathom were mere waste of strength. And as an example of the magnificent extent of Nature's operations, we may close these remarks with observing, that in two years more than eighteen thousand square miles of ice disappeared from the Greenland seas : and as a singular coincidence, it has been observed, that this great change occurred at the time, when the magnetical variation to the westward became stationary.

¹ It has been remarked, and with great ingenuity, that if in the first chapter of Genesis *time* is adopted instead of *day*, it would assist the geological student very materially.

² Even in America.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, vol. iv. p. 472.

CHAPTER VI.

THE effects of volcanoes¹ are generally known; it is not, therefore, our intention to enter into a history of them; but we may just state a few of comparatively recent occurrence. A great part of the Passandayang in Java was swallowed in 1772, with explosions more than equal to the heaviest cannon. Forty villages were destroyed; two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants; and fifteen² miles in length and six of breadth ingulphed. The terrible catastrophes in Borneo have been amply described³; and the convulsions in 1766, in which the whole city of Cumana was overturned; and a subsequent one at Carraccas, in which nine-tenths of that city was destroyed, and ten thousand persons buried under its ruins, are described in Humboldt's best manner.⁴

¹ "Vesuvius," says Dr. Clarke, "is in all respects, as to its chemical nature, a vast gas blowpipe; corresponding in all its phenomena, with the appearances and effects, the explosions and detonations, the heat and the light, exhibited by the apparatus, which bears this name; and differing from it only as the mighty operations of Nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chemist in his laboratory."

No volcanic eruption takes place without the agency and decomposition of water. "Hence," says Dr. Clarke, "before any great eruption of Vesuvius, not only does the water disappear in all the wells of Naples, Portici, Resina, and other towns at the foot of the mountain, but even the sea itself retires."

² Batavian Transactions, vol. ix.; Raffles' Hist. of Java, 4to. vol. i. p. 15.

³ Pennant's Outlines, vol. iv. p. 52.

⁴ Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 12.

Earthquakes are frequently fatal in Peru; where entire districts are devoted, as it were, to incessant volcanic impulses: and the natives perpetually behold new territories lying on the wrecks and fragments of old ones. In 1600 a volcano in Peru covered an area of ground above thirty-four thousand square acres, with sand, ashes, and other matter. Bouguer seems to think, that from the multitude of caverns and volcanoes, the solidity of the Cordilleras by no means corresponds with their bulk. It is curious to observe, that while volcanoes spread such wide and incessant destruction in South America, they are totally unknown in the Northern part of the American continent. Nor have any data yet been discovered, which can, in any way, lead to the conclusion, that there ever has been any.

Java, one of the finest islands in the world, is, on the contrary, almost entirely volcanic. Dr. Horsfield visited one of the craters. “Every thing,” says he, “contributes to fill the mind with the most awful satisfaction. It doubtless is one of the most grand and terrific scenes, which Nature presents; and afforded an enjoyment, which I have no power to describe.¹” In that island there was an eruption in 1586,² which killed ten thousand persons. But a more extraordinary one was that of Tomboso, a mountain situated in the island of Sambawa, in the year 1815. So tremendous was this explosion, that its effects extended over the Molucca Islands, Java, a large

¹ Batavian Transactions, vol. ix.

² Burnet's Theory, vol. ii. p. 80.

portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand miles from its centre, by tremulous motions; and the report of the explosions¹ was heard at Java (three hundred miles distant) and inspired as much awe, as if the volcano were present; while showers of ashes fell upon the island² and totally darkened the atmosphere. The ashes, too, laid an inch and a half deep at Macassar, distant two hundred and fifty miles. The sea was, for many miles round Sambawa, so covered with pumice-stone and trunks of trees, as to impede the progress of ships³: and the atmosphere was for two entire days in darkness equal to that of the darkest night. The wind was still; but the sea much agitated. The explosions were not only heard at Java and the before mentioned islands, but at Banca and at Amboyna⁴: the latter eight hundred and ninety miles distant, the former nine hundred and eighty-six.

In 1783 a volcanic eruption broke out in Iceland: and for two months spouted out volumes of matter to a height of two miles; covering in its fall a tract of square land to the amount of three thousand six hundred miles! In this island, volcanoes have all the dreadful accompaniments with those of Italy: but few of their benefits. In Iceland they produce little fertility; but in Italy, volcanoes, during their periods of repose, seem to rest for the purpose of concentrating

¹ Raffles' Hist. Java, vol. i. p. 26.

² Batavian Transactions.

³ Asiatic Journal, vol. i. p. 92.

⁴ Asiatic Journal, vol. ii. p. 117, 125, 166 and 167.

their power of producing new empires. The fertility, they impart, atone, in no small degree, for their previous desolation.

II.

If we recur to earthquakes, the scene of change widens to an astonishing extent. The high mountain, Picus, in one of the Molucca islands, has been changed into a lake, of a shape answering to its base: St. Culphernia in Calabria, and all its inhabitants, were overwhelmed by one earthquake: while by another (A. D. 1692-3), not only fifty-four towns and cities, besides villages, were damaged, or destroyed, but sixty thousand persons perished.

The earthquake of Lisbon!—Not more astonishing were its effects, than the extent of its operation:—at Lisbon and Oporto; in every province of Spain, except those of Valentia, Arragon and Catalonia; at Algiers; in the kingdom of Fez; in the empire of Morocco; in the Madeira islands, and in those of Antigua, and Barbadoes in the western hemisphere. It was felt also in Corsica; at Bayonne, Bourdeaux, Angouleme and Havre in France; in many parts of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Holland; England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Norway.

In China a whole province of mountains sunk into a lake¹; and it is said, that an earthquake, in the year 1663, overwhelmed a whole chain of Canadian mountains, extending to the distance of three hundred miles!

¹ A. D. 1556.

Thus Nature periodically assumes new attitudes; but in those changes seldom does she outstep the harmony of her own decisions.—Doves still reside upon the island of Cythera; snow still covers the summit of the Caucasus; sands still rise in volumes over the deserts of Ethiopia; grapes and apricots are still abundant near the city of Damascus; and myrtles, lavender, and the rose of Jericho, still grow upon the mountains of Keswarân. The Danube, the Wolga, the Tigris, and the Ganges, still wind their serpentizing lengths along; nightingales still delight the gardens of Persia and bees still frequent the rosemary of Narbonne.¹

CHAPTER VII.

THE highest order of poetical minds seems to have been that, which originally conceived the idea, that matter exists only as it is perceived.—Though Berkeley has been esteemed the father of this dogma, it is

¹ Lord Byron has a passage, beautifully illustrative of these reflections. Speaking of the fallen condition of Greece.—

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
 Thine olives ripe, as when Minerva smiled;
 And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.
 There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
 The free born wanderer of thy mountain air:
 Apollo still thy long, long, summer gilds,
 Still in his beam Mende's marbles glare.
 Art, glory, freedom fails:—but Nature still is fair.

of Eastern origin. It was taught by Vyasa, an Hindoo poet and philosopher, who flourished in the eleventh century :—and, not improbably, it has a higher antiquity even than that. Indeed, I think, it may be traced even to Plato.—But opinions, manners, customs, laws, languages, and governments,—all have their striking changes and vicissitudes. Stability is not the quality, or the fortune, of created things. Even what we call science partakes of the same fluctuating character :—and art, having attained its zenith, retrogrades.—One system of philosophy falls before the ingenuity, or extravagance, of another ; and hence it arises, that no small portion of a contemplative life is lost in detecting the errors of former observers, reasoners, and hypothesists.—Geometry seems alone to be the science of eternity.

Living in an age, which has witnessed the temporary overthrow of all, that was esteemed great and permanent, and crowded with events, equal in magnitude and interest, to those of the ten preceding centuries ; the whole, even in this recent stage of its history,

“ Seem like the relics of some splendid dream.”

In this period Nature has presented to us new ruins to engage our attention ; and has introduced us to minerals, plants, insects, fishes, birds, and quadrupeds, of which our forefathers knew nothing. And not only all these, but new stages of society ; and almost every variety in the present capacity of the human mind to contemplate. Opening, as it

were, new empires, which, constituting continual triumphs of civilization over barbarism, and knowledge over ignorance, open a magnificent panorama to the mind ; and exhibiting to men, who now live, undoubted evidence, that the very best of their attainments, whether in art, in philosophy, or in the science of legislation, are but the rudiments of future knowledge.

II.

Nature — secondary to that Being, “ of whom, through whom, and to whom, are all things,” — not only changes shapes and properties herself, but she has delegated to man a power of operating in a similar, though in a limited, degree. By observing the properties of vegetables, the qualities and affinities of minerals ; and, having gained a knowledge of the effects of fire, water, and fermentation, he produces, at will, the most curious transformations in bodies ; determines the limits of quantities ; and decides the nature of qualities ; by all the different methods of solution, deliquation, and depuration ; by precipitating, distilling, and evaporating ; by the arts of chrySTALLIZATION, sublimation, and exsiccation ; and by pressure, pulverizing, fusion, and calcination. While, by the uniting of bodies, he is capable of combining the most volatile of all fluids ; and by the application of acids and salts, of dissolving the most obstinate of all minerals.

The Stoics, (who were ignorant of the power, which electricity possesses, of giving life, it were,

to the four elements of matter), resolved air, earth, fire, and water into each other¹ : and as magnetism is said to have the faculty of suspending gravitation, so they imagined (as Nature delights in circles and ellipses), that there existed a quality, which had the power of suspending the progress of events ; and which, after a certain era, caused them to revert into their respective original channels² : as water resolves into vapour by heat ; and vapour resolves into water by cold. So that every accident and event was supposed to be bound perpetually to recur ; the same number and description of plants, insects, birds, and animals, again to animate and adorn the earth ; and the same beings, feeling their prior passions, again to exercise the same virtues and vices, and to be liable to the same calamities and disorders, to which they were subject, in their state of antecedence.

It is certain, that no new plant, fish, animal, or mineral, has been introduced into the world's economy since

¹ Hence Milton speaks of elements, " that in quaternian run."—Book v. v. 180.

² Speaking of the changes of civilization and barbarism, Tacitus remarks, that the world is subject to changes and vicissitudes, the periods of which are unknown to us ; but their revolution is by alternate succession of rudeness and politeness, civilization and barbarism, ignorance and knowledge, as the sun is attended by alternate succession of seasons. It is curious, that the Abbé du Bos* should quote the passage, of which this is an abstract, in detail, as conclusive of his argument in respect to climate : whereas, if it apply to climate at all, it militates against the influence, which the Abbé supposes it to have on the mental vigour of ages.

* Reflect, on Poetry, Painting, and Music, vol. ii., ch. xx.

the first creation of its present form, though it has subsisted for such a multitude of ages. This is sufficient to prove, that the world is perfect in its *kind*:—and, as the whole system of Nature is founded upon the principle of motion, and upon a system too extended even for the doctrine of fluxions, it is not absolutely absurd to suppose (though from such a state of immortality, may righteous Heaven defend us!), that there may be a circle¹ for the movement of events and passions, as well as for bodies: and as they are drawn to one end of the circle's diameter by an attractive force, they may be thrown back by a repulsive one:—in the same manner, as globes ascend and descend by a centripetal and centrifugal necessity.

This opinion was maintained by the Brahmins,² the Egyptians, and the modern Siamese. Plato and Virgil³ admitted it, with some modifications. It is implied in Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy,⁴ and is fully described in the Dabistan.⁵ The period of revolution is supposed to close, and another to begin, when all the planets are in conjunction; alternately in the signs Cancer and Capricorn:⁶—at which time another impulse will be given, and a new circuit will commence.

¹ Vide Herodotus, clio. ccvii.

² Philos. Trans. confirmed by Geeta, p. 94.

³ Virg. En. vi. 74. Ecl. iv. 5.

⁴ Lib. iii.

⁵ Asiat. Miscel. p. 99.

⁶ The Druids believed in these periodical changes,* which were sometimes to arise from the power of fire; and at others from that of

* Strabo, lib. iv. p. 197.

The Jews believe, that when the world has attained the age of six thousand years, there will be an eternal sabbath.¹ Newton appears to have coincided with the idea of a complete period, and the beginning of a new era,² so far as to suppose, that the fabric

water. Cicero entertained a similar belief*; as well as Seneca.† Berossus taught, that when all the planets meet in Cancer,‡ the world is changed by a conflagration; and when in Capricorn by a deluge.

Nicias believed, that the sun during the space of eleven thousand years had changed his place of setting from east to west, and from west to east. Some have taught, that in twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty years, the north pole will be viewed as the south pole; and that in twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty years, it will again revert to the north.

Ptolemy, Tycho, Riccioli, and Cassini, believed our system to have a fixed period of career, varying from twenty-four thousand eight hundred years to thirty-six thousand years: Copernicus to two hundred and fifty eight thousand.

It has been calculated, that from the time in which Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are next in conjunction, they will be in conjunction again after a period of two hundred and eighty thousand years;—after making the following revolutions.

Saturn	9,516 years.
Jupiter	23,616
Mars	148,878
Earth	280,000
Venus.....	455,122
Mercury.....	1,162,577

¹ This prophecy is received from Elias, the Cabbalist. Two of these before the law: two under the law: and two immediately under the guidance and protection of the Messiah.

² The Scandinavians believed in the destruction of the world,

* In Somn. Scipionis. † Epist. ix. ‡ Senec. Nat. Quæst. iii. 29.

of the universe cannot subsist for ever without being renewed by the hand of the Creator. This idea was started by Hipparchus, immediately upon discovering the recession of the equinoxes. Timæus, on the other hand, insisted, that the universe was perfect in beauty ; and that it would never stand in need either of correction or renewal.

III.

It is remarkable, that though we see change to be the law of the globe, yet in the heavens all appear to the naked eye to retain unvarying aspects. The sun rises and sets ; the moon exhibits her periodical changes ; planets perform their stated courses ; and their satellites undergo their respective series of eclipses. On earth every object has its period of decay : but the planets and the fixed stars seem

which they called the “ twilight of the Gods ;” and in the renovation of it. Then sprang into existence a other universe, of a far more perfect formation ; another earth, springing from the cause of causes ; emerging from the bosom of the ocean, rolling in the blue expanse, and producing, with a voluntary impulse, every description of flower and fruit.

This renovation was believed by the ancient Brachmans, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Persians. Orpheus imported the hypothesis into Greece ; and Pythagoras transplanted it into Italy. Chrysippus calls it apocastasis ;* Marcus Antoninus palingenesia ;† and Numerius‡ resurrection and restitution. The natives of Pegu also believe in an eternal succession of worlds.

* Lactant : lib. vii. c. 23.

† Euseb : Præp. Ev. lib. vii. c. 23.

‡ Burnet—Theory of the Earth—ii. p. 211.

formed for eternity. And though there are portions of the heavens,—particularly in the southern hemisphere,—attesting ample space for new creations, yet no new creations are observed to be formed.

But the monotony, observable to the eye, is not a monotony to the reason. Nature never withdraws the veil from her womb, while she creates, or is teeming. She never dies; and never waxes old.—Ever various in the midst of simplicity in form and colour;—ever active even in the midst of apparent repose;—the glass of the astronomer discerns globes, or bodies, wearing an appearance of recent creation. How large—Herschell, Saturn, Jupiter, and the Sun may assist us to imagine;—how small, Venus, Mercury, and the Asteroids.

Changes, too, in other instances, are evident to the eye of philosophy. The ring of Saturn varies in breadth; and is sometimes even invisible:—the belts of Jupiter and the zones of Mars have motions, and are variable:—the Moon has its volcanic eruptions:—and the sun has spots so large, that they are visible to the naked eye¹; and sometimes so numerous, that fifty may be seen at the same time. These do not move parallel with the equator, nor have they equal velocities. Many of what we call fixed stars, too, have motions, and periodical variations in their lustres and apparent magnitudes. There were many stars, known to ancient astronomers, now invisible; and others are

¹ 19,628 miles in diameter. Spots on the Sun are said to have been first discovered by Gallileo or Scheiner: but, if I mistake not, Longinus alludes to them in his treatise on the Sublime.

visible, which were not so formerly. Some have appeared only for a short time; and some have gradually increased in brilliancy as others have gradually decreased.

Several stars have appeared, and subsequently disappeared; in Cassiopeia; in Serpentarius; in the neck of the whale; in the head and breast of the swan; in Andromeda's girdle; in Leo, and in Argo.—Montaner asserts, that he had observed more than an hundred changes in the fixed stars. Modern science supports the assertion. There was formerly a tradition in the east, that, in the reign of Ogyges, the planet Venus not only changed its colour; but its diameter and its orbit.¹ The Pleiades, assuredly, once exhibited to the naked eye seven² stars instead of six:—Justin relates, that, at the time of the birth of Mithridates, two comets appeared, so large, that the sun was eclipsed in the meridian of his splendour; and that for seventy days they covered the fourth part of the heavens. In the year 218, also, we are told, that

¹ This is no doubt a fable. The Arcadians had a tradition, that their ancestors were older than the moon. In the time of Hezekiah the sun is said to have gone backwards; and in that of Joshua to have stood still.

² Amos. ch. v. v. 8.—Though the naked eye discovers only six stars in this constellation, the astronomer sees 188;—and 2000 in that of Orion; whereof twelve comprize the single star in the middle of his sword; and 28 the nebulous star in his head. The nebulous star, Præsepe, consists of no less than forty. And how vast the multitude in the various strata of the heavens may, in some measure, be conceived from the circumstance, that 116,000 stars passed over the field of Herschell's telescope within one quarter of an hour!

two other comets appeared; the course of one of which had the wonderful variation of moving from east to west. Olbers has also calculated, that a comet will, after a lapse of 83,000 years approach as near to us as the moon: and that it will gravitate within 7700 geographical miles of the earth in 4,000,000 years, when, if its attraction is equal to that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will rise not less than 13,000 feet!

Since first the penetrating eye of man
Beheld thee * rising o'er the balmy skirts
Of blooming Eden, thou art still the same;
And all now gaze on that, which Adam saw!—
Adam and Moses, Thales, and the man,†
Who first taught Nature to th'astonish'd sons
Of western regions.—Oh! transporting thought!
To think that these unhallow'd eyes have seen
What Adam, Moses, and great Newton saw!—

But all beneath the constant moon decay!—
All change!—all spring from infancy to age;
And at the appointed season of decay,
Melt into dust:—to be reform'd again.
Reform'd in splendour more magnificent,
Than eye has seen, or ear has ever heard!—
And by that power OMNIPOTENT, whose name,
Inscrib'd on all the universe, proclaims
HIM PAST, HIM PRESENT, FUTURE, AND SOLE CAUSE,
SOLE POWER, SOLE LOVE, SOLE WISDOM, AND SOLE END!

Hymn to the Moon.

* The Moon.

† Pythagoras.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is no animal, vegetable, or even mineral, but what sustains increase or diminution of weight every moment. They are either expanded by heat; contracted by cold; or affected by the substances, with which they are combined. It is no proof of the contrary to this position, that many of these changes are neither visible to the human eye; nor sensible to human touch. Animals and vegetables sustain these changes even oftener, than every thousandth part of a second. Gold, platina, and silver are less liable to change than other metals: but even their changes are frequently apparent. The ten simple earths are not only incapable of being analyzed into other bodies; but they are equally unsusceptible of being converted into each other. They are also incombustible and infusible: and they enter into the composition of all substances that fill up the space, beginning with gems, and finishing with the smallest grain of sand. Even these have perpetual increase and diminution. Some minerals impart their virtues without losing any of their sensible weight;—but they lose weight nevertheless. It is only insensible to us.

The diamond is the most unchangeable of earthly bodies, when remaining in its quarry; and yet this hardest of all bodies is a combustible substance, and furnishes pure charcoal:—and charcoal itself, the most obstinate of all bodies, may be melted by the gas blowpipe.

The apparent changes in mineral bodies are exceedingly curious and beautiful. If nitric acid is poured on copper filings, the particles of copper will combine with those of the acid, and form a new body, distinct from either.

Mercury will dissolve in vapour in the common temperature of the atmosphere; or be shaken into dust. Iron is burnt by pure oxygen gas; and, when applied to a roll of sulphur, becomes obsequious and pulverizes. Gold and silver may be reduced to a calx; and then reclaimed to their primitive nature and form: and all bodies resolve themselves by chemical analysis into earth, water, salt, sulphur, or mercury. Shells, wherever found, in the sea, in rivers, or on the backs of animals, will ferment with acids and burn into lime.¹

Silver is generally found combined with lead, antimony, and sulphur. Copper with many substances; iron mostly with sulphuric and carbonic acids:—pyrites with iron and sulphur:—tin with sulphur and copper:—lead with sulphur and silver. Mercury is found among ores, stones, and clay; Nickel with iron and arsenic;—zinc with carbonic and sulphuric acids;—arsenic with iron, gold, and silver; and cobalt with arsenic and sulphuric acids. Of these gold and platina are the most unchangeable;—they are dissolved by oxygenated muriatic acid;—silver and other metals by nitric acid; and they all burn readily in oxygen gas.

¹ Limestone is formed by a combination of water and carbonic.—When a limestone rock appears, therefore, we may rest assured, that water once flowed there. Indeed the whole form and disposition of the earth prove, that it was once in a state of fluidity.

Sulphur, plumbago, the several bitumens, coal, jet, and amber, are combustibile; and, therefore, freely change their forms and nature. The harder metals are combined by the force of chemical affinity; and decomposed by the same principle;—a power, supposed to arise from positive and negative electricity.

II.

Some have even affected, not only to separate the component parts of objects—the science of chemistry—but even to change one body into another. The industry of alchymists took this direction:—hence their endeavours to discover a menstruum, which, being cast upon metals in a state of infusion, would convert their true mercurial parts into gold. This menstruum they called the powder of projection. The possibility of metals being transmuted into gold was entertained by Bacon; and, in some measure, countenanced by Boyle and Newton. The changes of mineral bodies may be supposed to arise from an union of the combined effects of electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont took a less objectionable ground, when they insisted, that in Nature there existed a fluid, which has the power of reducing all bodies into their original elements.¹ The existence of such a fluid is doubtless not impossible; but it has never yet been discovered: and if it really exist, it

¹ Davy affirms, that elementary bodies are but few; and that even those few may, possibly, be only one under different forms.

will, most probably, be given to accident to discover. Nature has trusted no animal with fire, but man; an universal dissolvent would be too powerful a an agent for men to be entrusted with. The time may, however, come, when Nature may condescend to speak a more intelligible language, and entrust posterity with greater prerogatives. Indeed the time seems rapidly approaching: for M. Lussac has discovered the means of rendering the most inflammable substances combustible without flame or fire. By means of the gas-blowpipe rock chrystal may be melted into a substance resembling pure mercury; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds may be melted into one mass; and even magnesia and pure carbonate of lime, long supposed to be the most refractory substances to fuse, may be melted by it. This astonishing power is derived, as Clarke has demonstrably proved, from the mixture of hydrogen gas with that of oxygen gas, in the exact proportion, in which they form water.¹ By this art of burning the gaseous constituents of water, all things in Nature become fusible; and, in many instances, even volatilizable.

Mercury is said to be the foundation of colours²; salt of savours; and sulphur of odours. Sulphur has such affinities, that it is found combined not only with minerals, but with vegetable and animal substances.

¹ Two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas added to one part of oxygen gas.

² Metals in a voltaic battery burn with various colours:—zinc with a bluish light, fringed with red: silver, emerald green: lead emits a purple light: copper, a bluish light with sparks. gold, white tinged with blue.

Also with hydrogen. When combined in a state of combustion with water, it produces sulphurous acid ; burning it in pure oxygen gas produces sulphuric acid.

Phosphorus exhibits another beautiful instance of change. One pound of it will melt one hundred pounds of ice. When combined with hydrogen gas, it takes fire at any temperature, upon being exposed to the atmosphere ; and when associated with sulphur it forms a compound so extremely combustible, that, when exposed to the air, it bursts into a vivid flame.

Oxygen gas assists combustion ; nitrogen gas destroys it. Fire is detected in the fat of animals ; in the wax of bees ; in vegetables ; in flints ; and in minerals : but gold has the remarkable property of enduring its greatest power, for several weeks, without any apparent diminution of its weight. Fire hardens earth, and softens metals ; vitrifies rocks ; reduces alabaster into a powder ; purifies air ; and evaporates water. It destroys vegetables ; chrystallizes ; sublimates ; and, in fact, seems to be Nature's most universal agent, not only of change and ruin, but of fructification and reproduction.

III.

The compression of air produces both fire and water.¹ Water is composed of fifteen parts of hydro-

¹ Newton observed, that all bodies, which possess high refractive powers, have an inflammable base ; and as water and the diamond possess those powers, he predicted that both those substances would one day be proved to have an inflammable base also. These predictions are now verified.

gen, and eighty-five parts of oxygen : and it is so impregnated with various extraneous matter, that none can be esteemed pure, that has not undergone the process of distillation. In fact, the four elements unite in a single drop of water : all of which may be separated at the discretion of a chemist. It is decomposed by throwing into it phosphurel of lime : while caloric forces itself in such abundance between its particles, as totally to destroy its attraction of cohesion.

Muriatic acid, on the contrary, has such an affinity for water, that whenever it meets with moisture, it assumes the appearance of a cloud ; and so great an affinity for it has muriat of ammonia, that it cannot be collected in a receiver : it is, therefore, collected over mercury. Water has great soluting qualities. All vegetable acids, whether obtained from mucilage, cork, balsam, bark, ripe fruits, lemon juice, sorrel, amber, vinegar, and tartrid of pot-ash, are soluble in it : they are, also, decomposable by heat. But copal, mastic, and the gluten of vegetables, are not soluble in water, though they are in oil : nor is magnesia ; though it is in every kind of acid.

IV.

The atmosphere is a transparent elastic body, compounded chiefly of two fluids, intimately blended ; but differing essentially in their natures. These are oxygen and nitrogen gas. Oxygen gas constitutes about one-fifth ; nitrogen four-fifths of the whole. Oxygen may be respired ; but nitrogen is destructive of respiration. Nitrogen, also, destroys combustion ; but oxygen so materially affects it, that, when pure, iron

may be burnt in it. Hydrogen, formerly called inflammable air, is specifically lighter than common air ; and, from its levity, rises into the higher regions of the atmosphere ; and being extremely combustible, produces, when ignited by an electric spark, many of those luminous appearances, which are seen in the heavens.

In the atmosphere reside marine vapours ; mineral, vegetable and animal exhalations ; acids and salts, separated from fuel by combustion ; particles of light ; and portions of the electric fluid. It is, also, the mansion of the winds. The clouds operate as aqueducts to convey the waters of the ocean, for distribution over the land : which, without them, would be a total desert ; without men, quadrupeds, birds, insects, or vegetables. The great agent in this operation is heat ; for heat, having the property of insinuating itself between the minutest globules of water, expands and causes them to evaporate. Thus the warmth of the sun causes the waters of the ocean to ascend in the form of vapour into the air ; with which that vapour unites. The upper region of the air being the region of cold, and cold having the property of condensing bodies, in strict opposition to that of heat, which causes them to evaporate, the vapour condenses into its former fluidical state ; and falls to the earth, by means of its own weight, in the more solid form of rain. But if the region, into which the vapours have flown, meet with an intensity of cold, they become still more condensed ; and descend in the form of hail and ice. But it is to be observed, that in the process of evaporation the saline particles of the ocean, being of a more solid and fixed nature, do not rise. The water only rises ;

and having ascended, becomes still more purified by the air and heat of the sun.

V.

Slowness of growth and rapidity of decay form two distinct features of all organized bodies. Vegetables are remarkable instances of this disproportion. The wheat, which is several months in arriving at maturity, dies after it has reached it in the course of a few days. There is no similarity whatever between the seed and the plant. The change it undergoes, is in itself a miracle.

Who,—if the knowledge of these things were not familiar even to infancy,—would suppose, that the soft kernel in the hard concavity of a peach stone would, one day, become a tree, bearing leaves and fruit, having no external resemblance whatever to its own original formation? Who could have imagined, that the seeds of thistles, after lying for centuries in the bosom of the earth, should revivify, upon being turned up with a spade to light and air; should again sink into the ground, by the weight of rain; and become plants more than two hundred thousand times larger than the parent seeds from which they sprung? It would appear an excursion of the imagination to assert, that from one acorn will arise a body, which, in the year it arrives at maturity, shall bear flowers in which reside more than ten thousand males and females, each sex having distinct corollas. And who, that sees the Indian fig, would anticipate, that it shall produce a tree, capable of living two thousand years; and of giving sustenance to innumerable birds; and occasional

shelter to more than ten thousand men? These, and all other vegetables, at length die ; and, at their death, are consumed by fire, or decomposed by heat and water, into hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen ; their primitive elements. Sometimes, however, vegetables, previous to this their final change, become petrified.

Petrifactions are not substances converted into stone, as many persons suppose :—they are substances, encrusted, for the most part, with carbonate of lime. Sir J. Mackenzie lately discovered a fossil Scotch pine tree in the village of Penicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh, on the North Esk river. The strata, in which the remains of this tree stand, are slate clay ; but the tree itself is encrusted with sandstone. There is sandstone both above and below the slate clay ; but the roots of the tree do not appear to have penetrated the latter, though they reach down to it.

Whole forests, completely coated with strong or shelly substances, are found on Kangaroo Island ; as well as on the continent of New Holland. These encrustations are supposed by Mons. Perron,¹ to arise from decompositions of shell fish ; which, transported by the winds, are deposited on the trees and plants in the form of dust ; and soon become solid pellicles round the branch on which they light. This causes the gradual decay of the tree ; which, yielding to the influence of the calcareous matter, disorganizes, and, after no great length of time, becomes a mass of sandstone ; the arborescent form of which alone recalls to the eye of the observer, its former vegetable state.

¹ Voyage of Discovery to Austral-Asia, vol. ii. p. 171.

VI.

Some vegetables resemble certain animals in their annual exhibitions of change. Thus the cork tree renews its bark ; and, for eight seasons, its quality improves as the tree advances in age. The marine fan-palm has a new leaf every month ; during the same period the Indian bamboo issues a new shoot ; and many bulbous roots have concentric rings proportionate to the number of months they have vegetated : while the cocoa-tree of the Maldivé Islands every month produces a cluster of nuts. Of these, the first, says an eminent French naturalist, is in a state of incipency ; the second is coming out of its covering ; the third is budding ; the fourth is in flower ; the fifth is forming a nut ; and the last is in maturity.

Sheep, in the same manner, renew their fleece every year ; lobsters their shells ; and scorpions, serpents, snakes, grasshoppers, and many other insects, their skins. Stags, goats, and some other animals, also, shed their horns ; though not, perhaps, at stated periods. The Asiatic hedgehog loses its hair during its four months' state of torpidity ; and the peacock sheds its fine feathers in autumn, and renews them in the spring. Hence the peacock in Egypt was esteemed an emblem of the vicissitudes of fortune.

The corn-weevil undergoes its several changes in the concavity of corn. The nut-weevil deposits its eggs in a nut, while it is green and soft. This egg is hatched, when the nut is ripe, and becomes a maggot, which feeds upon the kernel. When it has consumed the kernel, it bores a hole in the

shell, creeps out of it upon a leaf, or falls to the ground ; where it buries itself, and becomes, the next season, a small brown beetle.

The caterpillar changes its skin several times, before it enters its aurelia condition. When it is about to enter it, it spins a cone, in which it envelopes itself, and continues for some time motionless and helpless. At length it issues from its mail ; expands its wings ; and becomes the sport of childhood, and the ornament of the woods and fields. Similar transformations may be observed in bees, wasps, ants, and other insects. Caterpillars become butterflies ; and grubs moths. Silkworms, however, become moths, that neither fly nor eat.

Insects of the hemiptera order, as locusts, crickets, grasshoppers, the walking leaf of China, Peruvian lantern flies, and others of the fulgora genus, want little of perfection, when they issue from their eggs. They exhibit, therefore, but small change from infancy to age. But, in general, insects exhibit themselves in three separate states, after issuing from their eggs ;—the larva, the pupa, and the imago states ; —These separate stages, however, only exhibit the gradual evolution of insectile parts. Every insect having, in its earliest state, all those parts in miniature, which they afterwards seem to acquire. In the most helpless of larva, therefore, may be recognized, through a microscope, all the rudiments of a perfect insect.

VII.

The frog proceeds from an egg, in the form of a roundish black or brown substance ; having a tail.

In ninety-seven days it exhibits eyes ; and in two days more arms :—the tail drops ; and the animal becomes a perfect frog. Toads are formed in a similar manner. The frog-fish of Surinam even returns to its original state. It is first a fish : then a frog : and, after many years, it reverts again to the shape and condition of a fish.

Caddice worms, enclosed in cases formed of sand, leaves, and slight pieces of wood, crawl along the bottoms of quiet streams ; become perfect insects ; rise to the surface ; quit their houses ; hover over the stream ; drop their eggs into the water ; and die. The ephemera tribe also reside, for three years, in brooks and rivers, in their reptile state, having gills like fish.—After passing their aurelia, they emerge from the water in shapes, resembling that of the butterfly :—But their lives are extended only to the extent of a few hours ; they drop their eggs ; fall to the earth or into the water ; and die almost immediately after.

The larvæ of the libellula tribe, also, reside two or three years in the water. They then creep to the top of a plant, burst their covering, and fly into the air. Gnats, when they issue from their eggs, are worms, which reside at the bottom of standing waters. These worms change their forms, having large heads and hairy tails.—They soon, however, divest themselves of this appearance by losing their feelers, their tails, and their eyes : their heads become invested with a plume of feathers ; and their bodies are defended by scales and hair. Minute

feathers are attached to their wings; and they are endowed with a trunk of exquisite formation.

The *pulex irritans* issues from an egg in the shape of a worm of a pearl colour. In a short time it hides itself; spins a thread from its mouth; and having enclosed itself in the thread for a fortnight, issues from its confinement a perfect animal, defended by a species of armour.

The lion ant¹ after remaining in its reptile state from one to two years, spins a thread, which, being glutinous, sticks to small particles of sand, in which it rolls itself up like a ball. In the concave of this it resides for six or eight weeks; and gradually parting with its skin, feet, antennæ, and eyes, bites a hole in the ball, and appears in the form of a fly;—having a brown slender body, a small head, large eyes, long legs, and transparent wings.

VIII.

The May-bug beetle deposits its egg in the earth, from which its young creeps out in the shape of a maggot, which lives in the earth for three years, feeding upon roots. While under ground it changes its skin every year; and at the end of the fourth digs itself a cell, casts its skin, and becomes a chrysalid. In the succeeding May it bursts from the earth, unfolds its wings, and flies in great numbers round the tops of trees.

The ox gad-fly deposits its egg in the skin of an ox, and produces a yellowish maggot. This maggot falls to the ground, burrows, and enters into an

¹ Myrmeleon formicaleo.

aurelia state; whence it issues a fly of a pale yellowish brown colour, marked with dusky streaks, and about the size of a bee.

Some worms reside under the tongues of dogs; others in the nostrils of macaws; and some in the heads and even throats of Virginian deer. I once put a moth among some leaves under a glass. It deposited several eggs and died. In a few days the eggs, being placed in the sun, burst, and out of them crept insects with wings, as much unlike their parent as a turtle is unlike an elephant.

IX.

Animals are composed of gelatine, albumen, and febrine; formed out of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. Oils, acids, salts, and other substances, also, enter into the animal system. Gelatine is the chief ingredient of the skin, membranes, bones,¹ hoofs, and horns²: from a decomposition of which, in return, is obtained muriat of ammonia. Albumen constitutes that transparent, viscuous, substance, which compose the nerves, the serum, and the blood; the curds of milk, and the whites of eggs. Febrine is the essential constituent of the flesh; and flesh and blood are the richest of all manures.

¹ M. Fourcoy says, that phosphate of magnesia exists in the urine of the human species, but not in the bones; though it does exist in the bones of quadrupeds.

² Black hair consists of nine substances, as M. Vauquelin has proved by analization.—Animal matter, a white concrete oil, a greenish grey oil, iron, oxyde of manganese, phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, silix, and a considerable quantity of sulphur.

As the human frame approaches old age the skin, flesh, and fibres, become more dry and hard.—Digestion is more difficult ; there is less perspiration ; the circulation of the blood is languid ; and life fades away by insensible degrees.—This decay of the frame seems to arise out of the circumstance, that the carriers of matter for the repair of the vascular system do not carry matter wherewith to repair themselves.

It may here be remarked, that the stone, of which the ancient sarcophagi were made, was said to have the power of consuming the flesh, that was buried in them. This, however, may be questioned. But certain it is, that lime has the power of decomposing animal substances, without permitting them to undergo the process of putrefaction : and M. Mange of Paris has lately discovered, that the pyroligneous acid, obtained by the distillation of wood, prevents the putrefaction and decomposition of animal substances.

The act of converting food into animal matter is chiefly performed by the stomach : the gastric juice, found in which, constituting the chief menstruum. By a process, at once simple and intricate, food is converted into chyme ; which, uniting with the bile and other juices, is formed into chyle ;—a substance, resembling milk. This chyle is conveyed by the lacteal vessels into the heart. In this reservoir it begins to form blood ; which, passing through the lungs, is modified and perfected by respiration : and, by one of the most beautiful of processes, is distributed by the arteries, and strained into the proper vessels ; converting vegetable and animal sub-

stances into nerves, sinews, flesh, hair, bone, and every other part of the human machine : as vegetable juice is indurated into amber ; and the leaf of the mulberry converted into silk.

X.

Other changes take place in the animal system, which would lead us too far into technical peculiarities. But there is one circumstance too curious to be overlooked in a treatise on changes. It belongs to the ear. For while all the other bones of the human frame increase and acquire strength by time, those, that lie in the cavities of the ears, are perfect in the womb. They may, therefore, be said to have a longer duration in respect to perfection, than any other part of the human body. As to those changes, which are caused by the vibratory motion of the nerves, begun by external objects and propagated to the brain, they are so numerous, and so delicate, that it would require a volume of no ordinary magnitude to explain them : and then the subject would remain imperfect.

All animals are compounded of vegetable substances. For as the sea is the visible Providence, as it were, that sustains, by the medium of the sun and air, all that live ; so all, that live and breathe, are compounded of “grass.” The hoof of the horse ; the horn of the cow ; the shell of a snail ; the teeth of an elephant ; the claws of a lion ; the feathers of a dove ; the wool of a sheep ; and the hair of a camel, once grew in the fields. Even the eyes with which we see ; and the ears with which we hear.—

The blood of our fathers, the milk of our mothers, the arms of our sons, and the cheeks of our daughters, all sprung collaterally from those vegetables, which, having their roots in the soil, and drawing sustenance therefrom, prove the truth of that doctrine, which teaches, that man came from “the dust.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE duration of life appears far more arbitrary, than the duration of unconscious bodies.—Some plants rise from seed in the spring, flower in the summer, shed their seeds and die in autumn or in winter. Some last two years ; and others three : but the principal portion are perennial : as violets and all manner of shrubs, and trees. Some blossom only for one day ; others only for one night. The chrysanthemum *putescens* bears flowers for the greatest part of the year : the thuyan of China keeps in full leaf in winter and in summer : while the amaranth and the rose of Jericho may be preserved for several years. Most plants live independent of the loss of either leaves or flowers ; but the death of a blade of the papyrus involves that of the bud and root attached to it. Some flowers, kept in cold water till they droop, may be restored to life and freshness, by being placed in hot water. Then if the coddled stems be cut off, and put into cold water again, they may be preserved even to a third stage of existence.

Italian cypresses live two hundred years : there is a linden tree at Basle two hundred and fifty years old :

the oak is one hundred years in arriving at perfection, and lives to the age of three hundred. Date-trees in Spain attain a similar age. Many plantains in India are one thousand years old ; and the cedars on Mount Lebanon have an age of not less than two thousand years.

In respect to insects, some have their duration in proportion to the duration of a leaf ; some to that of a flower ; and others to that of a plant. Earth worms live three years ; crickets ten years ; bees seven ; scorpions from seven to twelve ; and toads have been known to arrive even to thirty.—Wasps and spiders, on the other hand, live but one year :—an ephemeron, in a flying state, only one day.—But naturalists speak incorrectly when, after the authorities of Cicero and Aristotle, they say that those which die at nine in the morning expire in their youth ; those at noon in their manhood ; and those at sunset in their age. For, previous to their winged state, they had existed for two if not for three years. The flying state is merely a transition, which Nature has decreed to them for the greater facility of ensuring a succession.

In respect to fishes, crayfish live twenty years ; pikes have frequently attained ninety ; the carp one hundred and fifty ; and the amphibious tortoise three hundred.

Hens will live ten years ; nightingales sixteen ; geese fifty ; parrots sixty ; ravens ninety ; cockatoos one hundred and two years ; falcons two hundred ; and swans two hundred and ninety.

Squirrels live seven years ; hares eight ; cows fourteen ; cats eighteen ; fallow deer twenty ; stags forty ;

the ass from thirty to fifty ; the lion to seventy ; the one-horned rhinoceros to eighty ; and elephants to two hundred years.¹

¹ <i>Age at which Males can engender and Females produce.</i>		<i>Times of Gesta- tion.</i>	<i>Number pro- duced at a Birth.</i>
Males.	Females.		
Guinea pig 5 or 6 weeks.	5 or 6 weeks.	3 weeks.	.. 4, 5, 6, to 8.
Rabbit .. 5 or 6 months.	5 or 6 months.	30 days.	4, 5, to 8.
Dog 9 or 10 months.	9 or 10 do.....	63 do.....	3, 4, 5, 6.
Martin, } Weasel, } Polecat }	1 year.....	1 year.	56 do..... 3, 4, 5, 6.
Sheep.... 1 do.....	1 do.....	5 months.	1, 2.
Roebuck 1 year and half.	2 do.....	5 do....	1, 2, 3.
Reindeer . 2 years.	2 do.....	8 do....	1.
Ass..... 2 do.....	2 do.....	11 do....	1, rarely 2.
Zebra.... 2 do.....	2 do.....	11 do....	1, rarely 2.
Lion 2 do.....	2 do.....	—	1, 2, 3, or 4, once a year.
Leopard.. 2 do.....	2 do.....	—	4 or 5, once a year.
Horse.... 2 do. and half.	2 do.....	11 months.	1 sometimes 2.
Lama.... 3 do.....	3 do.....	—	1, rarely 2.
Buffalo .. 3 do.....	3 do.....	9 months.	1.
Ape 3 do.....	3 do.....	—	1, occasion- ally 2.
Drome- } dary .. } Camel.. }	4 years.	4 years.....	about 1 year. 1.
Man 14 do.....	12 do.....	9 months.	1, sometimes 2, rarely 3.*
Rhinoceros 16 do.....	16 do.....	— ..	1. between 3
Elephant 30 do.....	30 do.....	2 years.	and 4 years.

* I knew a lady, who had twins three times ; and once three children at a birth. The wife of the celebrated Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, had five children at one birth ; and the father was upwards of eighty years old.

II.

Many plants, insects, fishes, birds, and even quadrupeds, are peculiarly sensible of injury ; others as strikingly vivacious. Some animals will live, after the spleen has been taken from them. Dr. Hook even hung a dog ; then cut away its ribs, its diaphragm, its pericardium, and also the top of its wind-pipe ; and yet restored it to life for some time, by infusing air into its lungs. The sloth will even live for some time after the extraction of its heart and bowels.¹ Worms also are difficult to destroy. Thus by a strange paradox, as an eminent Naturalist has remarked, the most useless of lives are of all others the most difficult to destroy.

Tortoises, serpents, moles, and bats, are able to live for some time without continuing to breathe. This faculty they derive from the circumstance of the lungs having been left out in the circulation of the blood. The possum of Brazil is so difficult to kill, that when it has been broken or crushed, it will still creep away.—And

¹ Mr. Brodie in recording some highly interesting experiments in regard to the suspension of the active principle, instances the case of a frog, which lived and crawled a full hour after its heart had been taken out.

“ In general,” says Mr. Brodie, “ we see life combined with action, and living beings present an endless multitude of phenomena in perpetual and rapid succession.—Life, however, may exist independent of any action, which is evident to the senses.—A leech, which was immersed in a cold mixture, was instantly frozen into a hard solid substance ;—at the end of a few minutes the animal was gradually thawed ;—the leech revived, and continued to live for thirty-six hours after the experiment.”

when the breast of a frog is opened, and its heart and intestine parts taken out, it will yet leap as if it had sustained no injury ; while land tortoises, and the whole tribe of lizards, will even continue to live, not only when deprived of their brains, but of their heads. Some animals will exist even in vacuo. This will best be proved, by leaving some tenebrions in an air pump for several days. Caterpillars will live in an exhausted receiver ; and though for several days they will appear dead, exhibiting no motion, yet upon being let again into the air, they will revive and recover their wonted activity. But Nature affords phenomena still more wonderful even than these. Living shell-fish are sometimes found in solid stones in the harbour of Toulon, where they are called *Dactyli* ; and are of exquisite flavour : shell-fish, called *Solenes*, are also found in stones near Ancona in Italy. *Fulgosus* relates, that a live worm was once found in a flint ; and Alexander Tassoni relates, that some workmen of Tivoli, having cleft a large mass of stone, found a cray-fish in the middle of it, which they boiled and ate. Toads have been found in flints. M. Seigne saw one in the body of an oak near Nantes. Bacon and Plott mention similar instances. Mons. Hubert found one in the trunk of an elm near Caen¹ : and a live beetle was not long since found in the heart of a tree near Carlisle. The eggs of these animals must have accidentally been insinuated into the trees, when young ; where, as Hubert conjectures, they must have grown with the tree ;

¹ Mém. Acad. Sciences, 1719.

fed upon its substance, and lived without air. Not long since a living toad was found in the heart of a cedar at West Chester, in America, about half grown. The cavity was just large enough for it. The tree was solid, of thirty years' growth, and there was no communication for the circulation of air. In 1773, a toad was found even in a large block of coal, in the bosom of which no fissure could be perceived.¹

An insect, resembling a worm, was also found in a cell, the size of a sparrow's egg, in a fragment of coal (1820), dug out of Woodey-field pit, at the depth of twelve fathoms. When touched, it moved its conical part to any side: thus shewing it had a rotatory motion. It had five or six circular horny rings, connected by moveable membranes. The tree, which contained the toad seen by Mons. Seigne, was about an hundred years old: but the age of

¹ Two toads were locked up in a box by way of experiment, at a village near Wakefield, in 1806; taken out in 1807, when they were found alive and healthy, after living two years without air or food.

A woodman, lately splitting a large cherry-tree at Haming, in the county of Selkirk, found a living bat of a bright scarlet colour.—The cavity, in which it was enclosed, was surrounded by wood perfectly sound and solid.

“The *Vorticella rotatoria*,” says St. Pierre, “is found in a state of such thorough dryness, as to fall into powder, on being touched with the point of a needle. It may be preserved for a number of years in an apparent state of DEATH; continuing to retain life without seeming to take any nourishment. A little drop of water let fall upon it is sufficient to break it, so delicate are its organs; but if this water reach it through particles of dust, the insect opens its members by degrees, and swims in this single drop as in an ocean.”

the worm found in the coal, it would be impossible to form even the slightest probable conjecture.

III.

Nature has the curious custom of suspending the animations of certain animals and vegetables. Some quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and insects, at the autumnal equinox, earlier or more late according to the relative state of the atmosphere, enter into a state of dormity, and remain so till the following spring. This remarkable suspension may, perhaps, arise from the influence of galvanic power.

Frogs have recovered their animation after having been buried two years in snow¹; and snails have revived even after a suspension of fifteen years.² Similar effects have been observed in the seeds of plants. A seed of a royal Scotch thistle was planted, after having been laid up more than sixteen years. It sprung, vegetated, and produced a plant, the foliage of which was resplendently beautiful.—Sensitive plants are said to retain the virtue of germination from thirty to forty years; and oats even to a thousand!

That the human frame, too, is subject to a suspension of animation is evident from many instances recorded on testimony, at once faithful and decisive. Dr. Chrichton³ relates an account of a young lady, who was in such a state of suspended animation, as to be

¹ Spallanzani's Experiments on the Circulation of the Blood, p. 136.

² Darwin, Zoonomia, vol. iv. p. 237.

³ On Mental Derangement, vol. ii. p. 84.

to all appearance dead. She was put in her coffin ; when the horror of being buried alive gave such an activity to sensation, that it exhibited itself by a slight convulsive movement of the hands. While in this state, as she related afterwards, she distinctly heard her friends lament her death. “ We have witnessed,” says a Bavarian letter, “ the superb funeral of the Baron Hornstein ; but a shocking result is what induces me to mention it in my letter. Two days after the funeral, the workmen entered the mausoleum ; when they witnessed an object, which petrified them ! At the door of the sepulchre lay a body covered with blood. It was the mortal remains of the favourite of Princes. The Baron was buried alive ! On recovering from his trance, he had forced the lid of the coffin ; and endeavoured to escape from the charnel-house. Finding it impossible, it is supposed that he dashed his brains out against the wall. The royal family, and indeed the whole city, are plunged in grief at this most horrid catastrophe.”¹

CHAPTER X.

IF from the works of Nature, we recur to the labours of man, we recognize duration chiefly in the labours of the medallist and architect. Of the former there are no Hebrew medals older than the age of Simon Maccabeus. No Roman copper and silver

¹ Whiter's Dissertation on the Disorder of Death, p. 276.

medals go higher than the 484th year of Rome; and no gold one higher than the 546th. All others are spurious.

In respect to ARCHITECTURE, the veneration of ages belong to the ruins of Palmyra, Persepolis, Memphis, Thebes and Babylon: but a greater antiquity may be applied to the pyramids of Egypt, and to the fragments at Stonehenge.—These gigantic fragments I esteem to be of an age at least equal to that of the Pyramids. That they are not Roman, as some have supposed, is evident from the undeniable circumstance, that the Romans never built in that manner;—the entire history of their architecture being known even from the days of Romulus. Nor are they Saxon, or Danish. In fact, there is no religion upon record, in which temples of this description were used: and as no evidence can be adduced to prove, that either the pully, the lever, or the wedge were known to the Britons, previous to the time of Cæsar, I am inclined to believe, that these fragments belong to a period even antecedent to that of the Druids.

From architecture we may recur to EMPIRES. The Babylonian lasted sixteen hundred and eighty years: the Assyrian fourteen hundred and fifty: the Persian two hundred and twenty: but the Macedonian, including a larger extent of territory than either of the preceding, lasted only thirteen years. The Roman empire was seven hundred and twenty years in growing to its most effective strength. From the age of Augustus to the division of the empire elapsed about three hundred and sixty years; and thence to the capture

of Rome by the Goths one hundred and ninety.—The Eastern empire, from Constantine to the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, lasted eleven hundred and forty-seven years.

II.

The human frame, up to the period of five years, vegetates so quickly, that it has attained nearly as great a height, as it does in sixteen years afterwards. With man, as with all other objects, time never assumes the attitude of repose. His life resembles a ship, that never anchors. For whether he eats, drinks, walks, speaks, slumbers, or meditates, time is ever on the wing, and constitutes the best portion of every man's estate. And as those objects are the most sublime, which are not only invisible to the eye, but above the reach of the imagination to conceive, time is one of the most mysterious subjects on which the mind can meditate; since, constituting what has been called a moveable image of immoveable eternity, the transparent solitude of interminable space seems the only mansion for its residence. But time is only an imaginary quality. To two persons, differently situated, time has either the wings of an eagle, or the crawling feet of a snail. To a man in expectancy, a single day appears a week; and a month a year. To a man in possession, the sun seems no sooner risen, than it has set; and summer has scarcely arrived, before autumn seems ready to appear.¹—

¹ "Time," says Colton, in his 'Many Things and few Words,' is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of all things. The past is gone, the future

Infants count by minutes ; children by days ; men by years ; planets by revolutions of years ; comets by revolutions of ages ; Nature by revolutions of systems. The Eternal meditates in a perpetual present ; but Time has no existence : though the mother of the body, it is not the mother of the tomb ;—it is only a small imaginary portion of eternity.

III.

In regard to events—every single incident may have its retrospective, and perspective relations, as

future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it : and, like a flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.—Time is the measurer of all things, but is in itself immeasurable ; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain ; lends expectation a curb, but gives a spur to enjoyment. It robs beauty of her charms to bestow them on her picture, and though it denies a house to merit, builds it a monument. It is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators ; and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all : nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight ; and though it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of Death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other. But like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice, that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, and repentance behind it ; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from its enemies ; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.”

far as we can tell;—and what occurred ten thousand years ago may have a relative connexion with something, which may happen a million years to come.—Doubt this, if you please;—but, in Nature, there are many much more extraordinary things than this! and though Nature appears to suffer some of her works to decay; yet, delighting in analogical variety, and in resolving matter into new creations, she is only varying her attitudes;—nothing being permitted actually to decay:—matter, as well as spirit, and that intermediate something between those definite and indefinite qualities, existing to eternity. For in the dunghill of putrefaction are secreted the germs of future reproduction; and from the ruins of vegetation bursts organic existence.

Ever attentive to her interests,—Nature replaces in one spot what she has displaced in another. Ever attentive to beauty,—and desirous of resolving all things into their original dependence on herself,—she permits moss to creep over the prostrate column, and ivy to wave upon the lime-worn battlement.—Time, with its gradual, but incessant touch, withers the ivy, and pulverizes the battlement. But Nature—ever magnificent in her designs!—who conceives and executes in one and the same moment;—whose veil no one has been able to uplift;—whose progress is more swift than time, and more subtle than motion;—and whose theatre is an orbit of incalculable diameter, and of effect so instantaneous, as to annihilate all idea of gradation;—jealous of prerogative, and

studious of her creations,—expands with one hand what she compresses with another.

Always diligent—she loses nothing. For were any particle of matter absolutely to dissolve, evaporate, and become lost, bodies would lose their connexion with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropt. Besides—so delicately is this globe balanced, that an annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it totally out of its sphere in the universe. From the beginning of time, not one atom, in the infinite divisibility of matter, has been lost;—not the minutest particle of what we denominate element; nor one deed, word, or thought, of any of his creations have ever once escaped the knowledge; nor will ever escape the memory of the Eternal Mind—That exalted and electric mind, which knows no past, and calculates no future!

CHAPTER XI.

LET us now, my Lelius, recur to the subject of those hopes, which revelation has taught us; and which are so finely exemplified, among other analogies of Nature, in the rise and decay of the year; and which so loudly proclaim the truth of that system, which would teach, in strong and indubitable language, the certainty of future life, in the renovation and immortality of the pious and the just. This great and elevated truth is taught us in language, impossible to be misconstrued. The generation of animals; the propagation of vege-

tables; the formation of shells; the reproduction of insects and fishes; the gradations of bodies; the effects, resulting from the laws of motion and attraction, elasticity and repulsion; the vastness of space; the infinite divisibility of matter; the constant connexion between cause and consequence;—these, and a thousand other wonders, supersede all possibility of annihilation; and teach the grand, the useful, the consolatory truth, that not only spirit is immortal, but that matter is eternal also. Mind, therefore, has a permanent interest in matter; and matter a permanent interest in mind.

But, admirable as are all the works of Nature, in combination or in detail; beautiful as are the woods, streams, vales and vallies; sublime as are the rocks, the mountains and the ocean; and wonderful and various, as are all their respective inhabitants; how far inferior are they, individually or collectively, to that grand masterpiece of Nature,—MAN!

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
And through the cool, sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
Yet more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e'er conspir'd to bless!

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

II.

Shall a Being, of such capacities for reasoning be merely a Being of yesterday and to day?—Shall the merest lump of uninformed clay exist from the beginning, and continue to eternity; and MAN,—the powerful agent in the hands of the Eternal, and in whom appear to be contracted and concentrated all the perfections of the world,—shall he cease to live at the moment, in which he begins to know the value of existence?—Is this the end for which we were designed? Are the pains and the penalties of existence created, for a no more elevated sphere than this?—Where, then, are the uses of those finer operations of the mind, which so highly dignify our being?—Why were all those capacities implanted in our nature, if we are not, in reality, heirs to immortality?—If not immortal, how profound the fall of human intellect!—The power of knowing the present, and of reasoning on the past, were but worthless qualities, if they are to be chained to this body, and but formed for one existence. But it is impossible, that a Being, so infinite in power and intelligence, should make man so miserably incomplete!—Horrible, indeed, were it, if such were the prospect of human destiny!—Can the Creator of intellect be a countenancer of injustice?—Yet, if there be no future existence, when the lamp of life glimmers on the grave, where shall Kosciusko look for consolation?—No reparation has he received for the many injuries and misfortunes, he has endured, for the *crime* of fighting in his country's cause!—

Where, then, would be the justice of heaven, were the soul of so illustrious a character as this, to die with his body? And whither must have flown all our ideas of infinite power, and of infinite excellence?—Without immortality, age has no futurity, on which to build its hope and confidence;—for it is the idea of immortality, which apologizes for our sorrows, and renders the condition of humanity in the smallest degree intelligible. To be born is assuredly a high privilege; and yet many men there are, who would say of life what Regnard said of a journey into Lapland:—"I would not but have made it for all the gold in the world; but which, for all the gold in the world, I would not make again." But the time will come, when he shall say:—

No lightning glares, no billows roar:

Rest, stranger, rest;—the storm is o'er.

Bird.

Were it not for an elevated idea of immortality, who would not rather be a plant, a fossil, or a mineral, than be dignified with the form and the feelings of a man? Living only in the hope of dying, the charm of immortality constitutes the greatest portion of our happiness. Being a subject, over which the soul never desires to slumber, to doubt it were to possess the credulity of an atheist. To disbelieve in the eternity of the soul were almost equivalent to the assertion, that we are afraid to meet it; as much as the denial of a God is the frequent result of having previously wished it. For it is the plague and pleasure of our Nature to believe the thing we wish.

III.

ETERNITY!—thou dark, mysterious sea,—
All that is past, and all that is to be,
Ages and worlds, are present still to thee!

“That the soul is immortal,” said Mr. Fox, a short time previous to his death, “I am convinced!—The existence of a Deity is a proof, that spirit exists; why not, therefore, the mind of man? And if such an essence as the soul exists, by its nature it may exist for ever. I should have believed in the immortality of the soul, though Christianity had never existed.—But how it acts, as separated from the body, is beyond my capacity of judgment.” How many statesmen are there, at the age of eighty, who would barter all their acquired dignities and wealth, for the privilege of escaping a conviction of that awful truth!

The petals of some flowers fall, as soon as they expand; the ephemeron, after three years of preparation, is produced, grows, extends its members to maturity, lays its eggs, propagates, and dies!—But the soul—the standard of man, and to increase the perfection of which almost every thing seems to combine—lives to eternity! That eternity, which Boethius defines a perfect possession of an interminable existence; and which Censorinus calls an infinite duration; but which, strictly and plainly, means an endless enjoyment of a perpetual present.

Empedocles placed the seat of the soul in the blood; and the Stoics in the heart But Galen conceived,

that¹ every member of the body had its separate soul. Some Indians,² indeed, believed that every man has two souls; a good and a bad one:—but Archelous, and probably Anaxagoras, whose pupil he was, taught, that the capacities of the soul vary in men according to the structure of their bodies. The ancient Etrurians seem to have inclined, in some measure, to the Indian sect; since they formed Janus—a god entirely unknown to the Greeks,—with two faces:—indicating, that he could look backward into the old world, and forward into the new one.

Alcmeon³ esteemed the soul to be a portion of the divinity. The fable of Saturn implied as much:—for since the name of Saturn meant “first intellect,”⁴ every intellect returning into itself, we may recognize great beauty in the idea of Saturn’s eating his own offspring. This doctrine, though it originated with Plato, is entirely inconsistent with that of the Alexandrian Platonists⁵; most of whom testified, that the soul is united to the body for its punishment; and that the body is the soul’s sepulchre. Some, among whom we may class Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, believed, that the connexion of the soul with the body was supported by a fine material vehicle, which separated at the

¹ Plat. in Plac. Philosoph., vol. iv. c. 5. ² Danish Lett., part ii. p. 23.

³ Cic. de Natura Deor. lib. i. c. 10.

⁴ Remarks on Plato, Taylor; Cratylus, p. 26.

⁵ The earlier Platonists even believed, that there was a deity, superior to the architect of the earth: so magnificent an idea had they of the universe. Cratylus; Taylor, p. 25.

period of death.¹ Others have supposed, that the soul is a light substance in the shape of the body in all its parts, but of a nature so elastic and aerial, as to be insensible of touch ; bearing the same relation to the frame, that music does to an instrument, or perfume to the solid substance of a flower. And that it is elicited from the body, at the time of death, in the same manner, as vapour is called from the earth ; only of such lightness, as to be intangible, invisible, and of such a penetrating nature, as to pass freely through all substances.

¹ Augustine* says, the soul is like to the deity, immortal and indissoluble. The human structure was divided into the body, the mind, and the soul, by the Stoics, the Pythagoreans, and the Platonists ; by Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen and Ignatius.† In this light, says Augustine,‡ man may be esteemed a symbol of the Trinity. Ganganelli, something after the same manner, draws an analogy by observing, that natural philosophy denotes our bodies ; mathematics express our reason ; and theology the soul. Hugh Victor seems to have thought that the soul of man was originally of the nature of Angels ; § and Leibnitz accounts for the communication between the soul and body, by supposing a pre-established harmony : so that they do not act physically upon each other ; but essentially with each other :—the latter being always disposed to act, when the former wills.

* De Quant. Anim., cap. ii. Sallust, speaking of the soul in reference to the body, says, “ unum cum Deis, *Alterum cum belluis commune est.*”

† Nemesius de Naturâ Hominis, cap. i.

‡ Tractat. de Symbolo. Aquinas takes up the same, or nearly the same idea.

§ In Lib. de interpret. de Imag. et simil. Dei., lib. ii. c. 2.

IV.

That the soul is immortal was believed by the Chaldeans, and Egyptians¹; the Celts²; the Scythians³; the ancient Lydians; the Druids⁴; the Mandingoes of Africa⁵; the Charibbees⁶; the Buddhists of Ceylon⁷; the Mexicans⁸; the Japanese⁹; and indeed by almost all nations.¹⁰ * The Galla of Abyssinia believe in a future state; but not in future punishments. The Sadducees among the Jews, however, disbelieved the resurrection of the dead.¹¹ That other sects have, also, believed the soul to die with the body, cannot be denied. But this, as Burnet has said before,¹² proves nothing to the general reasoning:—nor would it, were any traveller able to prove, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that a whole nation, consisting of ten millions of inhabitants, entertained the same belief. The world contains nine

¹ Herod., lib. ii. c. 123.² Strabo and Valer. Maximus.³ Pomp. Mela., lib. ii. c. i.⁴ Ammian. Marcellin. xv. p. 9.⁵ Park's Travels, p. 408.⁶ Sir Wm. Young's Voy. to the West Indies.⁷ Cordiner's Ceylon, p. 149.⁸ Clavigero, b. vi. sect. i.⁹ Raynal, vol. i. p. 133.¹⁰ Cic. Tusc. Quæst., lib. iii. Senec. Ep. 18. Ælian says, that in his time none of the barbarians were Atheists. Var. Hist. lib. ii. c. 31.¹¹ Acts, xviii. 8; Mark. xii. 18.¹² De Statu Mortuorum, cap. ii.

* The natives of the Friendly Islands believe the deity to be a female, residing among the stars; and the soul to be a divinity residing invisibly in the body.

hundred and seventy-one millions of souls ;—six and a half millions of whom are Jews ; one hundred and fifty millions are Mahometans ; one hundred and seventy-five and a half millions are Christians ; and six hundred and forty millions are Pagans. They harmonize scarcely in any thing ; and yet they all harmonize in this¹: that let the Deity assume what shape he will ; and let the soul be of whatever nature it may ; yet that the soul lives after the present state of existence.

Some of the Asiatic philosophers imagined souls to descend even into vegetables and minerals.² The Tartars³ had once a similar belief : and the Pharisees, who were fatalists, contradicting their own doctrine by acknowledging the free-agency of man, believed, that the soul emigrated into other bodies ; the good into men, and the bad into beasts.⁴

The Essenes believed in predestination ; leaving man no immediate power over his own actions. They conceded the immortality of the soul, but not the resur-

¹ Pomponatius of Mantua gained some reputation at Padua and Bologna, between the years 1490 and 1510, by writing a book entitled *De Immortalitate Animi* ; in which he maintained the soul's immortality ; though he denied the possibility of proving it by philosophical reasoning. Palerius of Veroli, also, wrote a poem on the same subject. But he was condemned to be burnt, for having spoken in favour of the Lutherans, and against the Inquisition.

² Dubistan, *Asiat. Miscel.* 95.

³ Vide Marco Polo. b. ii. ch. xxvi. Also *Hist. Gen. des Huns.* tom. iii. p. 223.

⁴ Josephus, vol. i. c. 8. Acts, c. xxiii. 6.

rection of the body.¹ The good, they conceived, were translated to the Fortunate Islands ; the bad into subterranean caverns and passages. The natives of Great Benin have very imperfect ideas relative to the soul ; but they also believe in its future existence. For when an European enquired of one of them, why he paid respect to his shadow, the negro answered by demanding, if it were possible, that he could be so ignorant, as not to know, that the shadow was a man's witness ; who would hereafter bear testimony, not only of his virtues, but of his crimes and defects.

V.

The Indians imagined, that when the soul departed from the body, it returned to God its parent. Zeno and Zoroaster maintained the same opinion : and when Plotinus was dying, he said to a friend, who attended him, "The divine principle, which has animated me, is now about to return, and to unite itself to the divine Spirit, which animates the universe." The Egyptians,² on the contrary, believed that the soul passed into quadrupeds, birds, and fishes ; and, that after a certain era, it again animated the body of a

¹ Christians believe, that the body will regenerate, as well as the soul. This was the belief, also, of the most ancient of Arabic writers.—"I know, that my Redeemer liveth ; and that he shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy the body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."*

² Herod. lib. ii. c. 123.

* Job, c. xix., v. 25, 26.

man. This doctrine was introduced into Greece by Pherecydes¹; and into Italy by Pythagoras.

The Soofees of Caubul are said to see and admire the Deity in every thing. Every object but him, say they, is illusion; every object being but a portion of his essence, which assumes an infinite variety of shapes; the soul forming an entire union with his substance.² Cicero, who in another place³ discourses so admirably on immortality, believed, too, that the souls of good men were of divine extraction,⁴ and that at the period of death it became an essential part of the divine nature. There is a sect among the Mahometans, called the Zindikites, who believe neither in the providence of the sovereign power, nor in the immortality of the soul. But the four elements they believe to be the four essences, constituting the Deity:—and that all things being compounded of them, all things are portions of the Deity himself. Spinoza, however, taught that God was neither infinite, intelligent, happy, nor perfect; he being but the natural virtue, or faculty, diffused in all creatures: That nothing is spiritual; that matter only exists,

³ Cic. Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. c. 16; and yet Cicero says, in another place, that the doctrine was delivered by tradition from all antiquity.

¹ Elphinstone, p. 208, 4to.

² Somn. Scip.

³ Castos animos, puros, integros, incorruptos, bonis etiam studiis atque artibus expolitos, leni quodam ac facili lapsu ad Deos, id est, ad Naturam sui similem, pervolare.—Fragment Consolat. ex Lactantio.—“Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto the God, who gave it.”—Ecclesiast. c. xii. v. 7.

The Vedant of the Bramins inculcates the belief, that the soul of man after death shall be absorbed in the supreme, and be subject neither to “birth, nor death, reduction, or augmentation.”—Raymohun Roy.

and its modifications; that all ideas, abstract and general, are material; that matter is the only Deity¹; that every thing is a part of God, and God a part of every thing; and that religion is a political engine, invented, and continued by governments, for the purpose of establishing and preserving harmony and propriety between the relative orders. From this it would appear, that Spinoza's ignorance was far worse than that of the Saxon noble of whom Edwin, King of Northumberland, enquired the nature of the soul, without any of its humility:—"Sire," returned the noble, "the more we reflect on its nature, the less are we able to explain its essence. We may compare it to the bird, which flew in at one of the windows, where your Majesty so lately dined, and immediately flew out at another. While it remained in the room, we knew something about it; but when it flew away, we knew not whence it came, nor whither it went. Thus, while the soul animates the body, we may know some of its properties; but when it separates itself from the body, as we know not whence it came, so we know not whither it is flown."²

VI.

The inhabitants of New Zealand believe, that on the third day after interment, the heart separates

¹ Lubin of Westerstede contended for the existence of two co-eternal principles, God and nothing.* The former the good, and the latter the evil principle of the universe.

² Rapin, vol. i. b. iii. p. 70. From Bede, lib. ii. c. 13.

* Vide his Hyper-metaphysical tract "Phosphorus, de Prima Causa et Natura Mali."

from the body; and that a divinity, whom they call *Ea-tooa*, hovers over the grave, takes the heart, and carries it into the clouds.¹ Many American Indians² abstain from eating the blood of animals, because it contains the life and spirit of the heart. The Persians are said to leave one part of their graves open, from a belief, that the dead will be re-animated, and visited by angels, who will judge them, and appropriate their future state. Some Tartar tribes bury the best horse with a person deceased, in order that he may use him in the other world: and the Laplanders place a purse of money in the coffins of their friends, that the defunct may pay the porter at the gate of Paradise: while the Hindoo wife believes, that if she sacrifice herself on the funeral pile of her husband, she will enjoy with him eternal life.

Some of the ancient Scythians believed, that death was only a change of habitation:—the natives of the Tonga Islands imagine, that the lower orders of society have no souls; or that if they have one it dissolves with the body;—but that those of a higher rank go to *Bolotoo*,³ the residence of the gods. They believe, that the soul during life is not a distinct essence from the body, but the ethereal part of it; which part exists after death in Bolotoo in the form and likeness of the body. In Taheite the islanders believe, that the spirit of man is eaten by a bird, in passing through which it becomes purified; after which it

¹ Collins's New South Wales, p. 524.

² Adair's Hist. American Indians, p. 134.

³ Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, vol. ii.

rises to the rank of a Deity.—There is a tribe, on the contrary, on the Gold Coast of Guinea,¹ who adopt the doctrine of the metempsychosis so far as to believe, that, when they die, they will be changed into white men. One reason why the Mahometans abhor, that their portraits should be taken, arises out of another branch of the same creed, viz., that, when they die, their souls will animate the picture; and thus be debarred from entering the paradise of Mahomet.

VII.

A Javan inscription² illustrates the soul in the following manner:—"Look at mankind. If you contemplate its state when living, its existence is no more than that of an herb, which shoots up on the face of the earth. Concerning the soul, it is like dew, which hangs on the points of grass." The substance of the priest's exhortation³ to the soul of a person deceased is, that "it should be conscious of being the work of the creator of the universe; and after leaving its earthly dwelling, that it should speed its way to the source whence it issued." The natives of the Arctic Regions, on the contrary, appear to have little or no idea of a Supreme Being.⁴ "It was once believed," said Ootoomiak to Sacheuse, the Esquimaux interpreter, "that men, when dead, went to the moon, but it is not believed now." They

¹ Bosman, p. 131. Ed. 1721.

² Found in Surabaya, vide Raffles's History of Java, 4to. vol. II. Appendix, p. ccxxiii.

³ Ibid, vol. i. p. 321.

⁴ Captain Ross's Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, 4to.

imagine, however, that birds and other animals came from it. But the medium of intercourse was not sufficient to establish a fact, so extraordinary as that of a whole people being entirely destitute of religious faith.

The natives of Ternate, one of the Molucca Islands, exhibit little shew of religion ;—and no one is allowed to speak upon it to a stranger. But they have temples :—and the priests go, at stated periods, with an assemblage of persons ; when they silently point to an inscription on a pyramid, which embraces nearly the whole system of ethics.—“MORTALS !—ADORE YOUR GOD :—LOVE YOUR BRETHREN :—AND STUDY TO BE USEFUL TO YOUR COUNTRY.” Few volumes of theology, even though they contain three thousand pages, are more comprehensive, in point of morality, than these three simple sentences.

The philosophers of Japan imagine, that an universal soul pervades the whole of Nature ; animating all things ; and reassuming souls, quitting the body, in the same manner, as the ocean resumes its waters, and light resumes its particles. Others believe, that the soul, at the time of the body's death, retains complete possession of all its powers ; but has no faculty to exert any of them, till it forms a re-union with another vehicle. Of this opinion was Dante.

VIII.

From a passage in Aristotle it would seem, that some of the Egyptian philosophers had notions similar to those of the Japanese ; though other writers doubt

even whether they believed in the eternity of the soul at all.¹ It is, however, universally acknowledged, that the hieroglyphic, denoting the soul, was a chrysalis; and though it is certain, that the future butterfly lies with all its parts folded up in the caterpillar; yet the circumstance of the Egyptians having adopted that emblem is a sufficient proof, that they considered the soul, as undergoing frequent, if not continual changes.

The Greeks, in the same manner, described it under the form of a beautiful female, ornamented with the wings of a butterfly. In the colossal statues by Paceti, Minerva is represented as breathing the soul into the Being, newly created by Prometheus, and as placing a butterfly upon its forehead. Among the numerous gems, cameos, and entaglios, illustrative of the fable of Cupid and Psyche, there is a gem, (*beryl*), in which Psyche holds a lotos flower in one hand; while she is lifting the robe from her bosom with the other. In a second (*lapis lazuli*), Cupid is treading on one end of his bow, striving to catch a butterfly;—in another, Venus appears anxious to burn a butterfly, which flutters in the air;—and in a fourth, (*hyacinth*), Cupid is chained with a butterfly to a pillar.

¹ Some writers have referred the fable of the phoenix to the Egyptian belief in the soul's eternity. Burnet, however, esteems it (*Theory of the Earth*, v. ii. p. 24.) an emblem of the globe:—which, after a long age, will be consumed in the last fire, and regenerate another world. The Chaldee paraphrase relates a fable, relative to an eagle which, soaring near the sun, became so enlivened by its rays, that its youth was renewed.—The eagle and the phoenix were, probably, hieroglyphical of comets.

At Rome, there is a curious basso rilievo,¹ (a good representation of which may be seen in *Statue del Museo Pio Clementino*²), in which Psyche, held by Mercury, is standing over a dead child; while Prometheus is in the act of reanimating a girl, by touching her head with the point of his rod.³

¹ In the British Museum is a bas-relief, representing the figure of Cupid pressing Psyche, in the shape of a butterfly, to his bosom.—No. 73.—There is a sarcophagus, too, on which are represented several analogous figures.—Room v. No. 35.

² Tom. iv. pl. 34.

³ The doctrine of immortality is, I think, beautifully indicated by the figures on the Barberini Vase. As the subject of these figures have been much questioned, I shall presume to offer a few observations upon it.

THE BARBERINI PORTLAND VASE.

This vase was found in the middle of the sixteenth century, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, standing in a sepulchral chamber, under Monte de Grano, about two miles and a half from Rome, on the road leading from Frascati. For two hundred years it constituted one of the principal ornaments of the Barberini collection. It was purchased by Sir William Hamilton; and by him sold to the Duchess of Portland; whose husband, soon after, presented it to the British Museum; where it is now styled the Portland Vase. At the bottom of the vase is a bust of a female, whose habit proclaims her a nurse. The first compartment contains three figures. These are a father, a mother, and a daughter. The mother is a mother-in-law; proved by her indifference, and comparative youth. The daughter is pining for love of an object, to whom she has been clandestinely betrothed. The betrothment is signified by the torch; and its being a secret is proved by the languor of the daughter; and still more by the figure of the nurse; who, by placing her finger towards her lips, indicates her secrecy; she having, it is supposed, been present at the betrothment. The father and mother-in-law observe the love-sick girl with severity; they see her sinking into the languor of death; and do not stretch even one hand to relieve or support her. The unfortunate girl soon after dies: and in the *second compartment* she is awakened, in the Elysian fields, by the arrival of Love,

IX.

The mind exists in the body, even after the body is itself insensible. Plymley assures us, that Du Gard, surgeon of the infirmary at Shrewsbury, found a patient, who had injured his spinal nerve, not only to live some days, but to preserve his senses entire; although his body had lost all sensation. In pithing animals death is so instantaneous, that the animal makes neither a struggle, nor a movement. The comparative anatomist introduces the instrument into the cavity of the skull, and divides the medallary substance above the origin of the branch of nerves,

Love, conducting her lover, just risen from the tomb; and with a winding sheet still in his hand. The peculiar species of tree proves it to be situated in the Elysian fields; because it is a tree, unlike any now known upon the earth: Elysium having always been represented as abounding in trees, peculiar to itself. The serpent indicates the female to have received the meed of immortality: the serpent being an Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman emblem of eternal life. The female stretches out her hand to welcome the arrival of her lover, in the Elysian fields: and introduces him to his own father, who, it is presumed, died before his son. His foot is resting on the tree of life. That the figure of the old man is not that of Pluto, as Darwin supposes, is evident from the circumstance of the old man not having one single emblem, that ought to have accompanied him. Darwin says, that the figure must be Pluto, because all the critics call him so; and because he has one foot in the ground. But the fact is, the figure has not one foot in the ground: his foot is merely concealed by that of the female figure. The father and the son seem to observe each other with an earnestness, implying that they have yet scarcely arrived at the moment of recognizing each other fully.

From all this it appears, that the subject is not a general one, as Wedgewood supposes; but a subject of private occurrence, embellished with allegory.

which supply the diaphragm. How the mind may be affected, in instances of this kind, it is not easy,—perhaps it is impossible—to trace.

That spirit may exist without matter is as certain, as that matter may exist without spirit, after it has been once created. We lose our legs and our arms, and yet the mind is as perfect as before. Thus is it with our intelligence. We may lose our memory, our powers of discrimination, and, in fact, labour under the most abject mental imbecility, yet the vigour of the body remain firm and unimpaired : while without the body's exercise, the mind is capable of feeling all the intermediate sensations, arising from love and hope, from hatred and from fear.

That the soul can exist without what we call matter, the soul, by its own properties, has the power to convince us, in the same manner, as the eye has the power of estimating the height, width, and colour of the body. The soul tells this great secret by its dread of annihilation ; by its eager thirst for sublunary fame ; by its conscious superiority over the body ; its almost unlimited power of acquiring knowledge ; its love of justice and honour, and every nobler virtue ; its ardent desire of perfection ; its persuasion, that matter exists not for itself ; and by that restless activity, which is continually pointing at something beyond the limit of its fortune. For as planets gravitate by a secret impulse to each other ; reasoning by analogy, which, in a case like this, is an unerring guide, so does the soul gravitate towards an union with something, partaking of a divine

quality :—for, as Mons. Hemsterhuis would say, a single aspiration of the soul, towards something nobler and far better than itself, forms greater ground for a conviction of its immortality, than the clearest mathematical demonstration. The hope of immortality seems, indeed, to be a reminiscence of heaven. We see nothing in Nature superior to MAN; and nothing in man superior to the MIND; which glances over the universe, as it were, by magic, and plans in moments what the body executes in years. Indeed the mind of man surpasses every object, we discern in nature: and more difficult was it to form, that even the sun itself! It is no wonder, therefore, that the secret of its elements should still baffle the ingenuity and research of the best metaphysicians. From Aristotle, down to Locke and Berkeley, Reid, and Stewart,—all is conjecture!

X.

Is it not natural to conclude that that, which is the most excellent in quality, and which is the longest in arriving at maturity, should, also, when it has arrived at perfection, be of the longest continuance? Is it consistent with common sense, that matter should have a longer life than spirit, which gives activity to matter? If we possess two substances, one of which gives us more pleasure in the possession than the other, do we not prefer the one, which is the more excellent, to that which is less so? If we possess a diamond in a casket, shall we keep the casket, and throw away the diamond?—And shall not the Deity

reward himself by preserving that portion of his works, which most partakes of his own essence? Would he not, were he to act contrary to this rule, be committing a kind of suicide on his own excellence? Can eternal wisdom act without a definite and honourable purpose? No!—The consciousness of a truth like this is the stamen of immortality.—Shall St. Peter's live, and Angelo, its architect, cease to live?—As well may we suppose, that there are no natural causes for attraction; or that the universe would be capable of organic harmony, if the architect, who created it, and who alone is capable of turning space into infinity, and time into eternity, no longer consented to exist. Yes, my friend, St. Peter's still remains unmoved, it is true, while Angelo is reported to be dead. BUT TO THE WORLD ONLY IS HE DEAD. Angelo—the great, the sublime Angelo,—will continue to exist, when St. Peter's has mouldered away, like the dust of its own monuments. In prosperity, my Lelius, let this reflection chide the spirit of presumption;—in adversity, permit it to check every feeling of impatience, by acting as a nepenthe to a wounded spirit.

XI.

To many men life is a dream so perturbed, that immortality is absolutely necessary to the consummation of that justice, of which men have so great a love and admiration. And shall men love justice more than the Eternal? Marcus Aurelius Antoninus said of the soul, that it was a *God in exile*. Shall a being, so

capable of association with the Divinity, sink into nothing? We esteem it a misfortune to have lost an excellent friend; but every thing passes away; and you, my Lelius, in health, and in the bloom of your life, will soon follow. But the grave has an illumination even more transcendant than that of the sun itself. That luminary, too, presents an analogy to our reasoning. It shines upon a wilderness with the same pleasure, that it shines upon the vales of Italy, or the plains of Greece: and in the same moment, that it presents to our vision the magnificence of evening, to that of others it exhibits all the glories of morning. These analogies apply to that hope and conviction of immortality, which is the best of those flowers, which, in consequence of our folly, now only spring up, in detached groups, along the journey of life.

Atheists are the vainest and most arrogant of men:—for imagining the arguments, they employ, to be the most perfect of all possible demonstrations,

—— In quick and premature decay,
They breathe the fragrance of their minds away.

Curious is it to observe, how incredulous men are in some things; and how extravagantly—nay, how miraculously,—credulous they are in others! Some men turn atheists from wantonness; but perhaps the greater number, because life and Nature are two enigmas, they are utterly unable to solve. When they witness a tragedy, however, they are content to defer all opinion in respect to its propriety, till the action is turned, the plot unravelled, and the whole

concluded. Wise men have the same respect for the Deity, that atheists have for poets. As to their opinion of death,—like many philosophists of old, Atheists live in the perpetual dread of that, which they are continually teaching other persons not to fear.

One of the most distinguishing parts of an atheist's character is **CONCEIT** ! Wearing the “semblance, not the substance” of reason, he resembles those fruits, which the gardener instructs to assume the figures of animals, by merely placing them in moulds of clay, at the time of growing. Being as impenetrable, at the same time, as a stone, which is neither malleable, nor soluble. Atheists, in consequence, can no more be reasoned out of their vain mental importance, than hideous women can be talked out of their beauty. A fit of illness, however, works strange wonders !

—— O the good gods,
How blind is pride !—What eagles we are still
In matters, that belong to other men,
What beetles in our own !—

XII.

Inoculated with arrogance, the atheist sees every object superficially :—bewildered, the present is all pain ;—the past was all calamity ;—the future is all despair. A solitary being in this wilderness of beauty, he sits, like the Titans of Hesiod, in melancholy state, lost to every comfort !

His delights resemble those of the misanthrope, who amused the hours of his disgust in studying the anatomical mechanism of hornets' stings. For while the Mahometan turns to the south in the moments of

prayer, the Christian to the east, the Ethiopian to the north, and the Japanese to the west ; the atheist turns to no part of the compass—seeing that he never prays, and has no God to pray to. In life, where is his hope ? In misfortune, where is his consolation ? In the hour of death, where is his cynosure ? In ancient times the amethyst was supposed to be an antidote to inebriation ; but to an atheistical soberness of heart, there is no resource from mental ruin.

We cannot conceive what is infinitely great, nor what is infinitely small ; and yet atheists will, in solemn complacency, contemplate their own wisdom ; and though they will acknowledge, that serpents may exist in the centre of large trees, and toads in the bosom of flints, yet because they cannot penetrate a few secrets of the material world, they will not stoop to the belief, that there are more honourable secrets, than they are themselves masters of. They forget that, for four thousand years, the simple overflowing of the Nile constituted a problem ;—they forget how many centuries were required to unfold the causes of eclipses ; the phenomenon of the rainbow ; the fluctuation of the tides ; the circulation of the blood ; the propagation of sounds ; and the nature of vision. Atheists, in fact, resemble those persons, who, in going the journey from London to Aberdeen, find themselves benighted at York, sleep there, and die. Their reasoning, as M. La Harpe has well observed in his eulogium of Fenelon, “ tears from misery its consolation ; from virtue its immortality ; freezes the bosoms of the good ; and renders justice only to the wicked, whom it annihilates.”

XIII.

Can the grasshopper measure the mountain, on which it forms its nest? Can the beaver weigh the waters of the river, by the side of which she builds her edifice? Can the lion burst the barrier, which separates his strength from the intellect of his keeper? Can the starling understand, that the fruit, which it names, is the fruit on which it feeds? Neither can the whale acquire the sagacity of the seal; the dodo the docility and imitative faculty of the bullfinch; the caterpillar, the art or the industry of an ant;—nor the fern, or the sycamore, form one graduated notion of the exquisite sensibility of the mimosa. Ye atheists!—see ye not how much more strong is the eagle, than the dove;—how much more provident is the beaver, than the mule;—how much more sagacious is the bee, than the moth?—All these ye have the power to see. But can ye reduce a globule of water to a smaller volume by compression? Can ye weave even so much as a spider's web? Will your chemical art convert the nectar of a flower into virgin honey? Can ye fructify a palm-tree? Or can ye give perfume to the nectarium of a citron? Content yourselves, then, in the infancy of your intellect. Nature, so far from admitting you to her council, has scarcely permitted you to place one footstep on her threshold. Perish, then, the system, founded on ignorance, on superficial acquirements, or on an addiction to one science, which,—precluding the observance of that harmony, which subsists in them all,—staggers belief, because,

able to trace no farther, it fancies it has arrived at the limit of the chain. The molehill to an ant, is nearly as great a mountain, as the highest summit of Peru.

XIV.

Atheists resemble the geographers of antiquity, who when they had delineated all the countries, known to them, stated, on the margin of their maps, “all beyond this are dry deserts, frozen seas, and impassable mountains.” And yet, many of those men, though they doubt of all the obvious impresses, daily and hourly before them, derive some hope to their fortunes from the art, relating to the discovery of an universal dissolvent, an universal medicine, and an universal ferment, which shall increase seeds, germs, and embryos, to infinite fecundity !—If we lead a blind man into a field, and inquire of him, whether he sees the sun, does he not answer “No ?” But if we lead an Atheist,—far more blind in mind, than the other is in vision,—and inquire of him, whether he believes there is a God, he answers “No !” “And why ?” “Because he is no were to be seen.” Does the blind man argue, that, because he cannot see the sun, therefore, there is none ? A husbandman, ploughing in a valley, sees nothing before him, but the hills, which screen his hut and oxen from the storm at one season of the year, and from the heat of the sun, at another. The shepherd, on the other hand, mounts the spiracles of rocks, and beholds a boundless horizon before him : a city at his feet ; an island in an arm of the sea ; and beyond, a vast expanse of ocean, studded with ships, extending farther than his eye can reach.

Has not the shepherd a contempt for the husbandman, when he hears him doubt the existence of a ship, because he has never seen one? When he doubts, whether a river exists larger than his rivulet?—And, above all, when he doubts the existence of a sea, more extended than that part of the heaven, which covers the concave of his native valley?—The Atheist is the husbandman; the man of science is the shepherd.

Existence of a God!—It is more evident to the senses, than Atheists can perceive. A simplicity is there in the idea, far beyond the intricacy of Spinoza, or any of his imitators.—It forms, as it were, a circle;—every part of which is evident to those, who occupy the centre. Doubt, on the other hand, is a pyramid; imposing in form, but susceptible of being seen only from angle to angle. When an Atheist doubts, he is satisfied. When a man of science doubts, he analyzes:—analysis opens light; light produces conviction: from that conviction springs neither hatred, nor fear, nor despair; but admiration, pregnant with love and awful delight. “The soul immortal?”—Ah! as long-lived as the sun! When a bough of a shrub is cut off, will not the shrub throw out shoots in its place? When a claw of a shell-fish has been injured, or broken, will it not renew itself? When a worm is divided, will not its parts reunite? And shall not the soul? “The soul!—where does it exist? Anatomists cannot discover, either its form, or its habitation.” Neither can they behold the fluid of the magnet.¹ Is

¹ Perhaps the time may come, when this fluid may be rendered visible.

there not a power, which can change an acorn into oak ? a caterpillar into a butterfly ? and an animal into dust ?—If there exist a power, capable of effecting these and similar changes, it can, assuredly, with as little difficulty as any of the minor operations of chemistry, reconvert that dust into an essence, which we, in utter ignorance of its nature, designate spirit.

We know nothing, by ocular demonstration, of the soul's flight. Neither do we know the uses or the means, employed by Nature, in many of her operations. We do not know the uses of the nipple of a man ; we are at a loss for the uses of the zebra and the camelpard ; of the hunch of the dromedary ; and of the enormous excrescencies of the hornbill and the toucan ;—we are ignorant of the uses of zircon and glucine, two of the simple earths ;—we are ignorant of the process by which the diamond is chrystallized ; and we are equally ignorant of the end, for which insects undergo their respective changes. Yet we know, that all these things are. Let the good man, then, calculate on the power and justice of the ETERNAL ; who, in time most fitting for the purpose, will not only elicit the soul from the body ; but convert its present anxious condition into a sabbath of eternal rest.

To feel thus is to feel assured of immortality ;—the best consolation of the wretched, and the best hope for the unrestrained majesty of a rich and magnificent mind. To feel thus is comparatively to be advanced a thousand steps towards perfection ; and as this feeling is almost as innate, in our vocabulary of enjoyments, as those arising from love, and all the more

estimable passions and affections, virtue becomes more agreeable to us ; the past more capable of understanding ; the present more endurable ; and the future more pregnant with hope and animation.

XV.

Why, then, is death considered an evil of such gigantic magnitude ? Is it indeed a feeling, implanted in our bosoms by the unconquerable hand of Nature ? or is it the more probable effect of early association¹

¹ Alluding to the subject of early associations, I presume to record my gratitude to a lady, to whom I ought to esteem myself under a greater obligation, than if she had left me a fortune of five hundred pounds a-year ! This lady is the accomplished Mrs. BARBAULD ; whose hymns,—read in the season of comparative infancy,—first implanted that ardent admiration of Nature, which, in all the trials to which I have been exposed, has been the charm, the pride, and consolation of my life.

Four and thirty years have now elapsed, since I read those beautiful little master-pieces ;—and when I sent for them, in order that I might record my gratitude in these pages, the following sentences were as “ green ” to my imagination, as they had been in the morning of my life ; and I could not, after an intercourse of so many years with worldly objects, worldly men, and worldly sentiments, trace the images, they so vividly represent, without a sedate feeling of melancholy transport.

“ Come, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great ; let us bless God, for he is very good.

“ He made all things ; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

“ He made the great whale, and the elephant ; and the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

“ The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

“ The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.”

“ Come,

and of vitiated education? I am inclined to believe, that were we, when children, taught to consider

“ Come, let us go forth into the fields, let us see how the flowers spring; let us listen to the warbling of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.

“ The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

“ The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid in the shade.”

“ Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of all the flowers! her leaves glow like fire: the air is filled with her sweet odour! she is the delight of every eye.

“ She is beautiful, but there is a fairer than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose; he is all lovely; he is the delight of every heart.

“ I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong; when he raiseth up himself from his lair;—when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves, for he is very terrible.

“ The lion is strong, but he that made the lion is stronger than he: his anger is terrible; he could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us out of his hand.

“ I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on the bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most excellent and glorious creature the eye can behold.

“ The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places; by night as well as by day; and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

“ Who is this great name, and what is he called, that my lips may praise him?

“ This

death only as a cavern, through which the old and the young must necessarily pass, in their road to a hap-

“ This great name is God. He made all things, but he is himself more excellent, than all which he hath made :—they are beautiful, but he is beauty ; they are strong, but he is strength ; they are perfect, but he is perfection.”

“ Child of reason, whence comest thou ? What has thine eye observed, and whither has thy foot been wandering ?

“ I have been wandering along the meadows, in the thick grass ; the cattle were feeding around me, or reposing in the cool shade ; the corn sprung up in the furrows ; the poppy and the harebell grew among the wheat ; the fields were bright with summer, and glowing with beauty.

“ Didst thou see nothing more ? Didst thou observe nothing besides ? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these.

“ God was among the fields : and didst thou not perceive him ? his beauty was upon the meadows : his smiles enlivened the sunshine.

“ I have walked through the thick forest ; the wind whispered among the trees ; the brook fell from the rocks with a pleasant murmur ; the squirrel leapt from bough to bough ; and the birds sung to each other amongst the branches.

“ Didst thou hear nothing but the murmur of the brook ? no whispers but the whispers of the wind ? Return again, child of reason, for there are greater things than these. God was amongst the trees ; his voice sounded in the murmur of the water. His music warbled in the shade ; and didst thou not attend ?

“ I saw the moon rising behind trees ; it was like a lamp of gold. The stars one after another appeared in the clear firmament. Presently I saw black clouds arise, and roll towards the south ; the lightning streamed in thick flashes over the sky ; the thunder growled at a distance ; it came nearer, and I felt afraid, for it was loud and terrible.

“ Did thy heart feel no terror, but of the thunderbolt ? Was there nothing bright and terrible but the lightning ? Return, O child of reason, for there are greater things than these.—God was in the storm, and didst thou not perceive him ? His terrors were abroad, and did not thine heart acknowledge him ?

“ God

pier region;—did we, in our manhood, consider death as the sister of sleep, and the mother of rest;—were the unfortunate to hail it as a sliding from tumult, and the old as a translation to another country, where their youth would be renewed, and rendered

“ God is in every place ; he speaks in every sound we hear : he is seen in all that our eyes behold ; nothing, O child of reason, is without God :—let God therefore be in all thy thoughts.”

“ I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground.—I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh ; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

“ I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon ; there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around.—I looked, the sun broke forth again from the east ; he gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

“ I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish and refuse to eat : it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again, it had burst its tomb ; it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

“ Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes ; and life out of the dust.

“ A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lieth in the bosom of the earth ; but thou shalt be raised again ; and, if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

“ Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb ; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven ?

“ He descendeth on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goeth before him ; thousands of angels are on his right hand.”

eternal :—were we, I say, in the different stages of our existence, thus to consider it, should we not hail this creator of terrors as a friend, rather than as an enemy ? Yes, my friend, death in the ordeal, by which our faculties are to be fully tried and developed.—Death is, in fact, the guide, which, after hope has cheered the heart, and tranquillized the soul, will lead us from the limits of time to the vestibule of eternity.

This is a species of philosophy, however, of which we know but little. For in the present state of opinion,

The weariest and most loathsome life,
That ache, age, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, were a paradise,
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, act iii. sc. 1.

XVI.

It is curious, that the only ancient gem, extant, personifying death,¹ represents him as an image dancing to the music of a flute: and when the poets would allegorize a child, dying in its bud, they fabled² Aurora to steal it from the arms of its parents.

The gods, says Seneca, conceal the happiness of death, in order to induce us to live : Juvenal³ directs us to pray for a mind, which considers death as a consummation most anxiously to be wished⁴: and the lesson has received the illustration of a Scythian king.⁵

¹ Mus. Flor., tom. i, tab. 91.

² Meurs : de Funere, c. 7.

³ Sat., x. v. 358.

⁴ “ Were our eyes,” says Mad. de Stael, on the death of her father, p. 151, “ permitted to take a clear view of the opposite shore, who would remain on this desolate coast ? ”

⁵ Vid. Epiced. Olaus Wormius, st. 25.

Porphyry says of the Brachmans, that they looked for nothing so eagerly as this consummation; considering life in the light of a pilgrimage¹:—and Herodotus² and Strabo³ speak of nations, who mourned at the birth of an infant, and rejoiced at the prospect of death. Lucan informs us, that the Celts, who lived near the Pole, esteemed it a passage to long life; in consequence of which, they eagerly sought it in battle. Valerius Maximus even assures us, that the Gauls were so confident of immortality, that they not unfrequently lent money, to be paid *apud inferos*. In Greece death was certainly dreaded; but it was always esteemed a fortunate event: and that mother was called pre-eminently happy, who, having been drawn to the temple of Juno, by her two sons, prayed the goddess to reward them for that act of filial piety, and found, at the end of the sacrifice, that they had died in the temple, after falling into a soft and quiet slumber.

1 “It is proper for a woman, after her husband’s death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse. Every woman, who thus burns herself, shall remain in paradise with her husband three score and fifty lacks of years by destiny.”—*Code of Gentoo Laws*, p. 286, 4to.

2 Lib. v. c. 4; also Pomp. Mela., lib. ii. c. 1. The Gades of Spain sung hymns in honour of Death, and erected altars to old age. Philost. in Vit. Apollon.—Numa forbad all mourning for infants. Plut.

3 Lib. ii. The Black Jezides, a species of half Musselmen and half Christians, in the same manner. Many Christians believe, that heaven gives an early death to its favourites: and the joy that ought to engage the mind, in death, was typified by the Grecian fable of the “swan.” This fable originated from the circumstance of the Cananites being accustomed to sing hymns at the approach of death. The insigne of that people was a swan:—hence the metaphor.

Diodorus relates, that when Dionysius the elder took Rheggio, he resolved to make an example of the governor, for having defended the city with great pertinacity. Previous to the punishment, he designed for him,—desirous of aggravating his sufferings,—he told him, that he had, on the yesterday, put his son and his kindred to death. The tyrant was, however, much disappointed: for the governor, whose name was Phytton, so far from exhibiting any affliction on that account, exclaimed, “ then they are by one day happier than myself.”

The Thracians rejoiced at a burial, which they esteemed a road to Beatitude; and indulged in all manner of sports and pleasures. In Ireland a death is still said to be a source of joy and amusement; while the natives of Congo esteem it a transition from toil to rest; from anxiety to happiness.

The Wahabee Arabs regard it impious to mourn for the dead; that is, say they, for those, who are with Mahomet in Paradise. The Javanese make several feasts upon the decease of their friends and relatives.¹ One of these banquets is upon the day of the decease; another on the third day; then on the seventh; a fourth on the fortieth day; a fifth on the hundredth; and the last on the thousandth. This custom is almost universal in Java. The Banyans of Hindostan have a similar practise.² They have also a maxim, that it is better to sit still than to walk; better to sleep than to wake; better

¹ Raffles' History of Java, vol. i. p. 327, 4to.

² Orington's Voyage to Surat, p. 340.

to die than to sleep. In the province of Biscay, in Spain, too, great rejoicings are made at the death of persons, who die before the age of maturity. They are taken uncovered to the grave; white roses are put upon their heads; there is a band of music; and the attendants signify their joy, at what they call the happiness of innocence, in the best manner they can.

Oh weep not for him ;—'tis unkindness to weep ;

The weary, weak frame hath but fallen asleep :

No more of fatigue or endurance it knows ;

O weep not,—oh break not—its gentle repose. *Neale.*

XVII.

Cyrus, on the bed of death, desired the Persians to rejoice at his funeral; and not to lament, as if he were really dead. And Dr. Hunter, a few moments before his decease, said to a friend, who attended him, “If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and how pleasant a thing it is to die!” Tasso, when informed by his friend and physician, Rinaldini, that he had no hopes of his recovery, feelingly exclaimed, “Oh God! I thank thee, that thou art pleased to bring me safe into port, after so long a storm.”

Dr. Franklin made an engagement with one of his friends, that if either should be permitted to inform the other of the nature and state of the soul, after death, they would do so. “My friend died,” says Franklin, “but did not perform his promise.” Seneca¹ relates a similar engagement, on the part of Canius, who was executed by order of Caligula.

¹ De Tranq. Animi, c. xiv.

Men creep insensibly into age; and in the progress of transition become familiarized with its aspects and conveniences. But death, for the most part, is as much a stranger to age, as it is to youth. In fact, it is of no more use for an old man to think of death, than a young one :—for death answers no premature questions. Both, therefore, ought to live in a manner, that he may be greeted with hospitality, whenever he does come. Disease, injuries, and misfortunes, however, diminish the fear of death by gradations, insensible to him, who, unconscious of the mind's hope, merely beholds the body, verging to its last ebb.

Some esteem death a leap in the dark ;—others as having no real essence, being the mere privation of earthly life :—some as a season, in which all of life, and of magnificence, have faded away :—and others as the commencement of that life, in which by intuition we shall acquire a knowledge of all beautiful things. It is early association, that hides the advantages of death. For glorious are the secrets, we shall hear; and the scenes that we shall witness; when death has shut the gates of life, and opened the portals of eternity. If this is credulity, it is a credulity far more valuable, than all that Hobbes¹ might be induced to call the truth.

¹ Hobbes, if I mistake not, first suggested the senseless Hypothesis, which inculcates the belief, that the mental powers of animals are proportionate to the weight of their brains compared with the weight of their bodies.—The absurdity of this position is evident from the following comparative anatomical scale. The brain of the Canary bird* is 1-14 of the body; the American prehensile monkey 1-22; the sparrow 1-25; the field mouse 1-31; a child six years old 1-22; the full-grown man

* Cuvier.

1-35;

ODE,

*WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A TEMPEST UP THE
BRISTOL CHANNEL.*

I.

The waves run high ;—wild tempests rage :
The fears of death my heart engage !
What !—close the scene so far from shore ;
And ne'er be seen, or heard of more ?
Oh ! sure this Ocean's furious breast
Can never lull me to my rest !
Ah !—I had wish'd the humble lot,
To live in some sequester'd spot ;
Where,—studious of divine repose,—
Life's weary, wayward, journey I might close.

II.

And does stern fate that lot deny ?
Well !—let no tear disgrace thine eye !
The power, which rules this raging sea,
Is parent of futurity ;
And of each wild and angry wave,
Can form as soft, as sweet a grave,
As that where banks of violets grow ;
Or that where groups of roses blow.
Then let no tear disgrace thine eye !
Let tempests rage, and waves run high !
—They're heralds of divine eternity !

The hope of immortality gives an interest and an importance to the creation, which, without it, would

1-35* ; the mole 1-36 ; the great baboon 1-104 ; the fox 1-205 ; the ass 1-254 ; the duck 1-257 the beaver 1-290 ; the goose 1-360 ; the elephant 1-500 ; the horse 1-700 ; the ox 1-750.

From this hypothesis it would seem, that the ass, the duck, and the goose, have more sense than an elephant ; and Canary birds, prehensile monkeys, sparrows and field mice, more ability than men.

* Haller.

lose all embellishment ; leaving the present nothing but a dreary and savage waste ; almost as terrifying to the imagination, as a cavern full of serpents.

Death, on the other hand, presenting to our acceptance oblivion for the past, and a beautiful perspective for the future, is “ the *nightingale flower* ” of existence : when, therefore, it does arrive, may we, in the soundness of our reason, still retain the fervour of our hopes, and reap the harvest of our thoughts. Then shall we hail the sacredness of its coming, as a weary pilgrim hails the sun’s blushing orb behind the temple of Jerusalem !—Let us then, my Lelius, endeavour to divest ourselves of that fear of death, which afflicts the imagination of men so powerfully ; and, throwing off the trammels of association, let us accustom ourselves to regard it, as an instrument of emancipation from a frail and anxious being ; as the only means of renovating our youth ; and as a translation to perpetual joy.

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